

DIFFER IN HABITS

CARE OF DESKS NOT AN INDICATION OF ABILITY.

While Some Men Must Have Things Just So, Others Do Much Work Amid the Utmost Apparent Confusion.

"Curious about men's desk habits," said a man whose business takes him about more or less into various sorts of offices. "I was in an office yesterday where I had occasion to write something."

"Here, sit down at my desk," says the man. "I guess you can find a place there."

"And I did find a place there after moving one or two things, but that was all I found—a place just big enough to write in, and that square in the middle of the desk."

"This was a flat top desk and, except for that small, bare spot in the middle, it was just covered with papers and things of every description, and these not folded or stacked or set up about in any orderly manner, but all apparently in the utmost confusion."

"The desk looked as though its owner, when he had got through with a document or bill, just pushed it back from the bare spot on the desk. And so he had stuff piled up on his desk overlapping and lying around any way all around the top of his desk, and actually sloping down from all around to that bare spot like a little flat valley, where he wrote in the center at the front."

"And this was a business man, too, and, moreover, as I was told, a man who has accumulated a comfortable property in the pursuit of his business. And I found him, in the dealings I had with him, not only personally amiable in all things, as indicated by his cheery call to use his desk, but fair and exact in his business ways."

"How he ever did business with his desk littered up in that way, how he ever found anything there that he wanted, or how he ever remembered anything I don't see; but as far as I know he never forgot anything that was important."

"It made me think of something a minister said once. I was saying to this minister, talking about preaching contemporaneously, that I should think when a man got up in the pulpit to preach without any notes that he'd be apt to forget some of the things he wanted to say, and the minister said that sometimes you might forget things in that way, but then he recalled what an experienced old clergyman had said to him in reply to the same suggestion from himself, which was to the effect that the things the preacher forgot to say were usually the things not worth remembering."

"And maybe it was so about the forgotten things in the pile of papers on that desk."

"But he wasn't the only man I have met who kept his desk apparently in the greatest disorder, but was nevertheless successful; and then I have known plenty of men who went as far as it unless they could keep everything on their desks just so."

"The inkstand must be here and the stamp box here, and the pen rack here; all just so, and kept so; and with no litter anywhere, with everything free and clear and in order. And I have known men who couldn't write unless they had their papers squared just right, and all that; precise men, who must have everything just so before they could get to work; all the very opposite of the man with the littered desk, who has at least in his favor the fact that he doesn't worry himself over trifles, but keeps on serene through it all."

"And while I have known men who must have everything just so neat about their desks, fresh blotters and clean inkstands and all that, I have known other men who didn't care if their desks were a foot thick with dust, and who only asked that their things should not be moved or shifted about; just simply and only that their desks be let alone."

"As a matter of fact there is in these days less and less disorder in business methods and more and more system; this in an age of system."

CHARACTER IN THE TONGUE.

Germany's Way of Striving People Up Available Chiefly to Doctors.

Germany has taken up the pastime of reading character and telling fortunes by the tongue. Somebody has been making a study of the organ of speech and has discovered that it is full of indications.

A long tongue is said to denote openness of character, it suggests generosity and free handedness. Its possessor makes friends and enemies easily, but doesn't save money.

When the tongue is long and thick the openness degenerates into a tendency to gossip and scandal. The future of the owner is beset with troubles of his own making. It also indicates flightiness and inconstancy.

Short tongues indicate secretiveness and dissimulation. Their owners make good detectives and attorneys.

The owner may acquire some money by economy and guile, but has not largeness of spirit to make a great fortune. This pointed tongue are found in different people who do not succeed in life.

Short and broad ones accompany craft and falsehood; the person who has such a tongue is compelled by it to deceive and betray, whatever effort he may make to keep straight.

The vibrant, quivering tongue denotes the artistic temperament. Brilliant carmine hue is a sign of long life, pale pink tongue denotes weakness of character and delicacy of constitution.

"If it's all true," says a German newspaper, "it is lucky that it is only at the doctor and not at our friends that we stick out our tongues."

TWO TYPES OF LAWYERS.

But the Late Judge Thayer Was of a Different Kind.

A Philadelphian was praising his learning and uprightness the late Judge M. Russell Thayer.

He quoted the moving passage from Judge Thayer's will:

"Owing to the fact that almost my entire life has been passed in the public service of the United States and of the state of Pennsylvania, I have but a small estate to leave to my dear children and wife."

"Those are different words," he said, "from the kind we have been hearing lately. It seems odd to us to think of a public servant regarding his post as anything but a plum tree. We have here another proof that a man really honorable can never become rich."

