

# NEMAHA ADVERTISER

W. W. SANDERS, PUBLISHER

Nemaha, Nebraska

A Philadelphia man who spent two years in teaching his parrot to swear has "got religion."

Dr. Mary Walker can testify that no gentleman can dress himself properly on \$65 a year.

Work will bring success—and the more folks you have working for you the more success you will achieve.

We've just finished counting up the Filipinos, and we find that we paid Spain for them about \$2.89 a head.

If Czar Nicholas is not careful he will fool around until they won't let him have even a constitutional monarchy.

Still, no one is going to blame China very much if she tires of the role of being an innocent bystander every time a row starts in the Orient.

We might train up our boys with the idea that if they miss the presidency they can at least become "\$100,000 men" if they try hard enough.

Doubtless the Czar's hired girl bears down on the soft pedal when she pushes the carpet sweeper over the floor, lest she should pick up a bomb in it.

A Russian fired nine shots at the governor of Libau prison and missed him. It was lucky for the governor that he was not an innocent bystander.

Edward Atkinson is credited with having said a woman could dress herself on \$65 a year. Probably an error. More likely he said a woman could dress her husband on that.

It's odd how shocked a girl can look when she overhears a man exclaim "The devil!" and yet she frequently put the same diabolical emphasis upon her own exclamation of "Oh, my!"

The way to get a good name is to deserve it. That is something for the rich as well as the poor to find out; and, on the whole, it may not be regrettable if the rich are receiving lessons.

Emma Goldman, the anarchist, declares that President Roosevelt is not a specialist in motherhood. Still, she will have to admit that the same remarks will apply to most of the ladies who believe in race suicide.

Professor Wilder of Cornell University says the most beautiful thing in the world is a shark's brain, and he recommends that every child should have one to play with. We have a strong suspicion that Professor Wilder has come to appreciate the value of advertising.

This readiness to accept corrupt motive as the source of action of public men which disagrees with one's notions of what they should have done, is one of the inducements to corruption with the weaker kind of officials. We will be suspected anyway and might as well have the game with the name, they reason. But, while there is only too much cause for such suspicion, it is too indiscriminately laid, and attaches justly, in fact, to a small percentage of officials.

The grave of Joseph Rodman Drake, the author of "The American Flag," is not to be desecrated. Twenty-five thousand dollars have been appropriated by the government of the city of New York for laying out and acquiring part of the little cemetery in the Bronx in which Drake was buried. The plot of ground to be secured will be known as Rodman Drake Park, and the wish of Fitz-Greene Halleck, expressed in a poem on the death of his friend—"Green be the turf above thee"—will be fulfilled.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe said at a college alumni dinner not long ago that she "had no Oberlin or other college education, except the liberal education that any one ought to have after 85 years of life in a Christian country." It is curious that the young people in the academies and colleges usually have to live several years after graduation before it begins to dawn on them that life itself is a school in which one can get a liberal education if one is so disposed, and that postgraduate work in that school is frequently of greater value than the things learned in the classroom.

Is it not nearly time to quit talking about a "restored" union? No northern man can go South, no southern man can go North without saying something or other about the war between the States, its heroes and its glories and how Fitz Lee and Joe Wheeler wore the blue, as though there is something strange about it. The fact is that when Ben Hill rose in his place in the American Congress and

declared that he and the Southern men who thought as he thought were again in their father's house and that they were there to stay he spoke for the entire South and spoke by authority. Yankee and Rebel are as much one in our country as roundhead and malignant are in the old country. But if we continue to protest too much about it somebody may take occasion to challenge our sincerity.

