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In important criminal trials, it seems most difficult to prove the best-known facts.

Anybody can write a book and everybody appears to be doing that very thing.

The man who invented postal cards is dead. The postmistresses ought to give him a monument.

We infer from his prospectus that Santos-Dumont has adopted a "No money, no fly" motto.

Perhaps a woman can't lead a band, but it is highly probable that a band would follow a woman.

Instead of being invented by Marconi it is now claimed that wireless telegraphy is of macaroni origin.

Japan seems to have come to the conclusion that women have rights, which is considered a great discovery in the lowly kingdom.

The water in Great Salt Lake has fallen six feet during the past eight years. There must be a hole in the bottom of the old thing.

Now that a train robber has been tilled and Tracy is no more, perhaps Mr. Pat Crowe will have the kindness to feel a trifle worried.

Uncle Sam may have to become stepfather to Haiti. The time for him to step in, armed with a good birchen rod, is perhaps not very far distant.

A Chicago barber says his wife and another lady talked him out of his own house. They might do well now to exhibit themselves or lecture.

A New York woman was found to have a hatpin through her heart. Women should be careful how they set their hearts on other women's hats.

The historical novel is to be the literary topline for another season. As there is no law against this particular crime, the public will have to stand for it, we suppose.

This new explosive the war department is talking about, that will penetrate fourteen inches of steel armor, ought to be able to complete the excavation of the Panama canal in two or three well directed shots.

The Treasury Department has just discovered that the typewriter is superior to longhand writing in the making of records. If this thing continues the government will soon be within a century of catching up with the ordinary business world.

In its determination to support any legislation having for its purpose the abolishing of child labor in States where such laws do not exist, the American Federation of Labor is not only helping on its own ends, but is fighting in a good cause for the betterment of all mankind.

Patriotic women—and all women are patriotic—are beginning to ask what they can adopt as a gesture of salutation and respect to the national air and the flag. A correspondent suggests the placing of the hand over the heart. In want of something better that might do; but does not the gesture savor too much of sentimentality? "Schools of Expression" and "Colleges of Oratory" have so long associated that gesture with the receipt of bad news from home or a false accusation of crime that little real dignity is left to it.

One of the most cheering of current statements is that of a man who leaves Sing Sing prison after eleven years' confinement, to the effect that "a man there gets a good chance to reform if he wants to." The superintendent, the warden and the principal keeper stand ready to meet him half-way, and the Volunteers' Prisoners' League will take care of him when he comes out, and stick to him as long as there is a possibility of helping him. Instead of "a yearly output of 200 to 300 rascals ripe for lawlessness and crime," this convict thinks that at least half the men Sing Sing now sends out are "anxious and able to be useful in the world." That is the truly ideal prison which confines men in order to free them from worse places.

Of those who visit California every year, many are Eastern people suffering from nervous prostration and seeking to regain their health by the trip across the continent. It is a curious fact that not a few of them owe their illness to unsuspected errors of vision, and that the trip benefits them by discovering the cause of their trouble. A California physician, writing in American Medicine, says that the bright light of the "Land of Sunshine" so quickly affects eyes in which there are errors of refraction that the patient is driven to consult the local oculist. The doctor relieves the eye-strain, and in so doing removes also the headache, insomnia, depression and other ills from which the patient has suffered. In modern diagnosis the testing of the eyes plays a large part.

Judge Phillips, of the Common Pleas Court of Cuyahoga County, Ohio, deserves complimentary mention for the good, practical common sense and sound patriotism shown in the position he has

taken respecting the naturalization of alien immigrants. He declares that he will issue naturalization papers to no man who fails to answer plain questions he may ask with respect to our form of government and the Constitution. He says he believes that persons who desire to become citizens should be qualified to vote intelligently, not only to protect their own interests, but those of their fellow citizens as well. Further dilution of our citizenship is a danger that should be avoided. Let the ballot go to all who are qualified to handle it, but put an end to the naturalization of men who are to be utilized as voting cattle.

Some learned clergymen who are not out in the fields and woods gathering inspiration and religion are rushing in to print with their ideas of marriage on the limited salary of \$8 per week. "Go ahead and get spliced if you want to, and think about the bread afterwards," the most of them say to young people who are in love and poverty at the same time. They may be right, but—Love is a mighty fine thing, but when it comes to the test it's the most material thing in the world. You can keep the body without food for a week and not be more than a few pounds the worse for it, but did you ever try to keep love on a starvation basis? Next time you see Sue and put your arm around her and tell her you could do it forever, try it for twenty-four hours. See if you don't get mighty tired in the arms and empty in the stomach before the time is up. If you are good for the test and at the end of the twenty-four hours still have no desire to break your affectionate hold, marry the girl, no matter what you are making. You'll get along some way. But if you do grow tired and have just the faintest wish to dodge Sue for a moment and go to the larder, don't have the knot tied for awhile yet. You'll save yourself lots of trouble and worry. Most of the romance of married life on \$8 per week disappears the first time you see that fairy creature, your bride, who used to be too delicate to hold her own parasol, leaning over a washbasin with her hair flying loose and her dress decollete all the way around, scrubbing, nothing but scrubbing. Wait awhile until the \$8 grows to something more substantial. It will grow if you keep at it.

