

**WILLIAM CAMERON FORBES.**

The New Vice Governor of the Philippine Islands.  
The appointment of William Cameron Forbes as vice governor of the Philippines is in line with the policy that has been pursued during Mr. Roosevelt's administration of advancing men to posts of responsibility in the islands after they have served in less important positions. Mr. Forbes had already served as a member of the Philippine commission and in so doing had acquired the experience with administrative affairs in these possessions of the United States requisite to effective duty as vice governor of the islands. He became connected with the insular service in 1904 as member of the Philippine commission and secretary of commerce and police, is a native of Massachusetts and is thirty-eight years of age. He is a graduate of Harvard in the class of 1892 and was in the banking and commercial business in Boston for several years before receiving his appointment at the hands of the president.



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**STRANGEST OF DOGS.**

The Rare Afghan Hound Exhibited in London.

The champion show of the Chow Chow club in London recently gave special prominence to the strangest sort of dog in existence, and it is hoped that now it will appear regularly in a class by itself at the great shows.

The dog is the Afghan hound, which Mr. Banff has imported with great trouble from its native home. The Af-



STRANGEST DOG KNOWN.

ghans have a curious reluctance to sell the dogs, which they use for coursing wolves. As much as \$250 for a single dog was recently refused.

The appearance of the dogs is indescribably quaint. A child mistook them for goats, and an older visitor thought they were poodles. The grown dogs, which are about the greyhound size or larger, have long whitish hair almost like merino wool down to their feet, but are smooth and of a light brown color along the back.

**Miss Mabel Boardman.**

The Boardman family, with whom the Tafts are on terms of much intimacy, is prominent in Washington society, and Miss Mabel Boardman, who entertained the president elect and his wife on their last visit to the national capital, is conspicuous in the Red Cross movement. She is a member of the executive committee of the American Red Cross society, and it was due in part to her representations that President Elect Taft was induced to remain for another year at the head of the order.



MISS MABEL BOARDMAN of the American Red Cross society.

Hard on Mr. Cabbagehead.  
Mr. Carrot—Gracious, what has happened to you, Curly?  
Curly Cabbagehead—Last night I went to a theater, and just because some one didn't like the actor they threw me at him. It's a wonder I'm alive to tell the tale.—Success Magazine.

Hard Hearted Father!  
"That foreign gentleman says he can't live without our daughter's hand," said Mrs. Cumrox.  
"Yes, he can," replied her husband. "He may have to economize a little, but he'll live all right."—Washington Star.

**AVERTED A DUEL.**

The Soft Answer That Was Returned to the Challenge.

Mrs. Minnie Walter Myers, in her "Romance and Realism of the Southern Gulf Coast," gives an account of one of the last challenges to a duel which occurred in Louisiana. The affair was between M. Marigny, who belonged to one of the oldest families of Louisiana, and a Mr. Humber, a sturdy ex-blacksmith of Georgia, who had become a man of political consequence.

Mr. Marigny took offense at some remarks of the Georgian and sent him a challenge. The big ex-blacksmith was nonplussed.  
"I know nothing about this dueling business," he said. "I will not fight him."  
"You must," said his friend. "No gentleman can refuse."  
"I am not a gentleman," replied the honest son of Georgia. "I am only a blacksmith."  
"But you will be ruined if you do not fight," urged his friends. "You will have the choice of weapons, and you can choose so as to give yourself an equal chance with your adversary."  
The giant asked time in which to consider the question and ended by accepting. He sent the following reply to M. Marigny:  
"I accept, and in the exercise of my privilege I stipulate that the duel shall take place in Lake Pontchartrain, in six feet of water, sledge hammers to be used as weapons."  
M. Marigny was about five feet eight inches in height, and his adversary was seven feet. The conceit of the Georgian so pleased M. Marigny, who could appreciate a joke as well as perpetrate one, that he declared himself satisfied, and the duel did not take place.

**STREET LIGHTS.**

How Throughfares Were Illuminated in the Seventeenth Century.

Lighting the streets of a large city in olden times was a far different thing from the illumination of our thoroughfares now. In 1661 the streets of London were directed to be lighted with candles or lanterns by every householder fronting the main road from nightfall to 9 o'clock, the hour of going to bed.

