

Custer County Republican

M. M. AMSBERRY, EDITOR & PUBLISHER

BROKEN BOW, NEBRASKA

Man is of few days and full of condensed cussedness.

Always view a scene with a mule in it from the foreground.

When told to take a back seat the average man will take affront.

Any one in Paris is likely to have Santos-Dumont drop in on him.

A man's true friends keep quiet when some one is enumerating his virtues.

Some women confide in men for the purpose of extracting secrets from them.

What good will it do us if they have found the smallpox germ? We didn't lose him.

The Chinese invented firecrackers; but the Christians figured out the automobile.

Presently he may go fourflushing down the corridors of time as King Peter Out.

The doctors say fat babies are not healthy. Is this to be construed as a deadly blow to the nursing bottle?

Good advice has a monetary value. It's the other kind that is handed out by those who are running a gift enterprise.

While a negro and a Chinaman divided class honors at Yale, the athletic honors of the institution are still held by the whites.

Porto Rico held a flag day, at which fifteen hundred American flags were carried in procession. It seems as if this were a loyal colony.

While the easy-going individual is trying to figure out which is the best foot to put forward the strenuous man gets there with both feet.

When King Peter arrived at Belgrade the bands played the Serbian national anthem. The Serbian national anthem is "God Help the King."

A scientist assures us that the earth is good for 20,000,000 years yet. Unless, of course, Morgan and Baer should decide to take it with them.

The largest man in the world has been discovered in Kustjak, Russia. Good! We have several unbeaten specimens of the smallest right here.

It costs some young men as high as \$25,000 each for a four years' course at Yale. But these young men would spend the money even if they were not at Yale.

To be sure the office should seek the man, but any of our statesmen would tell you that there is no necessity of hiding in the cellar when the office is going by the house.

An eminent scientist connected with the agricultural bureau states that the world's demand for beans has passed the supply. The roar of apprehension in Boston papers sounds like a yardful of locomotives letting off steam.

A pastor has preached against what he is pleased to call "the peckaboo waist." The waist may be immodest, but calling public attention to it comes nearer to being immoral than the garment itself. Beloved brethren, let us think twice before speaking three times.

"Freedom, home life and content of heart" were some of the possessions for which a former member of the President's cabinet declared himself thankful, when speaking at a public dinner recently. He had been referring to our multimillionaires, and the blessings of which their great wealth almost necessarily deprives them, and "I am glad I am not a rich man," he said. A great many thoughtful people feel the same way—especially those who are able to say, "I am glad I am not a poor man."

Some curious person asked the late Oliver Wendell Holmes about his age. "Seventy-two years young" (not "old") was his reply. Some men are younger at seventy than others are at forty or fifty. Some men are never young. Old age hovers over them before they reach mature years. They are rotten as soon as they are ripe. Some men are never old, but carry to the latest hours of their lives the buoyancy, the blitheness of disposition, the faculty for mental labor, the power of thought and expression, the susceptibility to higher culture which marked their growth from adolescence.

When it is here remarked that the male American is declaring symptoms of dawdling inefficiency no occasion is offered for indignant reprobation. The average American has so much thorough masculinity that he can spare enough to dower a less vigorous people. What is meant is that the natural reaction to the paramourcy of the American girl has set in. As she shares the pursuits, the pleasures and the liberties of her brothers and imposes her commands upon them she becomes more masculine, they more feminine; her shoulders square off, theirs begin to slope. She dons the

sweater and the blazer and wears her skirts shorter and shorter; they take to pink shirtwaists and clocked over work stockings, and their ever baggier trousers, worn so long that they have to be turned up at the bottom, seem fashioned on a seraglio pattern.

Servian government bonds, despite the precarious position of rulers and people, have been rather more steady in the recent fluctuations of European public securities than those of other states. During the Boer war period, between 1899 and 1902, when British consols fell 20 points and German Imperial 3 per cents 10, the extreme decline in Servian 4s was 8 points. What is more striking still, their price at the opening of June, 1903, was higher than the highest figure reached in the period from 1898 to 1902 inclusive. This did not result, however, from blind confidence in Servian willingness or unwillingness to pay. Servia is mortgaged to the bankers as tightly as Turkey or Greece or Portugal or China. There sits at Belgrade a so-called "autonomous administration of monopolies," which, without reference to the government, receives and administers for the benefit of Servia's creditors, (1) net earnings of various state railways, (2) liquor licenses, (3) tobacco monopolies, (4) customs duties, (5) salt monopoly, and (6) petroleum monopoly. This has an interesting sound. It makes one wonder what sort of figure a "trust plank" would cut in the platform of a Servian minority party.

