



THE FOURTH AT COUNCILVILLE.

June 1 the citizens met at the city hall to discuss the all-important question, Shall we celebrate? After patriotic speeches by Senis, Gordon and Keystone Bach it was decided in the affirmative. Niskayuna was chosen president of the day, Jack Silster and Twentieth Kansas marshals.

On the morning of the Fourth every business house was represented in the parade, F & H by a float beautifully decorated with flags and bunting. In the center stood the "waste basket" full to overflowing. At the park there were music by the band, with Hopeful James as leader, invocation by Bishop, address of welcome by Mayor Shiftless Simpson, response by Coddle and music by choir (Amity circle) led by Roxane. Independence of Councilville, a poem composed by Poetic Bill, was read by Kink. The orations by El Rustico and Mrs Publico were fine and copied in several of the daily papers, for which Clayton, Raisin Leaf, Cynic and Pretoria were reporters. There was music by the ladies mandolin club (Coddle's Sister, Iowa Girl, Katy Did and Iowa Marguerite). Then Regal invited all to a basket dinner prepared by the ladies. Mrs Susie Miller, Mrs N. E. H. and Sister Ella were the committee.

In one booth Mrs Clark and The Maine exhibited specimens of their handiwork; in another Plow Boy, assisted by a young Mrs, examined craniums free of charge and Rene Rustico gave lessons in palmistry. Idaho Bachelor had charge of the merry-go-round, where the Young Americans found the most enjoyment.

In the afternoon there was music by the mandolin club (Success circle), Nebraska Sand wielding the baton, also short speeches by Irwin Billman and Pennsylvania Corporal on The War in the Philippines and Siksavert on The New Woman, but when Veni Vidi Vici announced her subject, The Family Pocketbook, every man in the audience became interested in a ball game at the other side of the park; even Matt Van, Au Revoir and Arkansas Traveler disapproved. Has Been won in the egg-eating contest, Bill of the Ark in the pie-eating contest and Just a Happy Lad succeeded in reaching the empty pocketbook at the top of the greased pole. Peesimist caught the greased pig. Jakey ascended in a balloon, coming down with a parachute. Beth of California and Teddy won the bicycle race.

Cam E Rakodak took a fine snapshot of Bachelor as he was making his bow to "one of those beautiful creatures." Leo Beachy had a business eye and took subscriptions to F & H. Bill of the Canyons renewed acquaintance with old friends. Cowboy was there and with him a lady—which one we will let him tell. Hawkeye Hank and Snow Boy flirted sadly. I regret to tell. Has Been overheard Niskayuna telling Machinist that if he succeeded in getting a patent on his new flying machine he would give Bill of the Ark the agency for Councilville. The fireworks under the management of Jay Hawkey were a grand success. The last display represented the head and shoulders of a noble looking man. Some said it was Abraham Lincoln; others said it was Jerry Simpson.—[F. O. J.]

AMONG OURSELVES.

More Help Wanted—There has been so much good advice given to Cowboy that perhaps some one can help me out. I have been corresponding with a young lady for two months and we have been "keeping company" for six months. Our acquaintance has extended over at least three years. Now what I want to know is this: Would it be proper for me to ask her now to be my wife? She is my ideal, but I fear she does not think as much of me as I do of her. [Ruck Strap]

My story is this. I live on a farm in quite an isolated place, where it would be hard to get city-bred girls to come, and as they are the only ones that strike my fancy I am likely to be a

confirmed "old bach," unless I decide to try a plan that tempts me and about which I ask the Councilors' advice. I have been going to see an attractive girl in my neighborhood merely for pastime and I have discovered that she is in love with me and believes that I am with her. She has one of those intense natures that take a love affair seriously and knowing this I feel that should I undecieve her her life would be ruined. I will admit I have been thoughtless. Would you advise me to marry her in the hope of learning to love her? They say "Love begets love." Why not in my case? She is perfectly lovable and I like her as well as any one. The only danger is that after we are married I may learn to love another. Yet is it not worth trying to save her this deep pain and perhaps her life?—[Webfoot]

