

THE DAILY REPUBLICAN

Every Day Except Sunday.

NEALEY & CLARK, Publishers.

RENSSELAER, - - INDIANA.

What? Walla Walla, Wash., Went West? 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. Medicine Hat papers please copy.

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

Dr. Elliot declares he is satisfied with his new religion. Which probably 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 minutes."

Charles W. Morse differs from most trust magnates in salient respects. Every time now 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 what 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 ambition 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 government next spring as census enumerators. 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 enumerators 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 battle 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 satisfactorily, 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 condemns the methods mostly in use as ineffective and the instructors as incompetent. 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 concerned, she asserts that the profession 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 employment; that the men teachers who continue 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 members of their own sex. If this arraignment of the personnel of the teaching body in our public schools were correct, it would be unnecessary to seek further for reasons for 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 entertain 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 surprise or derision. London also has her full quota of Joneses, Greens 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 everybody 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 directory of Berlin is interesting. Judging by this proper-matter-of-fact book, it would seem that the people of Berlin must take pains to kick out their heels and toes, for it takes fifty-two columns 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, 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 Albertinis, 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, too, 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 Janssens, but they have not exterminated the Smiths, one of whom is dealing in tobacco at 91 Lebroussart street.

The land of the czar bids the Smiths welcome, and a few of them have gone boldly into competition with the Smirnovs, 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."—Cleveland 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 Tenderfoot in the British Capital.

"If there is any Yankee who thinks he can sell wooden nutmegs to a Britisher nowadays he'd better guess again," said an American who returned recently after working in Europe 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 apartments. There was a valet attached to the apartments—a sleek, well-fed individual, whom I got to know familiarly as Henry. I had never enjoyed the luxury of having a gentleman's gentleman 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 outrageous.' 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 shops 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' Yankee."

"One day I entered the gloomy offices 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 attaché 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 merchant 14 golden sovereigns and, finding 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 outside 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 congratulate myself on my purchase."

"Sable? Why, that is not sable," said the dealer. "It is a common variety 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 patented."

A VIXEN VANQUISHED.

Reformation Accomplished by a Lord of New Tiaware.

Shrews and vixens in colonial times, although the ruler law of the day sometimes brought them to the public humiliation of ducking-stool or scolding-bridle, went oftentimes, then as now, unpunished. One notable shrew of old Newbury, however, wife to the early German immigrant, Caspar Keazar, the Cobler Keazar of one of Whittier's poems, brought about her own punishment and reformation in a curious way.

Goodman Keazar 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 housewife abilities deserved, and there were frequent painful scenes of domestic strife in their little house by the Merrimack, not unfrequently emphasized by a flying kettle or a hurtling saucepan from the irate vixen's hand. One particular furious scene occurred because she found her household utensils running low. Keazar fled before her wrath, nor did he dare return without a peace-offering.

His pockets held the belated payments for several jobs, so he tramped to Boston—forty miles—and there expended it all for tin and pewter ware. The next day, comically panoplied

in his glittering purchases, which he had disposed of 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 Keazar, with some neighbors 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; Goodwife Keazar 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 Keazar 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 Companion.

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 maintained 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 1812-16 and the Mexican and other wars.

The first two generations of Kentucky were hardy, bold, gay hunters and warriors, but poor farmers, says the New York Press. Common dangers 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, her greatest son, and Henry Clay, that great homespun democratic pacificator, who was as much beloved in New York and Boston as at home. Then there was George Nicholas, who wrote Kentucky's constitution; John J. Crittenden, President Taylor, the truly great Gen. George Lewis Clark, and many great constitutional lawyers and judges, to say nothing of Jefferson Davis. Then there came the era of slavery and great agricultural prosperity, bringing a lot of snobbish, rich English and Virginia factors, when the old, great, bluff, wise yeoman English spirit vamosed. And then settled down and took hold the generation of malaria, and Kentucky has not been herself since. But the spirits of Lincoln and Clay 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 entering wedge in the winning of the West. Kentucky was the nourishing mother of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri and Texas, for she almost alone bore the brunt of the Indian and British wars in the West. As Quinine Jim McKenzie put it, "Kentucky was a great shell echoing the surges of history when all her neighbors were but periwinkles 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 sometimes charged with protracting profitable "cases" through months, and perhaps years, that could have been disposed 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 impeachment, and put the blame where it belonged.

