

A Disgusting Spectacle

Disgusting, repugnant, nauseating, are the only words applicable to the efforts of former State Fire Marshal Davis, Assistant Fire Marshal Hollenbeck and Governor Harris to oust Fire Marshal Creamer from the office to which he was appointed for a term of two years by the late lamented Governor Pattison; and it may safely be presumed that if their plan proves successful sufficient precedent will have been established to warrant the overthrowing of the entire state into the hands of the corrupt political tricksters whom the people compelled to step down and out in most emphatic style last fall.

And the situation is rendered all the more disgusting and repugnant when the attitude of the governor is considered. His shifting and halting manner at first led the people to believe that he fully realized the seriousness of the situation; but when he threw the burden upon the shoulders of another, in the person of Attorney General Ellis, the fact was at once made plain that the notorious machine is again in control in Ohio and that Ohio's governor has not sufficient iron in his composition to even attempt to disobey its mandates.

Fire Marshal Creamer, and appointee of the late Governor Pattison, entered upon the duties of his office with full knowledge of the promises and pledges made the people by the Democratic party. In strict conformity with law he reorganized the office and dispensed with unnecessary attaches, placed there by Republican recklessness and extravagance, to the number of six, thus insuring to the state a saving of several thousand dollars annually. Furthermore, Fire Marshal Creamer selected his own force from men whom he could trust—men who were in sympathy with the policy of their late chief in the matter of an honest and economical administration. One appointee of the former administration however, was retained; and prior to Governor Harris's coming to Columbus, it is said that Hollenbeck, Republican, approved the action of Creamer, Democrat, and was satisfied with his job.

But just at this point the face of Hy D. Davis appeared on the scene and it wore a hungry look. From the first it was quite evident that Hy had been consulting his fellow "machinists" in various portions of the state and was in Columbus for the sole purpose of looking up something to raise a howl over. The dismissal of the Republican attaches in the fire marshal's office afforded the opportunity. The howl was duly raised and echoed and re-echoed by every Republican machine politician in the state. Hollenbeck, not to be outdone, joined in the cry and directed attention to himself as the only legitimate successor to the man who dared carry out the wishes of the people.

And there you have it. Neither Davis nor Hollenbeck cares a continental for the deposed Republican attaches. Each has an eye on the main chance, and the Governor of the great state of Ohio reveals the material of which he is composed by allowing himself to become a party to a game that is repugnant to every intelligent mind.

Apparently Governor Harris does not realize that he owes his high position to the gaunt specter, Death; that his lamented predecessor's great popularity was largely due to his well known opposition to just such methods as those now being employed; that his party is in ill-repute because of wasteful extravagance and machine domination; that the very men who now seek to profit fully demonstrate by their actions that they consider Death's recent call a glad some one.

Out upon such methods! Attorney General Ellis should first take a look at the governor's backbone ere rendering decision.

What a contrast is afforded by the attitude of Theodore Roosevelt, when called to the office of president by the death of McKinley! Not one appointee of the deceased president was disturbed, altho it was only too well known that Hanna Republicans were far worse enemies of the new president than the Democrats. Here was an example of broad-mindedness which Governor Harris would do well to consider. Added to the popular

ity of Roosevelt; it would add to the popularity of any man. But the burden has been shifted to the shoulders of Attorney General Ellis. What disposition will he make of it? Wouldn't it be best to send it to the place where it belongs—the "rubbish heap of disappointed hopes?"

William Jennings Bryan.

Whatever the future of William Jennings Bryan, there can be no question of his ability to lead the people. He is leading them now as thoroughly as if in the heat of a presidential campaign. His latest speech has a paragraph in it that should go the rounds of the common men, so rich is it in meaning. The first part was this:

"The English language has become the vehicle for the conveyance of governmental truth, even more than for the spread of general information; for beginning with Magna Charta and continuing through the era of the American revolution and the declaration of independence down to the present, no language has been so much employed for the propagation of that theory of government which traces governmental authority to the consent of the governed."

