

THE DAILY REPUBLICAN

Every Day Except Sunday.

HEALEY & CLARK, Publishers.

RENSSELAER, - - - - - INDIANA.

What? Walla Walla, Wash., Went
Wet? Wow!

Since he quit talking Mr. Peary has
gained in popularity.

A woman wastes a lot of smiles
when talking over the 'phone.

The races at Juarez, Mexico, were
run in a blinding snowstorm. Med-
icine Hat papers please copy.

Santa Claus is the only person who
has ever succeeded in getting any
great speed out of the reindeer.

Dr. Eliot declares he is satisfied
with his new religion. Which prob-
ably means that he will use no other.

"Don't run after a street car or a
woman," says one cheerful optimist.
"Another will be along in a few min-
utes."

Charles W. Morse differs from most
trust magnates in salient respects.
Every time he loses a case he
goes back to jail.

This will be a notable year if West
Point and Annapolis decide to get
through it without a hazing scandal,
and there is no reason why they
shouldn't.

An exchange deliberately expresses
the opinion that stud poker is a more
brutal game than football. Possibly.
But give bridge whilst a show in the
competition.

At Urbana, Ohio, the other day a
boy aged 18 married a girl aged 15.
Fortunately the child labor law will
not bar him from the pleasure and
privilege of supporting her.

The wife who keeps a trunkful of
letters her husband wrote during the
mellow days of his courtship can usually
get him to arbitrate any little
differences that arise in after years.

One aviator, it is said, has succeeded
in repairing his aeroplane without
descending to the earth. And still
more remarkable, he didn't hit his
thumb or drop the monkey wrench
on anybody's head.

Owing to the big crops and the high
prices of the past year western and
northwestern farmers are reported to
be eager to buy more land. Their am-
bition will hardly be approved of by
the gold brick artists of the country.

A New York preacher wants John
D. Rockefeller to contribute to the
world's religious literature 100 words
defining his position with reference to
evangelical Christianity. Could so
good a man as Mr. Rockefeller possibly
put all his religion in 100 words?

At a recent wedding in the aristocratic
circles of Vienna, an innovation was
introduced when the bride's mother
was crowned as a part of the ceremony.
The significance of this feature
is somewhat obscure, and those
who are tempted to treat the subject
with levity are reminded that mother-
in-law jokes are no longer tolerated
—even on the vaudeville stage.

Many college students hope to enter
the service of the United States govern-
ment next spring as census enumera-
tors. Those who are fortunate
enough to secure appointments will
benefit in ways quite as important as
the money they will earn. They will
be brought into personal contact with
all classes and conditions of people,
and will acquire first-hand knowledge
of wages, nationalities, population,
and scores of other matters never so
well learned from books. If the enum-
erators are carefully selected, the
government also will benefit.

In the battle of Manila Admiral
Dewey's fleet was under fire for seven
hours, and only six men were wounded
and none killed. In the naval bat-
tle of Santiago the American loss was
one man killed and a half dozen
wounded. In football in the United
States, during the season now closed,
the casualty list stood as follows:
Thirty deaths, 216 players injured, 12
broken collar-bones, 8 broken noses, 12
broken legs, 19 broken ribs, 9 broken
arms, 19 broken ankles, 13 broken
shoulders, 8 broken wrists, 8 broken
fingers, 6 broken hands, and 3 broken
jaws. Football would, therefore, seem
more dangerous to life and limb than
real war.

A teacher who asserts that she has
occupied important positions in the
public schools in various parts of the
country and has filled them satisfac-
torily, makes a series of "Confessions"
in a recent magazine article which go
to show, if they show anything, that
the business of teaching as carried
on in the public schools of the United
States is largely a fake. She con-
demns the methods mostly in use as
ineffective and the instructors as in-
competent. She avers that every
teacher hates her profession and that
all of them are ashamed of it. The
women usually continue in it for life
unless relieved by matrimony. But
the common reputation which lady
teachers have of being sour and prim
repels desirable suitors, so that they
usually have no choice but to continue
in an occupation repulsive to them.

