

The Politicians.

Some of the Men Who Are Seeking the Suffrages of Their Fellow Citizens—Spellbinders and Campaigners. :



SENATOR C. A. CULBERSON, chairman of the Democratic advisory campaign committee, is recognized as one of the ablest men in the upper branch of congress, and he is a son of David B. Culberson, who was a member of the house from Texas for twenty-two consecutive

years and one of the greatest lawyers the south ever produced.

Senator Culberson, too, is noted for his deep knowledge of the law. While yet a very young man he appeared in the supreme court of the United States and argued the celebrated case of Le Grande versus the United States, involving the constitutionality of the Kinkaid act. His speech on that occasion was a legal triumph, and the court decided the case in his client's favor.

In 1890, at the age of thirty-five, he was elected attorney general of Texas, succeeding the redoubtable James Hogg, and two years later he was re-elected. It was while he was attorney general that he again appeared before the supreme bench at Washington and argued the case of Reagan versus the Farmers' Loan and Trust company, involving the constitutionality of the act creating the Texas railroad commission. When he had concluded his argument and was preparing to leave the room the clerk of the court beckoned to him, and upon going to the desk he there found Mr. Justice Gray, who warmly congratulated him upon his able presentation of the case. This was praise from Sir Hubert, and a Sir Hubert not lavish of praise. Some years subsequently, when he made another exceptionally strong plea before that bench, Justice Gray again sent for him and said: "Young man, I have watched your career and am not unmindful of the fact that the people of Texas have taken care that you should not go unrewarded."

Nothing used to annoy the late Grover Cleveland so much when he was president as to have reporters follow him on his fishing expeditions and become inquisitive as to his luck. Probably it did not add much to Judge Taft's enjoyment of his recent trip to Middle Bass Island, Lake Erie, to be pursued so closely by correspondents and photographers; but, being a candidate, he had to don his customary



smile and make the best of the situation. Somehow the fish do not bite very well when there is a camera nearby ready to click every time a piscatorial prize is pulled in at the end of the line. Judge Taft is getting used to camera clicks and to being attended by an army of correspondents on every occasion, but the bass is a wary member of the finny tribe, and the Republican standard bearer, after trying his luck for a short time and giving the camera a chance to secure a negative or two, decided to postpone fishing until after the vote catching had been duly attended to.

William Hayward, who succeeds Elmer Dover as secretary of the Republican national committee, has the distinction of being the youngest judge and the youngest brigadier general in his native state of Nebraska and the youngest chairman of a state party organization in the country. He has been chairman of the Republican state central committee of Nebraska for two years, but resigns to give his entire time to his new duties as secretary of the national committee. He looks more than his thirty-one years, as he is six feet two inches tall, of fine figure and mature appearance. He was

born in Nebraska City and has been a member of the bar there since his graduation from the University of Nebraska in 1901. His father, the late M. L. Hayward, was elected to the United States senate from Nebraska in 1902 and died on the day he was to take his seat.

The new secretary of the Republican national committee is known as the father of "the Nebraska system," a system which from the state organization reaches successively down through well organized district, county, precinct and neighborhood organizations. By an elaborate system of reports the state chairman thus keeps in closest touch with the work of every party organization in his commonwealth. This system naturally attracted Chairman Hitchcock, and he has asked Mr. Hayward to instruct the other state chairmen in the method. Mr. Hayward will have charge of the party's Chicago headquarters while the Republican general himself is in the saddle.

Simeon S. Pennewill, Republican nominee for governor of Delaware, is a brother of Judge James Pennewill of the Delaware supreme court and was formerly one of the Addicks leaders in Sussex county. While a member of the state senate he led the break from Addicks which resulted in the elimination of the noted gas magnate as a factor in Delaware politics. Mr. Pennewill is forty years of age and has an extensive farm near Greenwood. Mr. Pennewill is running on a platform which declares for strict enforcement of laws against bribery, for improvement of waterways and extension and protection of the oyster and fish industry.



S. S. PENNEWILL.

Congressman W. Bourke Cockran, who is one of the leading spellbinders for the Democratic ticket this campaign, has a wide reputation for wit. He was talking once about labor troubles and said:

"I was born in Ireland, and in Ireland I obtained a part of my education. I remember well the school I attended, and I remember well a school fellow of mine named Michael, a lad who was always talking about trouble and always looking for it. We are on the question of trouble now, and therefore in Michael's experience it may be that there is something to profit us.