In the last year of King Charles II.'s reign one Edward Hening obtained the right to light the streets with lanterns lit over every tenth door from 6 o'clock on moonless evenings until midnight between October and April.  
During the reign of Queen Anne in July, 1780, Mr. Michael Coke introduced globular glass lamps with oil burners instead of the former glimmering lanterns. In 1716 an act was passed which enjoined every householder to furnish a light before his door from 6 to 11 o'clock at night, except on evenings between the seventh light of each moon and the third after it reached its full.

In a few years a company was formed to light the street from 6 o'clock till midnight, each householder who did poor rates being required to contribute for this purpose 6 shillings a year.  
Gaslight, at its introduction in the evening of the last century, presented such a novel spectacle to the eyes of foreign ambassadors that they were not enough to imagine that the brilliant lamps were a part of a general illumination to celebrate their arrival. Harper's.

**Light and Pain.**

"Light is good for toothache," said a doctor. "Darkness is bad for it. You are a toothache sufferer, haven't you often noticed how the pain in your ear increases when late at night you turn off the lamp and try to sleep? Light, you see, is good for the toothache. There are a number of diseases which are good for—asthma, cold in the head, earache. These diseases in the dark all grow worse.  
"Darkness is good for a sick headache and for neuralgia and for nausea. Haven't you noticed it? Light and darkness—they are remedies recognized at last, and today we prescribe them the same as we do quinine or nux."—New York Press.

**Ignorance of Our Customs.**

"What caused the hitch in the progress of the courtship of Miss Coyne and the duke?" asks one interested party.

"He got the idea that her father didn't have any money," explained the other.

"But couldn't he look the matter up?"

"He thought he had. The trouble was he looked at the tax duplicate just after the old man had finished swearing off his assessment."—Judge.

**One Way.**

Child—Suppose I called you a mean old pig. What would happen? Governness—I should tell your father, and he would punish you. Child—And if I only thought it. Governness—No harm so long as you don't say it. Child—Then I only think it.—Life.

**Consoled Her.**

"Why do you wear that ridiculous hat?" he growled.

"Do you really think it ridiculous?" she replied graciously. "How lovely of you! I was afraid it wasn't quite the style."

**Too Warm.**

"And have you clothes for all climates?"

"Yes; except the one my husband mentions when he gets the bill."—Pick-Me-Up.

If a man asks a candid opinion of a friend and gets it, it makes him mad.—Atkinson Globe.

**J. P. Morgan's Chicago Visit.**

Some of the Gossip About the Great Financier and His Entertainment at a Banquet at the Auditorium.

(From Our Chicago Correspondent.)

HAT was the matter with the cigars that were handed out to J. Pierpont Morgan at the dinner given to the New York captains of commerce by the Chicago Association of Commerce in the banquet room of the Auditorium hotel?  
The question is being passed around by the committee that arranged the spread, although the event itself is already in the archives. Mr. Morgan was more than gracious in his little speech which made 117 words, including the use of the personal pronoun eighteen times.

The great financier was honestly touched by the cordiality of the members of the association. He lingered over the demitasse and seemed to be sorry when the hour for quitting was called. The association was honored by Mr. Morgan's presence and said so. But what was the matter with the cigars? The people who were at table are still asking this. When the time came to smoke, the box was passed to Mr. Morgan first, of course. He passed it to the head of the table, who broke the top layer. Mr. Morgan reached down into the upper left hand pocket of his society waistcoat and pulled therefrom a long black cigar that looked like a stick of licorice in the show window of a country drug store. He smoked it with deliberate relish. The box was not offered again.

The guest meant no disrespect. Mr. Morgan's cigars are made to order. He smokes no others. But the committee did not know this, and hence their state of mind.

There was another little incident of the dinner which the committee would not have sanctioned if they had known about it. While the smoke was on, some of those who sat near Mr. Morgan passed their menus to him for his signature. He obliged. The negro waiters who saw the incident got busy. They gathered as many menus as they could reach and slyly placed the same before the financier. He wrote his name on every card. The darkies sold the mementos at a dollar per.

