

# THE DAILY REPUBLICAN

Every Day Except Sunday.

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RENSSELAER, - INDIANA.

Half the kissing done in the world is a pleasureless duty.

Down with the food trust, and let appetites be unconfined!

The ratio of one divorce to every twelve marriages is the 16 to 1 issue of American morals.

King Edward has knighted Lieut. Shackleton for getting farthest south—without a controversy, we presume.

The Ohio desperado who murdered half a dozen before killing himself was out of prison under a "suspended sentence."

A St. Louis woman is very angry because by mistake she married a cook instead of a count. Some women never know when they are in luck.

It looks as if the public might have to fall back on the theory that the north pole was not discovered until the spring of the year 1909.

Mr. Rockefeller thinks it is fine to struggle, and the United States courts appear to be determined to furnish him as much struggling as they can.

John Mitchell says he doesn't care for the liberty to do things that nobody wants to do. John talks as though he wanted to climb somebody's apple tree.

The latest in millinery is the toque. And we suppose they'll seque the toque, and poque it and joque it, and the old man will go broke paying for it.

Speaker, Cannon doesn't know of any law in this country against snoring. Even the Oklahoma constitution inadvertently neglected to give the matter any attention.

Prof. Shaller Mathews says the modern minister "inserts religion surreptitiously into his sermons." Well, did not the Apostle Paul himself craftily catch the Corinthians "with guile?"

According to Sir Thomas Lipton, it is an excellent thing to be born poor, while Andrew Carnegie proclaims the felicity of dying poor. And people continue to do both, with no realization of the blessedness of their lot.

Education in agricultural methods seems to be in demand. Within eleven years the number of students in the agricultural colleges has increased from 4,000 to more than 14,000. The days when the farmer held "book-learning" in contempt have evidently passed.

The president of the Phenix Insurance Company believed in insurance so thoroughly that he thought his organization would run along all right even if he took \$1,000,000 of its funds for his own use. He does not claim that he was giving the company a business administration.

The race of Amazons has never wholly died out. In England to-day, where young men and boys are training in troops of "scouts" to act as a defensive militia in case of war, their sisters have, in some places, formed brigades of girls. These modern Amazons ride bicycles on hospital service and cook their own meals.

How much the annual increase of national wealth is due to saving and how much to other causes it is impossible to calculate. Equally uncertain is the evidence of the amounts expended in new houses in and about cities and towns, new buildings for business purposes, new mills and factories and the construction of railroads and other works of one kind or another. The statistics of these expenditures are very imperfect, and such as we have are largely estimates.

The weather man is the standing joke of the paragraphs who fill space by holding him responsible for the different brands of weather that are turned loose on an unoffending community, but the paragraphs know, and everyone else knows, that the weather man is the greatest life saver and property saver in the whole world. He cannot control the elements, but he can give warning, and men can seek safety. We cannot speak with certainty, but we believe there are hundreds of men alive to-day who owe their lives to the weather bureau; and the warnings the bureau sends out save more lives at sea than on land.

The adult man who ventures into matrimony always does so with his eyes open. He has heard the heart-breaking stories of his married friends, he has been favored with the solemn warnings of widowers, sod and grass, and his bachelor well-wishers have exhorted him eloquently. When, despite all these efforts to save him, he yields to hypnotic advances of some scheming widow or match-making mamma and permits himself to be lured up the aisle of St. Ignace, to the cacophonous music of "Lohengrin" and with a high collar around his neck and tight shoes upon his feet—in such event all sympathy for the fellow becomes a hissing and a mocking. As well pity the winebibber who complains of the morrow's malaise, as the soldier who complains of

wounds, or the yokel who raises a cry of treachery when the adroit thimble-rigger rakes in his board.

