

Custer County Republican

B. M. ANSBRENNY, EDITOR & PUBLISHER

BROKEN BOW, NEBRASKA

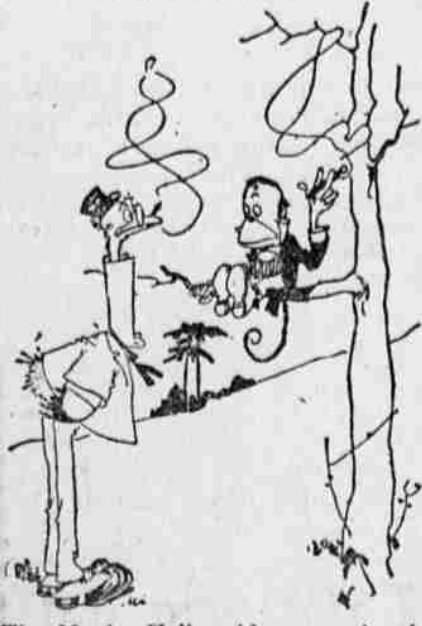
HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Odd, Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day—A Budget of Fun.

A boy and a girl got two pieces of cake, a large and small piece. The boy, who was to divide it, took the large piece and gave the girl the small piece. The little girl said: "If I were serving the cake, I would give you the large piece and keep the small piece myself."

Helped Out Wifey.



The Monk—Hello, old man, where's your tail? The Ostrich—Well, you see I couldn't afford to buy my wife an Easter bonnet, and—er—er—well, she retrimmed her old one!

Two Sides to It.

Wife—It's hateful of you not to give me the bonnet I want. Ah! me! If you only knew how much I have to put up with.

Husband—Huh! If you only knew how little I have to put up with you wouldn't ask me to put up for a bonnet.—Philadelphia Press.

Insinuating.

Harry—I hear you do not speak to Miss Rose.

Reggie—No, she is too offending. I told her I went to a phenologist and had my head examined and she said there was nothing in it.

Harry—Did she mean there was nothing in phenology?

Reggie—She said I could draw my own conclusions.—Chicago News.

His Credentials.

Employer—Yes, I advertised for a strong boy. Think you can fill the bill? Applicant—Well, I just finished lickin' nineteen other applicants out in de hall.—St. Louis Star.

So They Did.

"A number of people refuse to concede that a man is great simply because he is rich."

"I know that," answered Senator Sorghum, "but you can't tell anything about popular opinion. Didn't a lot of people sneer at Galileo and Shakespeare and Napoleon and all the rest of the great men?"—Washington Star.

Desire of the Sex.



Stout Lady—Don't you think it is a beautiful thing to see a young girl growing into womanhood?

Old Lady—Yes, my dear; so many of them seem to want to grow into manhood.

What It Required.

"Father, I'd like to borrow \$1,000 to put up a house."

"Have you the plans, my son?"

"Yes; I have been reading in a domestic magazine how to build a cottage for \$1,000."

One Small Certainty.

The weather's so uncertain that 'tis sweet at least to know that when we reach July the 4th it surely will not snow. —Washington Star.

The Reason.

"Ain't been a lynchin' in this neighborhood in six weeks," said the Billville citizen. "Rope's higher than the tree limbs, an' the last two fellers out ran us!"—Atlanta Constitution.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

A CHOICE SELECTION OF INTERESTING ITEMS.

Comments and Criticisms Based Upon the Happenings of the Day—Historical and News Notes.

Has Count Reventlow been keeping tabs on the gunnery record of the battle ship Massachusetts?

The American woman who wanted to buy a real, live duke for \$125,000 must be a confirmed bargain hunter.

The high price of meat dwindles into insignificance at the news that diamonds are to advance 5 per cent in price.

It is about time for the historical novelists to give us a few stirring volumes with the plot centering on the late bicycle craze.

Young Vanderbilt gives his occupation as that of "gentleman." Was he working at it when he horsewhipped that snap-shot photographer?

The rulers of several countries are much displeased with the United States, but their subjects continue to come over at the rate of 75,000 a month.

Just to show the crass injustice of it all, we call attention to the custom which does not permit a woman to propose and still expects her to keep the conversation going.

Ghost of Henry Ward Beecher has located a valuable coin in the safe of the Rev. Dr. Funk. Now if the kindly spirit will locate a few valuable coins for the rest of us, it will meet a long felt want.

In "settling" the Dreyfus case as it did, France was left in the position of a man with a skunk under his barn. Every time a bad boy with a long pole comes along, there is dark blue trouble in the air.

