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LENGRAND

No. 59062.

PEDIEREE—Sired by Prince du Chenoy (2188), he by Duc du Chenoy (11066), out of Charlotte II (15499); Dam, Mouche de Thines (16299), she by Organiste (1991), out of Fante de Villiers (4076).



Lengrand is a bay Belgian Stallion, 10 years old, weight 1900 pounds, with small stripe in forehead, and right hind foot white. He was bred by Mr. Felix Coupez, of Bassilly, and imported March 1, 1911, by W. A. Lang & Co., of Greeley, Iowa. He was foaled in 1906.

Will Stand the Season of 1914 as Follows:
Tuesday and Wednesday, at Chas. Bliven farm.
Thursday, at Henry Filmore farm.
Friday, Sunday and Monday, at E. L. Ross, on old Wm. Nixon farm.
Saturday, at the Homer Livery barn.

TERMS—\$15 to insure with foal; \$30 for standing colt. Upon the sale or removal of mares from county, foal bill becomes due at once; of which mares are not properly returned for trial service, fees become due at once. Due care will be taken to prevent accidents, but at risk of owner of mare if she sustains any.

LEONARD ROSS

Owner, and Attendant. Dakota City, Nebr.

A NEW McKINLEY

American From Head to Heel — From Skin to Marrow

By JOSEPH SMITH

THE man who is in touch and sympathy with the human currents of his age, who recognizes the ills of his day and can prescribe the cures or palliatives for them, who is not willing to allow one evil to crowd out the consideration of others, that man with his intuitive knowledge of the strength and weakness of his fellows, will go far. He inspires faith and by his patience and tact gathers behind himself a moving force, a volume of convinced public opinion that enables him to achieve results.

Such a man is Captain John Wingate Weeks, Senator from the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Captain Weeks—you'll get closer to his heart by giving him his naval title than by intoning his senatorial dignity—is in no sense a new man in public life. During these years of agitation and clamor he has been working, not spell-binding. In these perilous days of storm and stress and lungs and tongues, he has been on the job attending everlastingly to the business of the country and the interests of his constituents. He has had neither the time nor the taste for decorating stumps or adorning platforms. And yet he can speak and speak wisely and convincingly when necessity demands it and the occasion warrants it. He is more like McKinley than any other public man of the day, in his relations with his fellow men.

Big, Upright, Clear-headed, Well-balanced

Captain Weeks has never posed as an Ajax defying the limelight; he knows that a republic and a people are better served by works than words. Being endowed with Yankee gumption and a fine sense of humor and having a long experience of men and matters, he is convinced that the man who saws and sweats gets more out of a tough wood pile than he who swats and swears.

Captain Weeks is one of those big, upright, clear-headed, well-balanced Yankees, who were more numerous half a century ago than they are today. A sane, self-contained, honorable American, endowed with Yankee humor and horse sense, shrewd and kindly, who loves square dealing and fair play; who believes in walking and working in the middle of the road in the sight of man and God, ready to share the sunlight of his nature with his fellows. That's Captain Weeks.

It was in the town Lancaster, in that cradle of men, the Old Granite State, that John Weeks was born one April morning in 1860; lived and grew to young manhood; learned how to cut a clean swath with the best of the hands in the hay-field, and was a hardworking farmer's boy. From the wholesome atmosphere of the north country, he went direct to the Naval Academy at Annapolis. Life was not all cakes and ale for the Annapolis man in the early eighties. We did not have much of a navy in those days, nor did we have the knowledge and appreciation of the necessity and value of one. We were too busy expanding our purse and our pride to waste much time on armies and navies, and so we neglected both. Out of a graduating class of 70 cadets only ten received commissions and the other 60 were sent adrift. John W. Weeks did not belong to the Upper Ten.

Annapolis Makes Americans

Annapolis makes Americans. It perfects their bodies and disciplines their minds, it graduates officers and gentlemen, and they are taught to understand that the standard which constitutes an American gentleman bearing the commission of the United States is character and conduct, not birth or condition. The boy who stands the tests of Annapolis for four years and graduates must be sound in body, mind and soul. From this school John Weeks graduated with honor and credit and passed into the service of his country. If the indifference and folly of that day subsequently deprived the navy of the services of Weeks and his 69 classmates they did turn back into the civil life of the Republic a leaven of worth and efficiency with a distinct value, a leaven with a lofty conception of citizenship and duty.