One of the most cheerful of modern medical iconoclasts is Dr. Woods Hutchinson, who combines in his own person wide experience, scientific learning, refreshing common sense and a gift for writing entertainingly on health topics. The doctor's latest exploit is an article defending the human appetite. In all ages the favorite way of "mortifying the flesh" has been to thwart the appetite. Sometimes it has been a matter of religion, sometimes a purely health measure. The apostles of a slender regimen like to assert that "man digs his grave with his teeth," and that most of the ills that flesh is heir to come from over-eating. The doctor lays on right lustily in behalf of the normal human appetite. It is, he says, "to be treated with the greatest respect, is to be thwarted only for the best of reasons and in special emergencies, and is, all things considered, the most reliable, indeed, almost the only guide that we have in matters of diet." This, he declares, is the overwhelming consensus of the laboratory, the hospital, the family physician, the sanatorium and the diet kitchen. Comparing the deaths due to diseases following over-eating with deaths due to under-feeding, he pushes his point farther. Of the forty-two principal causes of death in the United States, but three are related in any direct way to over-eating—diseases of the stomach, diseases of the liver and diabetes. The list of those due to under-feeding, or in which the mortality is highest among those who are poorly fed, and lowest among those abundantly fed, accounts for 250,000 victims, or nearly thirty per cent of the whole annual number. In this list are consumption, pneumonia, typhoid, inanition (the polite, scientific term for starvation) and diarrheal diseases. Other factors he marshals, such as that "the blameless and frugal poor have the highest death rate, the highest disease rate and the lowest longevity rate of any class in the community," and that practically every prolonged famine is followed by the outbreak of some epidemic. Dr. Hutchinson makes out a good case for the appetite. He does not mean, of course, that it is to be indulged without discretion. But when a man is hungry, it is fairly conclusive evidence that the human engine he is operating needs fuel. Some men crave and, therefore, need "three squares" a day. Others get along better on one hearty meal and two lighter ones. Modern medical science is disposed to approve the principle that every man intuitively knows his own needs better than anyone can tell him.

## The Hunchback.

The Duke de Richelieu married when 17 years of age Mlle. de Rochechouart, a little girl of 12. As was the custom in the eighteenth century, the young bridegroom set out on his travels after the ceremony, and the child wife remained with his relations in Paris. Three years passed, and the duke (then Count de Chillon), who had received many charming letters and a charming miniature from his wife during his absence, determined to return home.

On his arrival he was met on the grand staircase of the Hotel de Richelieu by his family, and, to his horror, instead of the pretty girl of 15 that he expected to see, the count saw a little hunchback who was none other than his wife. The unhappy young man, who was horror-stricken, left Paris that night and for fifteen years remained away.

The poor little wife possessed a beautiful and generous disposition, and, so far from being embittered by her husband's behavior, she did her best to prevent any family dissensions arising through it and went to live on her estate of Courteilles, near Paris. It is said that she was deeply in love with the duke, and in time the accounts of her unselfishness and devotion to his family so touched her husband that he went to visit her.

The first visit led to many, and this strange couple became firm friends, and just before he died the duke contemplated residing permanently at Courteilles with his wife, from whom he had fled in disgust many years before.—Chicago Daily News.

## Verdi and Bismarck on Titles.

The composer Verdi was offered a title of nobility by King Victor Emmanuel. It was intended that he should be created Marquis or Comte de Busseto, after the estate upon which he lived. The composer refused the offer energetically. He considered that Verdi was somebody and that the Marquis de Busseto would be nobody.

Even Bismarck was unable to parry a blow of this character. When the young emperor broke with him he conferred upon him the title of Duke of Lauenbourg. Bismarck received the parchment with this exclamation: "A pretty name! It will be handy for traveling incognito."

Some days after a parcel arrived at Varzin, bearing the address, Mm. elia Duchesse de Lauenbourg.

Bismarck, to whom it was delivered, being then at table, arose and, offering the letter to his wife, remarked ironically:

"Duchess, enchanted to make your acquaintance!"

If the present rush for benefiting people by legislation keeps up, we look for a law prohibiting the planting of potatoes in the dark of the moon.