So far as the men teachers are con-
cerned, she asserts that the profes-
sion attracts only an inferior class of
men, except in the case of some young
men who use this occupation as a stepping
stone to other desirable employ-
ment; that the men teachers who con-
tinue until they reach positions of
principals or superintendents are as
a rule less competent and efficient
than the women teachers, yet the women
teachers would rather serve under
them than to be "bossed" by mem-
bers of their own sex. If this arra-
ngement of the personnel of the teaching
body in our public schools were correct,
it would be unnecessary to seek
further for reasons of inferiority of
the schools, for no profession can be
carried on efficiently by people who

are ashamed of it. The care of the
conduct and morals of the youth of
the land and the development of their
minds should be esteemed one of the
most honorable of professions. It is
no doubt true that too many men and
women seek positions in the public
schools as a mere makeshift or last
resort to earn a livelihood, but we have
faith to believe that the large majority
who continue in the work become duly
impressed with the importance and the
sacred character of their calling, give
to it a conscientious devotion, and enter-
tain a reasonable hope that their
achievements in it may constitute a
crown of pride to a well spent life.

FAMILY IN EVERY NATION.

Legion of Smiths May Be Found in
the Directories of All Cities.

The New Yorker who offers a timid
apology whenever anybody makes
some caustic remark about the city
directory ought to take a peep at
foreign directories. What if New York
has fifty-two columns of Smiths, with
the various spellings, fourteen columns
of Johnsons, nine of Joneses and ten
of Whites? Is that anything to be
ashamed of? They are nice, honorable
names and European cities are glad to
put them on the list.

Take Smith, for instance. The New
York Times says there isn't a town in
Europe big enough to boast a city
directory where Smith has not worked
his way to the front. London is fairly
overflowing with Smiths, but then
London is the home of the Smith family
and the seventeen columns of the
commercial directory and the twelve
of the court directory, not to mention
the thirty columns of the plain everyday
Smiths, do not excite the least sur-
prise or derision. London also has her
full quota of Joneses, Greenes and
Whites, but that, too, is a matter of
course.

When you come to Berlin you might
expect to find things a little different,
but you don't. The German capital is
quite proud of her Smiths—Schmidt
they spell it there. The directory
shows sixty columns of them, and ev-
erybody knows that the column of a
Berlin directory is long and impregnable,
with eighty-five names to the
column. By a little figuring you will
be able to ascertain that that amounts
to quite a nice little family of Smiths.

But Berlin's banner family is the
Schultzes. There are seventy columns
of them. This is a creditable showing,
but they are closely pushed by the
Mullers, who can point with pride to
sixty-seven columns. The business di-
rectory of Berlin is interesting. Judg-
ing by this proper-matter-of-fact book,
it would seem that the people of Ber-
lin must take pains to kick out their
heels and toes, for it taes fifty-two col-
umns of shoemakers—still eighty-five
to the column—to repair their boots
and shoes. Of bakers there are fifteen
columns, and last, but not least, come
the barbers, who muster up thirteen
columns strong.

What Smith is to New York Mart-
inet or Martinot is to Paris, with the
Girards, the Picards and the Moreaus
bringing up the rear. But even in
Paris the Smiths are not downed.
There is almost half a column of them,
their vocations ranging from importers
and lawyers to typewriter repairers.

Rome's long suits are the Albertina,
the Rossinis and the Guidis. But with
all this wealth of poetic nomenclature
the Eternal city still clings to Smith
and proudly announced that at 119
Princess Margherita street there is one
Tullia Smith, who is engaged in the
peaceful calling of making candy. At
22 in the same street is another Smith,
Luigi by name, who is a barber, while
not far away is Angelo, a dealer in
toilet supplies.

In Naples the Morellis and Vitellis
predominate. They do not crowd out
Mr. Smith, however, for he is here,
two of him. One is called Enrico, the
other Robert. Enrico has an office at
66 Riviera de Chiari and sells agricultural
implements; Robert sells liquors.
Brussels is alive with Jansens, but
they have not exterminated the Smiths,
one of whom is dealing in tobacco at
91 Lesbrussart street.

The land of the czar bids the Smiths
welcome, and a few of them have gone
boldly into competition with the Smir-
novs, who are, by all odds, the strongest
numerically of all families in Russia.
In St. Petersburg Otto Smith is a
glass merchant and Theodore and
W. T. Smith regale the public with
wines and spirits. Even in Odessa
Alexander Smith has settled down and
earns a living by making sailors' suits.

Progression.

"But sometimes it's right to tell a
white lie, isn't it?"

"Perhaps. But I notice that when
a man gets that idea once it isn't long
till he becomes color-blind."—Cleve-
land Leader.

