

Custer County Republican

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BROKEN BOW, NEBRASKA

Death wears a kinder face many times than life.

Doing nothing for others is the undoing of one's self.

In order to acquire wealth the dentist must keep plugging away.

It is impossible to please the woman who doesn't know what she wants.

The pawnbroker doesn't have to shut up as long as people will put up with him.

Lillian Russell is a mother-in-law. Good-by, Lillian, take care of yourself.

If dyspeptics would only marry good cooks half the trouble in this world would be eliminated.

The man who has hay fever every year ought not to feel that he will meet any punishment in the future.

About the time love begins to wane a woman ought to learn to be a first-class cook and everything will be serene.

One of the unpleasant features of life in Macedonia is the ever-present possibility of meeting a Bash-Bazouk in an alley.

A Massachusetts pastor has resigned because his church wouldn't raise his salary above \$12 a week. Twelve dollars is a lot of money.

The Puget Sound salmon crop is reported to be almost a total failure. Alas for the masses! With salmon beyond their reach little that is worth while will be left for them.

A German actor has been sent to jail for getting off stage jokes about the emperor. If they were anything like the American stage jokes we can't blame the emperor for shutting him up.

A Philadelphia millionaire has received two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars for the rent of his steam yacht in the past fifteen months. Happy thought: let us all rent our steam yachts and get rich quick.

Canada has been digging canals to some purpose, as the diversion of grain trade from Atlantic ports in the United States to Montreal sufficiently attests. The fact that Canada is so far north that her canals are frozen up during many months of the year has not induced the Canadians to rely solely upon rail transportation. They are reaping the reward of their courage in opening their water ways, which serve not only to induce trade, but to modify rates.

Assuming that the people at church in the morning and evening are not the same, one person in every four and a half goes to church every Sunday in London. The London Daily News has ascertained this after a canvass of six months. It has discovered that the Church of England leads in total attendance, that the non-conformists are second and the Roman Catholics third. The non-conformists lead in the attendance of men, with a hundred and twenty thousand in church every Sunday, against ninety-eight thousand men in the Church of England churches. There is not seating accommodation in the churches for a quarter of the population. London and many, if not all, large American cities differ in this respect from many small villages, where the churches are so numerous that they could readily hold every man, woman and child in the place.

No one need find anything paradoxical in the statement that cooking, which is one of the oldest of feminine occupations, offers a new profession to women. It is true that women have always cooked, but not in the modern sense. Surveying is the foundation of civil engineering, and Washington had the reputation of being a good surveyor; but if he were alive to-day, and were put at work beside a young graduate of a technical school, the chances are ten to one that the young man would easily outclass the father of his country. Cooking has gone through somewhat the same kind of evolution as has civil engineering. "The kind that mother used to make" is a term of pleasant reminiscence rather than a descriptive accuracy. The admission comes hard and sounds ungrateful, but truth demands it. The other day a young woman was appointed official dietitian to the city of New York. She sits at a big roll-top desk in the office of the department of charities, and by means of the telephone controls all the cooks in all the hospitals and other institutions under the rule of the municipal authorities. She owns her position to her knowledge not merely of the preparation of food, but the chemistry of it. Two college girls, after a thorough course of study relating to foods, have opened a bakery. It was their idea to make had sell a better quality of bread than the ordinary baker provides. They are doing it with so much success that the business has already outgrown the plant, and an extension of their building is necessary. These are but instances of a tendency which shows itself in many ways; for example, in the hundreds of "health foods" which are so generally advertised and so widely sold. The greatest producers

of the material of food in the world, Americans have been backward in the art of preparing it properly for use. Especially is this true of the country, although popular opinion may be to the contrary. The schools are giving good training, and there is need of it all. "The kind that daughter makes" may yet replace the older and more common phrase.