President Linger of Central Association, Amateur Athletic Union, advocates barring college athletes from competing for athletic clubs. Many of the college and university professors and physical directors support his position. The colleges provide their students with the diamonds, gridirons and gymnasiums on which and in which they become athletes. They furnish trainers. They fill the students with confidence and enthusiasm by means of choice musical yells. In consequence—so reason the professors and physical directors—the colleges ought to have not merely a first lien upon but an exclusive right to the use of the biceps, backs, and wind of college athletes. They should run, jump, pitch, tackle, and otherwise expend their physical energies in the interest of no institution except that in which they are learning languages, sciences, and the noble art of slugging without getting caught. The professors are right. The reputation of a modern school depends partly upon the victories of its football team and the trophies won by its track team. A school may be great for Greek, but if it doesn't shine on the gridiron it never will amount to much. An athlete can't satisfactorily serve two masters. The more he exerts his muscle for one the less he will be able to exert it for the other. Justice plainly requires, therefore, that the college athlete shall serve nobody but his school. Another reason why the college athlete should be barred from competing for athletic clubs is that it takes him from his studies. Since his athletic work for his school consumes a good deal of time, if he competes for clubs, too, he may not get much studying done. This may be a trivial matter. Many modern college professors think it amounts almost to nothing. It has been observed that a good athlete seldom fails in his "exams," whether he knows anything or not. But some parents are old-fashioned enough to imagine muscles, desirable as they are, are less desirable than knowledge, and to think it is mainly for the acquisition of the latter that young men are sent to school. It would tend to conciliate these old fogies if the colleges would keep their athletic young men away from clubs and persuade them to go through a few of the motions of studying.

**That Little Chap of Mine.**  
I know I'm just an ordinary, easy-going cuss,  
'Bout like the common run of men, no better an' no wuss.  
I can't lay claim to anything as fur as looks may go,  
An' when it comes to learnin', why, don't stand any show.  
But thar must be somethin' more in me than other folks kin see,  
'Cause I've got a little chap at home that thinks a heap of me.

I've had my ups and downs in life, as most folks have, I guess,  
An', take it all in all, I couldn't brag of much success.  
But it braces up a feller, an' it tickles him to know  
Thar's some one takes stock in him, no matter how things go.  
An' when I get the worst of it I'm proud as I kin be  
To know that little chap of mine still thinks a heap of me.

To feel his little hand in mine, so trustin' an' so warm,  
To know he thinks I'm strong enough to keep him from all harm,  
To see his lovin' faith in all that I kin say or do—  
It sort o' shames a feller, but it makes him better, too.  
An' so I try to be the man he fancies me to be,  
Jest 'cause that little chap of mine he thinks a heap of me.

I wouldn't disappoint his trust for anything on earth,  
Or let him know how little I jest natally am worth,  
An' after all, it's easy up the better road to climb,  
With a little hand to help you on an' guide you all the time.  
An' I reckon I'm a better man than what I used to be,  
Since I've got a little chap at home that thinks a heap of me.  
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

**Value of a Bath-tub.**  
A social reformer of the kind now declared to be distinctly smart gave a house party recently. Among his guests was a Socialist who had never before found himself in such luxurious surroundings. The porcelain bath-tub in particular awakened his enthusiasm.  
"Ah," he said one morning at breakfast with unconcealed delight at the reminiscence, "there would be no discontent and no social problems if everybody had a porcelain tub like that."  
A woman, who has given a party, is as cross the next day as a man is after a drunk.

## His Health Was Wrecked, Pe-ru-na Gave New Life.



HON. JOHN TIGHE.  
Assemblyman Tighe's letter should be read by every brain worker leading a strenuous life.

Hon. John Tighe, No. 98 Remsen St., Cohoes, N. Y., Member of Assembly from the Fourth district, Albany county, N. Y., writes as follows:  
"Peruna has my hearty endorsement as a restorative tonic of superior merit. At times when I have been completely broken down from excess of work, so that my faculties seemed actually at a standstill, Peruna has acted as a healing restorer, starting the machinery of mind and body afresh with new life and energy."

"I recommend it to a man tired in mind and body as a tonic superior to anything I know of and well worthy serious consideration."—J. Tighe.

Excess of work so common in our country causes impaired nerves, leading to catarrh and catarrhal nervousness—a disease that is responsible for half of all nervous troubles.

