

THE VALENTINE DEMOCRAT

I. M. RICE, Publisher.

VALENTINE, NEBRASKA

Panama can hardly wait for the digging to begin.

Even the coffin trust thinks it can squeeze the unfortunate just a little harder.

An Irishman says that big hearts and big pocketbooks seldom travel hand in hand.

The public had grown to regard General Jimenez and General Wos y Gil as the limit; but now comes General Ma.

New rich gold fields have been discovered in Mexico. There's no use talking. That country will have to be Anglo-Saxonized.

A total of 241,000 laborers are needed in South Africa. Now is the time to run immigrant ships headed for American ports south by south-east.

The French government has a watchman stationed near Mont Pelée. Possibly the volcano's quietude is due to his holding his thumb tightly over the top.

If the Sultan dies of cancer the "peaceable" nations will have to select somebody else to yell "villain" at when they want to hide their own cussedness.

Them who unloaded a lot of worthless skyscraper stocks onto John D. Rockefeller are heroes in New York now; but wait until J. D. gets his hooks into them.

If the waggishness of some of the members of Congress continues to develop the editor of the Congressional Record may be tempted to take to the colored supplement.

If those young Chicago outlaws were determined to lead lives of violence and bloodshed why didn't they join a football team and do their killing lawfully and honorably?

Apocryph of Mr. Carnegie's praise of the blessings of poverty, it is to be noted that the men who describe these in the most rosy terms are usually conspicuous for their success in dodging them.

At the bottom of this lawlessness, in Chicago and elsewhere, is the sinister fact that all law has fallen into contempt just in proportion as it has failed to be invoked against all offenders of whatever class.

If that panther which is poking around the Rockefeller estate doesn't find himself doing duty as a rug before long, he may boast of being the only critter that ever bothered John D. and didn't get skinned.

Politeness forbids the guest to eat the sweetest part of a sparerib, lamb chop or chicken, because it lies next to the bone, and the bone must not be taken in the fingers and gnawed. The servant, the cat and the dog are luckier than the master and his family.

It is announced that Chili has sold to Great Britain two big battle-ships which were being built on the Clyde. Manufacturing nations do not usually buy warships unless there seems a prospect that they may be needed in a hurry. Possibly there are events going on in European cabinets which the public little appreciates.

President Elliot is right when he says that girls and young women should be moderate in athletic exercise and should not try to compete with young men in the more exacting forms of exercise. Now that President Elliot has given good advice to the girls, which they will doubtless heed, let him turn his attention to the boys and prescribe due limitations for them. Is it best for Harvard students to risk life and limb for the sake of a possible victory in football? Are there no limits beyond which even young men ought not to go?

The educational problem among the poor will be a step nearer solution if women's clubs, or men's, adopt a suggestion recently made by Miss Addams of Hull House. She proposes that each club establish as many public school "scholarships" as it can afford, pay to a widow, for example, the wages her child could earn in the factory, on condition that the boy or girl keeps out of the factory and goes to school. Many a struggling mother would bear her burden blithely if she could see such a way open to educate her children; and everything thus done to help her and them would be for the benefit, too, of the United States of to-morrow.

A Chicago business man committed suicide, leaving behind him a note saying, "I am tired of carrying burdens." What a mistake. All of us carry burdens. Some of us are heavy laden. Tasks bend backs and whiten hair. Well, what of it? If the burdens are not those of conscience, if they are the burdens of finance or of family or labor for daily bread—Happy we! Did you ever see a woman of the Orient carry a great water vessel on her head? How well poised she is. With her chin high up she moves easily. What grace, and strength. It is the load! Gravity, instead of hindering her, helps the woman. So of your burdens. They hold you down. You are careful of your

footing. Imagine yourself without responsibility. What fantastic tricks your feet might play. You need doubtless the very load you are carrying. Under the weight your footing is firm, you hold up your head as becomes a burden bearer and your eyes are in front where they ought to be. The man without a burden is like a vessel without ballast or a keel to hold it down. His boat pitches and tosses with every turn of the wind. He is lucky if he misses reef and shoal and wreckage. No. No. Our loads are proper. Let us take a new grip upon them. And hold up our chins.