The proof of this illuminating statement is found in a single fact—that the language of the French republic has not yet been able to express for the people the precise meaning of liberty. The French have a republic in which absolutism beats its victims flat to the ground. The government itself has more power and exercises it more cruelly than the sultan of Turkey. Bureaucracy and faction are the rulers in what is called constitutional Europe.

The second part of the paragraph is this: "The idea that man possesses rights, which the state did not give and which the state cannot take away, tho it may deny them, has made millions of human beings stand erect and claim their God-given inheritance."

They should be written down, these inalienable rights of men, conned by the child from his first reasonable year up, studied by the adults often, and placed in letters of gold on the chief building of every hamlet and town, lest we forget. What are they?

The right to life is the first, and therefore to labor, and heretofore again to the fruits of labor. This right condemns to disgrace, and sometimes to death, its invaders; the robbers of opportunity, of wages, of necessities; the prisoners misnamed adulterers of food; the vendors of murderous drugs.

The right to liberty is the second inalienable right of man; not the liberty of a sinner, but of the child of God; not the liberty of the anarchist, but of the moral agent; not the liberty of the pirate, but of the member of society. This right condemns to disgrace, and sometimes to death, the invaders of political freedom, justice and government; the bribers of judges, legislators, officers of the law.

The right to holiness is the third, which means free union with God.

The right to the eternal life is the fourth, which is the sole end of man.

These two rights run together and give man freedom of religious belief. He is not made for this world alone, but for eternity; and everything which invades his knowledge, his love, his pursuit of the spiritual and the eternal, is worse than treason to the state or murder to the individual.

It is these inalienable rights which France has attacked at home, England in forlorn India, the trusts in America, and the money power everywhere. Mr. Bryan's voice thunders them over the cable at the very moment when they are most outraged. Truly he is a leader of men.

Squirrel Law.

In answer to several inquiries it may be stated that the squirrel law goes into effect September, or in other words that squirrels may be shot each year between September 1 and October 15th, and at no other time. The limit is ten per day. It is said that there has already been considerable killing of squirrels in the county. This is purely a violation of the game laws and offenders should be punished.

Father's Vacation.

"Everybody takes a vacation but father!" The cartoon which pictured the saying, by Chopin in The Citizen yesterday, was an amusing and truthful one. But it is true only of a certain class in our society.

In certain circles of American society there is an annual summer exodus of wives who form the piazza brigade of the summer hotels, of sons who go the pace at swell resorts and of daughters who go abroad, while the head of the family tugs at the wheel of business to furnish the funds.

But there is another picture, as true. There are families where the tired and nervous mother needs rest and relaxation. The family purse permits of no splurge for show purposes. Wife and children go away for a time to some modest, quiet place where mother can rest from household cares and the children can romp in the pure air and good sunshine.

Father is at the wheel, all right, and for him come souvenir postal cards with cute words for "Pop" and love letters like "she" used to write. How he glows and gloats over the news that Molly and the kids are having a good time!

It is hard to say who is the happier—those who go to the outing or he who stays on the job. What keener joy than making happy those you love and live for? And when mother and the kids come back! What a family reunion. The tie that binds them all together is fastened with the knot that cannot be untied.

The vacation the cartoon tells about is simple wife desertion.

But there are others. Resting for a few weeks at farmhouses or by lake or river or beach or mountain side, are happy families that believe father is the best man in all the world. And the father works on, happy that by his self-sacrifice he can give his dear ones a pleasure.

Because—
On both sides love abides.

The Texas Wonder.

Cures all Kidney, Bladder and Rheumatic troubles; sold by all druggists, or two months treatment by mail, for \$1. Dr. E. W. Hall, 2926 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo. Send for testimonials. July 19, '06, 1-yr.

Place for the Flag's New Star.

After consultation between Quartermaster General Humphreys and Admiral Cowles, chief of the equipment bureau of the navy department, the two officers who are charged with making and issuing of the national flags to the army and navy, respectively, it has been decided that the admission into the Union of the state of Oklahoma shall be recorded by the addition of a star in the blue field of the flag, placed at the right hand corner. As several things remain to be done before the new state is actually admitted, and as the law provides that the additional star shall be set in the field only at the beginning of the next fiscal year after the state is one in fact, the Oklahoma star will not be seen on the national ensign until July 1, 1907.