"Michael boasted constantly that the master was afraid to flog him. Why? Oh, because his father had said that if a hand was ever laid upon the boy there would be trouble. But one day Michael misbehaved, and the flogging due was not long in coming.

"The boy went home indescribably enraged. He sought out his father.

"'Father,' he said 'didn't you say that if the schoolmaster ever licked me there would be trouble?'

"'I did,' the father answered.

"'Well, I was licked today, and only for throwing paper pellets about the room.'

"The father frowned.

"'I never fail, my son, to keep a promise,' he said. 'There is going to be trouble. Fetch the strap.'"

Congressman Wesley L. Jones of the state of Washington, a candidate at the primaries for the seat of Senator Levi Ankeny, is serving his fifth term in the house of representatives. He was born near Bethany, Ill., in 1863 and was graduated from the Southern Illinois college at Carbondale. He is a lawyer, has a wife and two children, and his home is at North Yakima. Congressman Jones had to work hard in making his way and has never been overstocked with this world's goods. When he first ran for congress his political opponents pictured him as a "cloud-hopper."



WESLEY L. JONES.

BREACH OF PROMISE.

Manner in Which the Law Treats It in Different Countries.

England is the best place, from the plaintiff's point of view, for a breach of promise action. All other countries seem to regard with grave suspicion any attempt to recover monetary compensation for the loss of a prospective husband, and unless the plaintiff has a very strong case indeed it is never worth her while to carry her grievance into the law courts.

In France breach of promise cases are rare, for the simple reason that the law requires the plaintiff to prove that she has suffered pecuniary loss. Now, this is not an easy thing to do on the part of the lady, especially in a country where a girl without a dot—that is, a marriage portion—has a poor chance of finding a husband. Holland and Austria have adopted the French system, and the result has been about the same. Breach of promise actions are rare, the injured damsels or their relatives usually taking the law into their own hands.

Practical Germany, as might be expected, has perhaps the best method for solving this problem. When a young couple become engaged they have to go through a public betrothal ceremony that ought to knock all the shyness out of them. In the local town hall the pair declare their affection, willingness to marry, etc., ending by signing a collection of documents that apparently leave no loophole for escape. But if either party to the contract wishes to withdraw another journey is undertaken to the town hall and another collection of documents signed, witnessed and sealed. Then the authorities determine the question of compensation—should it be claimed. In this connection it may be said that the man can and often does claim a solatium for his wounded feelings. The usual award is one-fifth of the marriage dowry. It is easy to understand when all this is remembered how loath the young people of Germany are to break their betrothal oaths.

As the law of Italy affords little or no protection whatever to jilted damsels or swains, it is not surprising that the stiletto should be the favorite mode of deciding breach of promise cases. The Italian law demands that the person suing for the breach shall produce a written promise to marry from the defendant; otherwise the action cannot proceed. This difficulty is almost insurmountable, and the Italian judges are seldom troubled to adjudicate between one time lovers.

To bring an action for breach of promise of marriage against a reigning monarch is an achievement, but it has been done, and by an English lady, Miss Jenny Mighell sued the sultan of Johore, and as there was a doubt whether the dusky one was actually a reigning monarch the case was allowed to come into court, but the judge quickly disposed of the action by ruling it inadmissible for the reason referred to, and Miss Mighell was nonsuited.

It is remarkable that one of the two actions which have brought verdicts for £10,000 each to the plaintiffs should have had for its defendant the editor of a matrimonial paper. The second case was between a well known actress and the eldest son of an earl.—London Tit-Bits.

Tune For Tune.

Frederick the Great made generous presents to all musicians except flute players. He played the flute remarkably well himself. A famous flutist once asked permission to play to the king, hoping that Frederick would show his appreciation of his skill by some valuable gift. Frederick listened attentively while he played a difficult piece. "You play very well," he said, "and I will give you a proof of my satisfaction."

So saying he left the room. The musician waited, guessing at the probable nature of the proof. Presently the king returned with his own flute and played the same piece. Then he bade his visitor "Good day," saying, "I have had the pleasure of hearing you, and it was only fair that you should hear me."