As a result of dietary experiments carried on in Chicago and other cities the department of agriculture at Washington is able to announce some interesting facts as to the cost of living. Although living expenses are notoriously high, it has found that families may be maintained in comparative comfort at a surprisingly low cost. The observation of the food consumed by one family comprising four adults showed a total expense of \$5.53 for the meals of one week, the bill of fare including sirloin steak, mutton chops, pork, fish, eggs and a variety of vegetables. A family of six, two of whom were children, expended \$9.18 for the food supply of one week. In another household the week's food supply for the parents and five children cost only \$5.73. Altogether the experiments show that the cost of diet for each person per diem varied from 16 1/2 cents to 42 cents, the average being about 27 cents. It is, of course, of no especial value to know for how small an amount human beings can live. Indeed, no experiments are needed to show that at a pinch man can live for a sum much smaller than any mentioned in the agricultural department's reports. By restricting himself to the cheapest food and taking the minimum amount necessary to keep body and soul together a man might keep alive indefinitely on a few cents a day, but his experiment would be valueless. It is of importance, however, that men and women generally should know how to arrange the family food supply that the largest possible benefit may be derived from whatever sum is to be expended. The object should be not to see how cheaply families can live, but how well they can live upon such sums as they can reasonably afford to expend. Studied with this end in view such experiments as those now made by the department of agriculture may be regarded as helpful. By avoiding waste and using good judgment in buying the family supplies many families could enjoy a larger and more varied bill of fare than they do now and without at all increasing the expense. The experiment should be considered in this light and as an aid to better living conditions. The world's best workers, the most intelligent and progressive men and the best developed children come from homes where food is nutritious, well cooked and ample in quantity.

MAN WHO DESERVES PITY.
He Who Is Compelled to Eat Restaurant Breakfasts to Be Consoled.
A plea for pity is entered by an eastern journal on behalf of the unfortunate man who through the summer months is forced to eat a restaurant breakfast or wait until luncheon time to break his fast. And the commiseration is solicited because someone has complained that restaurant keepers do not give the amount of attention to serving the day's first meal that they do to the two later ones. There are no hard and fast figures at hand to prove that this is so, but it is rather a general conclusion that left-overs from the day before are used for the first comers and that this is hardly square dealing.

Then, besides the matter of food being none too fresh, there is complaint that there is much of setting to rights in the restaurants during the hour one wishes to take breakfast, which creates a confusion calculated to make even an appetizing meal unenjoyable. Sweeping, dusting, filling of salt, pepper and vinegar receptacles go on under the patron's very nose, while the waiters display a sang froid that tells him, or appears to do so, that he has no business to eat in strange places, that if he has a home he should be in it and that if he hasn't a place to call home he is a very poor specimen, indeed, and not worthy of more consideration than he is receiving.

With these complaints at hand, then, it seems we shall all have to take it for granted that there's a foundation of fact for them and do what we can to impress it upon restaurant keepers that their first duty in summer is to do their share toward making life pleasant for the self-sacrificing man who sends his family to the country while he stays behind and earns the money to pay their bills and his own.

An awakening to this duty swept through the ranks of purveyors of life's necessities and pleasure years ago and the results have been as satisfactory as substitutes, or we might say, compensations could well be. Let the restaurant keepers join this band of home missionaries and the deserted husband may find that desertion isn't all the bad things that some folks declare it to be.

The Composite House.
When Mr. Subbs built a nest in which to house his bride, He borrowed from his friends the best Ideas they had tried.

He borrowed here, he borrowed there—Smith's frieze and Green's veneer; He borrowed Johnson's porte-cochere And Cooper's chandelier.

He borrowed Wilson's water tank, Park's pantry, Gray's grill; And then he borrowed from the bank The cash to pay the bill. —Lippincott's Magazine.

No man's ignorance ever prevented him from giving advice.

CANDY AND CANCER.

An Indian Army Officer's Theory of the Dread Disease.

In an article in the Indian Medical Gazette, Captain E. R. Rost, I. M. S., attributes the rise in cancer mortality to an increased consumption of sugar, in the form of sweetmeats and other delicacies of modern confectionery, and a corresponding diminution in the use of salt-preserved articles of diet. His theory is that malignant disease is parasitic in origin, and is due to the invasion of the body by a saccharomyete, the growth of which is favored by glucose, but inhibited by substances containing chlorine, and only admissible when the amount of chlorine in the body falls below normal. Some of his experiments, which he records in support of this view, are rather remarkable. He has cultivated saccharomyetes from a variety of tumors on sterile cane sugar, and has also prepared what he describes as "a kind of tumor jam," by preserving portions of tumors in the same medium. Sections of this "jam" show "the tumor cell as usual, but the saccharomyetes abounding in and between them." He passed chlorine gas through his cultures of saccharomyetes, and found that it "rapidly killed the organisms, and it is evidently the chlorine that is the active agent."

According to Captain Rost, the guiding principle in the treatment of cancer should be to diminish the amount of glucose in the body and increase the amount of chlorine, thereby rendering the patient's body an unfavorable culture medium for the specific micro-organisms. He has put this theory into practice upon ten patients, his treatment consisting "first, of a strict diabetic diet, and, secondly, of piling in sodium chloride into the body, and preventing its excretion as much as possible." The results are said to have been most successful, but, unfortunately, the patients themselves do not appear to have been unanimous as to the advantages of the treatment they were receiving, since four out of their number ran away. Experiments were also tried upon animals, cancerous material and "saccharomyetes" obtained by culture from cancers being used for inoculation; various lesions were produced, and in some instances the influence of a salt diet upon the affected animals was studied. In imitation of the human patients, "one guinea pig and one cat absconded," apparently before the benefits of sodium chloride had been accorded to them.

