

DOCTORS MISTAKES

Are said often to be buried six feet under ground. But many times women call on their family physicians, suffering, as they imagine, one from dyspepsia, another from heart disease, another from liver or kidney disease, another from nervous prostration, another with pain here and there, and in this way they present alike to themselves and their easy-going or over-busy doctor, separate diseases, for which he, assuming them to be such, prescribes his pills and potions. In reality, they are all only symptoms caused by some uterine disease. The physician, ignorant of the cause, keeps up the treatment until large bills are made. The suffering patient gets no better. The reason of the wrong treatment, but probably worse. A proper medicine like Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, directed to the cause would have entirely removed the disease, thereby dispelling all those distressing symptoms, and instituting comfort instead of prolonged misery. It has been well said, that "a disease known is half cured."

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Charles Evans Hughes

New York's Energetic Governor, Who Is In the Presidential Limelight, Has No Use For Political Bosses.

By ROBERTUS LOVE.

"WHO'S Hughes?" Such was the query of Chairman Stevens of the New York legislature's gas trust investigating committee in March, 1905, when State Senator Alfred R. Page, one of the members, suggested Attorney Charles Evans Hughes for chief counsel or inquisitor.

Just at present Mr. Hughes is governor of New York, but he was an unknown lawyer when that question was asked. Mr. Page knew that Mr. Hughes was a good lawyer. A considerable group of men in New York city, where he practiced, also knew this fact. But there are many other good lawyers in New York, so that is not very much of a distinction. However, Page insisted to Stevens that Hughes was the very best lawyer available for the work in hand—to corkscrew confessions of amazing manipulations out of Consolidated Gas officials, to poke the probe down into the rotten core of lighting contracts and illuminate the opaque interior and to discover that New York people were paying a dollar for gas that cost 28 cents. Hughes was hired and did the work.

Now people no longer ask who's Hughes, but throughout the United States they are asking what's Hughes—what kind of a man is this person at Albany, this new and novel figure in

the working desk of the governor was in a small room adjoining the fine large chamber which is known as the executive office. Former governors preferred the small room so that they could keep away from the crowd which frequently fills the large room; also, it must be said, some of them preferred the little office so that they could talk in private with politicians. Governor Hughes used the little room for a few days. Then he marched out into the big room and took his seat at the expansive flat desk which had been merely ornamental, and he works there every day.

Shortly after this move a certain individual entered the big chamber and put his face close to the governor's, saying softly:

"I want to see you alone, governor."

"I am alone," replied the governor in his everyday voice.

"But this is a private matter, governor, and"

"Is it official business?"

"Yes, but"

"Good day," said Governor Hughes.

That politician thus made the startling discovery that New York has a governor to whom no official business is private.

It used to be mighty hard for a humble citizen to get access to the little room and the governor's ear. Now anybody not palpably a crank or a

had investigated gas he was called to investigate life insurance. After his searching questions had compelled insurance presidents and managers to disgorge the facts which proved their gross mismanagement of the people's funds Mr. Hughes prepared the official report of the legislative investigating committee to which he had acted as chief counsel. When he became governor he knew life insurance down to the nub. He became convinced that the commissioner of insurance was not taking advantage of the findings contained in that report to protect policy holders. He proposed to have a new commissioner, but he gave Mr. Kelsey an opportunity to show cause why he should not be removed.

Won a Moral Victory.

Governor Hughes notified Commissioner Kelsey to appear before him in the big room for immediate examination. There was no precedent for such a thing, of course. But, then, Governor Hughes cares little for precedents. He cares more for common sense, for business methods applied on the jump to the case immediately in hand. After a few hours of what lawyers call "Q. and A." otherwise cross examination, Mr. Kelsey felt like the bosom of a boiled shirt after being worn on a hot August day. He was wilted. The party machine in the state senate sustained Mr. Kelsey and prevented his removal, but the governor won the moral victory.

Also the governor a little later by attending strictly to his business as chief executive according to his own interpretation took the starch out of the party machine. A correspondent wrote from Albany:

"He has smashed his party organization so that there is little left of it as a machine. To be sure, many of the working parts are intact, but they are not assembled."

Neither Boss Nor Machine.

And it is not at all likely that they will be assembled so long as Charles E. Hughes stays in Albany. There is no Republican party machine in New York state at present writing. Up to a year or two ago the machine was as active as an automobile with a full tank out to break the record. Now it lies by the wayside like an auto that has butted against a steel telegraph pole. Governor Hughes is the steel pole. There is no Republican boss in New York state. Boss Platt is no more. Boss Odell is no more. State Chairman Woodruff, who might be boss with some other man than Hughes in the gubernatorial chair, is not a boss at all. For the first time in many years New York state Republicans have neither boss nor machine.

Why not? Because the man at the big flat desk in the large open chamber at Albany steadfastly refuses to attend to anybody's business but his own. He is the governor and attends to the governor's business. His interpretation of the governor's business does not include partisanship of any sort, does not include fixing up the fences so that the party may win out next year, does not include shysterism and chicanery, trickstering and trafficking in patronage—none of those things at all. Apparently he is not concerned, officially at any rate, as to whether New York city goes Republican or Cattaraugus county carries the whole ticket with increased majorities. He does not care, officially speaking, whether the Empire State is Republican or Populist next year. That is none of his business. His business is to be governor of New York and do the work directly connected with that office until his term shall end.