Many corporations and large industrial concerns are able to devise checks and counterchecks to detect suspected employes, and even skillful bookkeepers who have "run things" for years have been entrapped, but when it comes to applying the money of the people to purposes in which every taxpayer should be interested there is not the same vigilance and care. Until a point is reached when every official doing work for a municipality is selected solely for his ability, integrity and industry, just as employes are picked out by men who have invested their own money in business, graft in some form may be expected to be found in American cities.

Intensely practical people are likely to exclaim against the proposition to make the anniversary of the day on which Columbus discovered America a national holiday. Such people will maintain that we already have too many holidays and that Congressman Martin's bill will merely establish another excuse for idling. There are two sides to the question, however, not only with respect to the proposed Columbus anniversary but in regard to holidays generally. The old aphorism about all work and no play being detrimental to Jack's intellectuality applies to grown-ups as well as to boys. Work is not an end but a means, and when people deem recreation a waste of time they misapprehend the primary meaning of the word. Recreation is to recreate, to renew, to create afresh, to repair the waste of vital force and energy caused by steady application to work. It is not mere idling. It is a process as necessary as the replenishing of the oil in a lamp, and if it be neglected the vital spark goes out just as surely as the lamp is extinguished. We do not have too many holidays in this country. The trouble is that we do not even observe the holidays we have. Save on Independence Day, Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's observance of holidays is confined in a great measure to the banks, the commercial exchanges and the public offices. Other institutions and other people pursue their usual activity regardless of the calendar. We begrudge ourselves the days of rest and recreation which we have through our legislators set apart for ourselves. There is even a growing disposition to utilize Sunday as a working day. Many lines of industry are necessarily seven-day occupations. The operation of railroads, telegraphs and various public and quasi-public institutions cannot be entirely interrupted on the first day of the week. Custom has rendered it necessary for newspapers to print Sunday editions. But aside from the industries named there are many factories, shops and institutions which now maintain operations regardless of Sundays or holidays. People appear to be growing more and more miserly in the matter of rest and recreation. This is burning the candle at both ends—a peculiarly American error. It is a perversion of the true meaning of the gospel of work. It is an unnatural, high-pressure method of life which has already manifested its evil effects on the nerves of our people and which bids fair if not amended to render us a nation of physical and mental wrecks. We may not need new holidays, but we need to take advantage of those we have already set aside. We need less work and more play. We need not go so far as to adopt the calendar of our South American neighbors, who make every other day a holiday, but we might very profitably imitate their habits of abjuring worry and letting tomorrow take care of itself. We should thus live longer and there would be fewer cases of nervous prostration among us.

Had Earned Their Help. Many years ago, when the revivalist, E. P. Hammond, converted nearly the whole population of Lawrence, there was an old shoemaker in the town who was noted for his profligate habits. He came to grace in the course of the revival and regularly took a prominent place on the mourner's bench. One night Mr. Hammond invited him to lead in prayer. He responded with alacrity and said:

"Oh, Lord, Thou knowest what a wicked man I have been. Thou knowest that I have neglected my family and my business to travel the paths of sin. Thou knowest that I could not be counted on to do the work of my customers. But now, O Lord, by the power of Thy sanctification, I am turned from the paths of wickedness and walk uprightly before all. And Thou knowest, Lord, that under Thy mercy I will be at my bench from morning till night, ready to mend shoes as cheap as any man in town."—Kansas City Journal.

Fortune's Favor Sufficient. "What do we want with gold and precious stones?" said the proud mother, gazing fondly upon the baby. "This is fortune enough for us."

"Huh!" grunted the father, who had been walking the floor nearly all night. "I'm glad fortune didn't knock twice at our door."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

BEGAN AS A GROCER'S BOY.