## Old Favorites

### The Lightning-Rod Dispenser.

Which this railroad smash reminds me, in an underhanded way, Of a lightning-rod dispenser that came down on me one day: Oiled to order in his motions, sanctimonious in his mien— Hands as white as any baby's, an' a face unattractively clean; Not a wrinkle had his raiment, teeth and linen glittered white, And his new constructed necktie was an interesting sight! Which I almost wish a razor had made red that white-skinned throat, And that new constructed necktie had composed a hangman's knot, Ere he brought his sleek-trimmed carcass for my women folks to see, And his buzz-saw tongue a-runnin' for to gouge a gash in me!

Still I couldn't help but like him—as I fear I always must. The gold of my own opinions in a fellow-heap o' dust: For I saw that my opinions, when I fired them round by round, Brought back an answering volley of a mighty similar sound.

I touched him on religion and the joys my heart had known, And I found that he had very similar notions of his own! I told him of the doubtings that made sad my boyhood years: Why, he'd laid 'wake till morning with that same old breed of fears! I pointed up the pathway that I hoped to heaven to go; He was on that very ladder, only just a round below! Our politics were different, and at first he galled and winced; But I argued him so able, he was very soon convinced.

And 'twas gettin' toward the middle of a hungry summer day, There was dinner on the table, and I asked him, would he stay? And he set him down among us—everlastin' trim and neat— And he asked a short crisp blessin' almost good enough to eat! Then he fired up on the merits of our Everlastin' Friend, Till he'd g'n in the Lord Almighty a good, first-class recommend; And for full an hour we listened to that sugar-coated scam— Talkin' like a blessed angel—eatin' like a blasted tramp!

My wife—she liked the stranger, smiling on him, warm and sweet; (It always flatters women when their guests are on the eat!) And he hinted that some ladies never lose their youthful charms; And caressed her yearlin' baby and received it in his arms. My sons and daughters liked him—for he had progressive views, And he chewed the cud of fancy, and g'n down the latest news; And I couldn't help but like him—as I fear, I always must. The gold of my own doctrines in a fellow-heap o' dust.

He was chiselin' desolation through a piece of apple pie. When he paused an' gazed upon us with a tear in his off-eye, And said: "Oh, happy family! Your joys they make me sad! They all the time remind me of the dear ones once I had! A babe as sweet as this one, a wife almost as fair; A little girl with ringlets—like that one over there. But had I not neglected the means within my way, Then they might still be living and loving me to-day.

"One night there came a tempest; the thunder peals were dire; The clouds that marched above us were shooting bolts of fire; In my own house, I, lying, was thinking, to my blame, How little I had guarded against those bolts of flame, When crash!—through roof and ceiling the deadly lightning cleft And killed my wife and children, and only I was left!"

"Since then afar I've wandered and naught for life have cared, Save to save others' loved ones whose lives have yet been spared; Since then, it is my mission, where'er by borrow tossed, To sell to worthy people good lightning-rods at cost.

With sure and strong protection I'll clothe your buildings o'er; 'Twill cost you twenty dollars (perhaps a trifle more; Whatever else it comes to, at lowest cost I'll put; You simply sign a contract to pay so much per foot!"

I signed it! While my family, all ap-provin', stood about; The villain dropped a tear on it—but didn't blot it out! That selfsame day, with wagons, came some rascals great and small; They hopped upon my buildings as if they owned them all! They hewed 'em and they hacked 'em—ah! my loud desires! They trimmed 'em off with gawgaws, and they bound 'em down—with wires; They hewed 'em and they hacked 'em, and they hacked and hewed 'em still.

And every precious minute kep' running up my bill. To find my soft-spoken neighbor, did I rave and rush and run; He was suppin' with a neighbor, just a few miles further on. "Do you think," I loudly shouted, "that I need a mile of wire For to save each separate haycock out on heaven's consumin' fire? Did you think, to keep my buildin's out o' some uncertain harin, I was going to deed you over the balance of my farm?"

He silenced me with silence in a very little while.

And then trotted out the contract with a reassuring smile; And for half an hour explained 't, with cauteratin' skill, While his myrmidons kep' probably a-runnin' up my bill. He held me to that contract with a firmness queer to see; 'Twas the very first occasion he had to disagree with me! And for that 'ere thunder story, ere the rascal finally went, I paid two hundred dollars, if I paid a single cent.