John K. Dollison, Dead.

(Eureka News)
John K. Dollison, one of the early pioneers of Humboldt county, and a man who had varied interests in its growth, a man whose life was a marked success in every sense of the word, died at his home in Eureka Wednesday night, surrounded by members of the immediate family.

John K. Dollison was born in Washington county, Pennsylvania, December 16, 1824, and came to this state in 1852, settling at Placerville. He at once engaged in mining and prospecting, and helped to flume the south fork of the American river at Kanaka bar. He was fairly successful as a miner and in 1854 went to Amador county, soon returning to Placerville, then called Hangtown.

In 1857 Mr. Dollison went to Nevada with the expectation of purchasing live stock and starting up a large business, but he was disappointed in the country, finding it overrun with Indians, and the nearest white man twenty miles distant from himself and partner. In June, 1858, he came to the

small hamlet of Eureka and became bookkeeper in the government land office until a Republican president was elected in 1860. However, he served two or three years, after which he was appointed deputy counter clerk, holding that position for about two years, and at the same time opened a real estate, surveying and general office, maintaining the same with great success until becoming interested in the bank of Eureka in 1889.

When he was 67 years of age Mr. Dollison, who had already rounded out a worthy career, took upon himself a large banking responsibility, around which has centered the experience of a well-trained and mature intelligence. Mr. Dollison was one of the organizers of the Bank of Eureka, October 4, 1889, and was its vice president.

He was essentially a man of the people, and although wealth and influence had come his way, and success, of which all worthy men dream, rewarded his efforts, he was proud of having surmounted the obstacles which often intercepted his pathway.

Mr. Dollison was a staunch supporter of the Democratic party ever since he attained manhood, and he voted for every Democratic nominee since 1846.

Deceased was unquestionably the oldest Odd Fellow in Humboldt county, having joined the Des Moines Lodge No. 25, January 26, 1852. In January, 1860, he became identified with Humboldt Lodge No. 77, I. O. O. F.

Mr. Dollison married Miss Mary H. Foss on April 17, 1861, who survives the notable pioneer. No children were born to the union, but Mrs. Dollison raised two of her brother's children. Deceased was also an uncle of Chas. M. Dollison, the well-known liveryman of Eureka.

Dry Xenia.

Mayor Brennan, of Xenia, was one of the speakers at the recent Catholic Total Abstinence Convention in Columbus. He declared Xenia to have been greatly benefited by prohibition.

In 1899, with a population of 8,750 it had 33 saloons; in 1906 with 12,000 people, it has not one. In 1899 its workhouse had 75 inmates; in 1906, only 8. Where it required eight policemen in the "wide open" days, now the services of but four are needed. The city enjoys a notable degree of prosperity. There are no drunkards, no children "rushing the growler," no loafers. The city is benefited morally, financially and in every other way.

Raises Christian Standard.

Hon. W. J. Bryan is one of our public men who, in his world-wide travels, as did General Grant, has made himself known as a Sabbath-keeping and temperance man. He recently declined a dinner to be given in his honor on the Sabbath day, saying: "I am sorry, but I Sunday, and I go to church. Won't you go with me?" Such a man does much to raise the Christian standard wherever he goes. Happy would it be for our nation if all our public men were actuated by such principles.—Herald and Presbyter, July 11, 1907.

Weldy Mentioned.

(Lancaster Eagle)
The Eagle is in receipt of the following communication from a friend of Col. Weldy of Logan, who would like to see the old war horse lead the Democratic hosts to victory in the Eleventh Congressional district. It reads:

The many friends of Col. Weldy, the old Democratic war horse of the Hocking, think he would be the proper man in the coming campaign to "beard the Douglas in his halls."

Col. Weldy is a native-born of Fairfield, studied law with Judge Van Trump and enlisted in the Union service from our city. This is a relationship which endears him to Mother Fairfield who has always a loving concern for her children, no matter in what places, in after life, they may cast their lines.