Joseph Park, one of New York's old-time merchant princes, recently died at the age of 79. The Tribune says of him that no day was long enough for all the work he chose to do. His farm was at Rye, but he kept rooms at a hotel in town, in order to be near enough to spend busy evenings at the shop.

Late one night he was walking through the hotel corridor, and an acquaintance met him and said, "Mr. Park, you ought to be congratulated on your energy. Not every man of 79 could go to the theater as constantly as you do."

"Yes," was his answer. "I manage to go to the same theater nearly every night."

"The same one? What theater is it?"

"Park & Tilford's." That was the firm of which he was the head. The shop was his theater of amusement and enterprise.

Mr. Park's father was a farmer, and at the age of 13 the boy went into a New York grocery, and there met James M. Tilford, who afterward became his partner. The two boys very soon began to lay their plans for the future, and many were their devices for saving pennies.

"Joe," said Tilford, one day, "what kind of a suit are you going to get for the winter?"

"I've already got it," said young Park.

"Where did you get it?"

"From home. It's father's, and nother cut it down."

The business of Albro & Company, their employers, grew, and a branch store was opened. This did not succeed until Park and Tilford were placed in charge of it. Then business began to flow in, and it was not long before the two young men called on Mr. Albro, and told him they had come to buy out the branch.

"But you haven't the money," he objected.

"Oh, yes, we have," said young Park. "We've saved enough of your money to pay for it."

"My money?"

"What we've saved out of our wages."

But Joseph Park was not a mere money-maker. He spent more than a hundred thousand dollars in the building of roads. Thirty miles of the best macadam owe their present condition to him. He was also an advocate of good stone walls, and whenever he acquired a piece of property adjoining his own at Rye, he would enclose it with a substantial boundary. Visitors at Rye often wonder at the wall stretching for miles over the country; but old inhabitants are always ready to tell them, "That's the Park wall."

EVENING PLAY-CENTERS.

The New York Board of Education's Experiments in Recreation.

The New York Board of Education has already begun the experiment with a number of evening play-centers, some for girls and some for boys, in the temple basements of school buildings that used to stand idle while the street sought its lessons. Pushing open the door into one of these play-centers, the visitor meets a composite rush of sound like the roar of the ocean, and is confronted by a kaleidoscope of humanity, which gradually resolves itself into the figures, long and short, tidy and unkempt, Jew and Gentile, of a thousand boys gathered at long tables all up and down the big room, playing checkers, dominoes, crokinole, and the other harmless games. Over in a corner a few little chaps are reading, or, with careful thought, selecting books from a small library.

In a room beyond, athletic boys in all sorts of humorous improvised costumes are preparing under their director for a contest with another team. Classrooms are occupied by intellectual boys, in the alphabet of whose desires a stands for American History or Author's Readings instead of Amusement or Athletics.

Owing to lack of funds, play-centers are still so few that only those over fourteen, who cannot be commanded to go to school in the daytime, are invited to attend. But this class it is particularly important to reach. New York, like most other cities, has offered for a long time evening grammar schools and high schools, helpful and important in their way, but only attractive to the sober and earnest and industrious, to whom the night temptations of the street are least alluring. Besides these is always to be found in the crowded districts a fotsam and jetsam of young population, too tired or in different to spend the evening in work that drifts about until it finds its kind. Then comes the saloon or the dance hall, hot blood and swift purpose, and afterward mischief and lawlessness and the things done that should have been left undone.

For such the Board of Education's oases of wholesome play, open every night without money and without price with no condition except that those who enter must be over school age are a deliverance from temptation.—Century.

Fragrant. "I want a dog license," said the man in the Chicago city hall.

"All right," said the clerk. "You might as well give me a marriage license as well. Two for a quarter, I suppose?"—Yonkers Statesman.

Pay of Street Car Men. Wages paid street car men in the United States annually amount to more than \$88,000,000.