And if any lightning-rodist wants a dinner-dialogue With the restaurant department of an enterprisin' dog, Let him set his mouth a-runnin', just inside my outside gate, And I'll bet two hundred dollars he don't have long to wait. Will Carleton.

## A TOUCH OF HOME.

If photographers could employ on occasion some such stratagem as did Sir Joshua Reynolds at one time, there might be fewer melancholy and distraught likenesses of men and women, both famous and unknown to the world. When the great musician, Haydn, was in England, one of the princes commissioned Sir Joshua Reynolds to paint a portrait of the composer. Haydn went to the painter's house and sat to him, but soon grew tired and dull.

Sir Joshua, careful of his reputation, would not paint a man of acknowledged genius with a stupid countenance, and made some pretense for deferring the sitting till another day.

The same weariness and lack of characteristic expression, however, were to be seen in the musician's face when the next attempt was made.

In great perturbation, Sir Joshua went to the prince and communicated his dilemma. They conferred together for some time, and at last the painter went home much relieved.

The next day Haydn went to the painter's house for the third sitting. Soon his face lost its bright expression, and a dull dispirited look began to steal over his features. His eyes lost their brilliancy and he wore a despondent air.

Just at that point a curtain was raised at one end of the room disclosing a pretty German girl, who was in the service of the queen. Seated at her ease, she smiled at the disconsolate composer and addressed him in his native tongue, making him a graceful compliment upon one of his recent compositions.

Instantly Haydn's face changed; he overwhelmed his pretty countrywoman with questions. His eyes sparkled, and Reynolds, who could no longer complain of a lack of animation in his sitter's countenance, set to work with a light heart and all possible speed to catch its charm.

## UNCANNY GUIDES.

When the Galloways Was Used as a Landmark in England.

The old-time guidebooks in England were by no means cheerful reading. A journey from London to East Grinstead, a distance of five or six and twenty miles, would have taken the horseman past three gibbets, and it was just as likely as not that, from one or the other of them a body would be swinging in the wind.

Up till the beginning of the nineteenth century the galloways was almost as frequent a landmark as finger posts or public houses have become now. The traveler approaching York is directed by the guidebooks to "turn round by the galloways and three windmills, and the road out of Durham is "between the galloways and Crokehill." Going out of Wells you "cross the brook and pass by the galloways."

Any number of such directions can be gleaned from the old books for the guidance of travelers a hundred years ago, and as these interesting objects were put up and the dead-bodies of malefactors left upon them for the special edification of footpads and highwaymen there was a suggestive special piquancy to cycle touring if it had been in vogue at that time.—London News.

## Faithful to His Trust.

I was waiting near the elevator in the factory building for my friend to come down when I noticed a small boy sitting in one corner of the hall holding a large, thick sandwich. He eyed the sandwich lovingly for a long time, then he carefully lifted off the top slice of bread, took out a piece of dill pickle, ate it, and replaced it as before. In a few seconds he again removed the top piece, extracted a piece of pickle and a piece of meat and replaced the top. Again and again the performance was repeated until all the pickle and almost all the meat were gone, the sandwich, however, appearing intact as at the beginning.

"Why don't you eat up your sandwich and not pick at it in that way?" I asked the boy, with some curiosity. "Why," he answered, looking up with great innocence, "it ain't my sandwich."—Woman's Home Companion.

## Something Inevitable.

"After all," said the well-dressed caller, patronizingly, "there is something besides money in the world." "Yes," replied Mrs. Littlecash, "everything I see in the world is something besides money."—Boston Herald.

Marrying for money may insure against divorce—as long as the money lasts.

## CLAIMS A LAKE.

Preparatory to a Big Oil Venture Through Boring in Its Bed.

