

# Custer County Republican

D. M. AMSBERRY, EDITOR & PUBLISHED  
BROKEN BOW, NEBRASKA

Havana has found that it pays to keep clean.

There are lots of people who could talk well if they knew what to talk about.

The trouble with people who have hobbies is that they always want you to ride with them.

A germ has been discovered that generates a fevered frenzy indicated by a mad desire to haul up carpets and scrub floors.

A modern physician says when a man has rheumatism there are but two things he can do; he can grin and bear it, or bear it and not grin.

How can Uncle Sam criticize the dilatory tactics pursued by the Sultan when he himself has just paid an award of damages 102 years old?

The Kaiser would respectfully give the world to understand that in the matter of being chummy with the Pope, President Roosevelt is not the whole cheese.

Race suicide may not be a characteristic of Kentucky, but the free and unlimited sort of murder in which the natives now and then indulge answers much the same purpose.

Dr. Lyman Abbott has thrown Adam overboard. Oh, see here, now, this is too much! We are willing to compromise by tossing Jonah to his whale, but we make a stand for Adam.

If you are in doubt as to what to do with that spare dollar, send it to the Audubon Society, for protecting the wild birds is not only in the interest of pleasure and beauty, but of economy.

The Governor of Kansas says he will appoint no man to office who has not something laid away for a rainy day. What does the Governor of Kansas think people want public offices for, anyway?

James B. Markum was shot from behind in Kentucky the other day. He is the thirty-first victim of the feud with which he is identified. It is hoped this feud will soon be ended now, as only a few of the parties to it are left.

A Boston judge has decided that a man has as good a right to hiss at a theater as to applaud. He may have the legal right, but he never ought to exercise it. Silence is the worst sort of "frost" that can strike a play in these days.

A movement has been started in France to decrease the infantile death rate so as "to provide the requisite number of recruits for the army." By the way, which is the better way, to let a baby die while in swaddling clothes or to have it grow up to be shot?

A London surgeon declares that the people of the present generation are becoming very neurotic; that they are morose, morbid, and that they think it romantic to steal away. If they will only steal away it is not so bad. It's the fellow that steals a chicken, or a bank's funds, or a franchise that keeps the world's thought in disorder.

More than a thousand Pennsylvania miners "struck" the other day to decide the question whether or not a bridle is part of a mule's harness. The trouble rose from the refusal of the stablemen to put on the bridles. Referees recommended that the mules be driven without bridles, and their suggestion was adopted. Then the men came back. The mules have passed a vote of thanks.

Carpenters who were repairing the Mary Washington house, opposite Fredericksburg, recently found in the ceiling a small hatchet of peculiar shape. They began to talk of the cherry tree and the small boy who could not tell a lie, and an old negro woman was found who remembered seeing George hide the hatchet after his famous achievement. But—and so the romance disappears from life—Washington was a grown man before his mother bought the house. And the cherry tree hatchet is still unbound, although it is not unbound or unsung.

You never heard of a wild animal that had rheumatism until it reached captivity and was kept off the earth. You never heard of a horse that had rheumatism until it was shod with iron and kept off the earth. You never heard of a dog that had rheumatism until it became a household pet and was pampered—kept off the earth. The heathens of Africa and the Pacific Islands never had rheumatism, so far as we know, until they got to wearing sandals or shoes. I once knew a fool man who, whenever he got sick, would dig a trench in his garden, lie down in it and have his wife cover him with fresh earth as far up as his chin. He would remain there for an hour or two, then get up in fine spirits. Mother earth! The contact! It looked like the resurrection—and it was. Let all the boys go barefooted.

Mrs. John G. Carlisle, wife of the former Secretary of the United States Treasury, the other day sat on the asphalt pavement on Fifth Avenue, New York, holding in her lap the head and soothing the pain of one of her horses

that had slipped, broken a blood vessel and was dying. It wasn't a dignified or "corrupt" attitude for a great society lady, was it? And Fifth Avenue, along about Thirty-fourth street, where this peculiar spectacle occurred, is such a public place! In the little while that Mrs. Carlisle sat there on the pavement, holding the dying horse's head, hundreds of fine ladies, male and female, must have swept by in their fine carriages, started in amazement and exclaimed: "How shockingly improper!" But it is not likely that disapproving glances or remarks disturbed the Good Samaritan. She had for the moment ceased to be the fine society lady and had become the woman. The thin, shiny veneer of conventionality had fallen away, and a great, warm, true heart was exposed. People may laugh at the impulsive frankness of a true heart, but the true heart knows they are but shallow fools. That spectacle of one of the leading women of the land sitting on the pavement of the country's most fashionable thoroughfare, easing her injured horse's death pangs, may lack dignity from some viewpoints, but from the true humanitarian viewpoint it has a supreme dignity that is borrowed from high heaven.