MALE AND FEMALE PACKING

Wife—"I am just dying to see the things you bought while you were away."

Husband—"Eh I didn't buy anything."

"But you had only one small trunk when you left, and you have come back with two."

"Oh! Yes, you packed my trunk for me, you know. When I came to start back, I had to borrow another trunk to get all the stuff in."

Best in the World.

Estherville, Ia., Feb. 1st.—Mr. George J. Barber of this place says:

"Dodd's Kidney Pills are the best medicine in the world. There is nothing as good. I had been sick for over 15 years with Kidney Disease which finally turned into Bright's Disease. I was treated by Doctors in Chicago, but they didn't do me any good. The best Doctor in Estherville treated me for five years with no better success. I heard of Dodd's Kidney Pills and made up my mind to give them a trial."

"I am very thankful to be able to say that they cured me completely and I think they are the best medicine in the world."

The honest, earnest, straightforward experiences of real living men and women are the only material used in advertising Dodd's Kidney Pills. One such testimony is worth more than a thousand unsupported claims. The people who have used Dodd's Kidney Pills are those whose evidence is worth consideration and surely nothing can be more convincing than a statement like Mr. Barber's. There are thousands of others just as strong.

THE WHINING NUISANCE.

There isn't anything in the world more disagreeable than a whining person. He whines if it is hot. He whines if it is cold. He whines at this, he whines at that, he whines at everything. Whine, whine, whine. It is just a habit he has fallen into. There is nothing the matter with him. It is just a bad habit. The whiner is generally an idle person or a lazy one. What he needs is to be set to work—at real hard work, mental or physical. Some work that will interest him and engage his whole attention and he will not have time to whine. Get the whine out of your voice or it will stop the development and growth of your body. It will narrow and shrink your mind. It will drive away your friends. It will make you unpopular. There is nothing the matter with you. Just quit your whining and go to work.

NOT SO BAD DAYTIME

Flinm—I hope you are interested in the crying evils of the day.

Famm—Well, not particularly. I guess if you had twins, as I have, you'd be more interested in the crying evils of the night, also.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

In Sweden bricks are laid in zero weather by heating the sand for the mortar.

Idaho will make an exhibit of minerals at the world's fair that will call attention to that state's wonderful resources. Her unrivaled exhibit of 2,000 opals is now over snowed by the report that big discoveries of radium have recently been made. Executive Commissioner Hurlt is arranging for a display of this newest wonder.

DIDN'T BELIEVE

That Coffee Was the Real Trouble. Some people flounder around and take everything that's recommended to them, but finally find out that coffee is the real cause of their troubles. An Oregon man says:

"For 25 years I was troubled with my stomach. I was a steady coffee drinker, but didn't suspect that as the cause. I doctored with good doctors and got no help; then I took almost anything which some one else had been cured with, but to no good. I was very bad last summer and could not work at times."

"On December 2, 1902, I was taken so bad the Doctor said I could not live over twenty-four hours at the most and I made all preparations to die. I could hardly eat anything, everything distressed me, and I was weak and sick all over. When in that condition coffee was abandoned and I was put on Postum; the change in my feelings came quickly after the drink that was poisoning me was removed."

"The pain and sickness fell away from me and I began to get well day by day, so I stuck to it, until now I am well and strong again, can eat heartily, with no headache, heart trouble or the awful sickness of the old coffee days. I drink all I wish of Postum without any harm and enjoy it immensely."

"This seems like a wonderfully strong story, but I would refer you to the First National Bank, the Trust Banking Co., or any merchant of Grant's Pass, Ore., in regard to my standing, and I will send a sworn statement of this if you wish. You can also use my name." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

All right, there are many who persistently fool themselves by saying "Coffee don't hurt me." A ten days' trial of Postum in its place will tell the truth and many times save life.

"There's a reason." Look for the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in each pkg.

GREAT NAMES IN CONGRESS.

Men Whose Patronymics Mark Them for Other Men's Notice.

