

### Barber County Index.

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MEDICINE LODGE, 1 KANS.

Circumstances and lawyers alter cases.

Anyway, the unwritten law seems to have a lot written about it.

We are a good deal happier because of a lot of things we don't know.

Without the shedding of blood there seems to be no way of conquering the air.

Brag about a girl to her female friends if you would discover her faults.

The Seine seems to have acquired the Ohio river habit in getting over banks.

If you can't get what you want why don't you quit wanting it? It is merely a state of mind.

When the doctor tells a man to diet, the patient proceeds to refuse all the things he dislikes.

A regular feature of the Monday morning papers is the list of dead and injured among Sunday autoists.

Laura Jean Libbey, who advocates the kissless courtship, is pushing the most unpopular propaganda on record.

It is alleged as proof of a New York man's insanity that he was no good at bridge whist. This is very Gotham-esque.

Our idea of a strong minded woman is one who insists that she would rather have her clothes comfortable than fashionable.

A new card game popular in England is called "Dabbit." It should be explained that many Englishmen have chronic colds.

A boy committed suicide because he was compelled to give up school. It is not feared that there will be many cases of this sort.

Don't blame the faithful hen for rots, spots, leaks or specks. Her part of the work was all right. The storage companies did the rest.

A scientist who recently tried to hypnotize a dog was bitten by the animal. He should have begun by making the dog believe it had no teeth.

Doctor Wiley advises against cold-storage turkey. That is very well, but he should first break that handsome bird of indulging in the cold-storage habit.

An English peer is to marry an East Indian princess. This precedent once established, may introduce dangerous competition in the matrimonial title market for American heiresses.

A Chicago woman refuses to pay for photographs which she recently had taken, because she thinks they make her look too old. The photographer should hasten to get a new retoucher.

A tree trimmer who had to look up all the time in his work has gone insane. That ought to be a warning to those enthusiastic persons who spend most of their time on the aviation field.

With a string of aviators touring the country like a circus, possibly it won't be long before we see the sky fenced off with canvas and young hopefuls climbing in under the clouds to see the show.

A man says that he is going to start a paper in New York that will be free from the faults of the other journals there. It ought not to be hard to start one, but keeping it going is apt to be uphill work.

People ought to clean house oftener. Now here's a New York man had an old trunk kicking about the house for five years before he opened it and found that somebody had carelessly left a dead person in it.

English lords who object to the use of American dollars in the British campaign will have the full sympathy of French counts and German barons, who think American dollars should be devoted to the securing of personal pleasure only.

News from different portions of the Aleutian region indicates that there have been great volcanic activity and earthquake shocks in that quarter. The disturbances continued for four days. This information affords fresh evidence that the scientists are correct in regarding the neighborhood of Alaska as a center of remarkable seismic activity.

A big mackerel jumped aboard a schooner in Massachusetts waters and provided a good breakfast for the crew. The rivalry of the Ananias Club has apparently not hurt the vitality of the familiar fish-story tellers.

The suggestion is made that a good way to conserve the forests would be to use cement and steel to build with instead of lumber. This might conserve the forests, but it would not conserve either the iron ore and coal supplies or the builders' bank accounts.

# HOW TO HAVE A HAPPY NEW YEAR

7 Days should speak, and multitude of years should teach wisdom.—Job, xxxii. 7.

NEW Year's day is like a traveler reaching a summit on the path, where he surveys the road he has left behind and looks ahead to that over which he has yet to go. These epochs are momentous in life history, and no wise person will fall at these periods to take his reckoning.

Most thoughtful persons are moved at this season to make resolutions; in fact, New Year's day is like a grand bazaar day in which various fine and beautiful resolutions are spread out to view. But alas, how many of these are only made to be taken! We are determined to turn over a new leaf in the book of life, and yet the fair, unspotted leaf is soiled almost in the very act of turning it. What then? Shall we give up making resolutions? Not at all. All effort is fragmentary. Because purposes miscarry is no reason why we should not form them. Were every New Year's resolution to be broken we would still have lived better for making them. And some of them will be kept, while the very endeavor will have lifted us to a higher plane and increased our self-respect.

We should, most of all, ask ourselves if we have a true life aim. No man can hit the mark if he is not aiming at it.

Resolve to break off bad habits. We all have our defects of disposition and character. These we cannot help. But it is our voluntary self-indulgence that makes them our masters. Now is the hour to fight them, to resist them unto blood, to break them off at once and for all.