Once upon a time a boy drifted away from the teachings of a good mother and got into bad company. It is a strange characteristic of the tangle that he is not satisfied with being tough. He wants to spread the contagion, to extend his meanness to make other boys as bad as himself. And he finds many converts. So the boy who figures in this editorial learned to lie, to pilfer, to drink, to curse and all these things were hailed as virtues in the small circle in which he had been initiated. At heart he wasn't a bad fellow, but he was weak. Finally, he was caught stealing, and was sent to the penitentiary for one year. He did a lot of thinking. In his little stone cell he discovered that the way of the transgressor is always hard, and the one mighty resolve he made was, "I will be good." He meant it, too. He had a foolish notion that he could walk out of prison one day, begin at the spot where he took the wrong road, look the world in the face and start anew. When the term was ended he walked out into God's sunlight and went to work. The bad thoughts were gone, the bad living was only a memory, and he went to work almost happy. He got a job as brakeman, and did his duty as a man who owed society nothing beyond what had been paid behind the gray walls of the great prison. Society, as a whole, never quite forgives a human being for a crime. There is always a some one to give the struggling man a kick in the face when he needs a helping hand. The anonymous letter writer got in his deadly work. "You have an ex-convict in your employ," was the burden of the missive, and it reached the mark and lost the young brakeman his place. Men do not like to work with ex-convicts, if they know it. There is a sneaking feeling that the fellow who has been in the "pen" isn't fit to associate with free men, and nobody cares to go into details. Yes, they discharged the penitentiary brakeman, and in the books of hell a long dery credit mark was set down to the cur who wrote the anonymous letter. The young man? The last heard of him he was idle, trying to remain honest with the road to ruin wide open and the narrow way to respectability almost barred.

OLD MASON AND DIXON LINE BEING RESURVEYED
The work of restoring and remarking the Mason and Dixon line is rapidly nearing completion, under the supervision of competent engineers appointed jointly by the States of Maryland and Pennsylvania. In April, 1901, each State appropriated \$5,000 for the purpose. No question of territory is involved in the reconstruction, but the historic

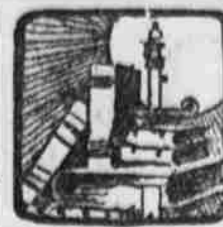
ON THE BOUNDARY LINE.

Interest in this imaginary division of North and South, warranted a remarking of the line marked out by Mason and Dixon in 1763.

Rock and earth mounds used at that time are still in existence to demonstrate the thoroughness of the original survey. An erroneous impression obtains that the line is thirty feet wide, but the fact is that the line is imaginary.

The false idea is due to the fact that the original survey necessitated a thirty-foot path through the wilderness, signs of which still remain.

The national bad habit is not stealing, drinking, gambling or loafing, but plain, every-day exaggeration.



EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

A Combination of farmers.

AN organization called the American Society of Equity, consisting of farmers and having its headquarters at Indianapolis, has issued a bulletin to the farmers of the West advising them that, by means of co-operation, it is easily possible to make \$1 per bushel the minimum price of wheat during the coming season.

The executive authorities of the American Society of Equity believe that it is easily possible, if the farmers will but exercise a small degree of self-restraint, to have the price of wheat in Chicago range from \$1 upward, though the advice is given not to insist upon more than \$1, for the reason that to hold for higher prices would lead to a great accumulation of the wheat supply in this country, which would have a disastrous effect when the time came to market the next harvest.

Advice on How to Succeed.

THERE are some faint signs of a waning in the epidemic of advice on how to succeed. It is futile enough, as a rule, for one man to give advice to another in a particular case when his advice has been sought and when he knows all the main facts. But what an utter waste of time for one man to advise an infinitely large and wholly unknown audience of all ages, conditions and aptitudes. And upon such a subject as success! What is "success?" Does anybody know? Can anybody tell? Is it to earn \$10,000,000 and lose friends, family life and health? Is it to become President or Senator and lose mainly self-respect by truckling to bosses, lying about one's real views on every important question and making one's self a mere voting machine to register the will of an interest or a combination of interests in control of the campaign committee and therefore of the party? Is it to write a book to catch the crowd—a book one must apologize for to all one's acquaintances? Or is it merely to keep one's self-respect, to work conscientiously at the task in hand and to care not a rap for consequences? When Shakespeare made Wolsey say, "Fling away ambition," he was expressing something more than the bitterness of a soured and stricken statesman. Whenever a man entertains an ambition beyond the development of his own intellect and character, doesn't he mount himself upon a steed that has never yet been broken to bridle?