No Rest for Mother—Will some one explain why a man in telling what constitutes a happy home in the evening always wishes to have mother sewing or knitting while all the rest of the family are enjoying music or reading? Even the dog can be stretched lazily before the fire and the cat curled cozily on the rug. All resting but mother. Do you not think that tired woman, who has kept all the machinery in motion, borne all the heavy responsibilities, perhaps with aching head and limbs, would not be just as glad to fold those weary hands and lie back in her easy chair and rest as the others?—[Ella]

Judge Not—Jack Silster, I like your pluck, for pluck is luck. I, too, believe everybody has a mission to perform here on earth. Everybody was created to do something to benefit the world, just as you say some of the greatest men on earth were farmer boys. I am a farmer's daughter myself and live on my father's farm of over 500 acres, bounded by Dusk river, which makes it fertile and rich, and I would not exchange my life of freedom for any other I know of. I think, Keystone Bach, you are too quick to judge neat housekeepers, for if you were placed in the same position perhaps you would do no better than they. What Mrs Susie Miller said to you was very good. I know there are plenty of neat housekeepers. I can truly say I am one myself. I should like Jack Silster's address.—[M. J. Huffman]

Good Capital—Henrietta, when you are 27 perhaps you will not be so free with your pity for married Councilors. Very few if any of us need it. Keystone Bach, your fine set of tools is an insignificant capital compared to a farm. If you had stuck to farming and "always tried to do your work better than the rest," as you claim to have done in the shop, you could not have failed, and would now be independent. Bluff Springs, woman suffrage has not driven out a single saloon in either Wyoming or Colorado. I cannot see that the government is any better in these states on account of women voting, although I am not opposed to them having that right.—[Colorado Cousin]

Almost Incurable—Regal, of two evils choose the least. I am the wife of a drunkard and know whereof I speak. Your daughter will never see another happy hour after she is married to one. When he wants a drink he will be cross and abusive. When away there will be a dread of what may happen. Her children instead of being a comfort will be a source of anxiety until they are old enough to show their character. Intemperance is a disease to be shunned as much as the leprosy, for it is almost incurable, and none but the Great Physician can cure it.—[M. E. L.]

Model Man—God bless George F. Cary. Who couldn't be a good wife to such a man as he? When a man is willing and shows that he is willing that his wife shall have free access to his pocketbook that wife is not going to waste her husband's money. But oh, how many husband's begrudge their wives a single cent to spend themselves and how many wives have to earn their own clothes besides helping their husbands earn a living and a home. And if the husband dies and leaves a little property the wife has to go through with a long process of law to get even half of the property she has helped earn, while if she dies he can go right on as though nothing had happened.

Why does not the home belong to the widow as well as the widower?—[Justice]

I have been married nearly four years and we have never had one bit of trouble over the money question. We have one pocketbook. When we have a little spare money my husband gives it to me to put away. I wish Allie L. Nay would suggest the many "ways of making money at home" she spoke of in her article in the May 15 issue. I want to earn some money to help get a home of our own. I'm not very strong but am not above doing anything I can do.—[Charlie's Wife]

MY TROUBLED MIND.
The first thing I so faint would know is, did man ever be
A citizen of monkeydom.
At home in cave and tree?
Had he in long dark ages past
The form he has to-day.
Or had he then the gills of fish,
That in the waters play?
And will he ever degenerate
In distant, unborn time?
Will not someone, more learned than I,
Relieve my troubled mind?

Then what is mind, mysterious thing.—
Does anyone dare tell?
And should I hold that consciousness
Exists in plant life's cell?
And can there be eternity?
Must it not sometime end?
Must space not somewhere have a bound,
And if it does, what's then?
Ah, how I muse in humbleness,
And feel my pride to grind.
Will not someone more learned than I
Relieve my troubled mind?

SHIFTLESS SIMPSON.

Second Fiddle—I was won by a noble (?) man who was in the same boat with you, Cowboy, and if you could see the sorrow that has come from such a union you would not sleep until you had tried to win the girl you truly love, go to her, ask for forgiveness, win her if you can. If you cannot, then go to your second choice, tell her the truth and love her for what she is. Without a doubt she is just as good as the other girl only in a different way. I knew about the other girl but my husband told me he did not love her and urged me to an early marriage. Had he been

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