Look on the bright side. The world is full of beauty and life sparkles with joy to the unblurred vision. It is our gloomy spirits that distort our view. The worst evils are imagined ones that never come to pass. Let us look for love and goodness and beauty and happiness, and we shall tread a fragrant, embowered way.

Let us do better in the home. It is here, where we are often most thoughtful, that we need to do our very best. More depends on the atmosphere of home than upon all else. Resolve that those who love you most and sacrifice the most for you shall see only your most pleasing side—shall have only respect, gentleness, love. Ah, how much of the recuperative power needed for the strain of life's wearing duties depends upon the tempers, manners and habits of home!

If, then, you will wear a morning face and keep the eager, unsoftened heart of a child; be strict in the judgment of yourself and kindly in your judgment of others; be more eager to praise than to blame; note the harmonies of life rather than its discords,



and set your aim upon duty, God and the un fading, this new year will bring you no sorrow without its comfort, and over and over again it will fill your cup with blessing.

Purpose is the very soul of existence. There is little need that we press this fact home. The average man grasps its truth instantly.

As we stand upon the threshold of the New Year, however, we do well to consider a certain phase of its meaning—that which applies to the things that are new.

We naturally like what is new. There is a certain charm about variety. When life presses strongly upon us with its burden of responsibility and its pressure of care there is ever the temptation to throw off the old and take care of the new.

We respectfully suggest that the problems of life cannot be solved by some patent process; old responsibilities cannot be shaken off by the adoption of fantastic theories of religion and morals; there are no short cuts to truth.

With this in mind, what shall be the truest attitude of the thoughtful man toward the possible variety of the New Year. True, it may be a variety closely resembling that of a year ago; the commonplaceness of life's experiences is only too apparent. To win without effort is a misnomer; to attain without sacrifice is to eliminate joy; to look for an easy path is to prove the worthlessness of such a life's attainments. So, in view of these suggestions, what shall be our attitude

toward the New Year and its purpose? Let there be joy in work, moderation in pleasure, faithfulness in friendship, energy in service, loyalty to truth, openmindedness in research, openheartedness to all men. May we abhor only that which is superficial and hypocritical, and prove our candor and frankness by living above the thought of mere profit.

Furthermore, let there be "honor to whom honor is due, custom to whom custom, fear to whom fear." Courtesy rises supremely higher than obsequiousness, of course; the former is gentle and self-respecting, the latter is servile and self-condemning.

Invest the mind with noble possibilities and the heart with holy aspirations. Be charitable, sympathetic, cheerful, strong-hearted, fearless, free and undefiled. Let those about you know that these old truths have been found of you full of new meaning and interest, and there can be little doubt but you will do much toward the betterment of your kind.

The world stands in need of men who possess poise of character, balance of soul and vision of usefulness. Morality teaches us that it is better to be true than false, pure than licentious, brave than cowardly.

Spirituality does better than this, for it keeps men unshaken by persecution, undaunted by opposition, uncompromising in the presence of hardship, hopeful for the future, bearing reproof and criticism thankfully, and above all headed toward the right goal.

## THE CENSUS OF CANADA

ITS GROWTH IN TEN YEARS PAST.

A census of the Dominion of Canada will be made during 1911. It will show that during the past decade a remarkable development has taken place, and, when compared with the population, a greater percentage of increase in industries of all kinds than has ever been shown by any country. Commerce, mining, agriculture and railways have made a steady march onward. The population will be considerably over 8,000,000. Thousands of miles of railway lines have been constructed since the last census was taken ten years ago. This construction was made necessary by the opening up of the new agricultural districts in Western Canada, in which there have been pouring year after year an increasing number of settlers, until the present year will witness settlement of over 300,000, or a trifle less than one-third of the immigration to the United States during the same period with its 92,000,000 of population. Even with these hundreds of thousands of newcomers, the great majority of whom go upon the land, there is still available room for hundreds of thousands additional. The census figures will therefore show a great—vast—increase in the number of farms under occupation, as well as in the output of the farms. When the figures of the splendid immigration are added to the natural increase, the total will surprise even the most optimistic. To the excellent growth that the western portion of Canada will show may largely be attributed the commercial and industrial growth of the eastern portion of Canada. All Canada is being upbudded, and in this transformation there is taking part the people from many countries, but only from those countries that produce the strong and vigorous. As some evidence of the growth of the western portion of Canada, in agricultural industry, it is instructive to point out that over 100,000 homesteads of 160 acres each have been transferred to actual settlers in the past two years. This means 25,000 square miles of territory, and then, when is added the 40,000 160-acre preemption blocks, there is an additional 10,000 square miles, or a total of 35,000 square miles—a territory as large as the State of Indiana, and settled within two years. Reduced to the producing capacity imperative on the cultivation restriction of 50 acres of cultivation on each 160-acre homestead within three years, there will be within a year and a half from now upwards of 5,000,000 additional acres from this one source added to the entire producing area of the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

