

Custer Co. Republican

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THURSDAY, MARCH, 1, 1900.

The Sioux City Journal says that bicycle tires will be considerably advanced in price this year. However, so long as Senator Mason, Pettigrew and Allen do not enter into a combine the cost of inflating the tires will not be advanced materially.

It begins to look like the fusion forces are having all the trouble they want. Of course, they find comfort in the peaceful harmony that prevailed when all the kickers were turned out. The action of the national committee has served public notice on all pops, that hereafter they must be democrats or be kicked out. The "people" we used to hear so much about, have become a few self constituted bosses, and the fusion party represents the most pitiable farce of a self governing party ever known. Well, it is not our fight, and we shall enjoy watching them "chaw" each others ears.

We are informed that the democrats are making a strong effort to force a democratic paper into every populists home in the state. The Chicago Dispatch is working with every means to insinuate itself among the pop brethren. Requests are being sent to populist central committee men to forward names of all populists. Strange the populists can't see that this is one of the ways being used to wholly absorb their party. It is not much wonder the democrats dare to pitch the pop delegates "over the transom," since they have filled pop homes with democratic literature. We predict there will be thousands of former republicans who will not enjoy copperhead literature now any more than they did during the civil war. The memory of democratic soup houses still haunt some people.

It begins to look like the Pops will have to find some other political orphanage than Democracy. While it was mean, yet it was a natural thing to do, when the Democrats fired the Pops "over the transom." The Democrats know that Eastern Democracy despises Pops, and will not mix with them in convention or be in any way compromised by them. They recognize the impossible gulf between a REAL Pop and Democrat, and do not propose to have their national convention embarrassed with them. They know that the leaders of the Pop party can be duped into obedience to their will, by promises and these leaders are expected to plead with the voters with tearful eyes and "Once more for Bryan's sake" till they get them into line. We predict lots of fun next fall when all these political jobs get to working. Will the Pops ever learn what a fool Bryan is making of them! The Pop's love for Democracy reminds us of Ruth and Naomi, except that one is SACRED history and the other PROFANE. The Democrats may "pitch them out over the transom," but they won't leave. They still repeat, "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and when thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and Bryan, who is thy God, will be my God."

We saw a pig the other day chasing a cow and trying to suck. The cow exhibited her disgust by kicking the pig end over end. Still the pig kept up its calamitous squealing and grabbing for the teat. We said that repre-

sents the Pops after Democracy. The old cow never kicked the pig harder than the Democrats kicked the Pops at Lincoln in their national committee. Still they squeal for the public teat.

While Americans naturally sympathize with the Boers, because they are the weaker, we cannot refrain from reciting a little history to show how inconsistent Bryan and his followers are. As will be remembered the democrats colonized Texas when it was part of Mexico. These democrats wanted to run affairs in Texas. The Mexicans objected. The democrats appealed to the president of the United States to be protected against Mexicans. The Mexicans said, we will attend to our affair, you attend to yours. A democratic president sent armies to punish the Mexicans. It was a GLORIOUS DEMOCRATIC WAR FOR IMPERILISM and Slavery.

By the way, the trouble between the Boers and England is exactly the same as the trouble between the United States and Mexico was. Democrats seem to forget about their history. Well it is no wonder, for they have been flopping around so much it is difficult to keep track of them.

A Message to Garcia. (Elbert Hubbard.)

In all this Cuban business there is one man stands out on the horizon of my memory like Mars perihelion. When war broke out between Spain and the United States. It was very necessary to communicate quickly with the leaders of the insurgents. Garcia was somewhere in the mountain fastnesses of Cuba no one knew where. No mail or telegraph message could reach him. The president must secure his co-operation, and quickly.

What to do!
Some one said to the president, "There's a fellow by the name of Rowan will find Garcia for you if any body can."

Rowan was sent for and given a letter to be given to Garcia. How the fellow by the name of Rowan took the letter, sealed it up in an oil skin pouch, strapped it over his heart, in four days landed by night off the coast of Cuba on an open boat, disappeared into the jungle, and in three weeks came out on the other side of the island, having traversed a hostile country on foot and delivered his letter to Garcia are things I have no special desire now to tell in detail.