Peruna cures this trouble because it cures catarrh wherever located. If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

**Minds of ordinary calibre condemn everything which is beyond their**

**The social reformer generally wears magnifying glasses in his search for vice.**

**The two great problems of some women's lives are Easter bonnets and Christmas presents.**

**Every woman has a secret sorrow of which the world is unaware, and often times her sadness is mistaken for coldness.**

**A woman often makes a fool of herself because it is expected of her; a man does the same thing because he can't help himself.**

## NAMES BEST DOCTOR

MR. BAYSSON PUBLISHES RESULTS OF VALUABLE EXPERIENCE.

**A Former Pronounced Dyspeptic He Now Rejoices in Perfect Freedom from Miseries of Indigestion.**

Thousands of sufferers know that the reason why they are irritable and depressed and nervous and sleepless is because their food does not digest, but how to get rid of the difficulty is the puzzling question.

Good digestion calls for strong digestive organs, and strength comes from a supply of good rich blood. For this reason Mr. Baysson took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for the cure of indigestion.

"They have been my best doctor," he says. "I was suffering from dyspepsia. The pains in my stomach after meals were almost unbearable. My sleep was very irregular and my complexion was sallow. As the result of using eight boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, about the merits of which I learned from friends in France, I have escaped all these troubles, and am able again to take pleasure in eating."

A very simple story, but if it had not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills it might have been a tragic one. When discomfort begins with eating, fills up the intervals between meals with pain, and prevents sleep at night, there certainly cannot be much pleasure in living. A final general breaking down must be merely a question of time.

Mr. Joseph Baysson is a native of Aix-les-Bains, France, but now resides at No. 2439 Larkin street, San Francisco, Cal. He is one of a great number who can testify to the remarkable efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the treatment of obstinate disorders of the stomach.

If you would get rid of nausea, pain or burning in the stomach, vertigo, nervousness, insomnia, or any of the other miseries of a dyspeptic, get rid of the weakness of the digestive organs by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They are sold by druggists everywhere.

Proper diet is, of course, a great aid in forwarding recovery once begun, and a little book, "What to Eat and How to Eat," may be obtained by any one who makes a request for it by writing to the Dr. Williams Medical Co., Schenectady, N. Y. This valuable diet book contains an important chapter on the simplest means for the cure of constipation.

## LET US ALL LAUGH.

JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

**Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that Are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that You Will Enjoy.**

"Wot are you smilin' at, Weary?"  
"I'm tickled by dis article on the danger in de soap dish. It says dat de way to avoid de germs is to have individool soap dishes and individool cakes of soap. But dere is a better way dan dat, me boy."

"Wot's de way, Weary?"  
"Never use de stuff."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**No Wonder.**  
Cobb—You seem to have an awfully strong friendship for Hobb.

Dobb—I should say I have! He directed me to a building once without pointing and making everybody believe I was a farmer.—Detroit Tribune.

**The Length of It.**



Veterinary Surgeon—Has the giraffe been tick long?

Zoo Attendant—Well, I should say so. He has a sore throat.

**Customary.**  
"Mr. Biggins thinks he has the brightest, most promising boy in the world."

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne. "But that's no sign. Mr. Biggins' parents, no doubt, thought the same of him once."—Washington Star.

**Nothin' Doin'.**  
Guest (in cheap restaurant)—I say, waiter, have you such a thing as a hot roll?

Waiter—Stop yer kiddin'. On de level, pard, does I look like a guy wot has money ter burn? Say, ef I had a "hot roll" youse kin betcher yer life I wouldn't be doin' stunts in dis beanery. See?

**Her Objection.**  
"If we economize," said the husband, "we will soon have a house of our own instead of having to live in rented property."

"But I'm not sure I should like that," answered the wife. "I couldn't drive nails anywhere I please in the walls or woodwork of our own house, you know."

**As Classified.**  
Giles—That chap across the street was the light-weight champion in his day.

Miles—You don't say! He certainly doesn't look like a prize fighter now.

Giles—Oh, he wasn't a prize fighter. He was formerly a coal dealer.

**Pa's Idea of It.**  
Little Willie—Say, pa, is there any difference between consistency and density?

Pa—Not much, my son. The man who is consistent at all times is somewhat dense.