Judge Thayer was an honorable man. First as a lawyer, afterwards as a judge, he treated all with whom he had dealings with the greatest fairness. Once, years ago, after he had served me well in a difficult case, I remonstrated with him about the smallness of his fee.

"Well," he said, smiling, and smelling the flower in his buttonhole. "You know, an not that type of lawyer whose client once said:

"I never was entirely ruined but twice. Once when I lost a lawsuit and once when I gained one."

Ade's Autobiography.

Met Henry W. Savage the other day, and accumulated the following quite characteristic story of George Ade.

As of course you know, Mr. Savage produced "The Sultan of Sulu," "Peggy from Paris" and other comic operas of which Mr. Ade's prolific pen was the proud progenitor, and he was urging the Hoosier librettist to write another musical comedy for the Savage opera house.

"Can't do it, governor," cried Mr. Ade, shaking his head, gloomily; "can't do it. I can't write lyrics to save my immortal soul."

"You can't write lyrics?" echoed the tall manager. "Well I'd like to know what's the matter with 'em-or-a-e.'"

"Great Sulu's Sultan!" wailed Ade, grimly; "em-or-a-e wasn't a lyric; it was autobiography."

Grapes Grown Under Glass.

The grape of grapes for the table is grown in Belgium, and under glass. It is in no Arcadian rustic spot that this ideal culture flourishes, but in the wide awake metropolitan suburb of Hoezlaert, near Brussels. Here there is a whole region of glass—nothing but glass over a wide vista. The spectacle is one of the shows of the country for amateurs and sightseers alike.

A good many lovers of table fruit whose interest in the subject extends no further than the dessert stand will probably be surprised to learn that it is from no native hot-house, but from Hoezlaert, that the great fruiterers of London, Paris, the Riviera, Vienna, Berlin, St. Petersburg, and, mirabile dictu, even New York, receive the bulk of their winter supplies. Every Friday hundreds of chests of choice fruit, admirably packed, are despatched to the United States alone.

The price at Hoezlaert is a minimum of 15 pence a pound on the vine, with freightage added for packing. The choicest bunches are those that weigh about two pounds.

Condensation With a Vengeance. A Kansas editor is said to have entertained extreme ideas with reference to the value of a "condensed style." On one occasion owing to lack of space he wielded his pencil at the end of a syndicate serial story with this result in the way of compression:

"Reginald took a small brandy, then his hat, his departure, besides no notice of his pursuers, meantime a revolver out of his pocket and lastly his own life."

Underdone. Bobby gazed critically at his new baby brother.

"Don't you like him, dear?" asked the nurse.

"Y-es," he admitted. "But don't you think you ought to send him back for a minutes? He's too rare!"—Cleveland Leader.

Might Head Her On. "Henry," said Mrs. Peck, "I am going to get a photograph and talk into it, so that if I happen to die first you can still hear my voice."

"Perhaps," replied Henry, hopefully, "I will die first."—Houston Post.

THE DARING DYNAMITE MAN.

Death May Come Any Time, but He Doesn't Fear It.

"Some day I guess 'twill get me. We never know."

J. B. Boone, professional powder man, dynamite and nitroglycerin handler, moved cautiously about a fire as he talked. At his feet lay 50 pounds of dynamite—frozen. Three feet away was a roaring fire. He was at a stone quarry at Courtney, Mo., where the night before 500 pounds of his materials had exploded. And he had built the fire to thaw out more.

"This is the dangerous part of the work," he said. "The jar of a cinder popping from the fire, striking this dynamite, would make it explode. A twig snapped against it or some object dropped upon it, would bring the end. Dynamite is not exploded by heat. It requires some jar—some friction. When it is frozen—and it freezes sooner than water—it is fairly safe to handle. But in thawing the warmer it becomes the more sensitive it is. When these sticks are warm a dime dropped upon them will make them explode. It's a dangerous business."

No screen was between the dynamite and the fire where "the powder man" worked. If he feared that fatal cinder popping from the dry sticks in the fire he did not show it. In a methodical, careful way, this grave, quiet man worked swiftly and silently by the fire.

"I began it with my father when I was 15 years old," he said. "More than 20 years now I've been a powder man, and—well, I'm here to-day, anyhow."

But he would venture no prediction for the morrow.

CUSTOM OF YUMA INDIANS.

Burning the Dead One of Their Interesting Ceremonies.