It is our notion that blooded dogs
and old violins always cost more than
they are worth.

ENGLISH NOT SO SLOW.

Tricks Played on a Yankee Tender-
foot in the British Capital.

"If there is any Yankee who thinks
he can sell wooden nutmegs to a Brit-
isher nowadays he'd better guess
again," said an American who re-
turned recently after working in Eu-
rope for many years for a New York
concern, according to the New York
Sun. "Englishmen have profited by
lessons taught them until nowadays
they do the other fellow.

"When I was dumped in London for
the first time I went to live in apart-
ments. There was a valet attached to
the apartments—a sleek, well-fed in-
dividual whom I got to know familiarly
as Henry. I had never enjoyed the
luxury of having a gentleman's gen-
tleman before, and when I found that
Henry would look after my clothes for
half a crown (62 cents) a week I
rejoiced, especially as they needed
pressing.

"But no. Henry didn't press clothes.
Still, there was a tailor near by who
did, and he would be glad to take them
there for me.

"I sent out my overcoat and my best
suit. Pressing these would have cost
me in New York about \$1 or \$1.50 at
the outside. When the clothes came
back a bill came with them almost
a foot long. Each garment was
charged for separately and among the
items were: 'Sewing buttonhole, 2d;
sewing on button, 6d.' and so on. The
total was 19s 6d (\$4.87).

"Well," I gasped, "take this back to
the tailor and tell him it is outrage-
ous!" I told Henry. He returned and
said the tailor said it was correct.
As a result of what I told him Henry
went once more to the tailor's and
came back with the bill diminished to
\$3.62. I was still far from satisfied,
but sent the money. After I had done
a bit of investigating I found shop-
where I could have similar work done
for 75 cents or \$1. The other tailor
had looked at the labels in my clothes
and 'soaked' me because I was a
bloomin' Yank.

"One day I entered the gloomy of-
fices of the apartments and found
Henry much interested in a pile of
furs.

"Don't you want to pick up a fine
piece of sable cheap?" he asked me.
This man, indicating a low-browed
individual and speaking in a whisper,
smuggled over a beautiful sable skin
from Russia and he has a fine piece
of beaver, too. A naval attack was
looking at them just now and was on
the point of buying them, but he was
called away. The man is asking £18,
but I think he will take £14 (\$70)."

"Now, I really did not want a sable
skin, but I thought it would be a good
investment. To my uneducated eyes
the skins looked to be all right in the
gloom of a London back room on a
February day.

"If you haven't the money with
you," said Henry, "I can let you have
what you need," and that decided me.
"So I passed over to the skin mer-
chant 14 golden sovereigns and, find-
ing the address of a real fur dealer,
I ordered the goods sent up to him for
storage. I fancied that when Henry
closed the hall door and stood out-
side with the skin merchant I heard
a chink of coin, but paid no attention
to it until a few days later, when I
went up to the fur dealer's to con-
gratulate myself on my purchase.

"Sable?" Why, that is not sable,"
said the dealer. "It is a common varie-
ty of musquash—what you call a
muskrat in America. What is it
worth? About \$15 in your money."

"I had thought I was getting \$500
or \$600 worth of valuable furs. Well,
it was hard to pay Henry what I owed
him. He protested his innocence, but
I could not help having suspicions."

"I could tell you other subsequent
experiences that befell me in London,
but I finally cut my wisdom teeth and
kept my eyes open. But don't let any
American imagine he can go over
there and teach those Englishmen any
new skinning devices. They've got
most everything in that line pat-
ented."

A VIXEN VANQUISHED.

Reformation Accomplished by a
Load of New Tiffaree.

Shrews and vixens in colonial times,
although the ruder law of the day
sometimes brought them to the public
humiliation of ducking-stool or scold-
ing-bride, went oftenest, then as now,
unpunished. One notable shrew of
old Newbury, however, wife to the
early German immigrant, Caspar Kee-
zar, the Cobbler Keezar of one of
Whittier's poems, brought about her
own punishment and reformation in
a curious way.

Goodman Keezar was an excellent
cobbler, when he would work; but he
was lazy, shiftless, a merry ne'er-do-
well, fonder of entertaining his less
imaginative neighbors with the songs,
legends and fairy-tales of the far-away
fatherland than of attending soberly
to their shoes.