"Atom" means something indivisible, but the chemical atom has belied its name. The atom of hydrogen, the smallest and lightest of them all, is now believed to be made up of about seven hundred "electrons"—a name given to the ultimate particles of matter, each of which is charged with electricity. There is, perhaps, no grander conception of the constitution of matter than is that set forth in a recent lecture by Sir Oliver Lodge, one of the foremost men of science of our time. He asks us to consider an atom of any element as an infinitely little solar system. If the electron be conceived of as having the size of the full stop at the end of this sentence, the size of an atom of hydrogen will be that of a church one hundred and sixty feet long, eighty feet broad and forty feet high. Less than a thousand electrons occupy the atom, in the sense that an army occupies a country. They prevent anything else from entering; they make the atom impenetrable, although they do not fill a trillionth part of the space with their actual substance. The electrons are in violent motion among themselves, having a speed probably one-tenth that of light—thousands of miles a second. Yet there is little danger of collision, for the electrons are much farther apart in proportion to their size than are the planets of our system. Thus, says Sir Oliver, we have come to an atomic astronomy, and he suggests the amazing thought that there is no such thing as absolute size, and that even solar and star systems may be the atoms of a larger universe. It seems a contradiction in terms to speak of the study of an atom as a means of broadening the mind; but where can one find a higher flight of the fancy than in the idea of that atom as a sphere of motion at a speed which the human mind can hardly conceive?

If a cheerful prophet is to be believed, the dread scourge of consumption will within a very few years be entirely wiped out. The limit has been set at 25 years for Prussia, and 20 years later than that for England. America is not in the reckoning. The cheerful prophet is Alfred Hillier, whose article, carefully fortified with statistics, is causing profoundest interest among scientists of Europe, and has just been republished in American Medicine. Hillier's article is the boldest and most specific proclamation yet made of the theory that consumption has been mastered. He presents a statistical chart showing that at the present rate of decrease deaths from pulmonary tuberculosis will cease in Prussia in about the year 1927. By this time, he argues, the disease will have decreased very greatly in England also, though the death rate from it there will still be about 8 per 10,000. Within 20 years more, he says, England, too, will be free from it. The figures upon which Mr. Hillier bases his conclusions tell a plausible story. The Prussian statistics do not deal with the phthisis rate alone, but with all the deaths from tuberculosis. The decline of this rate to any notable extent began in 1886 and has been very rapid since that time. From 1876 to 1886 the rate was 31 per 10,000. In 1887 the drop began, and continued down to 1900, the date of the statistical report, when it had fallen to 21 per 10,000. In England, in the same period, the drop was from 24 to 10. The rapid fall in the Prussian rate is ascribed to three causes: (1) To the precautions against infectious disease, due to the discovery of the tubercle bacillus. (2) To the improved conditions of the working classes due to the workman's State insurance laws. (3) To the establishment of sanitariums. In the United States the death rate from tuberculosis is frightfully high and is said to be increasing.

A Reminder.  
Judge—They say that when a man faces a sudden danger all the events of his past life pass over.  
Fudge—That so? Well, let us go out in my automobile.  
"Why?"  
"Well, the sudden danger may bring before your mind the fact that you borrowed \$50 from me several years ago and you've forgot to pay it."  
Baltimore Herald.

The average man never wishes he were a woman, but he admits a little envy of her when he begins to get bald.

When a woman is good to her kin, she is better to them than she is to her husband.

## 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.

"You seem to be enjoying unusually good health," said the friend of the family. "The last time I was here you were up against a severe attack of dyspepsia."  
"That's right," replied the jovial head of the household. "I bunked the undertaker out of a job, all right, all right."

"How did you manage it?" was the friendly interrogatory.  
"I got hold of my wife's cookbook and made a bonfire of it," was the significant reply.

Not Even a Comparison.  
La Montt—Yes, I heard them discharging a 16-inch gun the other day.  
La Moyné—You did not seem much disturbed by the rumpus.  
La Montt—No, I heard my wife discharging the cook before I left home.

Same Old Diet.  
"How many meals do they have at your boarding house?" asked the bosom friend.  
"One," replied the boarder, sadly.  
"What meal is that?"  
"Oatmeal."

An Explanation.  
Miles—How did De Jones get to be such a confirmed woman hater?  
Giles—Oh, he was a floorwalker in a dry goods store for seven years.