A resident of Gotham has petitioned the Board of Aldermen to pass a resolution forbidding a man from kissing his wife on Sunday. Does this man realize that he has been sidetracked for about a century?

Notwithstanding the fact that a gas burner was found open and a note was left clearly indicating a desire to quit this world, a coroner's jury returned a verdict of accidental death in the case of a man who was asphyxiated.

Lo, the poor Indian, having been deprived of lands and hunting grounds, and made to cut his hair, must now give up his native cognomen. As ruled by the Indian Bureau, Young-Horse-Afraid-of-His-Oats will become plain John Smith.

The assertion of the esteemed Washington Star that "Washington can claim to be a city without graft," is not happy when we reflect that it is the only municipality in the country in the government of which its people have no voice.

A Tennessee contemporary records the birth of a girl baby with three hands and arms. Fortunate infant. When she attains the age of long dresses she will be able to carry an umbrella in one hand, hold up her skirts with the second, and keep the wind from blowing her hat off with the third.

We confess a fondness for the normal young man with red blood in his veins who likes to dance with a girl, to court her, to kiss her and to marry her. He is the sort we want in this country, for he is pretty sure to be manly. We don't want a lot of young prudes with warped intellects and kiln-dried bodies.

Ebenezer Butterick, who invented tissue paper dress patterns, was more of a benefactor than is generally supposed. The benediction at his bier will be inarticulately pronounced by millions of women and children whom he enabled to dress with taste without paying toll to the high-priced modiste. The tissue paper pattern and the sewing machine are next of kin in a vast beneficence.

Last year there were in this country more than 9,000 homicides. Of the number the proportion committed by women was hardly worth mentioning. The conclusion is that there is not the same need of protection against women that there is against men. It is the man who as a burglar enters the household and slays the landlord. It is the man who waylays the pedestrian and leaves him dead on the highway. It is the man who in a sudden quarrel draws a fatal weapon. Where a woman is concerned in a murder she is almost invariably the dupe of a man or she has been goaded by some wrong beyond the point of endurance.

We are just beginning to realize that the country is suffering from the same congestion that has overtaken the street car business in New York City. We have a railroad system that would be fairly adequate for 40,000,000 people and we are trying to make it cover the needs of 80,000,000. We build a few thousand miles of new railroad every year, but this is mostly for opening new territory and does nothing toward relieving the congestion on the main lines of traffic. Our railroad systems are mostly single-tracked. The time has come now when the great east and west trunk lines need six and eight tracks each to handle their business. They need two tracks for express and two for way passenger

trains, two for fast and two for slow freights.

Those Englishmen who imagine and assert that in the United States the dollar is almighty overlook the profound respect, amounting at times almost to reverence, with which Americans regard men, like Ralph Waldo Emerson, who believe in plain living and high thinking. Emerson has had many disciples in public as well as in private life, and the position which they occupy in the esteem and confidence of their fellow-citizens is one unapproached by any of our multi-millionaires. A few years ago the annual income of one member of the Federal Senate was reputed to exceed \$14,000,000 from one source alone. So far as we know, says Harper's Weekly, that gentleman's voice has never been heard but twice in the Senate-Chamber, and were he to speak oftener he would be listened to with more surprise than respect. On the other hand, there is no Senator who deserves and commands so much attention when he rises to discuss a public question as does the Hon. George F. Hoar, of Massachusetts; indeed, we do not hesitate to say that, since the death of Daniel Webster, there has never been a Senator whose utterances bear so well the searching test of time. Yet this man, who for a quarter of a century has worthily represented the commonwealth of Massachusetts in the Upper House of the Federal Legislature, has never known what it is to possess so modest an income even as two thousand dollars a year, outside of his salary. Up to a twelve-month ago, he had been unable to rent even a humble dwelling, but had lived in boarding houses, some tolerable, during the whole of his useful and honorable career in Washington. Has the fact impaired his social dignity or his political weight? We reply, not an iota. That is a truth well known to men who have lived in the Federal capital, and it is a truth as credible to the American people as it is to Senator Hoar himself.