A fight for title to 4,400 acres of Ferry Lake in Caddo parish, southwest Louisiana, and said to be an oil field valued at approximately \$5,000,000, has been begun before Commissioner Dennett of the general land office. The claimant is John B. King of Texarkana, Texas, who made entry over one year ago under the placer mining act. He claims that the area of the lake was never turned over by the government to the State of Louisiana, and as the attorney general of that State did not put in an appearance yesterday it is believed that the State is content to let the general government deal with the proposition before it in any manner it may deem advisable.

Former Representative John J. Lentz of Columbus, Ohio; J. A. Teiler of Little Rock, Ark., and J. D. Korner, also of the capital of Ohio, made up the legal array which presented Mr. King's side of the case. At the close of the argument Commissioner Dennett took the matter under advisement. He did not announce when a decision will be rendered in the matter.

For several months past it has been believed that the State officials of Louisiana were going to put up a vigorous fight for the lake, which also has a considerable area in the State of Texas. Several years ago, while prospecting over the general oil field in the section where the lake is located, Mr. King discovered that while the Standard Oil Company had located its wells on all sides of the property, no attempt had been made to locate on the lake.

He then went to work, and made a close examination of the records bearing on the question of title to the land on which the lake lies. This was formerly government land before the back water from the Red River overflowed the section and left the lake. He ascertained, so it was pointed out in the argument of the attorneys before Commissioner Dennett yesterday that the lake was never turned over by the general government to the State of Louisiana, and he lost no time in making an entry on the 4,400 acres in question, which is believed to be the richest in the section in point of possible oil fields.

With his entry he then made his plans to bring the matter to the attention of the commissioner of the general land office, so as to perfect the title before he begins operations for locating oil wells. He talked at length yesterday of the question and pointed out that as the lake is only about two or three feet deep it will be a comparatively easy matter to locate oil wells in all parts of the area covered by the 4,400 acres in question. Mr. King is positive from the investigations he has made that the area is of immense value and hopes as soon as he gets title to begin operations.

The section in which the lake is located in both Texas and Louisiana is looked upon by oil experts everywhere as a particularly rich oil country, and this fact has been singularly brought out, it is declared, by reason of the fact that the Standard Oil Company has come into the section and bought up all the land bordering on the lake.—Washington Star.

## SERVED THE TERRAPIN.

Crossed the Ocean to Supervise One Course of a Dinner.

George W. Harvey, the inventor of steamed oysters and a famous restaurant keeper, was once the hero of an incident that in some respects made the exploits of Lucullus and other noted gourmets of ancient Rome look cheap and commonplace. He made a 6,000-mile journey to cook or supervise the cooking of a single course of a dinner.

A wealthy Englishman, noted for his love of good living, while on a visit to Washington was given a dinner at Harvey's, at which terrapin formed the piece de resistance. It was the first time the Englishman had encountered the famous Maryland delicacy, and it made an instantaneous and profound hit with him. He decided that he would introduce the dish to his London friends and at once entered into negotiations with Harvey to come to London and do the cooking.

Harvey named his price, and it was accepted without a murmur, although it was a stiff one, as he was a very portly man and did not like to travel. At the appointed time he engaged his passage for England, took a sufficient number of live terrapin along with him and sailed for London. He supervised the preparation of the turtles in the kitchen of his generous employer, saw that they were cooked and served properly, collected his \$200 honorarium and his expenses and took the next steamer back to New York.

## Nervousness Help.

If you are suffering from nervousness do not overlook the value of deep breathing. Many persons have ward off acute nervous prostration by drawing in deep breaths at frequent intervals during the day.

## Always the Best.

"I suppose, Mrs. Comeup, you have nothing deleterious in your daily diet?"

"Sure I do. I want you to know we have everything going."—Baltimore American.

Any man who goes quail hunting on a rainy or sleety day, is looking for pot shots. We are mean, and we know meanness when we see it.

By marrying, many a man has transformed a good friend into a poor wife.

## STRAD FOR A PRESENT.

Philadelphia Woman Gives Costly Instrument to Young Violinist.

Few violinists, even after they become great, own a Stradivarius, but this good fortune has fallen to Domenico Bove, the young Italian of this city, whose career, which many believe will rival Kubelik's, has scarcely begun, the Philadelphia Bulletin says.