The announcement that sweetmeats predispose to cancer, if it finds its way into the cheaper sensational journalism, may prove alarming to sundry juvenile and feminine readers; but if it checks their appetite for confectionery it will at least improve their digestion; and, although the use of sodium chloride as an antidote would engender a thirst which might be slaked unwisely, there is little fear of so unpalatable a remedy becoming popular. Still, we think that Captain Rost would have been wise in deferring the publication of his theories until he had established them on a somewhat broader scientific basis.—British Medical Journal.

AN HONEST MAN.

He Refused to Profit by Carelessness in Recording Early Transfers.

An incident, which exhibits the sterling integrity of a man who could withstand the temptations of wealth rather than do the smallest act of injustice, is told in H. M. Chittenden's "History of Steamboat Navigation on the Missouri River." The principal actor was one of the early settlers of St. Louis, a Mr. LeBarge, who had purchased a small tract of land for which he paid twenty-five dollars.

Land was then of very little value, and transfers were often made without deed and with no more formality than in exchanging cattle or horses. In this way Mr. LeBarge traded his land on what is now Clair street, St. Louis, to Chaurin Lebeau for a horse.

Long years afterward, when these transactions were almost forgotten, and the property had become very valuable, a lawyer presented himself to the old gentleman and asked him if he had ever owned any land on Cedar street. Mr. LeBarge replied in the affirmative, and described its locality. The lawyer then asked him when and how he disposed of it. He could not at first recall, but Mrs. LeBarge remembered the circumstances and related them to the lawyer, at the same time remarking to her husband that that was the way they got their horse to set themselves up on the farm with.

The lawyer then assured Mr. LeBarge that the title to this property was still vested in him, and that he could hold it against all comers, for there was absolutely no record of the conveyance in existence.

The old gentleman, with a look of indignation, asked the lawyer if he took him for a thief.

"I traded that land," said he, "to Chaurin Lebeau for a horse, which was worth more to me than the land was. I shall stand by the bargain now. If Chaurin Lebeau's heirs have no title, tell them to come to me and I will make them a deed before I die."

The Trust Question in Germany.
The German Imperial Board of Trade has requested all chambers of commerce to report minutely all facts for or against the organization of trusts.

Ice the Year Around.
There is a point near the famous Stony cave, in the Catskill Mountains, where ice may be found on any day of the year.

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.

"Henry," whispered the bride of two hours, "you don't regret marrying me, even yet?"
"No, darling," replied Henry. "Not even yet!"
The train sped on, and she was happy for another five minutes.

A Little Ruse.
Mrs. Witherly—I bought this rug for the baby to play on.
Witherly—Well, don't let her know it.

Doing His Share.
Angry Father—Young man, you are sitting up too late with my daughter. Last night I heard you kissing her.
Caperton—Well, sir, some one has got to.

No Titles.



Willie Winterman—And so you won't marry me?
Mamie Montana—Why, how perfectly ridiculous you are, Willie. Why, you're nothing but an American.

Why It Tasted Bitter.
A physician had occasion to prescribe quinine to a patient, an elderly lady who was not used to modern ways of administering medicine. The quinine was ordered in capsules—twelve, each containing four grains. About a week later the doctor was called to attend a daughter of the old lady, and he noticed what he supposed were the quinine capsules he had prescribed. Turning to the mother, he asked why she had not taken the medicine.

"Sure, doctor, do you mean that bitter powder? Yes, I took it, but had hard work getting it out of those little glass things it was put up in."—Philadelphia Ledger.

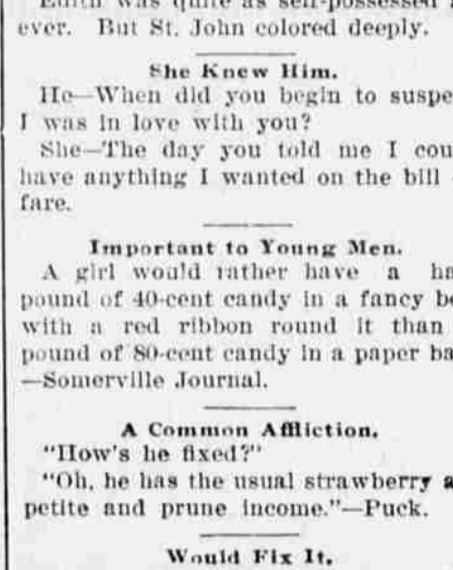
Pressed.
"Why, how ruffled your shirt waist is, Edith?"
"Dear me; and it has only just been pressed, too!"
Edith was quite as self-possessed as ever. But St. John colored deeply.

