

T. G. NICKLIN, PUBLISHER.

Las Vegas, - - - Nevada

A negro in Manitoba is turning white. Perhaps he has been feeling a little off color.

It makes a young man crazy mad to be called a boy and an old man not to be.

Every time the clock ticks Rockefeller gets \$1.90. He can afford to watch the clock."

Goldwin Smith says there is money in literature. There is. But the trouble is to get it out.

Only a mother can distinguish between the mischievousness of her boy and the badness of the boy next door.

Bret Harte's Yuba dam has been destroyed by fire. It might be mentioned that Yuba dam isn't reformed spelling.

Any samples of simplified spelling that slip into Uncle Joe Cannon's correspondence he credits to his stenographer.

Lieutenant Peary says seeking the North Pole compels hunger and hardship. And that's why those who keep on trying to find it are heroes.

A turtle 4,000 years old was recently captured off the Galapagos Islands. The name of the man who cut his initials on its back is not revealed.

Chicago is still sending Milwaukee Avenue Bank officials to the penitentiary, notwithstanding the bankers' ward at Joliet is already crowded.

President Eliot, of Harvard, recently said that rowing and tennis are the only honorable college sports. He must have overlooked mumblepeg and pin-ochle.

Mark Twain is 71, and announces that he expects to live "many more years to enjoy the beauty and hospitality of this world." There's the optimism of youth for you.

When a fellow gets mixed up in a scandal he is always "a well-known club man," even if the only club he belongs to is a back-alley society for the promotion of crap-shooting.

William Dean Howells insists that genius is merely another name for hard work. Somehow this does not harmonize with the theory that genius always wears patches on the seat of its trousers.

A Lancaster (Pa.) hotelkeeper is troubled with a strange affliction, that deprives him of the power of speech for months at a time. As it is not contagious, the women in the neighborhood are not unduly excited over it.

A Cumberland, Md., woman has married a man because he paid her fare when she got on a street car without her pocketbook. There are men who will be likely to hesitate a long time, after this, before daring to help ladies in such distress.

Sir Henry Mortimer Durand, the British ambassador to this country, has resigned, and intends to retire from the diplomatic service. He has represented his country in Washington for three years, and has ably assisted in the preservation of the friendly relations between the two great English-speaking nations.

Occasionally there is a strong movement among Christians throughout the world against any further degradation of the guileless Hindu by selling him factory-made gods. The present agitation followed the discovery that manufacturers in America were selling a superior god for less money than the British god factories could turn out. The excitement is peculiarly intense among the orthodox in England.

We are educating our young men for idle gentlemen, trying to make lawyers, preachers, doctors and clerks out of material that is needed for blacksmiths, carpenters, merchants and other honest "browsers of wood and drawers of water." It is a mistake and a big one to teach boys and girls to believe that labor is disgraceful and to do nothing for a living is more becoming to society. There are sons and daughters who are now being educated to play the "leading lady" and "walking gentleman" in the great drama of life who will fight out for the poor house or the penitentiary before the curtain drops on the last sad act of the play to which they have been educated by their indulgent parents.

The index expurgatorius of food, so to speak, has so vastly enlarged itself with the advance of science that there is little left we can eat. It has come to pass that if we are properly careful of our health we will starve to death. Science has lent itself to the adulteration of food so generously and has invented cheap substitutes with such skill that nothing is what it seems to be. The marvel of it all is that any human life remains. And still more marvelous is it that the man who eats what is set before him, asking no questions, is the one who generally enjoys the most robust health. Some men convey food to their stomachs with no more questioning and with no more

consultation of that high organ than of their carpetbags as to what they shall pack into them for a journey on the steam cars. And, singular as it may appear, these misguided men contribute about as little to the support of doctors and undertakers as others.