A lady was very solicitous about her health. Every trifling made her uneasy, and the doctor was called immediately. The doctor was a skillful man, and consequently had a large practice. It was very disagreeable to him to be so often called away from his other cases for nothing, and he resolved to take an opportunity of letting the lady see this. One day the lady observed a red spot on her hand, and at once sent for the doctor. He came, looked at her hand, and said:

"You did well to send for me early. The lady looked alarmed, and asked: "Is it dangerous, then?"

"Certainly not," replied the doctor. "To-morrow the spot would have disappeared, and I should have lost my fee for this visit."

German Industrial Census.

The industrial census of Germany for 1907, just published by the German imperial bureau of statistics, gives 4,025,591 industrial concerns, employing 14,348,389 persons, of whom 3,510,466 were women. The increase in twelve years is 4,097,120—a ratio about four times as great as that of the employing concerns. These figures do not include railroad, postal, telegraph and telephone employees.

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

ANCIENT AND MODERN GHOSTS.

Primal Interest in the Supernatural Still Asserts Itself.

The belief in ghosts and in the supernatural generally has been prevalent in all ages and in all climes. The twelve tables of the ancient Roman law contained provisions against witchcraft and sorcery. The eastern world has always been a prey to superstition. Science and common sense have frowned upon such beliefs in vain. When Shakespeare shows us the ghost of Hamlet's father and the witches on the blasted heath and makes Macbeth alone of the company see the specter of the blood-bolter's Banquo sitting at the feast, he is but giving us a vivid realization of the faith of his own time, not of distant periods with which these two great tragedies deal.

In fact, it may safely be inferred from several of his plays that Elizabethan and Jacobean England was reeking with belief in the preternatural, says the Washington Post. Besides, did not King James VI. of Scotland himself, ere yet he had succeeded his Tudor cousin on the throne of England, pen with his own royal hand a learned treatise on demonology, in which he stoutly maintained "the fearful abounding at this time in this country of these detestable slaves of the diabol, the witches or enchanters," and accuse of Sadduceism all those who denied the existence of spirits?

The stout-hearted pilgrim fathers and their immediate descendants, who faced wild nature and savage man with equanimity, could not, for all their puritan training, rid themselves of the dread of the preternatural and the fanatical outbreak against witchcraft at Salem, Mass., in which, toward the end of the seventeenth century, nineteen persons were executed, is a proof of their weird dread of uncanny agencies.

In our own day beliefs are in a mixed condition. It is a very material world we live in. We profess no longer to marvel. The wonders wrought by science are such as in an earlier age would have brought their inventors to a cruel death at the stake. We are inclined on the whole to be of the earth earthy; but behind the veneer of our extreme modernity there lurk, regarding what the veil of another life conceals, those primal instincts which civilization in all its progress has signally failed to banish. Hence we have a society of physical research. Hence we have Dr. Wu Ting-fang consulting mediums.

And what is to be said of those mysterious visitants whose appearance at Windsor castle, at ancient country seats in Derbyshire and Yorkshire, and in different parts of Scotland, have been vouched for by the baronets and ladies of high degree, by lord high chancellor of England, by King Edward VII.—most modern of monarchs—himself? Katharine of Aragon, Anne Boleyn and Queen Elizabeth, not to mention other less august personages, would seem to have again taken to walking the earth and revisiting the glimpses of the moon.

A FINE POINT IN EQUITY.

An old-time story of the fine points of law and equity which arose in carrying out an amicable contract is told in the Philadelphia Record. There were four brothers who had inherited a storage warehouse from their father. He had divided the property equally among them.

Among the appurtenances was a cat—a fine animal, excellent for mousing. This, too, was divided, the eldest brother owing the right front quarter, the second brother the left front quarter, and the younger brothers the two hind quarters.

Now, unfortunately, the cat in one of its nocturnal prowls injured the right front paw, and the eldest brother attended to that portion of his property by binding the injured member with a greased rag.

The cat, thankful for this relief to its sufferings, went to sleep contentedly before the fire; but in the midst of its slumbers a falling coal ignited the rag, and the animal, howling with agony, dashed through the warehouse, and coming in contact with some combustibles, set the building on fire.

When the loss came to be figured out, the three younger brothers wished to throw it all upon the eldest, on the ground that had he not tied up his part of the cat with the inflammable rag, the building would not have been destroyed.

He, on the contrary, contended that had the cat only been possessed of the front right paw—his property—it would have stood still and burned to death. It was the three other paws that caused the damage.

The brothers argued the case until they died; but they never reached an agreement.