She Knew Him.
He—When did you begin to suspect I was in love with you?
She—The day you told me I could have anything I wanted on the bill of fare.

Important to Young Men.
A girl would rather have a half pound of 40-cent candy in a fancy box with a red ribbon round it than a pound of 80-cent candy in a paper bag.—Somerville Journal.

A Common Affliction.
"How's he fixed?"
"Oh, he has the usual strawberry appetite and prune income."—Puck.

Would Fix It.



Miss Matilda—Your company is distasteful to me.
Corporal Pinhead—Then I'll resign from it. I don't like being a soldier, anyway.

Servants.
First Housewife—Some days I undo about everything the servant does.
Second Housewife—Gracious! How do you dare?

Behind the Scenes.
Sweet Singer—The tragedian says in coming through the Rockies on a train last winter he couldn't see out of the windows.
Soubrette—Terrible snowstorm, I guess.
Sweet Singer—Box car, more likely.

End in Sight.
Count Vacuum—Ah, eet seems zat ze rich American girls are getting scarcer and scarcer for us.
Count Dodo—Yes, monsieur, all ze 'get-rich-quick' concerns are receiving hard blows in America.

Time to Run.
Sandy—Why are yer running so fast, pard?
Clinders—Dere's a lynchin' mob behind me.
Sandy—Dey don't want to lynch yer, do dey?
Clinders—No, but dey want dis clothes-line I'm wearin as suspenders fer de rope.

Scheme That Failed.
"Say," exclaimed the man in a horse whisper, as he met his wife at the depot, "didn't I telegraph you not to bring your mother?"
"Yes," answered she, "but she opened the message and insisted on coming along to investigate."—Chicago Daily News.

A Change of Opinion.
"So they named a cigar after you?"
"Yes," answered the sporting man, in a dubious tone.
"Quite a compliment."
"I thought so till I smoked one of the cigars. Then I concluded it was a libel."

Feminine Charity.
He—Miss Elderleigh certainly has a very expressive face.
She—Yes, indeed. It's the very best money can buy.

One of Many.
Rubberton—Did Jones die without a will?
Dr. Quackem—No, indeed. He died very much against his will.

Terrible to Contemplate.
LaMontt—I see some one has invented a projectile in the shape of a cigar that will annihilate an army.
LaMoyné—You don't say! I bet if they made it in the shape of a racing automobile it would kill twice as many.

Quite Another Matter.
"Before I give you my answer," said the fluffy-haired summer girl, "I would like to know if you are in a position to keep me in the style to which I have always been accustomed."
"If the styles don't change too often I am," replied the wise youth. "Otherwise the odds are in favor of my going broke."

A Severe Test.
Her Father (protestingly)—You wish to marry my daughter, eh? Why, she has only just graduated!
Suitor (magnanimously)—I know it! And yet I love her!—Puck.

A Comparison.

Stout Man—Hullo! You look as if you had been riding on a barrel.
Bow-Legged Man—You look as if you had swallowed one.

He Was a Rude Man.
"John," said the young wife who prides herself on being sensible right up to the limit, "just notice how easily fitting my new shoes are."
"Yes, I see," answered John.
"And John," she continued, "do you know why I always get my shoes so large?"
"Oh," replied the ungallant other half of the sketch, "I suppose it's because you have such big feet."

Her Only Comment.
"Nevertheless, my dear," said the masculine portion of the combine, "there are a number of men in the world who are my mental inferiors."
"John," rejoined the wife of his beam, as she looked him square in the eye, "you were always a confirmed cynic."

Out at First.
"Sir," began the young man, "I came to ask your daughter's hand in marriage. I feel that I am not worthy of her, but—"
"Young man," interrupted the stern parent, "I fully agree with you on that point, and there is nothing further to be said on the subject. Good-evening, sir."

Expensive Luxuries.
Vera Hilton—Will you keep your promise and resign from your club just as soon as I become your wife?
Cal U. Mette—I'll have to. Couldn't afford both, you know.

All Scraps.
Pete—Dey tell me dat bully was always coming around here looking for scraps. Did yo' accommodate him?
Sam—Should say so. Ah hit him wid a bowl ob hash.

The Next Best Thing.
"Polehunter talks about making an Arctic trip in an automobile."
"Why, he couldn't reach the pole that way."
"No, but he could come back and tell how he didn't."