There is a shadow of romance over the past that leads many people to speak of the "good times of long ago." It is wise of beneficent nature to let the man of 70 years forget the cares and anxieties that beset the earlier years of his life, and permit him to live happily in the memory of "good old times." He forgets the monotony of the nightly meal and only remembers "the delicious cornmeal mush that mother used to make," till the housekeeper of to-day wonders if she knows anything at all about cornmeal mush. The fact is, the laborer of to-day has luxuries that Queen Elizabeth never dreamed of—daily mail, telephone, street cars, electricity for domestic purposes, homes well lighted well plumbed, and well heated, to say nothing of the thousand and one articles that we daily use, and do not regard as luxuries—matches, for example. Nowadays contagious diseases do not devastate our cities, because State and municipal laws unite to enforce protective sanitation, and never were homes so clean and well cared for as by the housekeepers of to-day. The society or business woman is tired—has no time to go home and rest, so she goes to the parlors of a professional masseuse, and in an hour emerges a new woman, rested and happy and ready for a strenuous evening. Are your feet tired? In ten minutes the chiropodist will fix you up so you can dance till 1 a. m. The manicurist will attend to your hands, and the hair specialist will dress your hair and adjust your complexion for you, and men are just as well cared for as are the women. How inconvenient it must have been to have been alive even fifty years ago! The good old times? Think of a trip to Europe then and now, and each coming year brings us new luxuries. Just as much as automobiles are ahead of ox-carts, just so much will airships excel automobiles, and through new devices, the luxuries of tomorrow will exceed those of to-day. A few years will find stoves and furnaces but cumbersome nuisances of the past, and the ash gentleman will be forgotten. Good old times? To-day is the best day the world ever saw, and tomorrow will be better.

Inflated Book Prices. Hall Caine is bringing out a 50-cent book in London in order to prove that it would pay the publishers better to issue new books at that price instead of at the usual \$1.12.

"Mr. Hall Caine," said a New York editor the other day, "has felt for some time that books should come down. On his last visit here he insisted that the present price, in view of the cheapness of modern publishing methods, was too high. He said that the publishers were like the druggists."

"And he illustrated his meaning with a story.

"There was a druggist in a certain town who was famous for an ointment of his own manufacture. He sold this ointment at \$1.05 a box. A customer came to him one day, took a box of the ointment and asked if he wouldn't throw off the odd money for a poor man.

"Well," said the druggist, "you look like a deserving case, so I will."

"The customer grabbed up the ointment, threw down a nickel and bolted.

"The dollar's the odd money I meant," he explained hastily, as he shot out of the door.

"The druggist rushed out just in time to see him turning the corner.

"Go on, you beggar!" he shouted. "I've made three cents out of you as it is."

Counsel's Request Honored. Gov. Folk once told of a lawyer in Arkansas who was defending a young man of malodorous record. Ignoring the record, however, the counsel proceeded to draw a harrowing picture of the white-haired, aged father in St. Louis, awaiting anxiously the return of the prodigal son to spend the Christmas holidays with him.

"Have you the hearts," declared the lawyer to the jury, "to deprive the poor old man of this happiness?"

The jury, however, found the prisoner guilty. Before passing sentence, the judge called for the prisoner's jail record, and after a careful examination of the same, he blandly observed: "I find that this prisoner has some five previous convictions against him. Nevertheless, I am happy to state that the learned counsel's eloquent appeal will not remain unanswered, for I shall commit the prisoner to the Little Rock jail, where, at the present moment, his aged parent is serving a term of ten years, so that father and son will be enabled to pass the ensuing Christmas under one roof."—New York Times.

Quaker Reflections. A warm friend is the kind to freeze on to.

Next to cold cash a valuable asset seems to be hot air.

A fellow can't do two things well if being in love is one of them.

The things that are lied about are not always too good to be true.

Some people seem to give the impression that it is too much trouble to have fun.

You can't always tell how much a man thinks of himself from the size of his head the next morning.—Philadelphia Press.

OPEN AIR RESTORES SKIN.

Hospital Physicians Test Plan Which Makes Grafting Unnecessary. How the city hospital physicians avoided the necessity of the delicate operation of grafting live cuticle on Johnnie Cottle's scalded breast and saved his mother, who had volunteered to furnish the skin from her own body, the pain of the sacrifice form an interesting chapter in the history of painless surgery.

About two months ago the 8-year-old boy sustained burns so serious that his life was despaired of. The skin covering his entire breast was destroyed and physicians at the hospital first thought that in order to save the life of the child the cuticle of a live person would have to be grafted on his body. Mrs. Cottle, who lives at 1213 Armstrong street, offered to furnish the required amount and was ready to undergo an operation every day until her boy's breast was covered and healed.

Day after day Mrs. Cottle went to the hospital prepared to undergo the operation, but each day she was told that the boy was not ready. She finally became worried and then the secret was revealed to her.

On the third floor of the hospital, with nothing but the sky above him, the patient, his breast exposed to the open air, was lying on a cot, covered which was a thin gauze to keep away dust and impurities of the atmosphere. For two weeks the raw breast of the boy was thus exposed to the action of the air until a perfect scale was formed over the wound. Then the boy was taken indoors, nutritive salves were applied and now he is all but ready to be discharged.