After the close of the war where he did gallant service, and for several years an officer in the regular army, he removed to Logan, where for the last forty years he has been in active and successful practice of his profession.

He is an old line Democrat of

Logan, Ohio, HENRY

Rempel H. HOBART.
SAVE YOUR SIGHT Have your eyes examined by the Eye Medical Institute Co., will EXAMINE and EQUIP with the necessary 50 per cent lower than any other firm.

You are Suffering from
Do Not Consult Free an Eye
Will Pay You to
Examine and Consulting Physian of the Eye
1851-1907. While time and you are at no charge if you



...being an old friend of ours had to fall for the spiel and had him the Bubble forthwith. A few minutes later we were so busy with the sure-things falling from the eager tongues of the various friends we met that we forgot all about Flash and the long barouche.

The first cinch-builder we fell over was Harry McDonough, the inventor of the stinging mosquito now in use on his Jersey farm.

Harry has the mosquito game down so fine that he's going to take a double sextette of them into vaudeville next season.

He has trained these twelve sheets to sing "Zobia Grassa," and Al Holbrook has promised to teach them a Venetian dance.

Harry offered us four winners in the first race and two elgars.

He told us if we lost to smoke the cigars carefully and we'd forget our troubles and our names; but if we won we could use the cigars as firecrackers.

Then we ran across Jeff D'Angeli, the composer of the new tune now played on the automobile horns.

Jeff hadn't picked out a horse to win any race because his loyalty to sneezewagons is so intense that he won't even drink a horse's neck.

He explained that he only came to the race track to show the horses his smoke-buggy and make them shiver.

George Yates, the inventor of the machinery for removing sunburn from pickles, was there and he tried to present us with a sure winner in the third race.

A little later on we discovered that the horse Yates was doing a rave over had been dead for four years and that the card from which he was lifting his dope was the programme of the meet at Sheepshead in 1896.

Some kind and thoughtful stranger had lifted fifty cents from George's surplus and in return had stung him with an ancient echo of the pitty-pats.

Our next adventure was with Joe Miron, the famous horse trainer and inventor of the only blue mare in captivity at Elmhurst.

"Say, why didn't I see you guys before the first race? I had a plush-covered pipe!" yelled Joe.

"I had that race beat to a stage wall," Joe went on, enthusiastically. "Why, all you had to do was play 'The Goblin Man' to win and 'Murderdillo' for a place—it was just like getting money from the patent medicine business.

"How much did you win, Joe?" I inquired.

"Who, me?" Joe came back. "Why I didn't get here in time to place a bet, I drove over from Elmhurst and the blue mare burst a tire. But, say, I've got a mother's darling in the third race! Oh, it's a ladybug for certain! You guys play 'Perhaps' to win and you'll go home looking like Pirop Morgan after a busy day. It can't lose, this clam can't! Say, that horse 'Perhaps' wears gold-plated overshoes and it can kick more track behind it than any ostrich you ever see! Why, it's got ball-bearing casters on its feet and it wears a naptha engine in the forward turret. Get reckless with the coin, boys, and go the limit, and if the track happens to cave in and it does lose, I'll drag you down to Elmhurst behind the blue mare and make the suction pump in the backyard do an imitation of Walter Jones singing 'Captain Kidd' with the bum pipes."

Joe was so much in earnest about it that Bunch and I put up fifty on "Perhaps" and waited.

We are still waiting.

"Perhaps" may have been a good horse but he had a bad memory and never could recollect which end of the track was the proper place to finish.

Joe must have left for Elmhurst immediately after the race because he failed to answer roll call.

Then we ran across Dave Torrence, the famous inventor of the disappearing trumpet so much used by pinocchio players.

When Dave began to dose 'em out for a small quantity of olive boot this well in till the skin absorbed as much as it will, but dry thoroughly. At night in a pair of loose white gloves, or for ventilation should have outer tips cut off and the palms padded all over with a stiletto, with almond paste made by you, in half an ounce of rose water, enough almond meal to form a Go-paste.

"Mo- How It Happens. What do you mean by saying your company causes grief to pre children?" asked the street boy official.

