

NEMAHA ADVERTISER

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Lazy men are always harping on the luck of fools.

It is difficult for even very good men to see their duty until the salary is named.

The Chinese boycott appears to be a pretty good foil for the American's big stick.

Many a man who never beat a street car company out of a nickel wouldn't hesitate to rob a bank.

Norway's way is no quicker than Serbia's, but there was no bloody mess to clean up when the storking got through.

There are policy-holders who are ungenerous enough to hope that Jimmie Hyde may be compelled to wear striped knickerbockers.

"There are many American jokes at which Englishmen do not laugh," says Katie Barry. Give them time, Katie; give them time.

The Fiji king who called an automobile "the father of all devils" must have been much more than a generation removed from benighted savagery.

It is said that graft is a new word, but it has been used about as much as some older ones during its brief life.

A Philadelphia man made \$1,000,000 through forgery, but died and had a fine funeral before anybody found it out.

A strenuous young man who declares his willingness to shed his last drop of blood for a girl is never in a hurry to shed the first drop.

A New York preacher has resigned his pulpit to enter the life insurance business. Well, it appears that there is plenty of room for good men in the line that he has just taken up.

"No foreign power would ever think of attempting an invasion of the United States," says Justice Brewer. If this be jingoism, let the world's effete monarchies make the most of it.

King Alfonso of Spain is said to look upon Emperor William as a model monarch, and he is anxious to pattern after the German ruler. Alfie must like to rise early and stay up late.

It has been legally decided in England that a man who works for his living is not a gentleman. This is rather rough, but let us give the English court credit for one thing. It didn't decide that men who toll are gents.

A New York banker, writing to one of the magazines, says business in Wall street has been almost killed by the "Frenzied Finance" articles and the insurance scandals. Evidently the lambs have learned what the cry of "wolf" means.

Gossip is a humming bird with eagle wings and a voice like a foghorn. It can be heard from Dan to Beersheba and has caused more trouble than all the bedbugs, ticks, fleas, mosquitoes, coyotes, grasshoppers, chinch bugs, rattlesnakes, sharks, sore toes, cyclones, earthquakes, blizzards, smallpox, yellow fever, gout and indigestion that this great United States have known or will know when the universe shuts up shop and begins the final invoice. In other words, it has got war and hell both backed up in the corner yelling for ice water.

A city girl writes: "It is a fond dream of mine to become a farmer's wife and meander with him down life's pathway." Ah, yes, that is a nice thing, but when your husband meanders off and leaves you without food and you have to meander up and down the lane pulling splinters off the fence to cook dinner, and when you meander along in the wet grass in search of the cows till your shoes are the color of rawhide and your stockings soaked, and when you meander out across the twenty acres of plowed ground with a club to drive the hogs out of the cornfield and tear your dress on the barb-wire fence, when you meander back home to the house, find that the billy goat has butted the stuffin' out of your child and find the old hen with forty chickens in the parlor, you'll put your hands on your hips and realize that meandering is not what it is cracked up to be.

One of the accusations made in the Frick report against the Alexander-Hyde management of the Equitable Assurance Society was that these officers, in disregard of sound business principles, wanted to make the society "big." They were moved by the char-

acteristic American ambition—the ambition for bigness. A small society ably managed, profitable, sound and strong, was not sufficient for these officers. They wanted to have the "biggest" insurance society in the country. It was not worth, but bulk that appealed to them. How typically American this is. Evidences of this spirit are seen on every hand. All classes of people are affected with it. Every community has its houses that are big and cheap. Every city and town has its display of wealth that is based upon size and show, and not upon taste. Everywhere men boast of the amount they accomplish without regard to the manner in which they do it. The farmer brags of the number of acres he plows, even though he may lose much because of the faulty manner in which his work is done. The business man lauds himself upon the fortune he has piled up, even though scores and hundreds of innocent men and women have suffered through his acts. Universities grow jubilant over being "bigger" than the colleges, even though their work may not be any better or even so good. It is the ambition for bigness that constitutes the ruling motive. As a people we are seemingly still in the child hood stage when quantity is more attractive than quality. We have not yet learned that bigness is not great ness. We have not yet learned that true worth is not to be measured in terms of square feet or of dollars and cents.