Governor Hughes puts no ear to the ground to hearken the rumbling of popular issues. Last winter state legislatures east, west and south were passing laws reducing the railroad passenger rate to 2 cents a mile. The people clamored for such laws. The governors signed them. There seemed to be a general demand for an arbitrary regulation of passenger rates, and it was the most popular movement of recent times. New York's legislative assembly passed a two cent law. Governor Hughes vetoed it.

"The People's Governor."

At first the people were shocked. The utterly unexpected had happened. Indignation soon gave way to curiosity. Hughes had become known as "the people's governor," and he certainly was not the corporation's governor. He must have plausible reasons for vetoing the bill. When the people read the governor's reasons, submitted with his veto message, showing the two sides of the question, many of them applauded.

Rev. David C. Hughes, retired Baptist minister and father of the governor, says Charles was always a good boy, "but neither a prig nor a Puritan." Nobody denies that the mature Charles is making a good governor. But he is a new sort of governor because he is not playing politics. This extraordinary abstention from the game that is supposed to be a prerogative of the New York governorship, with vague outlines of the White House looming up in the immediate future, perplexes the politicians. They don't know where they are at. They are afraid to say where they stand as to the future of Charles E. Hughes.

The people, however, are in no such perplexity. Everywhere throughout New York state you may hear people "mentioning" Hughes for the presidential nomination. And this recent utterance of President Schurman of Cornell in a public address delivered from the platform where Abraham Lincoln made his first speech in the east, the old Cooper Union in New York city, expresses the situation:

"If the people want Governor Hughes for higher service, it is best for them to take the initiative and extend the call. He would not accept an invitation from the bosses."

How She Rests.

In Germantown there dwells a family of ancient lineage which for years every summer has employed a colored woman named Liza as a cook while the family was at the shore. Sons and daughters have married and migrated, reared children and added to the branches of an already luxuriant family tree. On one occasion a number of these signified a desire to assemble again under the old roof. The old lady who now is the head of the family, seeing that special help was necessary, sent for Liza to come and help cook the dinner. Liza's answer was brief and dignified. "De winter am my vacation," she said, "an' den I doan' cook for nobody. In de winter I rests, an' all I does is washin' an' ironin'."

A Curt Reply.

A story is told of Professor Masson when editor of Macmillan's Magazine. It refers to the days when Kingsley and Newman were engaged in their famous pamphlet war. Conscious of the excellence of an article on the subject of the controversy which he had written in the magazine, Masson ventured to bring it under the notice of Newman, but he was not prepared for the reply he received, although he afterward spoke of it with philosophic humor. Newman's laconic message was in words such as these: "I have not heard of your magazine, and your name conveys no impression to my mind."—Westminster Gazette.

Heartfelt.

Lord Carrington when governor of New South Wales made his first public appearance at the mayor's dinner at Sydney. Having committed a few words to paper, he delivered them in reply to the toast of his health and then sat down, feeling very much satisfied with himself. Opposite to him there sat an M. P. who had suffered long from the abundant eloquence of the new governor's predecessor. When Lord Carrington sat down the man filled his glass to the brim and said, "Thank the Lord, he can't speak!"

Just a Spill.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the awkward waiter, "but was that last meal on you?"

"Not all of it, garcon," replied the guest as he meekly rubbed his much spattered trousers; "only the soup."—Pittsburg Press.

Lots of It.

"Initiative is the great thing that we all need and that most of us lack." "Well, my husband has lots of it," replied Mrs. Gottawadde. "He's initiated in something nearly every night."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Sensitive.

"Willie is so sensitive." "Really?" "Exceedingly so. When papa kicked him down the steps the last time he didn't call again for three weeks."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

While the world lasts fashion will lead it by the nose.—Cowper.

The Man With Tact.

Casual Caller (to one next him)—I was introduced to that squint eyed, red haired woman over there as Mrs. Somebody or other. Don't you think the man was an idiot that married her? Next One (meekly)—I can't just say. I'm the man.—Baltimore American.

Here's Good Advice.

O. S. Woolver, one of the best known merchants of A. R. Rayville, N. Y., says: "If you are ever troubled with piles, apply Buckle's Arnica Salve. It cured me of them for good 20 years ago." Guaranteed for sores, wounds, burns or abrasions. 25c. at O. M. Olsen's Drug Store.

Whenever you feel that your stomach has gone a little wrong, or when you feel that it is not in good order as is evidenced by mean headaches, nervousness, bad breath, and belching, take something at times, and especially after your meals until relief is afforded. There is nothing better offered the public today for stomach troubles, dyspepsia, indigestion, etc., than Kodol. This is a scientific preparation of natural digestants combined with vegetable acids and it contains the same juices found in every healthy stomach. Kodol is guaranteed to give relief. It is pleasant to take; it will make you feel fine by digesting what you eat. Sold by Eugene A. Pfeifferle.

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Badly Mixed Up.

Abraham Brown, of Winterton, N. Y., had a very remarkable experience; he says: "Doctors got bad y mixed up over me; one said heart disease; two called it kidney trouble; the fourth, blood poison, and the fifth stomach and liver trouble; but none of them helped me; so my wife advised trying Electric Bitters, which are restoring me to perfect health. One bottle did me more good than all the five doctors prescribed." Guaranteed for blood poison, weakness and all stomach, liver and kidney complaints, by O. M. Olsen druggist, 50c.

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