His wife had no patience with such
trifling, which rendered him no such
good provider as she felt her house-
wifely abilities deserved, and there
were frequent painful scenes of domes-
tic strife in their little house by the
Merrimac, not unfrequently emphasized
by a flying kettle or a hurtling
saucepans from the irate vixen's hand.
One particular furious scene occurred
because she found her household uten-
sils running low. Keezar fled before
her wrath, nor did he dare return
without a peace-offering.

His pockets held the belated pay-
ments for several jobs, so he tramped
to Boston—forty miles—and there ex-
pended it all for tin and pewter ware.

Haven't you remarked that as soon
as you get out of one trouble, you at
once get into another?

in his glittering purchases, which he
had disposed of as best he could about
his person, he tramped home again.
Just at sunset he approached his own
door, the tins clattering with each
lagging step, and the fiery light of the
big red sinking sun flashing weirdly
as he moved.

Goodwife Keezar, with some neigh-
bors who were calling, heard the
noise, and came hastily to the door,
but one look was enough, and they
scattered and fled shrieking before
what they never doubted to be a blazing
demon from the nether world.
Only one of them did not fly; Good-
wife Keezar herself, who dropped
weeping and entreating before the
frightful messenger, sent, she believed,
either to rebuke her for her sins
or carry her away to punishment.

Not until her amazed husband had
pushed past her and cast his burden
jangling and rattling, to the floor,
could she be convinced that he was
himself, and not a fiend from the pit.

Even when her terror passed, it left a
salutary remembrance; and the peace-
offerings Keezar had brought from
Boston never served for weapons or
missiles, as their predecessors had
done, nor for any uses inconsistent
with domestic peace.—Youth's Com-
panion.

ONE OF THE FOUNDER STATES.

Kentucky Was the Entering Wedge
In the Winning of the West

Massachusetts, New York, Virginia
and Kentucky were the foremost founders.
New York and Massachusetts have
been strongly nourished by European
money, culture and immigrants and
plenty of good hard sense to boot.
Virginia lost out through pride and
war, with her many bloody sacrifices.
Malaria has almost ruined Kentucky.
Kentucky was our oldest, longest main-
tained frontier, settled up by first and
second generations of English farmers
and a few Irish and Scotch and old
revolutionary soldiers. Kentucky had
more and harder Indian fighting than
any other State, besides largely
indulging in the 1812-15 and the War
of 1861.

The first two generations of Ken-
tucky were hardy, bold, gay hunters
and warriors, but poor farmers, says
the New York Press. Common dan-
gers and deaths made a great common
brotherhood, and the cleanest, most
unaffected democracy the world has
ever seen for the short time its golden
age lasted. From this epoch and blood
sprung Lincoln, that great homespun
democratic pacifier, who was as much
beloved in New York and Boston as at
home. Then there was George Nich-
olas, who wrote Kentucky's constitu-
tion; John J. Crittenden, President
Taylor, the truly great Gen. George
Lewis Clark, and many great consti-
tutional lawyers and judges, to say
nothing of Jefferson Davis. Then there
came the era of slavery and great agri-
cultural prosperity, bringing a lot of
snobbish, rich English and Virginia
factors, when the old, great, bluff,
wise yeoman English spirit vamo-
sed. Then settled down and took hold
the generation of malaria, and Ken-
tucky has not been herself since. But
the spirits of Lincoln and Clark and
their memory still bless the whole
land.

Whisky, horses and pretty women in
Kentucky; that is all cheap back talk,
and does not represent Kentucky's true
greatness—her great men, the enter-
ing wedge in the winning of the West.

Kentucky was the nourishing mother
of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri and
Tennessee, for she almost alone bore the
brunt of the Indian and British wars in
the West. As Quinlan Jim McKenzie
put it, "Kentucky was a great conch
shell echoing the surge of history
when all her neighbors were but per-
iwinkles on the sands of time," even
if these States are richer and better
now. Kentucky should rid herself of
malaria and resume her great past.

A CANDID DOCTOR.

Physicians and lawyers are some-
times charged with protracting profit-
able "cases" through months, and per-
haps years, that could have been dis-
posed of in a few days or weeks. One
medical man, who had no temptation
to that kind of practice, was frank
enough to take advantage of the im-
peachment, and put the blame where
it belonged.

A lady was very solicitous about her
health. Every trifle made her uneasy,
and the doctor was called immediately.