John D. Rockefeller has been having an extraordinary attack of philanthropy. It was announced recently that the University of Chicago has given \$100,000 to the American Academy of Fine Arts at Rome. It is understood that the money came from Mr. Rockefeller. It was announced a few days later that he had given \$1,000,000 to Yale. Afterward it was made known, at a meeting of the general education board in New York, that it had received from him \$10,000,000, which is to be an endowment for higher education in the United States. Mr. Rockefeller's total benefactions last year were but \$1,461,000. Perhaps the recent outcry against "tainted money" has helped loosen the oil king's purse strings. It has enlightened him as to what the country's people think of him. He has not been noted for his sensitiveness, but the most callous do not enjoy being universally denounced and detested. He may think that by parting from a few of his many millions he will show that he is not "money mad." Whatever effect it may have had on Mr. Rockefeller, the outcry against "tainted money" evidently has not made much of an impression on universities and other institutions needing money. They accept his cash with alacrity. And that is the sensible thing to do. Acceptance of Mr. Rockefeller's or any other man's money does not imply indorsement of the methods by which it was made. If money is "tainted" the way to remove the taint is to put it to work where it will do good. The American people do not like Mr. Rockefeller's high finance system. They would gladly see him give less away if he would change his methods and return some of his ill-gotten wealth to the persons from whom he extorted it. But, being a commonsense people, they can't see that because a fortune was ill got, it necessarily follows that none of it may ever be devoted to a good purpose. They do not believe American young men and women will learn less Greek or mathematics at Yale or paint worse pictures at Rome because Mr. Rockefeller's money helps pay the bills.

Fraud of Life Companies.
A fraud scheme at the expense of life insurance companies was carried out three times successfully as long ago as 1730. A young woman with an extraordinary power of simulating death had for a confederate an elderly man, who passed for her uncle. Twice in different parts of England she insured her life in her uncle's favor, went into convulsions and to all appearances died. The third time the game was played with an ingenious variation. The uncle went to a life insurance company, explained that he was in financial straits and wished to borrow money on his niece's estate. To compensate for such a loan he would have to insure her life for its value, but could not afford to have this insurance become known, as it would expose his financial condition and ruin his credit. The company, therefore, agreed to write the insurance under a bond of secrecy. As usual, the young woman went into convulsions and died. Before her funeral she lay in state for all the world to see. Her uncle was prostrated. He did not try to collect the insurance for some months and when he did the company paid him in full with expressions of real sympathy. So did nine other companies, which he had silenced by the same ruse, and he joined his niece on the continent with a very impressive fortune.

We have been guilty of a good many weaknesses, but no man ever saw us carrying a bag of golf sticks while traveling.

Potato Soup.
A very fine potato soup is made by adding a quart of scalded milk, in which several slices of onion have been steeped, to two cupsful of mashed potato. Soften, not melt, a large tablespoonful of butter, and mix with it an equal quantity of flour. Add salt, pepper, and a dash of celery salt and pour gradually, stirring all the time, into the milk and potato mixture. Sprinkle a little finely mixed parsley on top. Serve with buttered croutons.

Cream Filling.
Heat a cup of milk and stir into it three tablespoonfuls of flour rubbed smooth in a little cold water. Boil stirring, for a minute, beating out all lumps. Take from the fire and pour upon four eggs beaten light with a half cup of powdered sugar. Stir over the fire to a thick, smooth cream; take from the fire, flavor with vanilla and when cold, fill the puffs.

Lesson for Women.
Jersey Shore, Pa., Aug. 28.—(Special.)—"Dodd's Kidney Pills have done worlds of good for me." That's what Mrs. C. B. Earnest of this place has to say of the Great American Kidney Remedy.
"I was laid up sick," Mrs. Earnest continues, "and had not been out of bed for five weeks. Then I began to use Dodd's Kidney Pills and now I am so I can work and go to town without suffering any. I would not be without Dodd's Kidney Pills. I have good reason to praise them everywhere."
Women who suffer should learn a lesson from this, and that lesson is "cure the kidneys with Dodd's Kidney Pills and your suffering will cease." Woman's health depends almost entirely on her kidneys. Dodd's Kidney Pills have never yet failed to make healthy kidneys.

As a means of regulating the speed of automobiles on the highways the device has been adopted in Massachusetts of making ridges in the road at short intervals.