"Bozell," answered the irresponsible "ogician," "it's this way. Your any bullies the conductor, the actor bullies the passenger, the singer feels indignant and when at home bullies his wife, and 's nothing left for her to do but spank the baby."—Washington.

Prince's 10,000 Post Cards.
King Prince Edward of Wales soon enter the Royal Naval Army to begin his education for duty. Prince Edward has a valuable collection of picture post cards having more than 10,000 al-

hadn't the price of a leather sandwich between us.

Every dog we had mentioned to the bookies proved to be a false alarm. Every turtle we plumped on carried our money to the bonfire and dumped it in.

"My little black man is whimpering, Bunch," I said. "I'm cured."

"One hundred and sixty bucks to the bad for mine," laughed Bunch. "I guess that will hold me temporarily. Come on, John; let's hop in the Bubble and dash back to the Hotel Astor; the girls will be waiting for us."

We hurried to the spot where Flash Harvey was to leave the gas-hopper but there was no sign of Flash or the machine.

Seven o'clock came and still no sign of Flash or the Bubble, and there we sat, two sad boys without a baubee in the jeans, hungry to the limit and with an ever present vision of our two worried wives displacing a bunch of expensive space in a restaurant while they waited for us to show.

It was pitiful.

Eight o'clock came, no Flash, no machine, while there we waited and watched our hair as it slowly turned gray.

I had gone through my pockets till I wore holes in them without locating anything in the shape of money, but finally on about the nine hundred and nineteenth lap Bunch discovered a dollar bill tucked away in a corner, whereupon we turned our faces to every point of the compass and called



"When I Got Home—But What's the Use."

down maledictions on the head of Flash Harvey, wherever he might be, and then ducked for the trolley.

When we finally reached the Hotel Astor it was a quarter past ten, so we decided it was too late for dinner and we didn't go in.

"At home—what's the use?" The war is over now and a treaty of peace has been signed.

We are even with Flash Harvey, though.

He got speed-foolish in the Bubble and tried to give an imitation of a torpedo destroyer, with the result that a Reub constable pinched him and the whole outfit and threw him in a rural basket for the night.

That's what delayed him.

(CATHOS IN CHILD'S NAME.
Last of Sixteen Bore What Was Thought by Parents an Appropriate "Handle."

A speaker at one of the sessions of the Philadelphia Methodist conference related this story, which, he says, was told to him by Bishop Harrisell:

"The bishop, while on a southern tour, met a ducky who was the father of 16 children, the youngest of whom was scarcely out of arms, and on asking him what the youngster's name was, received this reply: 'Judas Scariot, sah.'"

"You don't mean to tell me that that is really his baptismal name, do you?" asked the bishop.

"Indeed, I do, sah; ain't dat a 'scriptural name'?"

"Yes; but do you know who Judas Iscariot was?"

"Course I does, sah; but doan dis Scripture say it would have been better for Judas Scariot if he had never been borned?"

"Yes; but what has that to do with this poor little chap?"

"Dat's jest it, sah; dat's jest it; it would have been better for dis poor little chap if he had never been borned, and dat's why we calls him Judas Scariot."

Towns Made While You Wait.
In the clearings the log house is a rarity, because the portable saw mill goes along with the timberman and the log into framing and boards the dwelling—while you wait. And people are even in touch with the mill. If they have no time to plant home trees, they nail the insulating wires and run the wire through woods. In the old days of the 'log West' the town was born at the saloon, the smithshop and some corner store threw open their doors.

In this northwest the company springs into existence with nothing ready for the daily life of inhabitants. Not only are the streets prepared for trade, but the saloon is awaiting the children, the church invites to Sunday worship.

It is strange if the town newspaper does not come off the press to its readers within a month or so after the birth of the future city.—D. H. Brock, The Outing Magazine.

Daniel Nunemaker, an aged and peevish gentleman, died Wednesday evening July 11th at his home of his son, Frank, and was laid to rest in the Radcliff Cemetery, Friday. He leaves to mourn his loss, two sons and four daughters, two daughters living in the West, and his wife preceded him several years ago.