The landmarks of Chicago are spots of soil rather than buildings. One of these spots that has just been cleared for buildings was Ogden grove. It was opened in 1804 by the Ogden estate for picnic purposes. It was shaded by great trees the age of which was known only to the last tribe of Indians that held a war dance there. In later times it was the site of the "old settlers' picnics. As the foreign element of the city lived mostly in the vicinity for a long time, they held their reunions there. The Plattducher guild, the Schwaben verein, the United Barische societies, all of which used to parade the streets in their native costumes—very picturesque they were—finished the day in Ogden grove. It was the place where the Hibernian rifles and the Clan-na-Gael guards met in contest. As late as 1880 the Butchers' union had a cattle killing contest under the branches of the big elms. Just before the Haymarket riot the Socialists held a conference on the spot. An old road house used to be on one corner. The wraiths of departed festivals seem to haunt the spot. It is all over. The ground has been cleared for a mammoth factory. The city years since grew beyond the site.

When a Chicago man wants to go way back in his recollections he gets the hand on the dial plate at the hour when the trailer was put on as an attachment to the street car system. As the trailer is to this city so is the horse car to New York. That is putting the saying backward, but you get the idea. People who have always stayed at home may not know it, but Chicago is the only city in the United States that has trailers to its street car system. Primarily the trailer was intended for the overflow. But that idea is obsolete. People here get weary of the trailer long ago. They went to law about it, and the decision was made eighteen months ago that it was to be sent to the junk heap. It is here yet. There hasn't been a dollar spent on a trailer car in this town since the first was put in commission. If there has been such an expenditure, the work was made on the underside of the car, for it is nowhere in sight of the passenger. When a New Yorker comes here he takes the Chicagoan to one side and tells him not to be

ashamed—that the horse car is still in business in Gotham.

If a visitor to Chicago went out to study its church architecture he would pass a sanctuary over on the west side without bestowing upon it more than a cursory glance. It is the Protestant Episcopal cathedral. It was founded in 1802 by Bishop Whitehouse, the second bishop of the church in the state. In this edifice was organized the first vested boys' choir in Illinois. It was a parish church at that time. The fine old character who conceived the vested boy choir in this church was Canon Knowles, who died not long ago in New York. His body was brought here for burial, and a tablet to his memory was placed in the cathedral, where he taught his boys and where he labored so long and so faithfully. The patron saints of this cathedral are Peter and Paul. The sons of the founder of the church live in London. They have recently made a large contribution to the old building fund for the purpose of rehabilitating the same. Modern improvements will be made which will bring the edifice up to date in its appointments. The dean of the cathedral, the Rev. Walter Taylor Sumner, has added to the contribution by personally raising \$30,000.

Of course it won't interest the dilettante to know that the Chicago police have issued an "irade" against the free



IF YOU STARVE A HOBO HE WILL MIGRATE.

lunch. The police did not use the oriental word "irade." The word was "kibosh," and, while some parts of the land are already familiar with the word, it has just come to Chicago. Ever since Mike McDonald and John Dowling and "Appetite Bill" put out free lunches for their patrons the gratis grub has been a feature of the places where the dilettante never go. Chicago became famous for free hand-outs long before Potter Palmer and John B. Drake opened their great hotels. Always about the time the frost puts its trademark on the pumpkin drinking places and the gambling dens set out their feasts. In from the roads, from the fodder shocks and the retreats of the country come the hoboes. Food statisticians say that an able-bodied hobo can stand to a free lunch longer than a starved dog can worry a bone. The city has been overrun with the hobo element since the harvest moon went out of business. The police concluded that the presence of this element increased the holdups all over the city, and the police have ordered the free lunch to be dispensed with. They seem to think that if you



starve a hobo he will migrate. Chicago without its free lunch routes won't be the same old town.

Chicago's front yard is the lake strip which faces the unsalted body of water that stretches out to the Michigan shore. It might also be called the land of lawsuits. The records of courts, state and national, are crammed with litigations which originated on this strip. The latest is the suit in which a merchant sought to prevent the city from erecting in the front yard the Field Museum of Natural History. The suit began soon after the death of Mr. Field. It has passed through a number of phases. The most recent decision favored the location of the proposed building on the site. The court said, in brief, that a park was not a park unless it contained something besides grass. The merchant who is a litigant against the proposition said no. Result, another appeal and a long wait which may invalidate the terms of the will.