What the devourers of advice on success are really seeking is something they can never find—how to succeed without work. At bottom all the envy of the well-to-do in the bosoms of the not-well-to-do is based upon hatred of work. The rich man is not envious for his cares, for his responsibilities; the facts that he has to work and to worry without ceasing, that he never has a thought free from responsibility of some sort, are absolutely ignored. All the envy thinks is, "That fellow doesn't have to work." And it is impossible to convince him that he is mistaken just as it is impossible to convince the average human being that he would not, and could not, endure it to change places with the King of England and Emperor of India unless he had been bred from childhood to the dull life of royalty. It is easy to reason men into a belief in the multiplication table and the law of gravitation. The impossible begins when one seeks to demonstrate the propositions about life that are "plain as the nose on your face." There isn't room for doubt that the only escape from wretchedness in this

world is through work, plenty of hard work, and that to induce any man to work there must be compulsion—compulsion of responsibility or compulsion of necessity. Yet who believe it in the bottom of their hearts? Not many.—Collier's Weekly.

Man-Made Floods and Desolation.

BEFORE 1802 there was a good boating stage of water through the open season in the Western rivers. This ranged in the Ohio and Mississippi from twelve to fifteen feet. Now, in nearly all the rivers, there are periods when the water is very high, and other periods when it is very low.

Forty years ago the smaller rivers and streams in Ohio, Pennsylvania, and New York—many of them fed by springs—had a regular flow the year around, and were full to the banks. The man who returns to his old home in these States now finds these creeks and rivers almost dry in the summer and raging torrents in the spring.

Many of the springs famous forty years ago are no longer in existence. Streams that then gave a regular supply of water to hundreds of farms are now in the summer time simply a series of pools. Even in our largest rivers in the dry season there is scarcely water enough for navigation, while in the spring come great floods like that recently raging in the Missouri and its tributaries.

There is a reason for this change. Fifty years ago the native forests in Ohio, Pennsylvania and New York were in their wild state. The trees had not been cut and the underbrush had not been cleared away. Now these forests have all been cut. Where there were square miles of forest there are now square miles as bare of trees as the prairies in Illinois.

Forty years ago the headwaters of all our great river systems were in highlands covered by trees. Gradually inroads were made upon these forests, and the mountains in which are found the fountains of the Ohio River system are now denuded. In the mountain regions at the sources of the Missouri and its tributaries two-thirds of the timber has been cut. In Wisconsin and Minnesota, on the headwaters of the Mississippi, 90 per cent of the trees have been cut.

Had the forests on the mountains and foothills not been cut or been destroyed by great forest fires, the snow would not have melted quickly and the heavy rainfall would, in part, have been retained in forest lands. Under present conditions, however, the thousands of mountain streams run with overflowing banks to the rivers, and the great river became a terrific agent of destruction.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Warning to Strikers.

WE all know from past experiences that it is quite possible for the members of a great community, in all except their food supply, to subsist when the outputs of mills and factories are reduced to less than half of the amount which it is possible for them to produce. But such a shutting-down means that the great mass of the wage-earners are no longer in receipt of earnings which rise in any degree above what is necessary to merely maintain existence. Under such conditions the operatives in American factories are made to realize by painful personal experience that there are other qualifications besides the better rate of wages and the minimum hours of daily work in determining whether their condition is or is not a satisfactory one. The man who can find work only for one-third to one-half of his time is ordinarily hard pressed to support his family, and hence we would suggest to the labor organizations that, while their demands in many instances may be just ones and worthy of determined maintenance, such demands should be made with discrimination, and that sympathetic strikes, which disarrange trade, should be deprecated, and not advocated. We say this because it is easily possible, by an extension of the troubles we are now having, to so paralyze industry as to bring what is known as business prosperity to a prompt and for some years to come, an effective ending.—Boston Herald.

THE FARMER IS A TYRANT WHO COULD NOT WELL BE SPARED

NINE times out of ten when you scratch a farmer you scratch a tyrant," said a suburban man who always has a new theory in his vest pocket.

"It's a fact; I'm a farmer's grandson, a farmer's son, and a farmer myself, so I know what I'm talking about. To own land and have sole control of everything, his eye lights on what makes a man a tyrant. The man who bosses farm hands all day, and who bosses horses, cows and pigs from morning till night, naturally gets to bossing his wife and his sons and daughters. He is czar of his small rural Russia, and it takes a firm hand to hold him down. That's why so many farmers have feuds with other farmers in their neighborhood—so many czars naturally come in conflict, and fall out.