Beyond His Aid.

A woman who had a telephone in her apartment called up the telephone company and asked that the operator be discontinued. The man who took her message tried to be exceedingly polite.

"We are sorry to lose you," he said. "Are you dissatisfied with anything?"

"I am," said the woman emphatically.

"I am very sorry," said the man. "Perhaps we can help you. What is it you do not like?"

"Single blessedness," said the woman. "I am going to be married tomorrow."

"Ah," said the polite clerk. "You are past our aid. Goodbye."—New York Sun.

A Knotty Problem.

"It's no use," said the young man with heavy rimmed goggles. "I can't get this political economy straight."

"What's the trouble?" asked the professor.

"I can't discover whether a lot of people go broke because we have hard times or whether we have hard times because a lot of people go broke."—Kansas City Independent.

A Painful Dilemma.

Willie—What's a dilemma? Johnny—Well, it's when you can't sit down because your dad licked you for going swimming and you can't stand up because a crab bit your toe.—Illustrated Bits.

It is said that the average man can get along with 300 words, but unfortunately he generally hands him more than that.—Puck.

Dance or Devil.

Choice Presented Gotham Playgoers Who Would Be Up to Date—His Satanic Majesty in Two Places at Once.

TO the dance or to "The Devil," which or both? That is the kind of question New Yorkers put up to themselves this autumn. With seductive Salomes on every hand and two devils playing to crowded houses every night one might suppose Gotham's Great White Way to lead in quite an opposite direction from the straight and narrow way we read about in Holy Writ. Judging by the amount of noise made over the arrival of his Satanic majesty in New York this autumn one would infer that he had never been there before and had never heard the name or seen the lights of Broadway. This, of course, is beyond belief; but, at any rate, it is the first time the evil one has come to Gotham undisguised, as the hero of a drama, heralded in flaming posters and making no secret of his intention to capture the town. Owing to his traditionally ubiquitous character it is quite easy for the devil to appear in two places at the same time, but the human vehicles of his personality are two in number and well known in the theatrical world. George Arliss and Edwin Stevens. Both play English versions of the drama by Ferenc Molnar named in honor of the presiding genius of the infernal regions. Mr. Stevens' devil may be seen at the Garden theater, and Mr. Arliss' interpretation of his Satanic majesty may be witnessed at Belasco's.

"Did you hear the merry widow was going to sue the devil?" is the latest on Broadway. When the one questioned replies in the negative he is told that the merry widow thinks she ought to collect damages from the devil for alienating the affections of the public. The gay little lady who has now had a hat named for her was about the warmest thing on the pike last season, but the devil has been making it hot not only for her, but even for the numerous daughters of



GEORGE ARLISS AS THE DEVIL AND MISS GRACE ELLISTON AS OLGA.



Herodias who have been producing "Visions of Salome" at roof gardens, music halls and various other places where amusement is dispensed. Strange to say, the women seem to be the most anxious to see the devil. Special performances are given for the fair sex, and at Saturday matinees it takes big details of police to handle the crush of feminine humanity at the box offices.

Abroad they took Molnar's play rather too seriously. Americans, with their love of humor, can more easily see the fun of the comedy. The work is full of cynicisms like the following: The Devil—if you ladies would go on abbing nicely, then we would understand you occasionally.

The Devil—Consider how stupid it would be if every one told the truth. Why, there'd be no conversation.

The Devil—She does not love her husband. Her husband therefore is either a very common fellow or a genius. The unloved husband is always the one or the other.

The Devil—The artist should never marry. The wife swears to be at your side until her dying day, but pretty soon she steps in front of you.

The Devil—You are right, not the true woman. There is, however, only one true woman—the other fellow's wife.

There has been a lot of discussion about this appearance of the devil—whether the manifestation is good for the morals or otherwise. As usual, the factors disagree, but the actors, anyway, believe that they should make the part as attractive as possible. Mr. Arliss, who, with Miss Grace Elliston in the leading female role, impersonates the devil in the performance at the Belasco theater, gives his ideas of the part thus:

"I am quite sure that the devil, to be really the monopolist of his line of business, would be the best story teller in his club, the best dancer in his set. He would play the piano like a virtuoso, win the tennis and golf championships, handle the ribbons like a thoroughbred. In short, he would have all the graces and all the charms that men commend and women adore."