Partakers of His Glory.

Paul was debtor both to the Greeks and to the barbarians, not because of what they had done for him, but because of what God had done for him. God's mercy bestowed makes us debtors to all. For Himself God needs not our time, our talents, nor our money; therefore He orders that payment be made to the poor and suffering—our brother and the stranger at our gate. The divine receipt given us reads: "As ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me."

We'd rather go out and get an armful of wood than drive a boy to die.

SAREPTA'S HOLIDAY.

It Did Not Cost Much But It Brought Refreshing.

There were people who maintained that Sarepta Town carried the duties and responsibilities of life too lightly. It must be confessed that times and seasons were treated by her with scant ceremony upon occasions; and rites of house-cleaning, for instance, were performed by her according to the mandates of an inner voice, entirely regardless of the calendar, and she had been known to omit a sweeping-day entirely, because, as she declared, there would be fifty-one other sweeping days in the year, but not for twelve months again such another hour of May magic.

Occasionally even Sarepta's devoted family rebelled against such serenely claimed freedom from custom and convention, but in general they acknowledged it a small price to pay for the joyful zest in life which she carried about as an atmosphere.

It was part of her philosophy that a holiday was a change of mind, not a matter of the calendar. When she felt the need of refreshment, she could find it by dropping in to dinner with the next-door neighbor or going to spend the night with a friend round the corner.

"I can give my mind a change of air next door exactly as well as if I went to Atlantic City," she declared, "to say nothing of its being so much cheaper."

It was in pursuance of her theory that she decided one Monday morning that she needed a change, and, accordingly, leaving a message for the family, she set out. This time she decided to go to a friend's in a suburb, twenty miles away. That meant 80 cents, but she would save that by doing without a pair of gloves she had intended to buy; she could clean her old ones; just now her soul thirsted for refreshment rather than for gloves; and by this plan she could squeeze out money for a new magazine.

She found a magazine with a story by a favorite author, and hugging herself with delight, climbed joyously on board the train. It happened to be on the end track, where light sifted down to her window. She assured herself that she had her mileage book, and then settled down to her magazine with a sigh of bliss. The story was a long one, and she read on for one hour—two, and then came to herself with a start. The train was still motionless, and she its only passenger. The Westboro trains had been leaving all the morning from another track.

She closed her magazine, left her private car, and half an hour later walked in upon her family, just assembled for luncheon. She explained the situation gravely.

"But why didn't you go, after all?" her family asked.

"Why should I?" she retorted. "I had a perfectly beautiful morning and all the feel of a journey, and what else did I need? At least you'll have to acknowledge nobody can manage holidays as cheaply as I."—Youth's Companion.

Not Altogether a Treat.

Coming out of one of the large department stores two well dressed women saw a group of street urchins gazing at their automobile and one little girl was heard to say: "Wish I could have a ride in it." The women smiled and then the child was asked if she would really like a ride and was helped into the machine after assuring the women that she would not be missed at home. Her companions set up a cheer as the machine started and it returned half an hour later, bringing back the little girl. The women congratulated themselves on having given the little one an extraordinary treat, but were disenchanted when she told them that her father was a chauffeur and that she liked his machine "a great deal better."—New York Tribune.

Lamb Hissed His Own Farce.

Lamb's unfortunate farce, "Mr. H." has one of the shortest theatrical titles on record, and it could not possibly have had a shorter theatrical life, since it was performed only once. Lamb, as everybody knows, "hissed and hooted as loudly as any of his neighbors."

Writing to Wordsworth the following day he said: "A hundred hisses—(damn the word, I write it like kisses—how different!)—a hundred hisses outweigh a thousand claps. The former come more directly from the heart. Well, it's withdrawn and there is an end." But it is to be observed that he did not curse his audience, as your modern playwright would have done, for Lamb happened to be a sound and sane critic of his own work.

Profitable Business.

Hicks—Is Bjones doing well?
Wicks—Well, he has made \$50,000 a year for the last three years.
Hicks—What?
Wicks—Fact! He has been court-ing an heiress since Christmas, 1906, and she has just agreed to marry him.—Somerville Journal.

Unsafe Bet.

Redd—I see Dr. Cook, the explorer, has gone away again.
Greene—Yes; where do you bet he'll think he's been this time?—Yonkers Statesman.

Very often we find a man is untruthful although he says: "I know this to be a fact."

There is just one way to get rid of disagreeable things, and that is to die.