The Conspicuous Medal.



Planiat—You see those small medals? Well, I got those for playing the piano when I was in Germany.  
Chorus—But the large one, Herr Hahr, how did you get that?  
Planiat—Oh, that one, the people in our flat gave me that for not playing around home.

They Wanted Her to Go.  
"Yes, daughter is going abroad to continue her studies in singing."  
"Indeed?"  
"Yes. Everybody in our flat contributed to a fund to send her to Berlin. They were all so kind. They wanted her to go as soon as possible and some of them said they'd be glad to send her still farther. And when I asked them if they wouldn't miss her voice they admitted that they would for a time. And then they quickly added that of course this mustn't stand in the way of her going. And old Mr. Bascomb said, in his serious voice: 'What is our gain in Berlin's loss.' Of course he meant it the other way. He's so funny."  
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Couldn't Do Worse.  
"Young man," said the stern father, "do you think you are in a position to support my daughter in the style to which she has been accustomed?"  
"Sure thing," replied the knowing youth. "Why, only last week she refused to accompany me to the theater because she had nothing to wear."

Her First Impression.  
"What is that number on his automobile?"  
"Why, Jennie, that is the number of the machine."  
"Indeed! I thought it was the number of people he had run down."

He Knew.



Mrs. Haytop—Hiram, what is a gilt-edged investment?  
Haytop—Well, I guess as how it's a gold brick, Mandy.

Progressive.  
Giles—By the way, what became of that fellow Skinnem who was in the coal business here last winter?  
Miles—Oh, he sold out about a month ago and went to Arizona. Last I heard of him he was in jail for robbing a stage coach.  
Giles—In other words, he evolved from a light weighman to a highwayman.

As It Should Be.  
Husband (during the spat)—Oh, well, a man is supposed to tell a few lies when he is doing a courtship stunt.  
Wife—Yes, I suppose so; but it's up to him to reform after he gets married.

Preliminary Steps.  
Ping—What is the first thing to do in learning to run an automobile?  
Pong—The first thing is to get your life insured and the second is to have an obese bank roll for repairs.

Should Be Encouraged.  
"Suppose," said the beautiful girl, gazing at the distant stars, "suppose this old earth should stop revolving?"  
"Not while we are together," he whispered, slipping his arm around her.  
"And why not?"  
"Because 'love makes the world go round.'"

In the Woolly West.  
"Go in and tell the editor I am out here with a horsewhip," cried the bawdy citizen.  
"He'll be very glad to hear it," replied the office boy. "He'll just take it away from you and sell it. We had an auction up here last week and sold a dozen."

### Baryard Repartee.



Little Spring Chicken—How do I look?  
Old Rooster—Fit to kill.

Generally Does.  
Silas—So Zeke came back from college with M. D. after his name. What does that mean?  
Cyrus—Medical doctor, of course.  
Silas—H'm! I thought maybe it meant "Many Debts."

The Evil.  
Mrs. A.—I wish my husband would shave himself.  
Mrs. Z.—Then you wish him to economize?  
Mrs. A.—No, it is not economy. You see when he goes down to the barber shop he reads all them old jokes in the comic papers and springs them at breakfast.

Retort Courteous.  
Husband (during the spat)—I wouldn't be a fool if I were you.  
Wife (calmly)—My dear, I can readily understand that if you were me you wouldn't be a fool.

Another View of It.  
She—a well-known writer says that in order to succeed a man must be 95 per cent backbone.  
He—Oh, I don't know. A good many who have managed to arrive are 95 per cent cheek.

Taking It Out on the Family.  
Mrs. Ferguson—George, what particular falling of yours did the preacher touch on in his sermon this morning?  
Mr. Ferguson—What do you ask me that question for?  
Mrs. Ferguson—Because you have been as cross as a bear ever since you came home from church.

### Ready Wit.



Binks (a coal dealer)—I'm getting awfully heavy.  
Jinks (an ice man)—You don't look it. I guess you've been weighing yourself on your own scales.

Heroic Boy.  
Mamma (returning from a shopping expedition down town)—What on earth has happened, Willie? Has the house been on fire?  
Willie—None. Them Bunker boys dared me to ride the goat around the parlor and up and down the stairs, and I won't take a dare from nobody!

In the Gloaming.

They were sitting all alone on the old rustic porch.  
The young man was very bashful.  
"Don't you know," he said, finally, more to break the monotony than anything else, "some people are mean enough to think I am a freak?"  
"Well," replied the pretty girl, with a yawn, "I think you are something of an 'armless wonder' myself."  
He took the hint.