For a long time physicians at the city hospital have realized the curative powers of oxygen and other components of air, but the case of Johnnie Cottle is the first successful demonstration of the theory. Basing their contention on the successful experiment, the physicians now declare that instead of bandaging a wounded member they will expose it to the open air, taking care to keep from the wound all impurities.—St. Louis Republic.

LEGAL INFORMATION.

The approval by the State commission of a freight based upon limited valuation of the property is held, in Everett vs. Norfolk & S. R. Co. (N. C.), 1 L. R. A. (N. S.), 985, not to absolve the carrier from liability for full value of the property if lost through its negligence.

Mere violation of a statute making it a misdemeanor to hunt on another's property without a permit is held, in State vs. Horton (N. C.), 1 L. R. A. (N. S.), 991, not to be such an unlawful act as to render an accidental homicide committed while so doing a criminal offense.

A contract made with a foreign corporation before it has obtained permission to do business in a State is held, in State vs. American Book Co. (Kan.), 1 L. R. A. (N. S.), 1041, not to be, for that reason, invalid or subject to cancellation at suit of one of the contracting parties.

A gift inter vivos is held, in Harris Banking Co. vs. Miller (Mo.), 1 L. R. A. (N. S.), 790, not to be established by depositing a fund in a bank with the statement that it was intended for the donee, and the delivery to the latter of a certificate of deposit with an indorsement indicating that it was his.

A marine underwriter is held, in Standard Marine Insurance Company vs. Nome Beach L. and T. Company (C. C. A. 9th C.), 1 L. R. A. (N. S.), 1095, not to be liable for a loss occurring through the deliberate act of the master in pushing through dangerous ice for the purpose of reaching his destination quickly.

The adoption of a by-law by a fraternal insurance order, excluding from membership persons engaged in the sale of intoxicating liquors, is held, in Grand Lodge A. O. U. W. vs. Hadlock (Kan.), 1 L. R. A. (N. S.), 1061, not to avoid the certificate of a member already engaged in that business, and who continued therein after the adoption of the by-law.

An unconstitutional impairment of contract is held, in Meyers vs. Knickerbocker Trust Co. (C. C. A. 3d C.), 1 L. R. A. (N. S.), 1171, to be effected by a change of the law permitting individual creditors of a corporation to enforce their claims against individual stockholders, so as to provide one suit in equity in behalf of all creditors, to which all stockholders may become parties and abating suits pending under the former law.

Slight Error. The newest airship, says the Louisville Courier-Journal, is 190 feet long and resembles an ear of Kansas corn. That is an exaggeration. Ears of Kansas corn are not 190 feet long. The Louisville editor seems to have confused the length of the ears with the height of the stalks.—Kansas City Journal.

American Lawlessness. "One community in this State complains that it has been the scene of ten murders in a month. It would seem as though the survivors had a right to feel anxious."—Philadelphia Ledger.

With Oats in It. "He's put the cart before the horse," Old Dobbin said, "and I'm Quite glad to be the horse, of course—You see, it's feeding time."—Philadelphia Ledger.

EDITORIALS

THE DOWN-AND-OUT CLUB.

THE Down-and-Out Club has its members in every city, town, village and hamlet of the country; you brush against them in the congested marketing places; you find them far from the haunts of men, drowning their lives in idleness, eating the bread of self-reproach, and drinking the leaves that are always found in the bottom of the chalice of pleasure.

Men come into membership in the club in a particular way; some very few, however, come to its entrance by the avenue of sickness and pain; some trudge along "Weariness street," others through "Laziness alley" and still others over the rough and rugged path of "Don't Care."

You have no difficulty in recognizing a Down-and-Outer wherever he may be. He has a hang-dog, dejected, beaten and buffeted appearance. He shows in his face that he has lost all hope and doesn't care whether school keeps or not. His handshake is weak and flabby, and as he replies to your questions he has a shifty look in his eye and a whine in his voice that declare in unmistakable language that he has taken his past master's degree in the club. His clothing is unkempt, soiled and frayed. He is listless, weary, sad and, above all, excessively tired of it all. Rarely is it that a man who comes into full membership in the Down-and-Out Club ever takes his papers of resignation from it. He knows he has been a fool to identify himself with it, yet he lacks the courage to say to his fellow clubmen, "I am going to get out."