Burning the dead as observed among the Yumas is interesting. The body is first thoroughly wrapped and then placed in logs and brush over a hole in the ground. A bed of logs is built up at each side and at the head of the bier, which is next covered over and strewn about with dry fagots. The flames are applied and, while they burn, the clothing, blankets, etc., of the deceased are added to the fire.

The bones of the dead man, however, is not burned along with the Yuma, as is the custom with some Indians. A day or two after death the wigwam of the deceased, if an adult, is burned, the rest of the family then going to live with some relative. The Yumas make a great show of sorrow over their dead. Later they are never mentioned at all. The medicine men are still largely in control among the Yumas, and the government makes no attempt to interfere. Usually their patients grow sicker, so that they proclaim them doomed to die and their prophecy will almost always come true.

When Love Is Young.

They had reached the stage of the engagement when there is usually more or less speculation as to the future on the part of the bride-to-be.

"It doesn't seem, Tom, dear, that we could ever speak a cross word to each other, does it, dearest?" she murmured from his coat lapel.

"Never, sweetheart!" declared Tom stoutly.

"But, dear," she persisted, "if—mind I say if—some morning the steak should be burned and the coffee cold, and you were tempted to be just a bit—just a teeny wee bit cross, what would you do?"

She looked up into his face anxiously. He felt that his reply must be one that would fully reassure her. After a moment's thought he exclaimed, triumphantly: "I'd go down town and get my breakfast!"—Puck.

Whisky Was Not for Her.

A woman who apparently had been averse to entering a saloon approached the bartender in a fashionable North Side place the other evening and in low tones called for a quart of whisky. Five or six men were standing near the end of the bar, says the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"Now, I don't want you to think this is for me," said the woman in way of explanation, at the same time glancing furtively at the men near the end of the bar. "My husband, who is ill sent me for the liquor and I did not want to come because I thought you might think it was for me, and I naturally would feel embarrassed."

"What do you drink, wood alcohol?" returned the bartender in a matter-of-fact way. The men near the end of the bar laughed aloud.

"I didn't come in here to be insulted," returned the woman savagely, at the same time manifesting her contempt for the loungers with a vicious stare.

"And I would like to inform you that I do not propose to have my goods insulted, either," said the bartender in a determined tone of voice.

After parleying several minutes the bartender handed the woman the bottle of whisky and she hurried from the place, slamming the door violently.

"They come in here that way almost every day," said the bartender in explaining the woman's embarrassment. "Many men are too lazy to go after liquor themselves and they send their wives. That woman was no doubt telling the truth when she said she did not want the whisky for herself. I was just kidding her."

Hottentot.

The origin of this name for the natives of South Africa is peculiar. It is said that the early Dutch soldiers at the Cape of Good Hope particularly noticed the click that forms so distinct a feature of the Kaffir language, which sounded to them like a continuous repetition of the syllables "hot" and "tot." They therefore called the natives "Hottentots," the "en" meaning "and" in the Dutch language.

Dog Days.

Bill—Did you get any frankfurters while you were on your vacation?

Jill—No; I asked for 'em several times, but they told me they were out of season.

"That's all nonsense! You were away during the dog days, weren't you?"—Yonkers Statesman.

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Stock dividends are paid annually or semi-annually, if they are paid at all.

Bennett's pianos are paying dividends of Pleasure and Profit every day in the year.

Many of the most important business men have purchased the piano on the investment basis. Not merely as an investment in pleasure, but as an investment that will give them the necessary relaxation from business cares, just as they join a golf club.

Business is being conducted at higher pressure today than ever before. The man who is demersed in business cares during the day need to get absolutely away from them during the few hours that he can call his own. The active mind needs a rest outside of business hours.

At the Bad Nauheim in Germany, where thousands go to recuperate from the results of overwork, the piano is being used as a course in the cure. First tried experimentally, it was found to have a very beneficial effect in nervous and mental troubles and is now an established feature at this celebrated Sanitarium.

The very act of playing the Piano takes the mind completely away from the beaten path of thought. The Piano does not play itself—you are the one who does the playing, and you are compelled to give attention to the playing. Therein lies its fascination and its benefit.

Music is a tonic. The medical world is giving more and more attention to it as a therapeutic agent. But to get the best effects from music you must have a hand in the production of it yourself.

Let business men who receive their customary dividend checks consider whether there is any more sensible investment than to put the money in a Piano, through which they can secure immunity from the harassing cares of the day and be the fresher for next day's duties.

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BRITISH MILITARY TRAINING.

Soldiers Play at War on a Vast Tract of Land.