A COURSE OF OX.

Try It as an Antidote For the Ills of the Strenuous Life.

In the choice of motor power allow me to suggest the ox. The horse leans forward to pull and even helps himself along by bobbing his head. He jerks a load out of a hard place by plunging bodily against the collar, stopping and lunging again. He strains through a hard place and then starts suddenly forward at his release. He works himself into a lather, and you, if you are the right kind of person, cannot help feeling for him and assisting him with forward stress and strain.

The ox does not bob a horn. He simply journeys, and the load goes along. When he comes to a tough place his pasterns do not bend down, he does not squat to pull, he does not pinch along on the toes of his shoes, he seldom blows, and he does not know how to sweat. He does not exert himself at a patch of woven soil and then hurry up when he is past it. The chain becomes stiffer, and the yoke sits solidly to his neck, and that is all. There is no sign of effort. The earth may grit its teeth and crunch as it swallows the plow, but the ox stalks on his way. With the share deep or shallow or lifted entirely and hanging from the axle, whether he is plowing earth or air, it makes no difference to him. His most ponderous task is still himself, and he heeds no incidentals.

He is out for a stroll. He does not allow work to interfere with the even tenor of his way. His tendons are rigged to his outstanding rump bones like so much spar and tackle, and he goes along by interior leverage. Inside his old woman hulk is the necessary engine work, and he will neither go slower for this thing nor faster for that. There is much about him besides his disposition that is self contained. He is the antithesis of the automobile. To ride on his back is a cure for indigestion; to ride behind him is a rest for the mind. A course of ox is an antidote for the ills of the times.—Charles D. Stewart in Atlantic.

A BRIER PIPE.

Get One That Is Smooth Inside the Bowl, Says a Smoker.

A collegian who prides himself on the sweetness and color of his briar wood pipes and pretends to know a lot more about them than any ordinary smoker spent half an hour in a tobacco shop making an addition to his already large collection.

Some pipes he discarded because of the grain in the wood. There was too much stripe or too much birdseye, he remarked. When he found one which suited him he put it aside until he had gathered three or four which apparently were all right, and then came his final test to pick out the best of them all.

He held each with the bowl toward the light, then slowly rubbed his little finger inside. Two he discarded, then repeated the operation with the others until only one remained out of the discard. That one he bought.

"Want 'em smooth inside," he explained. "A briar pipe roughly finished inside the bowl isn't worth bothering with. I wouldn't take one for a gift; wouldn't take the trouble to try to break it in, for it will never be any good. It won't cake up right, and it'll never be nice and sweet."

"I've got a theory that when the inside of the bowl is rough all the little edges and points of wood char and burn the first time you smoke it, and a burnt pipe is no good. That's why I always take a pipe that has a bowl as smooth on the inside as on the out."

"Then it doesn't char, but cakes up evenly and gets good in a little time. Maybe the theory is wrong, but it has worked out well in my own experience, and some of my friends who have tried it agree with me."—New York Sun.

One Industry of the Pesky Ant.

Out in Burma and the far east, where sandalwood is worth its weight in silver, the pestiferous ant is a valuable assistant to the loggers of that precious timber. The hard and fragrant heartwood alone has value, but as the tree grows this valuable heart is overlaid by a soft and worthless layer forming two-thirds of the trunk. When a tree is felled and cut into lengths the loggers let the timber lie. At once the ants begin work upon the soft wood, which is sappy and sweet enough to attract them. In a few weeks, less than a month in the case of the largest butts, the ants deliver the heartwood free of all the worthless sawwood.

Explaining.

"Aha, Mose! What are you doing with those chickens?"

"Is dem yo' chickens, boss?"

"You got them out of my coop?"

"What kinda chickens is dey, boss?"

"They are Rhode Island Reds. What are you doing with them?"

"Why, boss, I done bought some Rhode Island Reds f'm a man yestiddy, an' I come ovah to git some o' yo' alis chickens to see ef mine was lak yo' alis. Ah doesn't lak to git cheated, boss."—Houston Post.

Tricking the Hens.

Chinamen have a way of tricking hens so that they assist in the hatching of fish. Fish eggs are carefully placed in an eggshell, which is then sealed and placed under an unsuspecting hen. In a few days the spawn is warmed into life, and the contents of the shell are then cast into a shallow pool, where the sunshine completes the work.