This front yard of Chicago is haunted by interesting memories as well as lawsuits. On one end of the plain Pop Anson first trained the White Sox how to play ball. Here Barnum spread the canvas of his only only. From the same spot Washington Donaldson took his last flight to the clouds in a balloon. From the day when his slirship disappeared in a thundercloud until the present moment no tidings of the ill fated aeronaut have been received. And here for years and years, while Chicago was yet a struggling town, were held the expositions, and in the same old wooden building Theodore Thomas entranced the people with his music, and it was here that Weston and O'Leary had their first pedestrian match.

The most notable event that ever occurred on this strip was when a section of the regular army was hurried there by President Cleveland for the purpose of maintaining law and order, which were menaced by one of the most determined labor strikes in the country. And here in the early state of

its organization anarchy in this section first unfurled its red flag. All have had their day except lawsuits.  
BEVERLY BRUX.

**VOLCANOES.**

They Are Not Burning Mountains as We Understand That Term.

"What are volcanoes?"  
Nine out of every ten persons would immediately have an answer of some sort to the question above, for have they not a lively remembrance of having learned in their schoolbooks that "a volcano is a burning mountain, from the summit of which are sent out smoke and flames?" This popular fancy has been exploded by scientists, whose work is to explode popular fancies.

In the first place, volcanoes are not necessarily mountains. In reality they are just the reverse—that is, holes in the earth's crust. Out of these holes throw the materials which, accumulating, form the heaps which we popularly call mountains.

These are, then, the result and not the cause of the action. Neither are they "burning," as we understand the term. There is no combustion nor any action we might reasonably call "burning."

The action need not necessarily take place at the summit, for eruptions are just as frequent at the sides or even at the base. The so-called "smoke" is nothing more or less than the clouds of condensing steam which are formed on every occasion when an eruption occurs.

Lastly, the "flames," so called, are merely the reflection of the mass of molten rock and material inside the crater on the clouds of steam above, thus appearing as a glowing light. The friction, too, set up by the motion of the materials causes electricity, and hence the lightning discharges which add to the illuminating effect.—Pearson's Magazine.

**VOTED WITHOUT BALLOTS.**

An Election Day at Charlottesville, Va., in 1804.

At Charlottesville, Va., the seat of Albemarle county, according to Miss Mary Johnston's chronicle of "Lewis Rand," they were voting for a member of the house of delegates. It was the fourth Wednesday in April. The year was 1804.

"Under the locust trees to the right of the open gate were placed long tables and on them three mighty punch bowls, flanked by drinking cups and guarded by house servants of venerable appearance and stately manners. Here good Federalists refreshed themselves. To the left of the gate, upon the trampled grass beneath a mulberry, appeared other punch bowls and in addition a barrel of whisky ready broached for all good Democrat-Republicans. The sunny street was filled with horses, vehicles and servants; the broad path between the trees, the turf on either hand and the courthous steps were crowded with riotous voters. All ranks of society, all ages, occupations and opinions, met in the genial weather beneath the trees, where sang every bird of spring."

Within the courthouse the sheriff presided. Conspicuous sat the two candidates. There were no ballots, but each voter made known his choice by free voice:

"I vote, sir," cried the colonel, "for Mr. Ludwell Cary, for a gentleman and a patriot, sir, and may the old county never be represented but by such!"

**The Money Germ.**

The Baltimore Sun comes out with a warning that probably few will heed. It says, "Don't let the money germs bite you," and adds that a man who has taken the trouble to count 'em says that 124,000 bacteria roost comfortably on each one dollar bill after the currency has been circulating freely for a year or so. So if you have \$50 in your pocket you are probably carrying around about 6,200,000 germs. "Yet," says the Sun, "there are men brave enough to face this terrible risk just for the sake of having a roll of greenbacks. It simply shows what dangers man will undergo for money. Most of us, however, are not in serious danger."

