

# CUSTER COUNTY REPUBLICAN.

VOL. XXVI.

BROKEN BOW, CUSTER COUNTY, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, MAY 28, 1908.

NO 51



### You May See

Out on the world in a new way with my glasses. What you have seen may be only a hint of what you may see. "Seeing a thing with your own eyes" is not always conclusive evidence that you see correctly. You see through the window, but the glass may be imperfect or the window soiled. You see with your eyes, but their refractive power may be faulty; thus you see but half what you might, with properly adjusted glasses—my kind. My business is to remedy eye defects which if neglected may prove serious.



Graduate of the Chicago Ophthalmic College.

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## J.S. & J.F. Baisch

DRUGGISTS.

## Through the Sunny South.

Continued from Last Week

Well, here we are ready to go in the auto and all seats filled at just 1:30 p. m. My place—from choice—was in the hindmost seat and on the outside. I didn't want the old thing to run over me if I got dumped out. I guess I felt a just little larger than I ever felt before, for this was my first automobile ride, and since I come to think I haven't got it yet. I just thought if the rest of the boys could stand it I could for I wanted to get even with that smart set. After Mr. Phillips, our chaperon, and that other fellow—what is it you call him, I give it up, anyhow it's the fellow that pulls the critter's nose and makes it snort and tear around and act mad and sometimes makes a wicked jump almost right from under you—well I'll name him the next time I go down to the Rio Grande. After they got in and this last fellow braced himself and grabbed a wheel and commenced winding it a little and opened some kind of a breathing place and the thing began to act up again and this fellow looked around at some of us fellows and laughed. I thought it was me and I said, without thinking how it sounded, "let the old thing go, I'm ready." And for a fact he turned it loose and I wasn't so sure about being ready. I had my note book and pencil in hand ready to sketch everything we passed by, but I soon found out I had no time for book keeping on this crazy thing jumping stiff legged and every other way.

We passed down Wild street a short distance, then turned upon Medium street, following this a quarter of a mile, then passed out on Cactus street. By this time the engineer, I will call him I can't think of that other name yet, and if I did I could neither spell nor pronounce it without taking another look at the fellow, for I can't just remember the color of his eyes, by this time he had this Texas monster nicely under control. I said to myself I bet those other fellows are feeling bad; for we fellows just silently and deliberately stole a march of them, they expecting us to accompany them over to old Matamoris Mexico. But you remember I told you I would get even and I did too. And one fellow told me the next morning he felt bad all afternoon and I just acted like I felt bad because he felt bad but I didn't. I was just getting even.

Well here we are away out in the country before we realize it, looking at this fine tract of 15,000 acres of land that Mr. Phillips brought us out to see. This land is all to be under a system of irrigation with a storage canal 14 miles long, holding a sufficiency of water to irrigate 40,000. This is one of the big things in this south country. By this time the warm sunshine, with its telling beams of hot, hotter, hottest, had begun to get in its work on our cheeks that looked, and felt, like some tenderfoot from Nebraska, or male blonde from the good sunflower state of Kansas. But that umbrella I bought at Kansas City for the purpose of keeping off this Texas sunshine I forgot and left at the car, just like I did the stamp for the postal card. However, I made up my mind, as I didn't have it with me, I would just take a little sunshine and a little less shoe shine for I was bound to have this automobile ride if it did cause tender spots on the delicate fabric of my homely physiognomy, I still have those two accident tickets to fall back on in case I had rather fall than jump.

Well everything was just going fine and every one of the boys were talking about this, that and the other, and I made up my mind to say something too, and I just stood up, yes I did, and I just asked Mr. Phillips if he thought this part of Texas would ever be settled up, and the fellow, well I haven't the name yet but you know who I mean, looked around and saw me standing. I noticed a kind of semi-tropical laugh spread over his countenance, but before I had time to think, he opened up the speeding

valve, and all at once I thought it was high school field day in Nebraska and I was competing for the broad jump. Just then Mr. Phillips said, "yes, I think this will soon be settled," and down I went, instead of up, before he could finish the sentence. About this time there was hot air enough to run a flying machine, if I could have had one. I never told those Kansas fellows anything about this and I would a little rather you would not.