Saw It.

"There's been a conflagration here," said Cumso, looking at a tall building. "How do you know?" asked Fangle. "I saw the fire escape."—Kansas City Independent.

ANSWERS EVERY CALL.

McCook People Have Found that This is True.

A cold, a strain, a sudden wrench. A little cause may hurt the kidneys. Spells of backache often follow. Or some irregularity of the urine. A certain remedy for such attacks. A medicine that answers every call. Is Doan's Kidney Pills, a true specific.

Mrs. B. F. Marshall, living in the western part of Arapahoe, Neb., says: "While lifting some years ago I strained myself and after that began to have trouble with my kidneys. If I worked a little harder than usual, or caught the slightest cold, I was sure to suffer more severely, and at times would be forced to remain in bed for a couple of days. My back was very sore and when I straightened after sleeping, sharp pains would dart through me. I also had frequent headaches and dizzy spells and the kidney secretions annoyed me somewhat by their irregular action. Not until I used Doan's kidney pills was I able to get relief. They went directly to the root of my trouble and before long I was in good health again."

Plenty more proof like this from McCook people. Call at McConnell's drug store and ask what customers report.

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In the county court of Red Willow county, Nebraska, in the matter of the estate of Conrad Getman, deceased.

You are hereby notified that I will sit at the county court room in McCook in said county on the 20th day of March, 1906, at nine o'clock a. m. to receive and examine all claims and demands against said estate with a view to their adjustment and allowance. The time limited for the presentation of claims against said estate is six months from the 20th day of September, 1905, and any claim not presented by that time shall be forever barred. —S. S. J. [SEAL] J. C. Moore, County Judge. J. E. Kelley, attorney.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that on the 23rd day of May, 1905, the articles of incorporation of the Masonic Temple Craft of McCook, Nebraska, were amended in the following:

Article Four thereof was amended to read as follows: "The general nature of the business to be transacted and the object of this corporation shall be to purchase real estate in McCook, Nebraska, upon which to erect a building to be known as a Masonic temple, and to furnish in said building a room or rooms to be used for Masonic purposes, and rooms for offices, store and other purposes, and to furnish said office and store rooms, and to construct and erect in said building an opera house, and to receive the profits therefrom. This corporation shall have the power to contract for and complete said building, to raise and borrow money for said purposes by pledge of its corporation property or otherwise."

Article Five thereof was amended, increasing the capital stock to forty-five thousand dollars. Article Eight thereof was amended to read as follows: "The board of directors of this corporation shall declare dividends during the months of January and July of each year, provided the surplus profits remaining after the payment of all current liabilities of this corporation are sufficient to pay the dividends of at least two and one-half percent, and if said times said profits are insufficient to pay such dividends, dividends shall be declared by the directors as soon as sufficient profits accumulate to pay such dividends; no dividends shall be declared which will impair the capital of this company."

[SEAL] MASONIC TEMPLE CRAFT OF MCCOOK, NEBRASKA.

By C. L. Fahnestock, President. Attest: Lon Cone, Secretary. 5-11-05

DR. R. J. GUNN
DENTIST
PHONE 112
Office: Rooms 3 and 5, Walsh Bldg., McCook

GATEWOOD & VAHUE
DENTISTS
Office over McAdams' Store Phone 190

Dr. J. A. Colfer,
DENTIST.
ROOM 4, POSTOFFICE BUILDING,
MCCOOK, NEBRASKA.

A. G. BUMP
Real Estate
and Insurance
Room Two over McConnell's drug store, McCook, Nebraska

NEILL BROS.
Contractors and Builders
Estimates
Furnished Free

Phones: Shop, Black 324. Residence, Black 315

Farmers bring your wheat to the MILL. We will pay you a premium above the market for all good milling wheat.

All Goods at Lowest Possible Market Prices. Whole Wheat, Rye and Graham Flour. Special prices on lots of ten sacks or more.

SEMOLIA A fine breakfast food unexcelled in 2-lb packages

All kinds of Mill Feed Corn, Barley, Chop, Bran, Shorts, etc.

Orders Promptly Delivered

McCook Milling Company
E. H. DOAN, Proprietor
Phone 29 McCOOK