Any man having a large one hundred acre fruit farm with no children on it should get in touch with Mr. and Mrs. John Shandrow, of South Haven, Mich., and learn how to make it blossom with juvenile gladness. This worthy couple came to the conclusion that a fruit farm of such dimensions should raise something else besides peaches and grapes. Here was a large farm going to waste so far as child culture was concerned. Not an urchin roamed its broad acres or climbed its green trees or thrust his bare toes in its fertile soil. In the matter of children the fruit farm was barren as Sahara, while city tenements and orphan asylums teemed with youngsters whose natures were being dwarfed and perverted by lack of contact with green fields and country air. Instead of kidnapping the children of neighboring farmers Mr. and Mrs. Shandrow hit upon the sensible idea of applying to the Smith Foundling Hospital at Minneapolis, asking it to send them several children for a summer's outing, with the privilege of choosing from them a boy for adoption. In response there came a consignment of twenty-two bright, rosy-cheeked youngsters, the entire visible supply of children over 3 years old. Of course this was more than the farmer bargained for, but the more he saw of the children the more undecided he was as to which one to adopt. The more he saw of them the better he liked the idea of children on the farm. He and his good wife finally solved the problem by adopting the entire collection of youngsters, and the Smith Foundlings' Home is thus bereft of nearly its entire juvenile population. There's plenty of room and plenty to eat for twenty-two children on a hundred-acre fruit farm. They don't bring as much in the market as chickens and calves and peaches, but their value to society and the State after a few years on the fruit farm will be hard to measure. We commend the example of this thrifty fruit farmer to the owners of hundreds of acres that never resound with the shouts of youngsters.

Making Burglars' Tools.
There is a rich business man of Philadelphia who got his start in life through the manufacture of burglars' tools. He said the other day, confidentially:
"In my youth I was a machinist, but the business didn't pay at all. A thick-set man came to me one morning and showed me a jimmy. 'I'll give you ten dollars for a duplicate of this,' he said, and I took him up joyfully, for in my innocence I didn't know what a jimmy was and, besides, I foresaw a 90 per cent profit in the job. So I made the burglar's tool, and afterward I made the thick-set man some other implements, and after that again I fixed up an outfit for a friend of his."
"Thus, in a year," continued the man, according to the Philadelphia Record, "I had more work than I could do; eight or ten villainous-looking individuals brought me in big orders every day, and in four years I have saved \$19,000. Then I quit. I pulled out and went into my present line, which pays me well enough, though its profits are nothing to those that you will find in burglar tool making. I often wonder who inherited my old time trade."

Cost of Living Increased 50 Per Cent.
In five years the cost of foodstuffs necessary to sustain life has advanced 50 per cent in New York city, and on a smaller scale throughout the country.

GOOD Short Stories

An inquisitive woman once asked Professor Andre, before he left on his ill-fated balloon trip: "How will you know when you have really crossed the North Pole, professor?" "Oh, that will be simple enough madame," replied Andre, with his well-known dry humor; "a north wind will become a south one."

A gushing young woman stood before the portrait of Thomas Jefferson in one of the lobbies of the national Capitol, the other day, the plate on which bears simply the name, "Jefferson." "Oh," she called to her companions, "come here quick, girls, and see 'Joe' Jefferson's picture. It's in the costume of Bob Acres, and it's just grand; but I do wish they had painted him as Rip Van Winkle."

A beginner in newspaper work in a Southern town, who occasionally "sent stuff" to one of the New York dailies, picked up last summer what seemed to him a "big story." Hurrying to the telegraph office he "queried" the telegraph editor: "Column story on so and so. Shall I send it?" The reply was brief and prompt, but, to the enthusiast, unsatisfactory. "Send six hundred words," was all it said. "Can't be told in less than twelve hundred," he wired back. Before long the reply came: "Story of creation of world told in six hundred. Try it."