After this I concluded I would do my talking sitting down. Well I must tell you of some of the things I saw after becoming reconciled to this new way of traveling. We sure did see lots of cactus, mosquito, chapparal and a number of other kinds of timber brush galore. Some cactus bunches four feet high and four feet across through its branches. The soil here is a silt deposit of chocolate loam, depth of soil 12 to 28 feet deep by government geological survey. This soil and climate is adapted to the citrus fruits orange, lemon, figs, banana and many other kinds. We saw a number of orange trees loaded with their precious fruit that looked to be ripe. Lemons, bananas and figs are at home here. But the grandest and most beautiful sight my eyes ever beheld was a large grove of the sabal Mexican palms, if there is any man or woman who has ever been permitted to see this wonderful sight of stately palms as viewed in their natural state and cannot feel in their soul the ecstasy of joy and love of beauty, must be devoid of some of the elements that bring us in touch with the Infinite, who is the author of the beautiful in nature. I am told by Mr. Phillips that this grove covers about 100 acres and has in number about 20,000 palm trees. They are from 20 to 35 or 40 feet high and many of them are 18 to 24 inches in diameter. Can you imagine a more grand or lovely picture? Nothing I have ever seen will compare with this magnificent place of grandeur and beauty in this far south land. I could not help but give praise and adoration to the Great Master of our destinies for this privilege of being permitted to behold with my own eyes this lovely scene. I shall always have sweet thoughts of this place. It never can be erased from our memory. It is well worth the whole cost of a trip down here to see this place.

Here I saw banana trees, I will call them 10 inches in diameter and 15 feet high, with their bunches of fruit growing and making ready for the coming day when some human hand would pluck the monster bunch from the parent tree, and perhaps send it many hundred miles away and give a delicious morsel to some hungry mouth, whose appetite for bananas has never been fully satisfied.

Our attention was called by Mr. Phillips to a castor bean tree four years old. This measured at the base 29 inches in diameter and was 25 feet high and loaded with castor beans. With some effort and considerable bending and pulling down we succeeded in getting a sample banana from one of the trees, and have it yet as a reminder and in memory of this day a realization not soon to be forgotten.

Our time here was entirely too limited. We could have spent days and even weeks in this place. We were the last one to turn away from this grand and glorious picture that cannot be duplicated anywhere in the United States.

Mr. Phillips told us the Company, viz: The Indiana Co-operative Canal Co., had been offered \$400.00 per acre for 400 acres. Taking all of this palm grove, and if sold would be made into a fine pleasure park. There is no question in my mind but this place ought to and should be made one of the beauty spots of earth, kept and preserved as an oasis of living beauty for all time to come.

Now having arrived at our touring car, the automobile, myself being the last one, we were soon comfortably seated for the return trip and in response to the driver's touch, this great machine moved off very quietly and did not manifest any desire to be

unruly or ugly in its behavior when we started on the homeward trip.

As we were leaving this place these thoughts came to our mind as we bade farewell to this lovely scene, our trip thus far has paid us in full for all it has cost, and if we should close our eyes to the many scenes of enchantment and soul inspiring beauty that come to our notice as we travel on and on in this lovely south land we have been well paid.

We must now change this picture as there is always something more to follow, to those who are looking for some of the grand things of this old earth. On our return trip we passed through a sugar plantation where sugar cane has been raised continuously for 31 years, and this last year there was 33 tons per acre raised and each ton made 160 pounds of sugar and sold for 4½ cents per pound. Mr. Phillips told us this sugar cane required planting once in seven years and is one of the best paying crops raised here in this part of Texas. These sugar plantations are a small town of themselves. The growing cane is about 12 inches high at this time, March 23. There are several sugar plantations in the vicinity of Brownsville, Texas.

On this afternoon trip we saw one cabbage patch of 140 acres, enough, I would judge, to make sauer kraut for all the Dutch in Texas and have some left for these hungry Kansas fellows, too. We saw vegetables of all kinds galore. I often wondered how it could be possible to find people enough to eat the thousands of tons of vegetables we have seen on this trip.

We passed by one small patch of bananas about one half acre. There had been taken from this piece of ground no less than \$382.00 worth of this delicious fruit the last year. This is a sample of one of the small crops with a large revenue. One of the big little things in this semi-tropical country.

There are some peculiar things

to see and take note of here. I will speak of this one—the fellow that drives the automobile when it is not stubborn and won't drive. Just before he comes to a gate he toots the rubber tooter a few toots before he gets to the gate, and behold, there comes a little negro or Mexican boy, unlocks and opens the gate and we pass through and on as a matter of choice, and this fellow driver never even thanks the little boy for this act of kindness. We

Continued on Last Page.

## Drug Talks Worth Heeding

Twenty-two years is a pretty long time to be in business continually in one place but this store has that record to its credit and doing the largest drug business in town. A safe store to tie to.

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## Ed. McComas

Druggist

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| 29.00 4-shovel Pivotal Dandy Cultivator..... | price cut to | 26.10 |
| 29.00 4-shovel Dutch Uncle Cultivator.....   | price cut to | 26.10 |
| 25.00 14x16 Disc Harrow.....                 | price cut to | 22.50 |
| 16.50 Three-Section Pipe Harrow.....         | price cut to | 14.85 |
| 10.00 14-inch Cricket Breaking Plow.....     | price cut to | 9.00  |
| 13.00 16-inch Kansas Breaking Plow.....      | price cut to | 11.70 |
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