

M. M. AMBERLY, EDITOR & PUBLISHER

BROKEN BOW, NEBRASKA

Mrs. V. ...

Common sense is the faculty that enables us to understand what line of conduct our people should pursue.

Because the dressmakers announce that "The Old modes are in favor," it does not follow that you can cut up with a knife.

The Jeffries-Corbett motion pictures have been turned loose on the public, but fortunately they have no phonograph attachment.

Following the heavy floods of water in St. Louis, it has appeared in New Jersey corporations, and the year's crop is seriously affected.

The Moros are reported to be getting "restless" again. In this case the American garrison in their vicinity are also likely to be troubled with insomnia.

The last series of yacht races, including the Reliance, cost Mr. Iselin and his backers more than \$900,000. Keeping the cup comes high, but we must have it.

The announcement of the London Lancet that the house fly is a pestiferous insect may be a scientific truth, but it lacks several thousand years of being news.

Fourteen per cent of the wage-earners of the country are women and girls. And the pity of it is that they don't get anything like 14 per cent of the money that is paid out in wages.

"Marriage," says a medical journal, "means a community of ailments between husband and wife." As the Scripture has it, microbes shall be your robe, and your robe shall be a microbe.

Mr. Magdalen will never cease to regret that he was not within reach of the Lyceum bureau when the dastardly Otomito took a shot at him. He would have been good for \$100 per lecture if properly handled.

Those parents who gave their 8-year-old boy a rifle for a birthday present, and bury the lad's sister as the result, have paid dearly for an experience that the whole history of firearms and explosives has been teaching.

It does not seem quite ennobling for women to work in the field or to go to sea before the mast, as in Holland. Our shame lies in working girls in loathsome mines or of stifling them in dingy sweatshops. May the day soon come when a sense of honor, with the aid of newly invented machinery, shall make all this unnecessary.

After all, it takes Japan to get up a first-class international complication without notice. Here is the steamer Stanley Dollar, of British registry, owned by an American and carrying a Russian cargo from a Chinese port, prevented by a Japanese gunboat from entering the Korean port of Yonampo. Isn't that a beautiful mix-up?

Lawyers have become the great defenders of the "commercial" brand of honesty, as distinguished from the real article—of the knavery which is not (in their contention) knavery until it is found out and runs foul of some statutory enactment. Is it not time that there should be an awakening of conscience among them, and an effort to restore truth to her proper place among the agents of justice?

Our mineral resources are a vast and continual surprise. Our ironmasters have their hands upon new sources of supply beyond the Pacific Ocean. Moreover, new processes are continually rendering iron and steel production profitable where it had not been profitable before. Iron is everywhere, and many metallurgists are of the opinion that to talk of exhausting the supply of it is much like talking of using up the world's oxygen or hydrogen.

The recent disasters to two vessels of the navy suggest one of two possibilities. Either the waters of the Atlantic coast are imperfectly charted or some of our naval officers in charge of war vessels don't know their business. It behooves the Navy Department to make a rigid inquiry. It is highly creditable to our naval administration that in a time of profound peace some of the most costly of our war vessels should be knocking holes in their own hulls because of the ignorance or carelessness of those whose business it is to navigate them.

The tribute the world pays Great Britain in interest and dividends is shown by official figures from London that are eloquent. The total amount of British money loaned and invested abroad and in India and the colonies was a little over \$6,000,000,000, on which the interest paid was \$304,000,000, or about \$107 per capita for every man, woman and child in England, Ireland and Scotland. It has taken a deal of figuring and investigating to arrive at these facts, but they explain why English imports exceed exports year after year and the country still increases its wealth.

At last "The Star Spangled Banner" has been declared to be the national anthem, and officers and men of the navy must stand at attention when-

ever it is being played. And, better still, the navy department has ordered that officers and men must stand at attention when the national air of any other country is being played in the presence of official representatives of that country. The Germans, the French, and especially the British, have long led us in their show of respect for their national air. Up in Canada, where we are sometimes told, inappropriately, there is a sentimental favoring annexation to the United States, let the band play "God Save the King," and every pulse will beat faster, as men, women and children stand uncovered during its rendition. And it is this same loyalty that led to these new rules of our navy. By all means let us show more respect for our national anthem, and thereby honor ourselves.