Rev. M. Greene, a preacher at Pindry's Lake, Pa., took his congregation to task a few Sundays ago, because the members were not, in his opinion, giving suitable support to church work. The reverend gentleman mentioned by name several of those whom he regarded as at fault, but was injudicious enough to include Editor Boerman among the lot. "Why," said the preacher, "Mr. Boerman only paid a dollar toward my support." The editor retorted: "It was dear at the price," and Mr. Greene thereupon learned that it is dangerous to monkey with a buzz-saw.

Lieutenant-General Miles declares that once a delegation of rebellious Indians visited his camp in the West for a powwow. Among other things, they were shown a telephone, and allowed to talk over it. Much interested, they demanded to know whence came the voices they heard, and why they should come through the little black instrument. It was, of course, impossible to make them understand the principles of electricity, so the general told them that the Great Spirit had lent his lightning to the white men, and that forced the human voices into the little box they saw. So impressed were they by this wonder and the understanding with the Great Spirit which it implied, that they returned to their homes and became such advocates for peace that their tribe surrendered.

AUSTRALIA'S DROUGHT.

No Copious Rain Since 1894, Sheep Dead, Settlers Ruined.

Apart from the general emigration of forces in the tariff struggle, a contest is now going on in Australia over the duties on cereals and fodder. In consequence of the terrible desolation caused by the continuance of the drought, a powerful agitation has sprung up for the suspension of these duties. The government is on the horns of a dilemma. If it fields to the pastoralists it alienates the farmers and plays into the hands of speculators in grain and cattle food. If it refuses, and the drought does not break, a miniature revolution may occur in the interior. It will probably either make a money grant to the distressed districts or allow rebates to those in charge of starving cattle. The average Englishman can scarcely realize the horrors of the drought in this great country, three-quarters of whose surface is always barren and hateful to the human race.

Let the mind first take in a few grim facts, viz: (1) That the drought has since 1894 killed off 30,000,000 sheep in Queensland and New South Wales; (2) that with brief spells of rain the drought has lasted in Central and North Australia for seven long years; (3) that a many widespread districts the rainfall has fallen from 22 inches in 1894 to 1.70 inches last year, and (4) that thousands of settlers are absolutely ruined and have nothing but bankruptcy and starvation before them. Then, let the imagination bestir itself and try to conjure up vistas of wide stretches of grassless plains whitened with the skeletons of dead sheep. Let the Londoner endeavor to imagine himself a tall, loose-limbed, dry-skinned, hollow-eyed settler, with a dirty wide-awake hat and dull, torn, colorless clothes, riding ninety miles on the back of a half-starved, bony horse for a gallon of water—and perhaps he will at last begin to realize what the drought means to his Australian cousin. The outlook is indeed a gloomy one. If the temporary removal of the duties on grain and fodder will brighten it, then, in the name of God, the step should be taken.—Melbourne Correspondent of the London Chronicle.

ON CLIPPING EVERGREENS.

Spruce and Norway Pines Require Attention Periodically.
There is a great variance in gardening tastes. Some persons abhor anything formal, stiff or in the slightest degree abnormal; a few will go utterly to the extreme; the remainder have balanced ideas, admitting both where they seem fitting and proper.

However tastes will disagree, some plants must have a little attention from the pruning shears to make them at all desirable. Many evergreens may be thus classified, but necessity only demands very slight attention. Retinisporas and pines are usually much benefited by a slight shearing every two years. Hemlock and Norway spruce may also be so treated to their advantage, and yews as well.

To accomplish the desired end, which is that of preventing bareness of the lower limbs and to encourage a degree of compactness without absolute formality, the occasional shearings should take place after new growth has advanced several inches, about half being cut away, says a writer in Meehan's Monthly. This check to natural advancement causes the growth of lateral buds and consequently a more compact appearance.

The spruce and any other evergreens of rapid growth and that form larger trees should be trimmed to grow somewhat conical. If allowed to become broader above than below the stronger upper branches will eventually rob the lower of nourishment and make them weak and more or less bare of foliage.

If shearing be neglected at the time designated it may be done late in the growing season, if before growth is quite completed. Then strong buds will be formed for another season's growth. The pruning of pines should be done by pinching back the young growth while it is soft and brittle.

Old News Is No News.

A good newspaper tries to give the people fresh news and to "dress up" old news in an attractive form. Most people like to hear again what they already know, but readers are few indeed who would approve the novel attitude of the editor of a German paper published in America. He was very matter-of-fact, says the Washington Post, but a faithful, hard worker.

One night there was a great fire which destroyed the entire block opposite the newspaper office. The whole town turned out to see it, and the streets were crowded. The proprietor of the paper did not go out, but lay in bed dreaming of the fine display the story of the fire would make on the first page of his journal the next morning.