The point I wish to make is this McKinley gave Rowan a letter to be delivered to Garcia; Rowan took the letter and did not ask, "where is he at?" By the Eternal! there is a man whose form should be cast in to deathless bronze and the statue placed in every college of the land. It is not book learning young men need, not instructions about this and that, but a stiffening of the vertebrae which will cause them to be loyal to a trust, to act promptly, concentrate their energies; do the thing—"Carry a message to Garcia!" General Garcia is dead now, but there are other Garcia's.

No man who has endeavored to carry out an enterprise where many hands were needed, but has been well nigh appalled at times by the imbecility of the average man—the inability or unwillingness to concentrate on a thing and do it, slipshod assistance, foolish inattention, dowdy indifference, and halfhearted work seem the rule; and no man succeeds, unless by hook or crook, or threat, he forces or bribes other men to assist him; or mayhap, God in his goodness performs a miracle and sends him an Angel of light for assistant. You, reader, put this matter to a test: You are sitting now in your office—six clerks are within call. Summon any one and make this request: "Please look in the encyclopedia and make a brief memorandum for me concerning the life of Correggio."

Will the clerk quietly say, "Yes sir," and go do the task?
On your life, he will not. He will look at you out of a fishy eye and ask one or more of the following questions:

Who was he?
Which encyclopedia?
Where is the encyclopedia?
Was I hired for that?
Don't you mean Bismarck?
What is the matter with Charlie doing it?
Is he dead?
Is there any hurry?
Shan't I bring you the book and let you look it up yourself?

What do you want to know for?
And I will lay you ten to one that after you have answered the questions, and explained how to find the information, and why you

want it, the clerk will go off and get one of the outer clerks to help him to find Garcia—and then come back and tell you there is no such man. Of course I may lose my bet, but according to the law of averages, I will not.

Now, if you are wise, you will not bother to explain to your assistant that Correggio is indexed under the C's not in the K's, but you will smile sweetly and say, "Never mind," and go look it up yourself.

And this incapacity for independent action, this moral stupidity, this infirmity of the will, this unwillingness to cheerfully catch hold and lift, are the things that put pure socialism so far into the future. If men will not act for themselves, what will they do when the benefit of their effort is for all? A first mate with knotted club seems necessary; and the dread of getting "the bounce" Saturday night, holds many a worker to his place.

Advertise for a stenographer and nine out of ten apply, can neither spell nor punctuate—and do not think it necessary to.

Can such a one write a letter to Garcia?
"You see that book keeper," said the foreman to me in a large factory.

"Yes, what about him?"
"Well he's a fine account, but if I'd send him up town on an errand he might accomplish the errand all right; and on the other hand, might stop at four saloons on the way, and when he got to Main street, would forget what he had been sent for."

Can such a man be entrusted to carry a message to Garcia?

We have recently been hearing much maudlin sympathy for the down trodden denizen of the sweet shop and the "homeless wanderer searching the honest employment," and with it all often go many hard words for the men in power.

Nothing is said about the employer who grows old before his time in a vain attempt to get frowny need-to-wells to do intelligent work, and his long patient striving with "help" that does nothing but loaf when his back is turned. In every factory there is a constant weeding out process going on. The employer is constantly sending away "help" that have shown their incapacity to further the interests of the business and others are being taken on. No matter how good times are, this sorting continues, only if times are hard and work is scarce, the sorting is done finer put out and for ever out the incompetent and unworthy go. It is the survival of the fittest.

Self-interest prompts every employer to keep the best—those who can carry a message to Garcia. I know one man of really brilliant parts who has not the ability to manage a business of his own; and yet who is absolutely worthless to any one else because he carries with him constantly the insane suspicion that his employer is opposing or intending to oppress him. He can not give orders, and will not receive them. Should a message be given him to take to Garcia, his answer probably would be, "Take it yourself."