In a Pinch, Use Allen's Foot-Ease.
A powder to shake into your shoes. It rests the feet, cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Sore, Hot, Callous, Aching, Sweating feet and Ingrowing Nails. Allen's Foot-Ease makes new or tight shoes easy. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Mrs. Mary Ramsay Wood, of Portland, Ore., is 118 years old. She was born in Knoxville, Tenn., born in May 20, 1787. Her mother lived to be 102 years of age.

Two bottles of Piso's Cure for Consumption cured me of a terrible cough.—Fred Hermann, 209 Box avenue, Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 24, 1901.

What do you think of a man selling his wife for a bottle of beer at auction, and actually endeavoring to turn her over to the purchaser? Well, it happened in Colorado and they had been married just three weeks, consequently a case for a divorce.

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures colic. Price 25c.

A horse in good condition can exist about twenty-five days without food, so long as he has plenty of water. If he has food without water, five days would probably end his existence.

FREE RIDE TO Greer Co., Oklahoma. Great grass grain, maize, cotton country. Improved quarters \$1500 sp. Write F. Lewis, Granite, Oklahoma.

New Hampshire has an egg farm that is about the biggest thing in the line yet heard of. This farm contains eight hundred acres, and six hundred houses, accommodating eight thousand and four hundred hens. Gathering eggs daily on this farm must be a little matter like picking up sixty or eighty bushels of eggs a day.

"I had Inflammatory Rheumatism, But I am well now, thanks to Dr. David Kennedy's Favor Remedy. It's my best friend." Garret Lansing, Troy, N. Y.

In a moment of excitement Lomakin, a Moscow merchant, undertook to "eat his boot." If Japan were not forced to sue for peace by July 1 last Akafust this his opponent bet 500 rubles. Lomakin ate the boots. But as no time limit was imposed he cut off and swallowed only a tiny strip each day, completing the achievement on November 20. His opponent absolved him from eating the nails.

BABY CAME NEAR DYING
From an Awful Skin Humour—Scatched Till Blood Ran—Wasted to a Skeleton—Speedily Cured by Cuticura.
"When three months old my boy broke out with an itching, watery rash all over his body, and he would scratch till the blood ran. We tried nearly everything, but he grew worse, wasting to a skeleton, and we feared he would die. He slept only when in our arms. The first application of Cuticura soothed him so that he slept in his cradle for the first time in many weeks. You don't know how glad I was. One set of the Cuticura Remedies made a complete and permanent cure. (Signed) Mrs. M. C. Maitland, Jasper, Ontario."



Changed His Mind.
"Timmins, I'm going to have to reduce your salary till business gets a little better."
"Well, I see I'll have to smoke cheaper cigars."
"Cheaper than those you use now?"
"Yes, a blamed sight cheaper."
"Well—er—say, I guess I'll economize some other way."—Cleveland Leader.



Knew Her.
"I can't decide," she said, "whether to take the hat or not. But it is just the dearest thing I have seen this season."
"The dearest?" asked the husband, with a sardonic laugh. "Then it's a cinch that you'll take it."—Omaha Bee.

Rubbing It In.
"George, dear," said the bride of six months, "the minister told me to-day that you gave him a \$20 gold piece for marrying us."
"Well," replied George, "I don't mind his having bunked me out of the money, but he might be considerate enough to refrain from boasting of it."

A Foxy Move.
After the wedding breakfast had been eaten and the guests had departed, the bride's father sought the groom. "You know that \$10,000 check that I placed among the presents," quoth he.
"Yes, sir."
"Well, we'll just tear that up."
"I'm sorry, sir," replied the groom cheerfully, "but I stepped around to the bank a few moments ago and had it cashed."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