But when he opened the sheet at breakfast, there was not a word about the fire. With wrath in his eye he went to the office and burst into the sanctum of his German editor.

"Why," he thundered, "is there no mention in this morning's issue of the fire across the street last night?" "Ach, mein lieber Herr," said the editor, calmly, "for vy vaste so much gute paper? Erybody was in de street, and see de fire himself. Vy should ve tell de t'ings vat de people seen already? Shall ve de news print or vat erybody knows? Dey had seen de fire, but do dey know dat Schleier has lost his dog? No. So I have dat printed."

An Old One Recalled.

The fact that an Irish story, though trite, is always pat, was illustrated yesterday, when District Attorney Reeves told this anecdote:

"Some people object to releasing prisoners on a furlough because of the fact that the renegades are turned loose upon other communities. That reminds me of the Irishman who, after reaching America, was full of homesick brag, in which nothing in America even approached things of a similar variety in Ireland. In speaking of the bees of the old sod he grew especially rosetate and said:
"Whoy, th' baze in that country is twice as big as in this. Indade, they're bigger than that. They're as big as th' shape ye have in this country?"
"Bees as big as sheep?" said his incredulous listener. "Why, what kind of hives do they have to keep them in?"
"No bigger than th' ones in this country," was the reply.
"Then how do the bees get into the hives?" he was asked.
"Well," replied the Irishman, "thot's their own doid lookout."—Los Angeles Herald.

Tennyson's Tactlessness.

Several stories are told of Tennyson's thoughtless speeches. "What fish is this?" he once asked his hostess where he was dining. "Whiting," she replied. "The meanest fish there is," he remarked, quite unconscious that he could have wounded any one's feelings.

Yet his kindness of heart was such that when his partridge was afterward given him almost raw he ate steadily through it, for fear his hostess might be vexed.

On one occasion Tennyson was very rude to Mrs. Brotherton, a neighbor at Freshwater. The next day he came to her house with a great cabbage under each arm.

"I heard you liked these, so I brought them," he said, genially. It was his idea of a peace offering.

Pretty Much the Same.

The shades of night were upward drawn Just as a youth of brains and brawn Unto the breakfast table bled And to the waiter loudly cried, "One shredded wheat!"

The waiter brought it on a plate And watched the young man while he ate And when there was not left a shred Of all that shredded wheat he said, "Excelsior!"

The young man never cracked a smile, But after pondering a while The aptness of the waiter's jest Arose and thus himself expressed, "I think you're right."

—Judge.

After a man has been disappointed in love he develops into a first-class cynic.

All is not gold that shows up in a glittering mining prospectus.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Doings that Are Old, Curious and Laughable—The Week's Humor.

"So you be an artist?" Interrogated the old farmer at the station. "Yes," responded the dapper young chap with the easel, "and I paint still life."

"You do? Well, come out an' sketch my farm hands during working hours." —Chicago Daily News.

Won Their Hearts.

Sandy Pikes—So yer got de kids' sympathy an' dey give yer two pies. Did yer tell dem yer lost yer fingers in de war?
Pellucid Pete—Naw, I sed I lost dem shootin' off firecrackers.

An Admission.

Father—Dorothy, has this young man any fallings?
Daughter—Well, papa, he p-plays ping-pong.

Convalescing.



Patient—Doctor, thanks to you and your medicine, I feel like a new man already.
Doctor—Never mind, you'll soon be yourself again.

The Critics.

Ida—Yes, it was a case of love at first sight on his part.
May—Hm! What a pity he didn't take a second sight.

An Innocent Tip.

She—It's awfully silly in a young man to rock the boat when he takes a girl out for a row.
He—Yes; but I suppose he likes to hear the girl scream.
She—But she would scream just as loud if he attempted to kiss her and it's ever so much safer.

An Unbiased View.

Youghub—There's nothing like matrimony for teaching a young man the value of money.
Oldwed—That's right. A dollar a man gives to his wife looks twice as big as the dollar he blew in on her during courtship.

Rather Evasive.

She (to her fiancé)—I am sure you think that Smith girl pretty.
He—Yes, I think she is pretty—er—tall.

Comparison.

The Boarder—I don't believe I eat enough to feed a bird.
The Landlady—What kind of a bird? An ostrich?

Her Excuse.

Friend—But are you going to jump right into colors? Why not wear half-mourning for awhile?
Widow—Because you know some great sage advised us never to do things by halves.

Quite Suitable.



Stone Cutter—What inscription do you wish on the monument?
Widow—Well, as he was my seventh husband, just put a hand on it pointing like this, and underneath the line "Seven Up."

The Limit.