It does not require much energy to get into the club. On the contrary, it is the lack of energy that lands the member within the precinct of the Down-and-Outers. But it does take courage, tremendous pluck and determined stick-to-itiveness for a man when once a member or on the verge of membership to get up and away from the noxious influence that, while stupefying, still attracts the men to membership in the club.—Utica Globe.

MAINTAINING GOOD ROADS.

THE amount of ignorance, or indifference, displayed in the neglect of new macadamized roads would scarcely be credible to a European, who has been accustomed to witness the watchful care with which the famous roads of Europe are maintained and the very first signs of wear corrected. Instead of keeping a gang of men employed in the constant, day-by-day, repair of weak spots, hollows and ruts, our authorities in many cases seem to think that it is sufficient to spread a few loads of top dressing over the whole surface of the road annually or biennially, as the case may be, and let it go at that. Under this method the solid portions of the road receive just as much care as those which have developed soft spots and show the need of more extended repair. The top dressing serves no better purpose than to temporarily cover up the damage of the last season's travel, and in a few weeks' time the surface is about as badly, if not more, broken up than before. Matters go from worse to worse until there is a call for drastic remedies. In nine cases out of ten the drastic remedy consists in breaking up the entire surface, and practically rebuilding the road.

Now, it has been proved to a demonstration, not merely in Europe, but in certain sections of this country where

JOINING HANDS BY LETTER.

International Exchange for School Children Is a Success.

The German central office for the international exchange of correspondence between school children has just issued a report on the working of the institution. Since the opening of the movement in 1897 to the end of June, 1906, there have taken part in the international exchange of letters 454 German schools, of which 160 were girls' schools; 329 French, sixty-one girls; 174 American; sixty-nine English; thirty-five Austrian, six Belgium, three Swiss and one Australian school.

Some 20,000 young persons of all these nations have by these means come into friendly relations with each other, and by the interchange of thought learned something of each others' ways of life and thought. And if, adds the committee, the larger number of these have necessarily limited their epistolary exercises to the mere interchange of compliments and platitudes and then let the matter drop there has been an encouraging percentage who have persevered and cemented a real friendship with their correspondents, thus mutually interesting and aiding each other and doing a great deal to combat international prejudices. If such an end has been achieved by 1,000 of the 20,000 the result may be regarded as highly satisfactory.

A set of "rules" for the general guidance of the correspondents has been drawn up by Prof. Dr. R. Hartmann of Leipzig, president of the committee, one of which is the strong discouragement of any approbatory mention of drinking habits.

Handling a Tiger.

"In a cage near the room in which I lived while in Khiva," says Langdon Warner in the Century Magazine, "was a tiger from the Oxus swamps. He had taken a dislike to me, and every time I passed his cage he got up and paced angrily toward me, snarling."

"Into the cage of this beast, at the command of the prince, a Turkoman stepped, armed with a short stick as big round as his wrist. With this stick he struck the tiger's nose as he made for him, and then, with palms out and eyes fixed, he walked slowly up to the snarling beast and stroked his face and flank.

"The tiger snarled and took the man's hand in his open mouth. I held my breath and looked for the bleeding stump to fall away. But keeping that hand perfectly still, with the other he tickled the tiger's jowl and scratched his ear, till with a yawn and a pleased

the maintenance of roads is intelligently and conscientiously carried on, that if a macadamized road be properly built in the first instance, with firm foundation, adequate drainage, and an ample crown to shed the water from its surface; and if a small force of men answering to the section gang on a steam railroad, be kept constantly employed in repairing any incipient wear of the road, such a highway need never be rebuilt, but will be good for all time. That is the great lesson which needs to be enforced by the advocates of good roads.—Scientific American.

REBUILDING SAN FRANCISCO.

THE largest American city of the Pacific coast, so nearly obliterated in its physical features, has sufficiently restored itself to be a habitable place, and to carry on the business that is the chief asset. It is remarked that two San Franciscos are rising, one a city of shacks for temporary needs, and the other built of brick, stone and re-enforced concrete for permanent uses. Since May building permits to the value of \$92,000,000 have been issued. All the busy streets have been cleared and three-fourths of the street car service is again in operation. Most of the noted business places have reopened at the old stands, and the San Franciscans hope to get back even the "local atmosphere" found alone in life at the Golden Gate.