Unbiased Criticism.  
"What do you think I ought to get for this painting?" asked the very young artist.  
"Well," replied the matter-of-fact friend, "I think any judge would be justified in giving you at least six months."

Natural Supposition.  
"Ross," said the old man, "I know you are engaged to that young lady and call on her every night."  
"What of that?" asked the youth in the lagrown hat.  
"Well, er—would you mind giving me all the cigars that get broken in your vest pocket?"

Belle's Garden.  
Now in our little garden plot Belle digs and plants with joy; I wot it will not tire me much to hoe— For most seeds don't come up, you know!

Makes Good.  
"Isn't Jimson a young-looking man for his age? He's 62, and he doesn't look a day over 40."  
"And sometimes, when you hear him talk, you'd think he wasn't a day over 5."

## GOOD Short Stories

An American tourist who called on Robert Burns' widow, Jean Armour, a few years after his death, had the audacity to ask her: "Can you show me any relics of the poet?" "Sir," answered the old lady, with majestic dignity: "I am the only relic of Robert Burns."

Charles H. E. Brookfield says he was in Stevenson's company at the moment when the germ of the idea of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" was conceived. Stevenson was inveighing against a man with whom he had done business, and with whose methods he was dissatisfied. The man's name was Samuel Creggan, or something like it. "He is a man who trades on the Samuel," Stevenson declared in his rather finicky, musical Scott's voice. "He receives you with Samuel's smile on his face; with the gesture of Samuel he invites you into a chair; with Samuel's eyes cast down in self-deprecation, he tells you how well satisfied his clients have always been with his dealings; but every now and then you catch a glimpse of the Creggan peeping out like a white ferret. Creggan's real name; Samuel's only superficial."

On April Fool's day, the audience at an amateur dramatic performance in the Naval Academy at Annapolis was startled when one of the instructors made his appearance before the curtain about the time the performance was to begin, and solemnly announced: "I wish to make an announcement—a very sad announcement. Under the circumstances it scarcely seems fitting that the entertainment should proceed. Word has just been received that one of the navy's vessels has gone down with all on board!" A hush of horror followed this gravely delivered speech, for most of those in the audience were connected by close family ties with the navy. "What was the name of the vessel?" came a voice from the rear of the hall. "The submarine boat Holland," replied the instructor, as he dodged and made a hasty exit.

Francis E. Leupp says that probably the shortest speech ever delivered in Congress was made by "Ben" Butler, of Massachusetts. An Ohio member had fallen afoot on his one day, and poured upon him a torrent of abuse which would have excited general indignation but for an unconsciously ridiculous gesture with which the orator accompanied almost every alternate sentence; this tempered the disgust of his hearers with mirth. He would raise his arms just as high above his head as possible, and then wring his hands as if he were making a delicious attempt to wring them off. Butler sat through the speech with his eyes half closed, not moving a muscle. He rose when his assailant finished, and stood calmly in the aisle. After perhaps a minute of silence he began: "Mr. Speaker!" Another impressive pause, and expectancy reached nearly the bursting point. Suddenly raising his arms, Butler reproduced exactly the awful gesture of the Ohio congressman. Then his arms fell to his sides, and for another minute he stood silent. "That is all, Mr. Speaker," he said finally, and sat down; "I just wanted to answer the gentleman from Ohio."

To Fumigate at Sea.  
Plans have been presented by the general manager of the Mexican-American Steamship Co. to the surgeon-general of the public health and marine hospital service which provide for the establishment of a floating fumigating plant, the time required for fumigating vessels while in transit being deducted from the five days they are required to remain in quarantine before being allowed to come up to the city of New Orleans. The adoption of the scheme would, it is asserted, greatly facilitate the intercourse between New Orleans and Central and South American ports. This is of particular consequence just now since the Chinese Commercial Co. has adopted a short route to New Orleans by steamers sailing to Manzanillo, instead of to San Francisco, as heretofore. — New York Medical Journal.

An Oversight.  
"It was a little careless of me," said Farmer Corntassel. "A little careless."  
"What's the matter?" asked his wife. "Do you remember last year when I was prayin' for rain?"  
"Yes, but the rain didn't arrive then."  
"No, but here it is now. I ought to have been a little more exact in speel'fyin' the date."—Washington Star.

Play of Edison's Mind.  
The play of Thomas A. Edison's mind is as wonderful as the characteristic way in which he does his reading. Outside of his technical reading he is said never to look at a book unless it is spoken of to him by his wife or some friend. Then he sits down and reads until he has finished it.