England has reserved a tract of land several hundred square miles in extent on which her soldiers play at war, according to F. A. Talbot in the Technical World Magazine. The Russo-Japanese war served to emphasize the radical revolution which has taken place in warfare due to the remarkable improvements which have been wrought in the devising of long-range and quick-firing weapons, combined with improvements in explosives.

The result of this revolution in warfare is that a battle front may range over as much as 60 or 70 miles. Consequently a grave difficulty presents itself in the training of an army to comply with and to understand these new conditions, since it is essential that an army in peace should be brought to a high standard of efficiency which will enable it to cope with any peculiar difficulty that may present itself in actual combat. But to train an army upon this basis necessitates a vast tract of land having a conformation of the most difficult nature and far removed from the influences of human habitations, to enable the men to have the fullest scope in which to practice the new conditions of their science.

Man acquires the disease by ingestion or inoculation, never by inhalation. It is not hereditary; neither is there any predisposition to it in the individual. The bacillus in a state of nature is saprophytic, feeding on decay of the vegetable world. But the bacillus becomes pathogenic—capable of causing disease—in cattle when they are deprived of actinon or the property of the chemical rays in sunlight.

It would, if all this be true, become reasonable to assume that by restoring actinon to cattle the bacillus would again become a saprophyte, in which case consumption would be extinguished.

KEEN INTELLIGENCE WANTED.

A Story That Illustrates What Banks Are Looking For.

Pierce Jay, the commissioner of banks of Massachusetts, at the American Bankers' association's convention in St. Louis, advocated a better accounting system.

"But above all," said Mr. Jay, in a discussion of his idea, "we want intelligence, if embezzlement is to be thoroughly put down. Systems are good, but intelligence is better, and in cashiers and tellers and bookkeepers and note clerks we want the same keen, quick intelligence that characterized old Capt. Hiram Cack of Gloucester."

"Cack lay very ill. One day he got down-hearted, feeling that his case was hopeless."

"I fear, doctor," he said, "there isn't much hope for me."

"Oh, yes, there is," the doctor answered. "Three years ago I was in your condition precisely, and look at me now."

"Cack, intelligent and alert, said quickly: "What doctor did you have?"

Sorrows of a Humorist. "This thing of being a humorist is about the saddest thing I know," sighed Simeon Ford. "An ordinary person can have his moods and humors as he pleases, but I must always be on the job. I am constantly being invited out, not because I'm liked for myself alone or because of my many beauties, but because I am expected to entertain the assemblage. The rest of the company may be as dull as dishwater, but if I do not shake up the gathering with a few jokes the hostess glares at me and really feels resentful. I may be sunk in the slough of despond, but just as soon as I take my seat all lean forward and eye me expectantly."

"My son, never get a reputation for being funny. It is the most mournful thing on earth."

Organ to Save Woodpile. A number of years ago a village in the eastern part of the town of Middleboro was very much wrought up over the introduction of a musical instrument in their church service. At the final meeting when the matter was to be settled excitement ran high.

One man whose reputation for honest dealings was not always above suspicion made a fiery speech in opposition. A neighbor whose back yard joined the speaker's could hardly wait for the close of the remarks. Then jumping to his feet without waiting to address the chairman, he said:

"Gosh, sir, if I had known the gentleman was so afraid of an organ I should have had one hung on my woodpile years ago."

Wires Need a Rest. "Messages," said a telegraph operator, "always slide over the wires better on Monday than on any other day. The wires, you see, have profited by their Sunday rest."

"It is a fact that inanimate as well as animate things get tired and need a vacation occasionally. You know how true this is of razors, of automobiles, of locomotives—and it is just as true of telegraph wires."

"A wire after its Sunday rest gives a quicker, a fuller and a more delicate transmission. It is like a piano that has just been tuned."

Proper Coat of Arms. John Thomas Brady got in to-night from St. Louis. John Thomas stopped a little while in Pittsburg on his way here.

"I heard some of them guys out there talking about getting a coat-of-arms," he said. "Now, take it from me that the only right thing for most of this bunch in the way of a coat-of-arms would be a set of burglar's tools properly displayed."—Washington Correspondence.

A Slight Difference. Friend—Well, did you get your copy-right for that last work?

Author (mournfully)—I did, but the printers didn't.—Baltimore American.

Continuous Performance. Well-Meaning Friend—Why have you never reformed?

Mr. Higball—Never reformed? Why, I reform every morning.

Can He Do It. Luther Burbank had just finished his seedless orange, his thornless rose, and his eyeless potato.

"What are you going to originate now?" some one asked him.

"A lemonless campaign," replied the wizard.

Relief in the Baby's Cries. "Why doesn't your wife sing to the baby when she cries?"