There are fashions in suicide as in most other things. And people who so despise the world as to want to put themselves out of it nevertheless unconsciously pay it deference by observing the customary method of suicide. The thrill and habit of fashion are so fixed upon us that they survive even through the disdaint that leads to self-inflicted death. Perhaps everybody has observed that suicide is more in vogue in summer than in any other season. The thought of being interred in cool, moist earth, when elsewhere there is no escape from the heat, is not repugnant. Maybe this has something to do in creating the fashion. It is just as true, though hardly so generally observed, that fashions in suicide run along the lines of occupations and professions. In this country it is more common among farmers, but abroad among soldiers. Next come saloonkeepers and then physicians. Clergymen and miners most rarely take their lives. It would be difficult to find any reason for these distinctions, but most fashions are without defensible reasons. The favorite time of day for suicide is between 6 in the morning and noon. The favorite days of the week are Tuesdays and Thursdays. Saturday, for some unknown reason, sees fewer suicides than any other day. Theorists who are so quick to find reason for the commonness of suicide in summer might try to explain these other equally well-established peculiarities. If the effects of hot weather cause more suicides in July than in December, what causes more on Tuesday than on Saturday, and more before noon than after? Moralists are fond of accounting for suicides in general in reckless living and carelessness as to vital obligations. But suicides are most numerous in sober, frugal Germany, where they reach the great total of 246 in every million. This fact falls in the theory. More men kill themselves than women by about four to one. It is said in Spain that the percentage of women suicides is greatest; 29 women there kill themselves to every 100 men. The next largest proportion of women suicides is here in the United States, where the figures are 28 to 100. The wives with children figure in the suicide record at 45 in every million, while the childless women suicides reach 155. Widowers with children suicide at the rate of 523 in a million, and widowers without children at that of 1,094. In Europe, hanging is the favorite method of suicide, and Muhlhal's statistics show that in Denmark 73 per cent take this means. But hanging is no longer the fashion in the United States, and very likely the rope is preferred abroad only in the absence of easier means. With us there is a decided preference for the revolver among men, as there is for carbolic acid among women. Suicide by hanging has become comparatively rare in this country, except in rural districts. The rate of suicide among students is high, and steadily growing higher. Not long ago, nine cases of suicide were reported at a single English university within one year. That suicide can occur except as the result of mental aberration can hardly be believed, but it is somewhat curious how the aberrations run along established lines of custom that are not even recognized until statistics show that they have existed. Psychologists have a job on their hands.

Systematic theology is as necessary as the bones of a man, but those bones must be covered with warm flesh if we are to have a friend. Delight in the study of Christian anatomy must not rob us of our living friend, the matchless Son of Man. The weary,

Army of Genghis Khan. The army of Genghis Khan first used gunpowder in cannon in China in 1234, and the Chinese then learned its military value.

There is a time in every girl's life when she regrets that she wasn't named "Lucille."

THE POPULAR PULPIT



THE CRY FOR JESUS.

Sir, we would see Jesus.—John, xli. The east came to the cradle of Christ, the west came to his cross. The Magi and the Greeks represent that enlightened religious instinct which, dissatisfied with that which cannot feed the soul, is able to rise above previous education and prejudice and seek the gratification of its deepest needs and its highest aspirations wherever that gratification may be found.

These who thus came to Christ stood for that large number of Greeks, so frequently alluded to, who, perceiving the vanity of popular religion, turned to something more satisfying, and found in the synagogue service of the Jews something which appealed to the cravings of that instinct for God which all men possess. Attaching themselves more or less to Judaism without submitting to the religious rites necessary to give them full standing they came to Jerusalem to worship the God in whom they had come to believe. Here they put themselves in communication with one of the disciples of Jesus and request an interview with the man who has created so great a stir in the popular mind.

Their action may well be regarded by us as suggesting the cry of an enlightened religious instinct for the personal Christ.

More curiosity may prompt such a cry.

Now, as then, Jesus Christ is the problem of the ages. He is a personality that must be explained; a force that must be accounted for. This man, whom millions love and no one hates, thrusts himself before us in such a way that life is entirely changed for us after we meet him. "By what authority doest thou these things?" is a question we must have answered for the sake of our own peace of mind. "What shall I do with Jesus?" is the inquiry of a soul who is confronted by this perplexing personality, this masterful man. The age of inquiry in which we live finds its curiosity baffled by this teacher, whose character defies human analysis, whose truth transcends human philosophies, and whose influence is more living, more personal, more powerful in each succeeding age. Eager to wot what God would have us to do and be, we turn from all else to Jesus, in the hope that at last we can find an authority upon which we can rest.

Appreciation may lead us to him. Beyond mere curiosity a soul has come to know enough of Jesus to make him feel that life offers nothing better than the study of this character and life. Moral beauties disclose themselves in such a way as to charm us. We are fascinated by his graciousness, subdued by his tenderness, moved by his love. We cease to wonder why it is that those who reject him vie with those who accept him in laying their tribute of admiration at his feet, and can understand how it is that even an infidel can find the life of Jesus his highest theme and greatest satisfaction.