Parson—So yo' consider Bruddah Smiff to be very skeptical?
Deacon—Skeptical? Why, pawson, ef he wah allowed to reach de pearly gates he'd chip off a piece to see if the pearl wah genuine.

Delicate Insinuation.

Miss New York—I thought so much of our old yacht that I had a pair of canvas shoes made out of the sail.
Miss Chicago—Gracious! Was it large enough for that?

In A. D. 1905.

Mrs. Upodate (to maid)—Marja, you need not set out the capsules for Mr. Upodate's dinner. I have received a Mareonigram that he will not be home until 10 o'clock, as his Santos-Dumont-able has had a breakdown.—Judge.

Secret Out.

Smith—Brown is certainly a good man. He always speaks well of his neighbors.
Jones—That isn't due to his goodness. He is anxious to sell his house and lot.

—Chicago News.

Sowing Wild Oats.

"Sense them city boarders got to comin' here our Johnny has been got to the bad," said Mrs. Hayseede to Mrs. Clovertopp.
"You don't say!"
"Yes, indeed! He's got to stay in' out late at night. Why, last Sat'day night he went off down town and never came home until after after 9. I've got a mind to ask the preacher to talk to him on the error of his way."—Baltimore American.

Needy Indeed.

"Can't yer help a poor man dat is widout money?" whined the rusty individual on the sidewalk.
"But how do I know that you are without money?" demanded the prosperous citizen.

"How do yer know? Why, can't yer see I don't wear a Panama hat?"—Chicago News.

The Wild Chauffeur.

"Isn't he satisfied with an automobile that will smash records?"
"No; he wants one that will smash trees and telegraph poles."

His Opinion.

Mrs. De Style—How do I look in my new bathing suit, dear?
Mr. De Style—Oh, what little there is of you in it looks all right.

He Was Wise.

Touchley—Say, Colner, I'd like to have a short talk with you.
Colner—It's no use, Touchley. I haven't got a dollar in my clothes.

Wise Precaution.

Bixby—I see young DeColn carries a footman perched on the rear of his automobile.
Nixby—Huh! That innocent-looking footman is a coroner in disguise.

Lost and Won.

Green—Jones tells me you lost your job by staying a week longer on your vacation than the firm gave you?
Brown—Yes, but that one boosted my financial prospects out of sight.
Green—How's that?
Brown—I married the only daughter of a man worth \$100,000.

Pair of Them.

Canvasser (entering office)—I would like to see the manager.
Proprietor—Which one—the office boy or the typewriter?

Only the Truth.

Employer—So you went to the ball game, eh? Thought you were going to the cemetery?
Office Boy (who saw home team lose)—Well, I just as well had. I saw so many 'dead ones'!

Just Home from School.



Mrs. Retired—Well, Bridget, now what's the matter? Isn't my daughter Esther in the kitchen to help you?
Bridget—That's just it, mum. If I've got to eat her cooking, I'll quit.

Had to Decide.

Two jolly sons of Erin halted at a wayside inn.
"Phwat does the soign say, Pat?" asked one.

"Accommodation for mon an' baste," read the other.
"Thin ligs go in."
"Hould on."
"Phwat for?"

"Which av us will be th' mon an' which th' baste?"—Chicago Daily News.

Another General.

"Any letters for me, Pomp?" demanded the pompous old general as he hobbled out to the gate.
"No, sah!" responded the colored mail carrier.

"No letters addressed 'General'?"
"One, sah."
"Then it must be for me. I am the only general in town."
"Ah doan think so, sah."
"What general is it?"
"General delivery."

His Belief.

She—Do you believe that people should marry their opposites?
He—Certainly. That's why I am looking for a girl with money.

Long-Winded.

Tess—Mr. Gayley's stories are rather broad, don't you think?
Jess—Perhaps, but fortunately they are not as broad as they are long.—Philadelphia Press.

Both Useful and Ornamental.

Mother—I don't see that you learned anything either useful or ornamental at that school last year.
Pretty Daughter—Oh, but you don't know. For one thing, I learned how to make my shoelace come untied whenever I wish.—New York Weekly.

Slight Variation.

Stubb—When you proposed I suppose she sprung that old gag, "This is so sudden!"
Penn—Nothing of the kind. She said: "You silly thing! Why didn't you say the word sooner and save gas bills?"

The Wise Fly.

Once a foolish fly said to the Phrenologist Fly: "Come and let us make haste and alight on yonder bald head."
"Not so," said the Phrenologist Fly. "Con you not see that the bald head possesses an enormous bump of combativeness?"

This teaches us that a Misfortune may at Times Possess Advantages.—Baltimore American.