**Garibaldi's Simplicity of Character.**

An instance of Garibaldi's modesty and simplicity of character is afforded by the following letter, written to his wife at Caprera the day after the battle of Diagon:  
Dear Francesca—Yesterday the Italian volunteers fought the whole day against the Prussians, the best soldiers in the world, and won. The weather here is very cold, and it is snowing. I dare say it will be the same in the Mediterranean. Take care of the cows and see that the calves do not suffer from the cold. Tell Pietro to sow the beans at the Tole and tell the children, Clelia and Manlio, that when I passed Marseilles I saw some beautiful toys, which on my return I shall get for them.

**Ingenious Ponies.**

A rather curious habit has been developed by Mexican ponies in connection with the cactus thorns. When these creatures are thirsty it is said that before attempting to put their mouths to the prickly plant they will first of all stand and kick at the cactus with their heels. By this means the thorns are broken and the leathery skin bruised, and so the ponies can drink their fill of the cool juice without injury.—Strand Magazine.

**They Were Not Encouraged.**

"I don't see why that young man doesn't propose."  
"I think, pa, that the chances of his doing it would be fully as good if you wouldn't leave your boxing gloves around where he can see them."—Bohemian Magazine.

Of course everybody likes and respects self made men. It is a great deal better to be made in that way than not to be made at all.—O. W. Holmes.

**BUSINESS LOCALS.**

**"Crown"**

Mrs. H. C. Haken, public stenographer, Commercial club office. Phone 677. 48-8w

**The "Crown"**

Dr. Allen, dentist. Opera house blk. Try Pardy's Cottage Bread.

Go to Pardy's Bakery for your Pies and Cakes.

Dr. Allen, dentist. Opera house blk. Dr. Allen, dentist. Opera house blk.

For Rent—A large east front room, close in. Inquire at Herald office.

**The Geo. P. Bent "Crown" Piano**

Christian Science services held every Sunday at 11 o'clock, in Odd Fellows' hall. All are cordially invited to attend. 50-1f.

**The "Bent" Crown**

"No bill so large, No bill so small, But this expert Can collect them all."

Expert Bill Collector. Phone 677. Commercial Club Office 50f

**Pianos and Sewing Machines See Threlkeld Phone 498**

Wanted to Winter—300 to 400 cattle, plenty of hay and range.—D. W. Albright, Kenoni, Sheridan Co., Neb., or Hall & Graham, Alliance.

Geo. A. Hills pays 6 cents for hides.

Furnished rooms for rent at 404 Wyoming avenue, or phone 205.

Piano tuning and repairing, phone 498.

Wanted—Anyone having a car of more of potatoes to sell, write us best prices; smooth, screened, matured stock.—Johnson Bros., Nebraska City, Neb.

Taken Up—One three-year old steer branded on left hip and 5 on left side. Owner can have same by proving property and paying charges.—F. McCoy. 3w

\$100,000 to loan on real estate.—F. E. Reddish. 1-8w

Carpet cleaning by the Vacuum system. No more free rooms. Prices right. Phone 507.—L. H. Brown. 1-f

**A. D. NEW AUCTIONEER**

ELLSWORTH, - NEBR. Col. New has had 25 years' experience and is one of the most successful auctioneers in the northwest.

**Dates made at this office**

**Estray Notice**

TAKEN UP—October 21, 1908, by the undersigned on his premises, section 31, twp 25, range 48, Box Butte county Nebraska. One red and white heifer, two years old and one red and white steer, two years old both branded

J. E. WILSON, 1p Dec. 17-5-w Alliance, Neb.

**DR. T. ALLEN, DENTIST**

Painless Extraction Latest Methods —Safe, Sure— ALLIANCE NEBRASKA

Mrs. Hines, of Crete, Neb., announces a discount of 25 per cent on all water colors on exhibition at the office of Drs. Coppernoll & Peterson, 17 Rumer block. 3-1f

**For Sale**

One spring calf, two spring colts, one spring wagon, one red milch cow. Inquire of S. C. Reck. 3-2w



F. L. WESCOTT makes them— THE STANDARD ELECTRIC BELT —Try 'em. 3-4w

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