The Americans with millions at their backs hobnob with the high and mighty of the Old World to the consternation of the Europeans and to the surprise of our countrymen. The ordinary rich man is not the recipient of these friendships for he cannot afford to pay \$390,000 or \$400,000 for a steam yacht, keep it in commission and entertain as becomes such a nautical luxury. Only men of the resources of the Vanderbilts, J. P. Morgan, Richard T. Wilson and the Goulds can do such things. Here is Cornelius Vanderbilt, great-grandson of the commodore, who founded the great fortune, and a mere sprig, invited to German waters to chum with the Kaiser. Then the latter gives orders in the ports at which Vanderbilt may touch in that country that he be accorded special attention and every courtesy by the big man under pain of incurring the royal displeasure. It is a command, mind you, not a request, to wait upon this youthful American. One would think he were a returning hero who had distinguished himself on the field of battle for Germany's glorification instead of the heir to a colossal fortune. In England the royal bowing to vast riches is just as pronounced. King Edward II, King American generally but he has a special affection for those whose wealth runs all the way from fifty to ten hundred millions. To the aristocratic eye this oblation is vulgarity on the part of the sovereign, and brazen assurance on that of the Yankee. If the royal rulers displayed like partiality to scholars and artists this would not be so bad, but to manifest it for boys who owe everything to the mighty dollar is nothing short of an outrage. Still the aversion with which this family is viewed does not affect King or Kaiser, for the practice is growing with the multiplication of the very rich. Any man, no matter how deficient he is in other respects, if he has an income of \$10,000 a week, can, if he cares to, dine with the rulers of Europe by dispensing hospitality for those noted personages. But he would be foolish to attempt it on \$1,000 or \$1,500 a week, for such an income does not cut any figure with royalty at London or Berlin. You must have money to burn to get within the charmed circles and to be cheek by jowl with the men who rule mighty empires. Royalty is where big money counts more than character and brains. We have had the ice age and the iron age and now it is the money age! What next?

THE THREE R'S AND BUSINESS

Boy Who Can't Add or Spell May Have Earnest Views on "Civics."

The Northwestern Miller makes a complaint that will fall on deaf ears. It mourns the lost art of writing, a loss which it attributes to the universal typewriter. It pleads, as many newspapers and men and some old-fashioned teachers have pleaded, for more attention to the rudiments of the schools. But what is the use? If the typewriter has had much to do with the wanting of legible handwriting, at least it should have increased the number of good spellers. Yet spelling is departing, too. Once boys and girls had to learn to write and spell by means of hard work. The way to spell is to spell. The way to write is to write. Such were the moldy theories of our fathers and grandfathers. Improved and scientific methods of teaching have come. Different views of the comparative value of studies prevail. Our children learn, or are supposed to learn, more things than their unfortunate parents used to; learn them in a jig and quicker stop, to music, with many pretty thrills and flirts and flourishes, and those wretched three R's are openly derided. Business men, owing to their want of training in the modern fashion, kick violently. Many of them say that they can't get boys from the public schools who can write a good, plain hand, spell well, or even count and reckon well. "Carrying bundles is all most of them are fit for," we heard a merchant say the other day of these products of the march of improvement. Doubtless such an assertion is a savage exaggeration. And business men should not insist on their antiquated notions. A boy may be weak in arithmetic, and yet be able to sing a song or have very earnest views about "civics." Judge him by what he knows, not by what he has not been taught to know. Besides, machinery will supply the deficiencies of education, multiplication and division are wonderfully exact. Spelling, like education, is being reformed. Why force anybody to learn it while it is in a fluid or uncertain state? Writing is already obsolete. Arithmetic may be only a survival. Business men expect too much.—New York Sun.



Happy Woman. Mrs. Pare, wife of C. B. Pare, a prominent resident of Glasgow, Ky., says: "I was suffering from a complication of kidney troubles. Besides I had a great deal of trouble with the secretions, which were exceedingly variable, sometimes excessive and at other times scanty. The color was high, and passages were accompanied with a scalding sensation. Doan's Kidney Pills soon regulated the kidney secretions, making their color normal and banished the inflammation which caused the scalding sensation. I can rest well, my back is strong and sound and I feel much better in every way." For sale by all dealers, price 50 cents per box. Foster-McLburn Co., Buffalo, N.Y.