Tonight this man is walking the streets looking for work, the wind whistling through his thread-bare coat. No one who knows him dare employ him, for he is a regular fire brand of discontent. He is imperious as reason, and the only thing that can impress him is the toe of a thick soled number nine boot.
Of course I know that one so morally deformed is no less to be pitied than a physical cripple; but in our pity let us drop a tear, too, for the men who are striving to carry on a great enterprise whose working hours are not limited by the whistle and whose hair is fast turning white through the struggle to hold in line dowdy indifference, slipshod imbecility and the heartless ingratitude, which, but for their enterprise would be both hungry and homeless.

Have I put the matter to strongly possible I have, but when all the world has gone a-slumming, I wish to speak a word for sympathy for the man who succeeds—the man who against great odds, has directed the effort of others, and having succeeded, finds there is nothing in it; nothing but bare board and clothes.

I have carried a dinner pail and worked for days wages, and I have also been an employer of labor, and I know there is something to be said on both sides. There is no excellent, per se, in poverty: rage are no recommendation; and all employers are not rapacious and high handed, any more than all poor men are virtuous.

My heart goes out to the man that does his work when the "boss" is away as well as when he is at home. And the man who, when given a letter for Garcia, quietly takes the missive, without asking any idiotic questions, with lurking intentions of chucking it into the nearest sewer or of doing aught else but

deliver it, never gets laid off," nor has to go on a strike for higher wages. Civilization is one long anxious search for just such individual. Anything such a man asks shall be granted; his kind is so rare that no employer can afford to let him go. He is wanted in every city, town and village—in every office, shop, store and factory. The world cries out for such: he is needed, and needed badly—the man that can carry a message to Garcia.

Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C. Feb. 24, 1900
(Special Correspondence.)

The democratic national committee has just finished its meeting here, with the result that Kansas City is selected as the place for the convention and the fourth of July as the date. Once before the democrats selected July fourth as the date for a convention. They made up what they called a "consecrated platform," and nominated a "consecrated" candidate to beat Grant. The record of the party was too bad, however, and self-styled "consecration" did not save it.

In the recent meeting of democrats Arthur P. Gorman of Maryland took part, in spite of the fact that he was opposed to Bryanism in 1896 and is opposed to it now. He has a presidential bee of his own which he is keeping hived until 1904. Like other hard money democrats he knows that the only safety of the leaders is to apparently stay with the party until Bryanism is wiped off the political map. A large number of eastern democrats will act with the party so far as appearance goes, but will vote against Bryan.

It is considered almost a joke for a party to select the Fourth of July as a convention date, when the delegates assembled will represent a conglomeration of ideas such as Free Trade, Cheap Money to Pay Debts, Aginaldoism, Coebelism and suppression of the colored vote in the south. A Declaration of Independence written by such an assemblage would be a great curiosity.

A gentleman in Washington who has been looking up some figures regarding the progress of prosperity in the west has made public what he considers some extraordinary facts about Nebraska. He finds that under the last three years of the democratic national administration the real estate owners in Nebraska increased their mortgages \$8,517,635, being an increase of debt of \$5.00 per capita on land alone.

Under the first three years of McKinleyism the Nebraskans reduced their mortgage indebtedness \$1,997,067, being a net reduction of \$19.00 per capita, and fairly representing the difference between republicanism and democracy.

It is also remarked with much wonder in the east that the individual bank deposits in Nebraska amount to nearly \$50 per capita, being an increase of fully \$25 since 1896. Add the \$25 increase in deposits to the \$19 representing the decrease in land mortgages, and it is found that the people of the state are \$44 per capita, or about forty-four million dollars better off than were in 1896.

It is such figures as these that will worry the calamities in the coming campaign.

In the debates now going on in Congress the democrats keep up their usual policy of antagonizing everything the republicans propose. In this they simply follow the precedent established in 1864 when they declared "the war is a failure." The "anti-everything" policy will be carried right through the coming campaign. Nebraskans will have to meet the same ill-natured growl which is being generated here. H.

Rev. E. Edwards, pastor of the English Baptist Church at Minersville, Pa., when suffering with rheumatism, was advised to try Chamberlain's Pain Balm. He says: "A few applications of this liniment proved of a great service to me. It subdued the inflammation and relieved the pain. Should any sufferer profit by giving Pain Balm a trial it will please me." For sale by all druggists.

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