We cannot depend on the House of Representatives of the United States Congress for a great deal, but we can always trust it to supply a roll call that is interesting and diverting reading—until it becomes an old story, says the New York Mail and Express. Why is it that men of picturesque and even remarkable cognomens tend to drift into Congress, especially in the South and West? Is it that the very nature of their names seems to develop upon them the duty to render these names illustrious? Perhaps it is.

The Fifty-eighth Congress is no exception to the rule. There are men here whose names ought to have made them famous even if they had never gone to Congress or done anything else. Not to speak of Prince Cupid Kalaniano'le of Honolulu, whose name may be the Hawaiian Smith for all we know, we have on this new roll of our country's fame the priceless name of the Hon. Swanger Sherley of Kentucky, that of Hon. Phanor Brazeale of Louisiana and that of Hon. Justin D. Bowersock of Kansas. The Hon. Jefferson Brick is now absent from the councils of the nation, but the family is ably represented by the Hon. Abraham Brick of Indiana.

There are others. Let us pick out a few patronymic gems at random: Thetus W. Sims, Tennessee. Farish Carter Tate, Georgia. Ollie James, Kentucky. Halvor Steenerson, Minnesota. Champ Clark, Missouri. Jack Beall, Texas. Carter Glass, Virginia. Arsene P. Pujo, Louisiana.

The names of Pou, Snook, Moon, Dick, Crumpecker, Madd, Skiles, Shull, Snapp, Gooch, Liecrash, Kluttz, Shober and Spigit continue to decorate the roll. They surely were not born to die. But why, may we ask, is the name of "Bird" so popular among politicians? The present House has on its list Adam Byrd of Mississippi and H. Burd Cassell of Pennsylvania, and have we not our own Bird S. Coler and Asa Bird Gardner always with us?

Many a congressional surname of decided commonplaceness is relieved from that fate by the given name. That of the Hon. Choleo B. Randall of Texas is an instance, the Hon. Vespasian Warner another and the Hon. Ariosto Wiley another. But for the most part the Congressmen were condemned by their parents to bear the plain names of John, James, William, Joseph and so on. These parents failed to realize that if a man couldn't get his name into the megaphone of fame in any other way it might be done for him with a quaint curious and mouth-filling baptismal designation.

The Wooden Indian.

Behold the wooden Indian, Who stands outside the door, And guards, with frown and hatchet, The old tobacco store. He never beat a grocery bill, He never told a lie, He never took a long look At bourbon, fizz, or rye.

Behold the wooden Indian— A mass of oak and paint; He never made a crooked move, In faith, he is a saint. He never bought a stack of chips And sat into a game; He never rushed a chorus girl, Or flirted with a dame.

Behold the wooden Indian, Who, on the other hand, Was never known to help the poor That fill our glorious land; Who never heard the piteous cry Of him who starved alone— Who never gave a hungry dog So much as one small bone.

Behold the wooden Indian (And clay is much like wood), Who never did a bit of harm. Nor yet a bit of good. His family is not extinct— In fact, one often meets A lot of wooden Indians— A-walking on the streets!—Milwaukee Sentinel.

According to his Folly. A young Japanese composer employed on a Japanese paper in New York was riding down-town in a City Hall train the other morning. He was engrossed in his morning paper, and paid little attention to the other passengers.

But a fresh-looking young man who sat next to him, and who had been eying him all along, suddenly asked: "What sort of a 'nese' are you, anyway? A Chinese or a Japanese?"

The little Jap was not caught napping. Quick as a wink he replied: "What sort of a 'key' are you, anyway? A monkey, a donkey, or a Yankee?"

The fresh young man had no more to say, and left the train quickly when the City Hall station was reached.

Insect Foes of Mankind.