In 1901, at the time of the last census of Canada, successful agriculture in the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta was an experiment to many. There were skeptics who could not believe that it was possible to grow thirty, forty and even fifty bushels of wheat to the acre, or that as high as one hundred and thirty bushels of oats to the acre could be grown. The skeptics are not to be found today. The evidence of the hundreds of thousands of farmers is too overwhelming. Not only have the lands of western Canada proven their worth in the matter of raising all the smaller field grains, but for mixed farming, and for cattle raising there is no better country anywhere. The climate is perfectly adapted to all these pursuits as well as admirable for health. The Dominion government literature, descriptive of the country, is what all that are interested should read. Send for a copy to the nearest Canadian government representative.

An Ace Up His Sleeve. Munch has once more become the scene of a "painful incident" through ignorance on the part of a young man, the son of a high official, as to how to hold his cards when playing, says the Munchener Post. A game was in progress at a club when some one saw the young man draw an ace from his sleeve. When the excitement caused by the operation had somewhat subsided a prominent citizen prevented criminal proceedings by bundling the card sharp into an automobile, which took him without stop across the Bavarian frontier.

The Cat Came Home. The story of a cat's remarkable journey comes from Wycombe Marsh, Buckinghamshire, England, which seems to indicate a marvelous sense of direction. Some few weeks ago the feline went amissing. The owner surmised that the animal had been stolen or had strayed away, but the other day communication was received from some friends to the effect that the cat had returned to its old home at St. Neotas, Huntingdonshire, a distance of about 80 miles.

Cure for Scratches. Scratches are caused by exposure to cold and wet, local irritation or low condition, all of which should be avoided if possible. In simple cases apply cloths wet with a weak solution of sugar of lead and in winter cover to keep out cold. When cracks have appeared, apply a similar lotion with the addition of a few drops of carbolic acid. In case of discharge or pustules, make a lotion of chloride of zinc instead of the lead; finely powdered charcoal may be sprinkled over the cloths.

## Speeding Out the Old Year

The Old Year waited amid the snow till men should bless her, and bid her go.

But the children laughed. "We await the New; 'Tis fairer and gladder and brighter than you."

And the Year sank sobbing amid the snow. "Will no one bless me before I go?"

Then from their woes the weary said: "Farewell! We shall bless you when you are dead."

But the Old Year wailed: "Oh, cruel as blame! Will no one bless me because I came?"

Then a poet spoke from his kingdom, Thought: "I bless you, Year, for the powers you brought.

"I thank you for loveliness, love, and light, For strife divine, and for visions bright.

"But the poet's heart is the heart of youth; His hope is To-Be, and his quest is Truth."

And the Old Year sighed in bitter pain, "Is there no one would take my gifts again?"

Then a youth and maiden made soft reply: "We again would live all your days gone by."

And the Old Year's laugh rang sweet and gay: "Bless me! Oh, bless me, and bid me stay!"

But the youth and the maiden made answer swift: "We bless you, Year, for your priceless gift.

"But the love which came to complete our life Goes onward and upward through pain and strife.

"The highest hopes of the better part, We seek together, thus, heart to heart.

"We therefore bless you—but bid you go." And the Year lay smiling amid the snow.

—Jessie Annie Anderson.

## STARTING THE JOURNEY

It's New Year's, little kid, and you Are starting on your way Where varied paths go winding through

The darkness and the day; You may not rise to choose your path Until the years have spread Their kindly mantle over and

Around your curly head, So I will guide the way for you And I will love you when You feel oppressed and need the smile

Of older fellowmen. It's New Year's, little kid, and you Must open wide your eyes, And lift your voice in sanguine praise

To Him up in the skies; He gives to you the stars of night, The sun of noon and dawn, And yours the peaceful sleep and dream

When daylight time is gone; For you He blends the sunset skies For you all hope was made, And he has taught me love for you That you be not afraid.

It's New Year's, little kid, and we Are starting hand in hand, As pilgrims young and pilgrims old

To find the promised land; Ahead there lies the vale of tears, But we will take the road That leads around, away from it

And we will bear our load With strength and cheer along the way Our hearts attuned to glee, For I'll be there to guide you, child, And you will talk to me!