No city whose trade is sound can be destroyed. In Chicago the great fire it but an item in local history, not a perceptible fact in the town as it exists to-day. Galveston, overwhelmed by a flood, is a greater and safer city than before. San Francisco is struggling out of its ruins without the slightest doubt that its destiny will be practically the same as if it had not been doubly ravaged. Yet calamity is too grim a visitor to be incurred if it can possibly be avoided. Fire has been called a beautifier, but it is frightfully costly. The year's conflagrations in the United States have caused a loss of over \$300,000,000. It is an item that can be immensely cut down, as the experience of European cities proves. A good resolution for 1907 is to work in the direction of buildings that will not burn.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THE BOMB IN ST. PETER'S.

NARCHISM is always stupid, but when it gives vent to itself by stabbing a professor of zoology because he disapproves of murder, or by exploding a bomb in St. Peter's at Rome, it descends to depths of stupidity which should bring shame even into the ranks of anarchy itself.

Meaningless malice can make no progress, bombs and daggers or no bombs and daggers. Any fool can carry a tin box of gunpowder into a cathedral when no one is paying any attention to such a possibility and cause it to explode. But will that make the world start and shiver in terror? On the contrary, it will simply cause it to lay in a new supply of rat poison.

That no lives were lost through the present outrage is one great cause of congratulation. And that St. Peter's itself and its art treasures are unharmed is another. A third cause of congratulation it is to be hoped the world will have later—the prompt arrest and punishment of the scoundrels.—Chicago Record-Herald.

For Personal Use.

When President Lincoln issued the Emancipation Proclamation it excited at once a great deal of discussion in the army. On one occasion Henry Clay Trumbull, says his biographer, was going through the camp of the regiment of which he was chaplain, when he was hailed by a sergeant and some men who were arguing the subject.

"Chaplain," asked the sergeant, "do you think President Lincoln had any right to issue that proclamation?"

"I suppose he thought he had," replied Mr. Trumbull.

"Well, I suppose, a soldier's got a right to hold his own opinions, hasn't he?"

"Oh, yes, certainly he has," answered the chaplain; "that is, if he'll take care and hold 'em, and not always be slinging them round carelessly before others."

Ice Cream Cures Hiccoughs.

Several years ago William J. Beck, a business man and local politician of Pottsville, Pa., was seized with an attack of hiccoughs. A newspaper account of his illness was read by some one in Burlington, Iowa, who wired Beck to make some ice cream without sugar or flavoring, and take a teaspoonful every few minutes. Beck was nearly dead when the message came. His family made the ice cream as directed, however, and gave it to him. It brought relief, and in a few days Beck recovered.—New York Tribune.

The Ironic Architect.

Who is the famous architect of whom the following is told: He had got out the designs for a magnificent church to cost \$60,000, and the committee wanted him to reduce the price to \$20,000.

"Say 30 shillings more, gentlemen," he wrote, "and have a nice spire."—London Tatler.

Spoiled in the Making.

"Nature designed me as a poet," remarked the visitor, handing over a manuscript.

"Ah! May I ask what seemed to interfere with nature's plan?" replied the editor, returning the paper.—Philadelphia Press.

Attached to the Shoulders and Operated by Propellers.

Because a person cannot swim is no excuse now for not venturing into deep water—if he uses the electric-propelling machine shown in the illustration. This machine does the work for him and can be used as a life-saving apparatus or an automatic swimming

SWIMMING APPARATUS.

machine. The main body or case of the apparatus consists of a light aluminum box about 20 inches high, which is adapted to be carried on the back of the swimmer. In this box is a motor, which is used to drive the propeller, situated in the rear of the box. On each side of the apparatus are bags for keeping the apparatus and the swimmer afloat. The apparatus is made as light as possible, and every precaution taken to insure the perfect working of the motor under water.

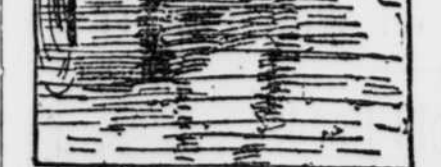
snarl the big cat rolled over on his back to have his belly scratched.

"The man then sank to his knees, always keeping his hands in motion over the glossy fur, and with his foot drew toward him a collar attached to a chain. This he snapped round the beast's neck and, rising to his feet, laid hold of the chain and dragged the tiger out.

"This was only the second time that the cage had been entered. As soon as the tiger was outside he espied the watching party and started for them, but came up short on the collar. If he had chosen to use his weight and strength no four of them could have held his tether, but as it was, the Turkoman found little difficulty with him, and held him, snarling, while a camera was snapped."

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SWIMMING MADE EASY.

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