When it comes to actual facts and figures of the financial losses caused by insect pests the published papers and reports of expert investigators connected with our agricultural department at Washington and our agricultural stations elsewhere furnish the chief and largest resource. The figures given here are truly staggering in their immensity. Thus we have it on the authority of Dr. Howard that the actual money loss occasioned by insect pests in this country every year is not less than \$35,000,000. According to Dr. Howard the grasshopper pest which visited large areas of the West in 1874-75 destroyed farm crops to the value of \$100,000,000 in a single season.

There are moments in every man's life when he imagines he's on the verge of insanity.

Constant Aching

Back aches all the time. Spoils your appetite, wears the body, worries the mind. Kidneys cause it all and Doan's Kidney Pills relieve and cure it.

H. B. McCarver, of 201 Cherry street, Portland, Oregon, inspector of freight for the Trans-Continental Co., says: "I used Doan's Kidney Pills for backache and other symptoms of kidney trouble which had annoyed me for months. I think a cold was responsible for the whole trouble. It seemed to settle in my kidneys. Doan's Kidney Pills rooted it out. It is several months since I used them, and up to date there has been no recurrence of the trouble."

Doan's Kidney Pills for sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents per box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

GOOD ENOUGH LOCATION

Stranger—"Seems to me this crowded street is a queer place for a hospital."

Native—"Well, I don't know. Two trolley lines meet here."

Looking for a Home?

Then why not keep in view the fact that the farming lands of Western Canada

are sufficient to support a population of 50,000,000 or over? The immigration to Western Canada during the past six years has been phenomenal.

FREE Homestead Lands

are easily accessible, and other lands may be purchased from Railway and Land Companies. Western Canada's grain lands produce marvellous crops, while the grazing lands contain all the nutritive qualities for fattening cattle and other stock. Markets, Schools, Railways and all other conditions make Western Canada a desirable spot for the homeseeker. Write to the Superintendent Immigration, Ottawa, for a descriptive Atlas, and other information; or to the authorized Canadian Government Agent—W. T. Bennett, 511 New York Life Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

As you do not sweeten your mouth by saying honey so you not grow virtuous by merely taking of virtue—Ivan Pavin.

SEED, POTATOES 500,000 BUSHELS FOR SALE CHEAP

Largest seed potato growers in the world! Elegant stock. Tremendous yields. From 400 to 1000 bushels per acre.

FOR 10 CENTS

and this price we send you lots of farm seed samples and big catalogue, telling all about Potatoes, Spinets, Peas, Aerial Land Barley, Maccartney Wheat, Bromus, etc. Earliest Catalogue, send for same today.

JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO. LA CROSSE, WIS.

Capsicum Vaseline

Put Up in Collapsible Tubes. A Substitute for and Superior to Mustard or any other plaster, and will soothe the most delicate skin. The pain relieving and curative qualities of this rubric are wonderful. It will soothe the toothache at once, and relieve headache and neuralgia.

We recommend it as the best and safest remedy for counter-irritant known, also as an external remedy for neuralgia and gouty complaints. A trial will prove what we claim for it, and it will be found to be invaluable in the household. Many people say "It is the best of all your preparations." Price 10 cents at all drug stores, or other dealers, or by sending this amount to us in postage stamps, we will send you 1 lb. by mail. No article should be accepted by the public unless the same carries our label, as otherwise it is not genuine.

CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING CO

17 State Street, New York City.

In California a great cry is going up for bands to harvest the big grain and fruit crop this year.

Thomas C. Treblewood, professor of oratory at the University of Michigan, accompanied the Michigan debating team to Minneapolis for the debate between Michigan and Minnesota, Jan. 14. He gave a Shakespeare lecture recital at the state normal school at Cedar Falls, Iowa, and on the return trip, he lectured at Coe College Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

It is estimated that there are 1,200 tunnels in the world of something like a total of 600 miles.

Big Risks

Loss of Time, Loss of Money, Loss of Place, Loss of Comfort, all follow in the train of not using

St. Jacobs Oil

For Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Sciatica, Sprains.

It has cured thousands. It cures you. Price 25c and 50c.

There are moments in every man's life when he imagines he's on the verge of insanity.