**In the Kitchen.**  
"If you can't get along with your work I will have to get another girl."  
"Sure, mam, an' I wish that ye would—there is work enough here for two."

**He Wonders.**  
"Cheese it! De cops!"  
At this cry the boys scattered.

The statesman contemplated the scene thoughtfully.

"I wonder what would happen," murmured he, "if some one should raise that cry on the floor of the Senate."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The champion club-whirler is a man named Burrows, of London. In the Canterbury Music Hall of that city he recently whirled a pair of Indian clubs for forty-six hours and seven minutes, stopping only one hour and fourteen minutes for meals.

A prudent young married man in Keytesville, Mo., was seen hurrying along the street carrying a big paper bag. Somebody asked him why he was in such a hurry. "I've just bought a hat for my wife," he replied, "and I want to get home before the style changes."

**It Pays to Read Newspapers.**

Cox, Wis., June 12.—Frank M. Russell of this place had Kidney Disease so bad that he could not walk. He tried Doctors' treatment and many different remedies, but was getting worse. He was very low.

He read in a newspaper how Dodd's Kidney Pills were curing cases of Kidney Trouble, Bright's Disease and Rheumatism, and thought he would try them. He took two boxes, and now he is quite well. He says:

"I can now work all day, and not feel tired. Before using Dodd's Kidney Pills, I couldn't walk across the door."

Mr. Russell's is the most wonderful case ever known in Chippewa county. This new remedy—Dodd's Kidney Pills—is making some miraculous cures in Wisconsin.

**Typewriters with Arabic letters are now in use in Egypt.**

Human beings usually begin to lose height at the age of fifty, and at the age of ninety have lost at least one and one-half inches.

Plants growing near the sea have leaves thicker than those growing inland. Apparently the sea salt is the cause of this phenomenon, as plants cultivated in artificially-salted soil yield thicker leaves.

Compulsory education has been established by the Japanese Government. Boys and girls must attend school when they have attained the age of six, and continue there until they are fourteen. During the first four years they are taught the Japanese and Chinese languages, and English during the last four years.

**Fashionable people in London amuse themselves with a new toy. It is a fortune-telling teacup, of which great quantity is being sold. The cup is graded inside with the mystic symbols of the fortune teller—a bell, a heart, a horseshoe, a purse, and so on. The tea-leaves at the bottom are swirled around the cup, and according to the position of objects to which they adhere so is one's fortune.**

**Railway Rate Legislation.**

At the biennial convention of the Order of Railway Conductors, recently held at Portland, Ore., resolutions were unanimously adopted voicing their sentiments as to the effect of proposed railway rate legislation on the 1,300,000 railroad employes, whom they in past represented. These resolutions "indorse the attitude of President Roosevelt in condemning secret rebates and other illegalities, and commend the attitude of the heads of American railroads, who, with practical unanimity, have joined with the President on this question." They then respectfully point out to Congress the "inadvisability of legislation vesting in the hands of a commission power over railway rates, now lower by far in the United States than in any other country," because such regulation would "result in litigation and confusion and inevitably tend to an enforced reduction in rates, irrespective of the question of the ability of the railroads to stand the reduction, especially in view of the increased cost of their supplies and materials." They further protested against such power being given to the present Interstate Commission because "the proposed legislation is not in harmony with our idea of American jurisprudence, inasmuch as it contemplates that a single body shall have the right to investigate, indict, try, condemn and then enforce its decisions at the cost of the carriers, pending appeal, which is manifestly inequitable."

The conductors base their demand for only such legislation, if any, as would "secure and insure justice and equity and preserve equal rights to all parties concerned" on the ground that the low cost of transportation "is the result of the efficiency of American railway management and operation which have built up the country through constant improvement and development of territory, while at the same time recognition has been given to the value of intelligence among employes in contrast to foreign methods, where high freight rates and lowest wages to employes obtain."

In pressing their claim against legislation adverse to their interests, they point out the fact that "the freight rates of this country average only 2 per cent of the cost of articles to the consumer, thus making the freight rate so insignificant a factor in the selling price that numerous standard articles are sold at the same price in all parts of the country."