## LAY EGGS BY THE MILLION

Remarkable Fertility of Many Kinds of Fish as Ascertained by Careful Calculation.

Not only do the eggs of fishes differ in appearance, but there is a great diversity in their size, and consequently in the number of eggs produced in the various species—thus in a marine catfish the eggs are as large as robin eggs; in the salmon they are one

fourth of an inch in diameter; in the brook trout, one-fifth; in the grayling, one-sixth; in the shad, one-eighth, while in the eel they are almost microscopic. The number of eggs produced by the female of fishes varies according to its age and weight. In several familiar fishes the number of their eggs has been ascertained by careful and accurate calculation as follows: Brook trout, 200 to 2,500; salmon, 5,000 to 15,000; grayling, 1,000 to 5,000, and black bass, 3,000 to 15,000. Among salt water fishes the number of eggs is largely increased, as in the shad from 30,000 to 150,000, striped bass about 2,000,000, and in the codfish about 10,000,000.—James H. Henshall.

Got Damages Enough. A little fellow listened open-mouthed to the description of a railroad accident in which a man was very seriously injured. When one of the family remarked: "I think he could get damages from the railroad," the little chap was puzzled and broke out with: "But, father, hasn't he got damages enough already?"

## Constipation Vanishes Forever

Prompt Relief—Permanent Cure

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are a full, purely vegetable—act surely but gently on the liver. Stop after dinner—eat indigestion—improve the complexion—brighten the eyes. Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.



W. N. U., WICHITA, NO. 52-1910.

## PROOF POSITIVE



Boy—This is a good place for fish! Angler—What can you catch here? Boy—I don't know, but it must be a great place for fish, because I never seen any of them leave it.—Comic Cuts.

Kept Umbrella Thirty Years. A faithful old umbrella which has shielded the family of Dr. James A. Mullican of Greenwood avenue from the storms of 30 years, was stolen on Sunday. During the rain on that day the physician lent the umbrella to E. A. Seck, and while the latter was in a store some one stole it.

"The umbrella belonged to my father and has been in the family for more than thirty years," said Doctor Mullican the other night. "It has been covered several times. "To persons who are unable to keep the same umbrella for more than thirty days this may seem incredible, but it is true," concluded Doctor Mullican with a smile.—Chicago Tribune.

A Tripe Famine. "I want to get two pounds of tripe," said the lady, entering the shop. "Sorry, ma'am," replied the keeper, "but we haven't any tripe today." "No tripe? Why, it's in season." "No, ma'am, there's no tripe being shot just now."

"No tripe being shot! Why, what are you talking about?" "I—I should say, ma'am, that the fisheries commission won't allow tripe to be caught now."

"Are you crazy, man? I don't want fish! I want tripe." "Well, what in thunder is tripe ma'am?"

"Why—why, I don't know just what it is, but if you haven't got any I'll try some other place."

The Way of Life. It is being said of an elderly man in business in Atchison: "He can't stand punishment as he formerly could." And there is punishment to be endured in making a living; don't forget it. Look over your own experience, and you will detect punishment every hour of the day. If it isn't at home, it is on the street car or on the road. How many ways there are to punish a man who tries his best to get along and behave himself. And after a man gets old it is more evident every year that the poor fellow can't stand punishment as he could when he was younger.—Atchison Globe.

WONDERED WHY. Found the Answer Was "Coffee."

Many pale, sickly persons wonder for years why they have to suffer so, and eventually discover that the drug—caffeine—in coffee is the main cause of the trouble.

"I was always very fond of coffee and drank it every day. I never had much flesh and often wondered why I was always so pale, thin and weak.

"About five years ago my health completely broke down and I was confined to my bed. My stomach was in such condition that I could hardly take sufficient nourishment to sustain life.

"During this time I was drinking coffee, didn't think I could do without it. "After awhile I came to the conclusion that coffee was hurting me, and decided to give it up and try Postum. I didn't like the taste of it at first, but when it was made right—boiled until dark and rich—I soon became fond of it.

"In one week I began to feel better, I could eat more and sleep better. My sick headaches were less frequent, and within five months I looked and felt like a new being, headache spells entirely gone.

"My health continued to improve and today I am well and strong, weigh 148 pounds. I attribute my present health to the life-giving qualities of Postum." Read "The Road to Wellville." in pgs. "There's a Reason."