Denying Papa a Pleasure.  
Beatrice—So Ethel has refused to elope with Clarence? What is the trouble?  
Agnes—Oh, I really don't know. She is mad with her father about some thing, I suppose.—Puck.

A man isn't necessarily a figurehead; just because he has a good head for figures.

## CUTICURA OINTMENT

Purest of Emollients and Greatest of Skin Cures.

The Most Wonderful Curative of All Time

For Torturing, Disfiguring Skin Humours

And Purest and Sweetest of Toilet Emollients.

Cuticura Ointment is beyond question the most successful curative for torturing, disfiguring humours of the skin and scalp, including loss of hair, ever compounded, in proof of which a single anointing preceded by a hot bath with Cuticura Soap, and followed in the severer cases, by a dose of Cuticura Resolvent, is often sufficient to afford immediate relief in the most distressing forms of itching, burning and scaly humours, permit rest and sleep, and point to a speedy cure when all other remedies fail. It is especially so in the treatment of infants and children, cleansing, soothing and healing the most distressing of infantile humours, and preserving, purifying and beautifying the skin, scalp and hair. Cuticura Ointment possesses, at the same time, the charm of satisfying the simple wants of the toilet, in caring for the skin, scalp, hair, hands and feet, from infancy to age, far more effectually, agreeably and economically than the most expensive of toilet emollients. Its "Instant relief for skin-tortured babies," or "Sanative and antiseptic cleansing," or "One-night treatment of the hands or feet," or "Single treatment of the hair," or "Use after athletics," cycling, golf, tennis, riding, sparring, or any sport, each in connection with the use of Cuticura Soap, is sufficient evidence of this.

Sold throughout the world. Cuticura Resolvent, the form of Cuticura Soap, 25c per box of 50, Cuticura Ointment, 25c. Depot, London, 17, Charterhouse Lane, E.C. 4. Paris, 119, Boulevard des Capucines. New York, 15, West 34th Street. Sole Proprietors.

Up Against It—"Is your employer out?" inquired the caller.  
"Yes, sir," replied the office boy.  
"How do you know without looking into his private office?"  
"Because I just heard him growl about the cards he was gettin' and call for another stack of blues."—Philadelphia Press.

FITS Permanently Cured. Write or newswoman for free day's use of Dr. King's Great Nerve Restorer. Sold for \$1.00 per trial bottle and treated. DR. R. H. KING, 1110-1112 Ave. N., Philadelphia, Pa.

The fact is odd: The postoffice savings bank of Great Britain are technically insolvent. Their deposits at the end of the year were \$700,000,000 their assets only about \$670,000,000. Nobody worries about a little thing like that: the government is responsible. Of course the discrepancy rose from the high prices the department was forced to pay for national bonds before the Boer war. The lowering the rate of interest allowed is an obvious cure. The postal banks were authorized in 1881 and nearly \$10,000,000 was deposited the first year. Some later developments are curious. By the "sip" system a sum so small as two cents can be deposited. Deposits can be withdrawn by telegraph. School savings banks are recognized, but are not very successful, owing to the superior attraction of sweets as a medium of investment. A feature of the postal banks is that, through their agency depositors can buy small fractional portions of government bonds.

### BABY WEATHER.

Little Fellows Don't Like the Hot Days.

Mothers should know exactly what food to give babies in hot weather. With the broiling hot days in July and August the mother of a baby is always anxious for the health of her little one and is then particularly careful in feeding. Milk sours quickly and other food is uncertain. Even in spite of caution, sickness sometimes creeps in and then the right food is more necessary than ever.

"Our baby boy two years old began in August to have attacks of terrible stomach and bowel trouble. The physician said his digestion was very bad and that if it had been earlier in the summer and hotter weather we would surely have lost him."  
"Finally we gave baby Grape-Nuts food, feeding it several times the first day, and the next morning he seemed better and brighter than he had been for many days. There was a great change in the condition of his bowels and in three days they were entirely normal. He is now well and getting very strong and fleshy and we know that Grape-Nuts saved his life, for he was a very, very ill baby. Grape-Nuts food must have wonderful properties to effect such cures as this."

"We grown-ups in our family all use Grape-Nuts and also Postum in place of coffee, with the result that we never any of us have any coffee ills, but are well and strong." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.  
The reason Grape-Nuts food relieves bowel trouble in babies or adults is because the starch of the grain is predigested and does not tax the bowels, nor ferment like white bread, potatoes, or other forms of starchy food.  
Send for particulars by mail of extension of time on the \$7,500,000 cooks' contest for 1911.