Capsicum Vaseline

Put Up in Collapsible Tubes. A Substitute for and Superior to Mustard or any other plaster, and will not blister the most delicate skin. The pain allaying and curative qualities of this article are so marked, it will stop the toothache at once, and relieve headache and neuralgia. We recommend it as the best and safest external counter-irritant known, also as an external remedy for pains in the chest and stomach, and all rheumatic, neuralgic and gouty complaints. A trial will prove what we claim for it, and it will be found to be irrefragable in the household. Many people say "it is the best of all your preparations." Price 10 cents, at all druggists, or other dealers, or by sending this amount to us in postage stamps, we will send you a tube by mail. No article should be accepted by the public unless the seal carries our label, as otherwise it is not genuine. CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING CO., 17 State St., New York City.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3.50 & \$3 SHOES



There is nothing but a miracle will keep a prodigal man rich to the end of his life. Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain cures colic. Price 25c bottle. Sum people are not happy unless they are in pursuit of something impossible to find. Fruit acids will not stain goods dyed with PUTNAM FADELESS DYES. Obstetrical looks well enough in a mule or a gate, but it is neither ornamental nor useful in a man.

THE PALACE OF MANUFACTURERS AT THE WORLD'S FAIR IS NEARLY FINISHED.

HAPPY DAYS When Friends Say "How Well You Look."

The Shortest Way out of an attack of Rheumatism or Neuralgia. St. Jacobs Oil. Which affords not only sure relief, but a prompt cure. It soothes, soothes, and ends the suffering. Price, 25c. and 50c.



Mrs. Rosa Adams, niece of the late General Roger Hanson, C.S.A., wants every woman to know of the wonders accomplished by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I cannot tell you with pen and ink what good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for me, suffering from the ill effects of the sex, extreme lassitude and that all gone feeling. I would rise from my bed in the morning feeling more tired than when I went to bed, but before I used two bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I began to feel the buoyancy of my younger days returning, became regular, could do more work and not feel tired than I had ever been able to do before, so I continued to use it until I was restored to perfect health. It is indeed a boon to sick women and I heartily recommend it. Yours very truly, Mrs. ROSA ADAMS, 819 12th St., Louisville, Ky."—\$5000 forfeit if extract of any letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

FREE MEDICAL ADVICE TO WOMEN. Don't hesitate to write to Mrs. Pinkham. She will understand your case perfectly, and will treat you with kindness. Her advice is free, and the address is Lynn, Mass. No woman ever regretted having written her, and she has helped thousands.

DO NOT GET WET! ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THE SLICKER MADE FAMOUS BY A REPUTATION EXTENDING OVER MORE THAN HALF A CENTURY.

There is nothing but a miracle will keep a prodigal man rich to the end of his life. Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain cures colic. Price 25c bottle. Sum people are not happy unless they are in pursuit of something impossible to find. Fruit acids will not stain goods dyed with PUTNAM FADELESS DYES. Obstetrical looks well enough in a mule or a gate, but it is neither ornamental nor useful in a man.

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.

Miss Aescum—Did you really attend her wedding? Miss Wrywell—Oh, yes, indeed! And I enjoyed myself immensely. Miss Aescum—Did you, really? Miss Wrywell—Her gown didn't fit her at all, and I heard several people say she looked a perfect fright.

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 bosom as she looked him square in the eye, "you were always a confirmed cynic."



He—If I should kiss you, what would you do? She—I never meet a contingency till it happens. He—But if it should happen? She—I'd meet it face to face.

Sure to Pop. "Where are you going, Jason?" queried the clerk of Kentucky. "Goin' down to Martha Lee's to pop the question," replied the lank youth. "But you have your gun?" "Yes; if I find Bruce Bradley's ahead of me I'll pop him."

Fa's Wisdom. Little Willie—What are dividends, pa? Pa—Dividends, my son, are what the stockholders get after the directors appropriate their share.

True Love. The Count—So you really believe that Lord Poorman's marriage with the American heiress was the result of a love match. The Duke—Of course it was. At first he insisted on half a million, but finally agreed to accept four hundred and ninety-five thousand.