The motives which draw us to Jesus may be even deeper than those. There may be a strong personal desire on our part for Jesus because he has wooed and won us. We hold him not at arm's length; we look not at him in the spirit of inquiring criticism; we treat him not as something outside of ourselves, but as dearer to us than all the world; we desire to take him into our lives, to reign there king of love and life.

In any and every case that which this religious instinct cries for is a personality. When the church, by those rude methods which it once used, tried to convert the world to Christianity, it brought into its fold a mass of barbarous and unspiritual votaries, which left its impress upon church life for a thousand years. If the church Christianized paganism, paganism in turn paganized Christianity. As a result, the personality of Christ was largely lost. It is the glory of the present time that the church is swinging back more and more to the personal Christ. As the din of religious strife subsides there is presented in new beauty and power this one perfect personality. He, and he alone, meets the wants and answers the cry of the present day man. It is an age of individualism. The needs of man are paramount. As the monarch has gone down, man has gone up. Humanity wants a Christ who deals with individual men, and who addresses himself to individual wants. In the moment of sorrow we feel for the hand of the comforter; in the hour of loneliness we seek our companion; in the day of trouble we want the counsel of our friend. There is no one in all history who satisfies us so fully as Jesus of Nazareth, who, as "Man of Sorrows" and "Friend of Sinners," touches human hearts to cure, to comfort, to cleanse.

Systematic theology is as necessary as the bones of a man, but those bones must be covered with warm flesh if we are to have a friend. Delight in the study of Christian anatomy must not rob us of our living friend, the matchless Son of Man. The weary,

CARNEGIE IS CANNY DRIVER.

By Rev. John Merritt. I am pleased when workmen refuse to patronize the Carnegie libraries. The great steel magnate has only helped those who had no need of his help. He has been quite as shrewd and canny in posing as a philanthropist as he was in coining the sweat of other men's brows into the colossal fortune he now claims as his very own.

No able-bodied man, not even a preacher, can accept a charity without being debauched in doing so. Capitalists may practice cannibalism among themselves without greatly imperiling the republic, but the very moment the masses lose their healthy pride and self-respect everything will be lost. The poor man's choking at the offer of charity and request for honest employment instead is the strongest proof that he is still a man.

Do not be deluded into the idea that the fashionable avenues and boulevards where brown stone fronts and marble palaces predominate are the only or the most hopeful fields for evangelism. Down on the insignificant streets where the middle classes live, down in the so-called slums where haggard faces peer out of the window and nakedness runs and hides, there they wait with longing hearts for the sweet gospel of him who, like themselves, had not where to lay his head.

The toiling, struggling, often sorrowing masses are not agnostic or atheistic or anarchistic. The millions must not be condemned for the shortcomings of the few in the ranks of labor. The almost numberless masses have too much head and heart and immortality and inherent nobility of soul for such arrant nonsense and folly as that.

The bigot who said in his heart, "There is no God," was a rich fool, and he said it in his heart because, in the absence of brains, that was his only resort.

My young friends, carry the gospel to the poor. Do not neglect or be uncharitable to or—burning shame—forget the poor. The poor ye have with you always. Win them to Christ. They stand on the doorstep, in the yard, at the gate, looking up and down the long and dreary streets and alleyways, looking for you and wondering why you do not come with the message of salvation. Alas, some of them are too selfish and haughty and heartless and because you so much prefer the rich.

FOR A QUIET SABBATH.

By Rev. Charles W. Tinsley. No nation is more loyal to the Sabbath than our own. Our foundations were laid in deep reverence for the holy day. The Pilgrims, in 1620, half starved, shivered in the cold, rather than begin their work on the Sabbath. From that day to this there has been "American Sabbath." The necessity for the day is written deep in man's physical constitution. Like a clock, we run down. The sleep of the night is not enough. The seventh day is required to "knit up the raveled sleeve of care." The manual toiler needs it. The holy day is the north star of his deliverance from Sunday slavery. The home needs it. The highest type of home life demands Sabbath observance. It is no accident that the world map of safe popular freedom is made up on the Sabbath keeping nations. The Sabbath is the Gibraltar of law and order. It is simply patriotism to keep it.

IT IS BEING ATTACKED BY INSIDIOUS FOES.