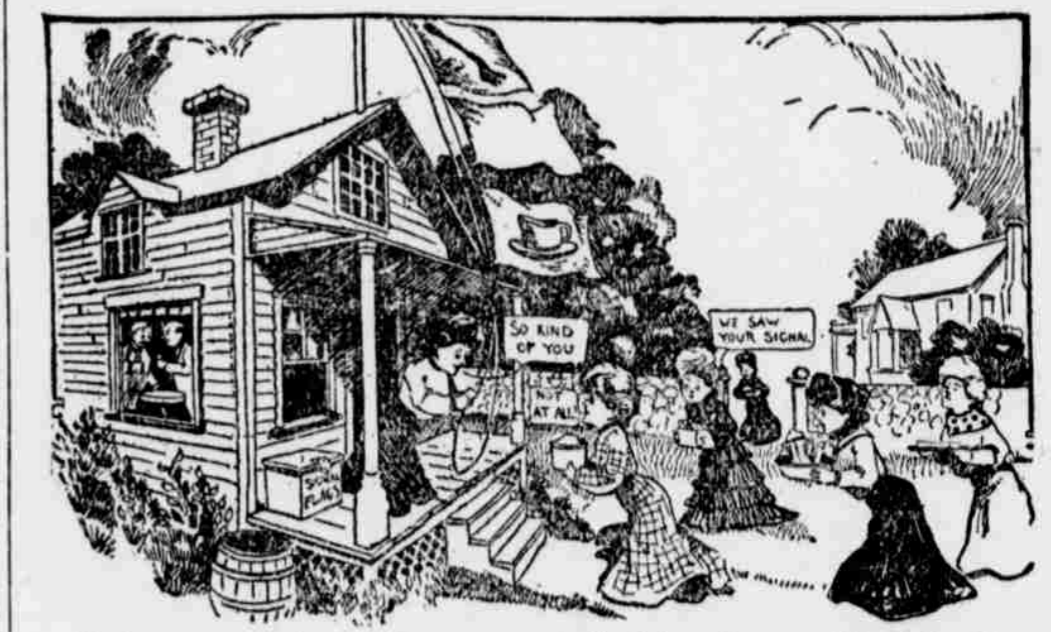
Still Another Reason.
Mr. Crimsonbeak—There's another reason for calling a ship "she."
Mrs. Crimsonbeak—What is it?
"Because ships are so often spoken!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Only a Surface Indication.
The policeman was leading a more or less innocent bystander, whose fee appeared to be badly tangled, away from the scene of the disturbance.
"What has knocked his hat all out of shape?" asked somebody. "Has he been hit with a brick?"
"Naw," exclaimed the policeman. "There's a brick inside his hat. That's all."—Chicago Tribune.

A Fortunate Interruption.
"I had an awful scare yesterday."
"How was that?"
"Why, I got foolish and proposed to that pretty Miss Peniless."
"Did she accept you?"
"Why, a suburban car with a flat wheel passed just at that moment and I don't think she heard me."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

In Society.
He—Mrs. Blank is what I call a human planet.
She—What do you mean by that?
He—She shines by reflected light.
She—What of?
He—Her diamonds.—Detroit Free Press.

DOMESTIC HINTS—THE HURRY SIGNAL.



To be run up when hubby unexpectedly brings home a friend for dinner and there isn't a thing in the house.—Chicago News.

Extending His Credit.
"Boroughs has the happy faculty of making new friends wherever he goes."
"He has to. He owes all the old ones."—Philadelphia Press.

Caught on the Rebound.



Said He—My dear Tessie, you look good enough to eat.
Said She—Thanks; I am a trifle hungry. Suppose we try that restaurant just across the street.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Not the Same.
"She introduced him as her cousin once removed, didn't she?"
"Oh, no—as her husband once removed."—July Smart Set.

Mamma's Monopoly.
"Say, paw," queried little Johnny Peck, "why do you wear whiskers? Haven't you any chin?"
"I guess not, my son," replied Peck Sr. "Your mother seems to have it all."—Chicago News.

Lack of Perception.
"Dat dog o' mine," said Mr. Erastus Pinkley, "keeps on a tryin' to whup ev'ry four-footed critter dat comes down de road."
"He must be a fighter."
"No, sub. He ain't no fighter. But he don't seem able to reco'nize de fact."—Washington Star.

Fair Warning.
"Is Mrs. Gabbie at home?" asked the caller.
"Be good luck, ma'am, she's not," replied the wise servant girl, "but ye'd best lave yer card an' skeepaddle out o' here, ma'am, fur she's like ter be back most any minute now."—Philadelphia Press.

Honestly Acquired.
Gyer—There goes a man who has a fortune of nearly half a million and it's mostly hush money.
Myer—What! Do you mean to say that he is a professional blackmailer?
Gyer—Oh, no; he manufactures a popular brand of soothing sirup.

At the Play.
"She handles the part exceptionally well. That outburst of jealousy in the first act was one of the best things I ever saw."
"No wonder. Her understudy took the part the night before and made a decided hit."—Detroit Tribune.