"More than any other man in the world," continued the amateur preacher, "the man who lives in the country needs a good, firm-handed, high-tempered wife to hold him in, and make him behave himself. Every farmer who will tell the truth will tell you this. The farmer's wife must be a good fighter—for she has, in most cases, lots of fights to fight. She has to fight for her chickens—the tyrant-farmer always tries to meddle with his wife's chickens; she has to fight for college educations for her sons and daughters—she has to fight for all their privileges and pleasures. The average farmer never can understand why his children don't love farm life as well as he does. The farmer's wife has to keep peace between him and his neighbors—she has too often to contend to get a horse to go to town with on little pleasure jaunts of her own. Oh, these things are all true, in too many farmers' families.

"The farmer is a fine fellow, and the world couldn't spare him, but he does love to boss to beat the band. Two of my daughters have married farmers, and I put mischief into their heads in good season and taught them how to hold their own. A man respects a woman who won't let him have his own way too much. My wife has regulated me until I'm pretty respectable—and that's why I see all these things. Most farmers are big tyrants—yes, sir."—Detroit Free Press.

"No, you haven't," admitted the doctor; "but the magazine seems to open naturally to this article, my friend," and he soberly passed the magazine to the clergyman, who read aloud: "Some Curious Cases of Circumstantial Evidence in Criminal Trials."—Youth's Companion.

Miss Solomon and Her Lover.

A woman was walking in a palm grove when a man saw her and hastened after her. When she asked him why he followed her, he replied: "Because I am in love with you."

"And why are you in love with me?" she asked. "My sister who comes after me yonder is far more beautiful than I; go and fall in love with her instead."

The man complied and went back, but only to look upon a woman as

ugly as sin. He was vexed and returned to the first woman and said to her:

"Why did you deceive me?"

And she made answer:

"Did you not also tell me an untruth? For if you were really in love with me, why did you turn back to the other woman?"—New York Sun.

No Benefit Derived.

Bertie—Did you hear my rich old uncle was dead?

Gussie—No, what did he leave you?

Bertie—Nothing.

Gussie—Well, what's the good of his being dead—La Rire.

The women often speak of some one who looked beautiful in death. Notice that the men never use that word in connection with the dead?



Mrs. Anderson, a prominent society woman of Jacksonville, Fla., daughter of Recorder of Deeds, West, says:

"There are but few wives and mothers who have not at times endured agonies and such pain as only women know of. I wish such women knew the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It is a remarkable medicine, different in action from any other I ever knew and thoroughly reliable."

"I have seen cases where women doctored for years without permanent benefit who were cured in less than three months after taking your Vegetable Compound, while others who were chronic and incurable came out cured, happy, and in perfect health after a thorough treatment with this medicine. I have never used it myself without gaining great benefit. A few doses restores my strength and appetite, and tones up the entire system. Your medicine has been tried and found true, hence I fully endorse it."—Mrs. R. A. ANDERSON, 225 Washington St., Jacksonville, Fla.—\$6000 forfeit if original of above testimonial proving genuineness cannot be produced.

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A purchased friend never lasts.

Yes, my son, endurance is a bright virtue to content; live—at a distance.

Friendship only exists between true people.

God remits sins, but not consequences.

It takes many men to build a ship, but one worm can sink it. Apply that big fact.

Have you ever noticed that pearls of character often form in our soul's sore spots.

A speck of gold weighing the millionth part of a grain may be easily seen by the naked eye.

A drop of castor oil in the eye to remove foreign body is said to be as efficacious as flaxseed.

The Chinese have a flower which is white at night or in the shade and becomes red in the sunlight.

Frost has various effects. Under the same temperature eggs burst, apples shrivel and potatoes turn black.

The purchasing power of money in the days of the Roman emperors was about ten times what it is at present.

The most wonderful vegetable in the world is the truffle; it has neither roots, stem, leaves, flowers or seeds.

The largest sum ever offered for a diamond was \$2,150,000 by Prince of Hyderabad, India, for the "Imperial."

A broken wooden horse, with which Napoleon Bonaparte played when a child, was recently sold for 1,000 francs.

The Question Answered.

Easton Springs, Tenn., Aug. 24.—

Many questions are being asked of Mr. C. D. Holt of this place in regard to his wonderful recovery. For over two years he has been down with his back. He was so very bad that he could not even lace his shoes, and from this condition he suddenly appeared well and strong as ever.

It is no wonder therefore that his friends are asking him "How did you do it?"

He tells them all: "Dodd's Kidney Pills did it," and adds: "This remedy is a genuine good medicine and one that I can heartily recommend to everybody."

"Everyone around here knows how very bad I was. I was so weak in my back that I couldn't do anything that needed stooping or bending over, and three boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills made me as you see, as well as ever I was."

"They certainly had a wonderful effect on my case."