"She used to, until she discovered that the neighbors preferred to hear the baby."—Cleveland Leader.

NEW IDEA OF CONSUMPTION.

Doctor Says Disease is Primarily Derived from Cattle.

A London physician, Dr. W. Fichtel Turner, who has made a first-hand study of the disease for many years, advances the theory that the medical world is attacking the problem of consumption by a utterly false route.

His view, he says, is that tuberculosis is an animal disease primarily derived, in all cases, from cattle. It belongs, he says, to the mycotic group of diseases, diseases in which the original source of infection is a plant. Bovine cattle derive tuberculosis from timothy and other allied grasses by natural affinity.

Man acquires the disease by ingestion or inoculation, never by inhalation. It is not hereditary; neither is there any predisposition to it in the individual. The bacillus in a state of nature is saprophytic, feeding on decay of the vegetable world. But the bacillus becomes pathogenic—capable of causing disease—in cattle when they are deprived of actinon or the property of the chemical rays in sunlight.

It would, if all this be true, become reasonable to assume that by restoring actinon to cattle the bacillus would again become a saprophyte, in which case consumption would be extinguished.

THE GREAT FORESTS ARE SINGULARLY FREE FROM REPTILES.

A curious thing about Canadian forests is that there are no snakes, and even from a description the Indian guides did not seem to understand what a snake would be like.

Fishing all through Canada is as good as the hunting, and should one fall to bag a mouse he is fully recompensed for the trip by the abundance of other game, including bear and deer. There is a world melancholy about Canadian forests, with their hundreds of small lakes and rivers scattered here and there, and although the scenery never rises to the magnificent, there is something haunting, aside from the sport in it, that draws the hunter back season after season. Canada is filled with legends and strange superstitions, most of them of Indian origin, and all of them interesting to a degree, especially when related by one of the Indian guides who can be induced to talk.—Leslie's Weekly.

A Skating One.

Yvette Guilbert, the famous French actress, is an excellent skater. In the Bois de Boulogne, in Paris, there is an ice rink where Mme. Guilbert's skating is one of the principal attractions.

Talking about skating in New York one day, Mme. Guilbert said:

"It is only through perseverance that one learns to skate well. I am sure no one ever suffered more than I in learning to skate."

"I remember one day in my girlhood, the second or third time I had ever been on the ice. I was returning home in a crowded omnibus, and a kind old man got up and offered me his seat."

"I shook my head, and the old man laughed a good deal when I said: "No, thank you. I've been skating, and I'm tired of sitting down."

Longing for Country Life.

A strange thing is the universal longing of professional men and others who have come to the city and have prospered as they advance in life to get back to the country. It is seldom that they do return, and when they do there is often disappointment and things do not appear as they did long ago. The change is in the man himself, but he thinks it is in the country. Nevertheless, the desire to get back to the old country place to end one's days is very general. Sir Walter Scott refers to it and compares the course of a man through the world to that of the hare which is started from her lair and after a long chase and making a large circle ends by returning to the nest from which she started.

All Pieces But the Pawn. The archbishop of Canterbury, on one occasion, was addressing the members of a chess club, and that though he "was not a distinguished chess player, he could claim to be a representative of chess in an unusual degree, for he had seen a good deal of kings and queens, had lived in two castles and was the only living man who was both a knight and a bishop, so that he represented all the pieces except the pawn."

A Sausage Secret. Dr. John Morse of Boston, an authority on pure foods, said recently that the public could not expect pure food at a low price.

"Take milk, for instance," he said. "Milk absolutely pure cannot be sold to-day under 15 cents a quart."

"And so, till we are willing to pay for a genuine article, imitation articles, adulterated articles, will be sold to us."

"And the morality of the dealers will grow worse and worse, till, finally, I can imagine a sausage maker saying on his deathbed to his son: "Always bear in mind, my lad, that sausage can be made out of anything—even out of meat."

The Crowning Blow. "Mothers and nurses have devised and invented many ways of procuring obedience and correct behavior from their little charges," said a park policeman. "The familiar 'bog man' is still employed, but the times change and the people with them."

"The last fine day, when the park was filled with mothers and nurses, I heard a new way of appealing to the love or fear of a child, and a stylishly dressed young woman leading an irresponsible youngster, after making all sorts of threats and promises without effect, said: 'Child! Child! you give me wrinkles under my eyes!'"

Not Enough Style. The Butler—The house is on fire, madam. Here are the hand grenades.

Mrs. Facehill—You should have brought them on a tray, William.—Life.