Realistic Story. "Have you reviewed that new book entitled 'The Editor's Purse?'" asked the critic's other half. "I merely glanced at it," replied the masculine end of the sketch. "These's nothing in it."

Useful Insects. The old colored parson gazed at the swarming mosquitoes with a sigh. "Yes," he mused, "dem dab mosquitoes am smateh den I is. Dey kin keep de congregation awake en I can't."



Bess—What makes you so subdued and queer? Tom—I guess you'd be subdued, too, if you had a mother and father, four sisters, two grandmothers and two grandfathers to boss you.

Feminine Charity. "Nith—I wonder if Dolly Swift is really as bad as she is painted?" "Maybe—I don't see how she can be. She certainly does paint dreadfully."

Uninterrupted Chicago Bliss. "What of your future?" asked the fair maid. "You will never know what grief or sorrow is," answered the fortune teller. "And—will I marry?" queried the fair one, anxiously. "Sure," replied the visionary prophetess. "Four times."

Friendly Suggestion. Biggs—I'm proud of my family tree. Diggs—You ought to whitewash it. Biggs—Whitewash it! What for? Diggs—To keep the insects off.

Not Superstitious. Miles—Mrs. Catchem has just been divorced from her fifth husband. Giles—Is that so? Miles—Yes; and, strange to say, each time she was led to the altar on a Friday. Giles—Well, I suppose she will keep it up until she has acquired her thirtieth victory, just to see if that will break her run of tough luck.

Undoubtedly. "Who," asked the originator of fool questions, "according to your notion, is the most popular woman in the United States?" "The blonde lady whose face adorns the \$20 gold piece," replied the old bachelor.

Usual Finish. Evelyn—And did he pine away and die after you refused to marry him? Imogene—No; the ungrateful wretch married miserably well.

Hopeless Case. Tomdix—Have you learned to make the repairs on your automobile? Bojox—No; and I'm afraid I never shall.

Tomdix—Why not? Bojox—I haven't a bit of mechanical genius. Honestly, I don't believe I could invent a washing machine.

They Surely Will. Young Microbe—And so we are parasites, and are killing the man we are in? Old Microbe—That's the case, exactly.

"And you say he has summoned the doctors?" "Yes."

"What will the doctors do?" "Can't tell yet, but I am sure of one thing; they will call us hard names."

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. "Other wise the odds are in favor of my going broke."

Indestructible. "This is the first bread I ever made," remarked the young wife. "Well," rejoined the optimistic husband, "there's nothing like starting with a solid foundation."

Delicate Thrust. Miss Old—Harry said he'd like to be married in a balloon. He's fond of freak marriages. Miss Rose—But why go to the trouble of going up in a balloon?



Mr. Newpop—Why, our baby talked when it was five months old. Mr. Oldwed—No wonder; it's a girl baby.

As Compared. She—Young Addicton is rather slow, isn't he? He—Yes; he's as slow as a woman walking along the street reading a letter.

Knew the Pattern. Landlord—I'll have to request you to pay in advance, Mr. Shortleigh. Shortleigh—Why, ain't my trunk good for a week's board? Landlord—No; it looks like one of those emotional trunks. Shortleigh—Emotional? Landlord—Yes; one that is easily moved.

In the Right Place. Askitt—By the way, what became of young Chillington who graduated with our class in '98? Cold, calculating sort of fellow, you remember? Knowit—Yes, I remember; and he's the same cold, calculating chap now that he was then. He's got a job as bill clerk with an ice company.

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."

Her View and His. Mrs. Naggs—Man's superiority over woman is all in his mind. Naggs—Not all of it, my dear. Part of it is due to his physical strength.

Too Much Work. Mrs. Starvein—There doesn't seem to be any pleasing you, Mr. Sharpe. You say you don't like steak for supper.

Mr. Sharpe—No, ma'am; you see, I have to use my arms so much at my work during the day that they're very tired when I get home at night.

Her Test. Little Edie—Do you love me very much, mamma? Mamma (a widow)—Yes, my darling. Edie—Then why don't you marry the man at the candy store?

Married Amanties. "Hateful thing!" she cried in the midst of her spat. "I was a silly goose when I married you." "Perhaps so," replied the great brute; "at any rate, you were no chick en."—Philadelphia Press.