Most interesting of all is the fact that this musical treasure was the property of the late Antonin Dvorak, the composer, from whose widow the violin was recently purchased by Mrs. Joseph Drexel, and by her presented to the youthful Bove.

Mrs. Drexel is widely known as a patron of music, and interested as she has been in the young violinist's career, it is but natural that she should choose him for the honor of owning the Stradivarius. Surely nothing could be a greater inspiration to a violinist than the possession of such a priceless thing.

Such things have prices, and high ones, too, for it is whispered that Mrs. Drexel paid \$15,000 for the instrument, which gives the layman an idea of what such a gift means in prosaic dollars and cents. Mrs. Drexel made light of the matter when asked recently about the gift to her protégé. "Although naturally averse to parting with this souvenir of her husband, I learned recently that Mme. Dvorak was willing to sell the instrument," said Mrs. Drexel, "and when it came into my possession I naturally looked about for some one who could use it properly, since I could not play it myself."

Bove is now in Prague, Bohemia, where it is understood the violin was transmitted to him. Mme. Dvorak resides in Prague.

The young violinist is making rapid progress, according to reports received by his friends in this city. A son of poor Italians in the southern section of this city, Domenico early manifested an inherited ability to play the fiddle, both his parents gaining a livelihood thereby. Then Frederick E. Harn, the widely known violinist of this city, became interested in the lad and gave him lessons. His undoubted ability and his proficiency in mastering the most difficult technique of the art aroused the interest of several wealthy patrons, who, it is understood, made it possible for him to go abroad to finish his musical education.

Several of the foremost musicians in this city declare that Bove will become a second Kubelik.

## WORRY AND DIGESTION.

Dr. Fletcher Says Don't Eat When Worried or Angry.

"In five years from now it will not be considered respectable to be sick." Many more such cheerful promises as this one was made by Dr. Horace Fletcher, the famous exponent of rational eating, who has made the term "Fletcherism" familiar on both sides of the Atlantic, just before he sailed from New York with his wife and companion on the steamship Saxonia for a cruise to Gibraltar, Genoa and Naples.

"The greatest source of unhappiness in the world at present," said Dr. Fletcher, "is the mouth. You should eat when you feel like it, eat what you may crave for at the time, and above all you should chew your food. You may feel like ridiculing the idea that it is well to chew your soup. I will, however, ask you to try it. It will improve the soup and help you. 'Never eat when worried, nervous or angry. It is making and absorbing poison to do it. You should chew your food thirty times with every mouthful. If you do this you will live to a great age.'"

Dr. Fletcher while in Europe will stop off at Naples and there have a chance to have some Italian spaghetti. He was informed that in eating spaghetti it is necessary to hold the head back and let the food slip down. "Well—er—ah—" smiled and hesitated Dr. Fletcher. "I will chew it just the same."

## An Old Baptismal Font.

In the old baptistry at Florence—the baptistry with the wonderful bronze doors which Michelangelo called "so beautiful that they were worthy to be the gates of paradise"—most of the babies of Florence have been baptized for many hundred years.

At almost any hour of any day one will find baptismal parties waiting before the font, with babies of every rank in line, from the princely heir of a great house, nearly smothered in costly laces and attended by a small army of friends and relations, to the little creature decked out in gaudy cotton and held in the arms of a solitary old peasant woman.

No register of baptisms was kept in the very early days. The first record was made in this wise: a certain priest took it into his head to keep account of children he baptized. Accordingly, he put a white bean into a box for every boy and a black bean for every girl.

Later on records were carefully kept, and if one could look them over it would be a fascinating study, for probably the greater part of the painters, scholars, poets and soldiers who have made Florence famous received their names at the font of "my dear little Saint John"—as Dante called it.

## Very Queer.

"My husband has been out late every evening this week attending important club meetings."

"Yes, so has mine. They belong to the same club, you know."

"Why, how queer! My husband says he hasn't seen your husband in six months!"—Cleveland Leader.