Hot Draft.
Mahoolo—Ain't yez 'th' wan that told me niver to drink water wid our bollin'?

Physician—Yes, sir.
Mahoolo—Thin Ol' boy a mold to murder ye. Oi drank boiled water awn almost burned me mouth off.

LIKES THE ARMY LASSES.

Millionaire Manufacturer Says They Are His Mascots.

"Here, miss, take this money! For the love of heaven, don't go away without taking this money."
So yelled J. C. S. Johnstone, a Minneapolis manufacturer, as he ran through the corridor of the Auditorium.

"Have you seen her?" he demanded, as he rushed to the desk and accosted Clerk Shafer.
"Who?" inquired the latter.
"Why, the Salvation Army miss that just passed through."

"Went over to the Annex," answered the clerk and the Minneapolis man ran through the tunnel.
"Have you seen her?" he queried of the first bellboy he met.
"Who?" inquired the bellboy in amazement.

"The Salvation Army lass that collects money."
"Just gone up the street," answered the latter, and the man from Minneapolis might have been seen chasing up the avenue a minute later.

He caught her just as she reached Jackson boulevard.
"Here, take this dollar," he said as he pushed a bill into her hand. "I don't know what I would have done if I hadn't caught you," and then he returned to the hotel.

"I'd been a pauper in twenty-four hours if I hadn't given that girl some money," he explained to the people who had watched the chase. "They're my mascots, those Salvation Army lasses. I know that I would have been hoodooed if I hadn't caught her. I'd a been broke sure."

He was silent a long time. "Haven't seen one in ten years without giving her money."
"Superstitious?" inquired one of his friends.

"Call it that if you want to, but it's a conviction with me. I was sitting right here about ten years ago when one of them tapped me on the shoulder and asked me for a contribution. Had a dime in my pocket; no more, and no job. Hungry and room rent staring me in the face. Wondering what I would do with that dime. Didn't see why I shouldn't as well be broke as have a dime, so I turned it over to her."

"That left me without a cent. The Lord won't forget," she said.
"Neither will I," answered, only I meant that I wouldn't forget that I was broke. A man had just turned me down for a job. Turned me down cold. I was worrying, but I had time to watch that girl. I saw her strike thirteen men without getting a cent, and I saw the fourteenth man give her \$1. There was a lesson for me. I got up and tried that same man again. I had resolved to try him fourteen times, if necessary. But it wasn't. He gave me a job because he liked my nerve, and I want to tell you that I have been mighty prosperous ever since."

"Almost a millionaire now, ain't you?"
"Well, close onto it, and all because that girl happened to strike me that afternoon. And since then no Salvation Army girl has ever gone away without money when I was in the neighborhood."

"Hereafter I won't go to sleep when I'm in this neck of the woods," he continued. "That girl came near getting away from me. If I hadn't caught her I know that I would have a telegram telling me that my factory had been struck by lightning. Well, fare-you-well," he said, as he walked away.

"But, say, any time that you see one of those girls give her something," was the final injunction. "Best investment you ever made."—Chicago Chronicle.

Road Across the Desert.

Work is now in progress in southern California upon a boulevard intended to pass through the Colorado desert in a straight line from the projected town of Rockwood to Calexico, on the Mexican border. It will be 100 feet wide and thirty-five miles long. Along either side of the boulevard and down the center will be rows of trees to shut off the glare of the desert sun. Also on either side will be small canals, which will not only irrigate the shade trees, but also will be utilized to lay the dust when the road is completed. It will require only two men to care for the entire thirty-five miles.

The rapid growth of trees in the desert country will insure a magnificent avenue in a very short time. At the international line 14-month-old willows are growing on the banks of the imperial canal seven inches in diameter and thirty feet high. The boulevard will give access to the towns of Rockwood, Brawley, Imperial, Sills, Calexico, Mexcala, Mexcala and many new villages.

The Fly Was Particular.

A certain plasterer in Indianapolis says the Journal of that city, who has lived alone in her beautiful and stately home for many years, is one of the city's most notable housewives. Neat fingers have ever marked the brilliance of her mirrors and windows or played havoc with the handsome bronzes and vases in the dainty cared for dining room. At the home of her brother, where seven children romp from morning until night, as may be imagined, the same exquisite perfection of housekeeping is impossible. One day her small niece returned home after a tea party at auntie's, and in an awed voice said: "Mama, I saw a fly in Aunt Maria's house, but (thoughtfully) it was washing itself!"

The small boy always wonders if his mother will ever get over being surprised at the things he does.