

## THE DAILY REPUBLICAN

Every Day Except Sunday.

HEALEY & CLARK, Publishers.

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 Lieutenant 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 soque the toque, and poque it and quoque it, and the old man will go broque 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. Shaler 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 paragraphers who fill space by holding him responsible for the different brands of weather that are turned loose on an unoffending community, but the paragraphers 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 Sighs, 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, or the soldier who complains of

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

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 delightfully on health topics. The doctor-author'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-eating, 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-eating, 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 facts 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, Mme. la 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 unnat'-ral 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 al'ays must,

The gold of my own opinions in a fel-low-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—ever-lastin' trim and neat—

And he asked a short crisp blessin' al-most-good enough to eat!

Then he fired up on the mercies of our Everlastin' Friend,

Till he'd g'd in the Lord Almighty a good, first-class recommend;

And for full an hour we listened to that sugar-coated scamp—

Talkin' like a blessed angel—eatin' like a blasted tramp!

My wife—she liked the stranger, smilin' 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 o' fancy, and g'in down the latest news;

And I couldn't help but like him—as, I fear, I al'ays must,

The gold of my own doctrines in a fel-low-heap o' dust.

He was chiselin' desolation through a piece of apple pie.

When he paused o' 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 mams 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 thinkin' to my blame,

How little I had guarded against those bolts of flame,

When crash!—through roof and ceiling the deadly lightning clef!

And killed my wife and children, and only I was left!

"Since then afar I've wandered and naught for life have cared,

Saved to save others' loved ones whose lives have yet been spared;

Since then, it is my mission, where'er by sorrow, 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! in my loud desires—

They trimmed 'em off with gewgaws, 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' run-ning up my bill.

To find my soft-spoke 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 harm,

I was going to deed you over the bal-ance of my farm?"

Something Invisible.

"After all," said the well dressed caller, patronizingly, "there is some-thing besides money in the world."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Littlecash,

"everything I see in the world is some-thing 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. Tellier 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 for merly 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.

Sir Joshua, careful of his reputation, would not paint a man of acknowledging genius with such 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