Sunday mails are wholly unnecessary. They compel the labor of thousands of men who are entitled to their Sabbath. The Sunday newspaper attacks it. It displaces what is vastly more of value than that which it gives. It projects the secular spirit into the Sabbath. So with Sunday amusements of all sorts. It is not best observed as a day of amusement. Sunday excursions and Sunday baseball will demoralize any town. It ought to be permanently enjoined as a violation of an express statute.

SERMONETTES

To Win Men to Christ.—It seemed to be difficult in the time of Christ to reach men, and it is as true to-day. The church stands as the means to the end, and he would win men to her that they may know her Master. Men specially need the help of the church, as they are subject to the severest temptations. A church that wins men is strong and manly herself. Christ was first a man, and won men.—Rev. A. D. Mink, Methodist, Pittsburg, Pa.

All Forces.

All forces.—All forces are working for good or for evil. The central fact of life is work, not play. Some of the strongest forces that work for good are unconscious ones. They are organized for selfish or purely commercial purposes, and are caught up into the service of Christ without their own will. Put the church first always among organized forces.—Rev. Dr. McAfee, Presbyterian, Chicago, Ill.

Hope is so sweet, with its golden wings that, at his last sigh, man still implores it.—De la Pena.

Uneven Pairs.

A gentleman was donating his outfit preparatory to taking a horse-back ride into the country. After a while it occurred to him that his riding boots had been left in another part of the house and he accordingly informed a servant, a young Irishman, of their location, remarking at the time that there were two pairs together in the closet and he should be sure to get mates. In a few minutes the servant returned with two boots, but odd ones. "Why, don't you see these are not like?" said the other, out of patience with the fellow. "One has a longer top than the other."

The Affluent Agriculturist.

"Why do they always portray the farmer as purchasing gold bricks?" "That's easy explained," answered Mr. Cornstossel; "the farmer's the fellow that's got the cash these days; the other people is hustlin' to get some of it by any trick they can fix up."—Washington Star.

Not Strikingly Noble.

"So your daughter is going to marry a nobleman?" "Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox; "but he's only a nobleman by profession. Personally I must say he strikes me as a pretty common sort."—Washington Star.

The Ideal.

"How many children have you, Mrs. Scaddaleigh?" he asked. "One," she replied. "I must tell you what a cunning thing one of my dear little doggies did yesterday. I had her out for an airing in the carriage, and—" "The baby?" "The baby? Mercy, no! My doggie I hope you don't suppose I am my own nurse!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Plain Enough.

Briggs—What possesses you to wear that great uister? I'm never cold, and see how thin my overcoat is. "Goward—That doesn't signify. You just buy yourself a big uister, and I warrant you'll be cold enough after a few wearings to enjoy it all right.—Boston Transcript.

Not Likely to Remain.

Mistress—You are a nice little girl, Anna, and I like you very much. I hope you will remain with us always. Anna (innocently)—That's just what master said to me this morning.



"I don't believe you hold the public a very high esteem."

"My dear sir," rejoined the billionaire, "you wrong me. If it weren't for the public where would we look for our profits?"—Washington Star.

Old Variety.

"Let me sell you a letter-opener," said the clerk in the novelty store. "Have one home," responded the little man.

Appropriate.

Larry—They have a "flatiron building" in New York. Denny—Phwat kind av brick is it built av? Larry—Pressed, O! guess.

THAT'S THE TIME

When Proper Food Is Necessary.

Proper food is never more necessary than when recovering from a wasting sickness, when over-eating would be fatal and yet the body needs nourishment and plenty of it.

At this time the condensed food Grape-Nuts is shown to be one's most powerful friend. Four teaspoonfuls of Grape-Nuts and cream will sustain a healthy man for half a day and a less quantity in warm milk will build up the convalescent wonderfully. No stomach is too weak to digest and relish Grape-Nuts. "I was taken sick with typhoid fever and everyone who has had this disease knows how weak and lifeless a person feels when beginning to recuperate."

"I had to be very careful about my diet and could eat only very light foods. These did not seem to nourish me and instead of getting better every day I was just at a standstill and every day began to fear a relapse. One day while lying in bed very much discouraged my sister who was reading to me from the paper read an article about Grape-Nuts and we decided to send for a package."

"From the very first meal of Grape-Nuts I began to improve, strength came in bounds and leaps with the result that I was soon out of bed; my change for the better seemed simply marvelous. My mind is clear and strong and my body sturdy. I am now entirely recovered." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There is a reason. A dessert that helps the body, that's the thing! Any number of them in the little recipe book in each package of Grape-Nuts.