A Patriot in Peace and War

This is the why and because of John Wingate Weeks and the manner of man he is. Of good American stock, born in the most American of New England States, raised in the wholesome atmosphere of a New Hampshire country town he went in the formative period of his manhood to the most American of schools, the Annapolis Naval Academy, and later to spend two years in active service. The resultant product could only be one thing—a man who could be trusted under all circumstances and conditions, a high-minded, honorable gentleman, a patriot in peace and war, a public servant who could be depended upon in every crisis, a man whose word was as good as his bond, a clean-living, clean-thinking, hard-working, liberty-loving democratic American.

Pluck and Patience, Physique and Humor

It is always a hard job to keep a good man down, but it's a good deal harder to discourage or defeat a New Hampshire Yankee. When John Weeks retired from the navy he did not waste any time mourning the ingratitude of republics. He went to work in Florida as a surveyor, running down the lines of old Spanish land grants. If any good man and true wants to learn what good hard work means, let him tackle a job surveying in the steamy air and oozy lands of Florida. To hike through the swamp and jungle under a sub-tropical sun in the pleasant companionship of reptiles and insect pests, packing rod and chain and theodolite is a job that calls for pluck and patience, physique and humor. Weeks did it and stuck to his job. He needed the money and wasn't afraid of hard work; and his experience then has enabled him to have a soft spot in his heart for every fellow sweating under a hard job and in a tight place. His Annapolis experience with the hard knocks afterward in Florida helped to give him the National spirit which is so marked a feature of his character. It helps to explain, too, how it happens that he is the first New England Republican since James G. Blaine to touch the heart of the West. There is no western state in which you cannot find John Weeks' adoring friends.

Captain Weeks has succeeded in business and politics because of his gifts and graces plus hard work and square dealing. While he is firm in his convictions, unyielding in his principles and vigorous in upholding them, he has the art of compelling the admiration and affection of his opponents, who soon realize the sincerity and honesty of his views. He knows how to concede without cutting, to rebuke without reviling, to speak without stinging.

Volunteered for Service

When he began his civil career and became immersed in business, he could not forget his first love, the sea and the ship; and feeling that the day might come when his country could utilize the knowledge and training gained in Annapolis, he joined the Massachusetts Naval Brigade and became its commander and captain. When the Spanish War did come he served as lieutenant in the volunteer naval forces in Massachusetts waters. Though out of the service, his heart is still with it. When Wilson bungled us into war with Mexico through seizing Vera Cruz, Captain Weeks was one of the first to volunteer for service in the hostilities which seemed to be at hand. He is primarily a sailor and a naval officer. In Congress no man's advice and counsel are valued so highly for he brings to this subject knowledge, intelligence, sympathy and a patriotic pride.

A Worker—Not a Word-monger

Captain Weeks was never a spectacular Congressman. He is a worker, not a word-monger; he wastes neither time nor talent in useless discussion. His aim is to get results, to place useful legislation on the statute books, to allay public discontent by remedial measures and to keep the wheels of government running without friction and without waste and extravagance. In the recent days of excitement and agitation, when a great deal of demagoguery was masquerading as patriotism and garrulous humbug was posing as reform, his humor, good sense and knowledge of human nature guided him by the shoals of roaring revolution and the rocks of dull reaction. He kept his balance and smiled at both poseur and stand-patter.

A shrewd, kindly, level-headed, self-respecting Yankee, devoted to his country and loyal to his duties and responsibilities, his education and training have taught him that law, order and discipline are as essential to the progress and prosperity of the nation as financial sanity and social peace are to its industrial and commercial success. He can recognize financial heresy and political humbug no matter how cleverly disguised, and he is not to be fooled by the fine words that butter no parsnips. His good sense and good humor, the admirable temper he brings to the discussion of measures, his courtesy and consideration for others and his thorough mastery of the questions he advocates and the legislation he opposes have brought him respect and confidence.

The Best Liked Man in Congress

He is the most effective and best liked man in Congress today. If the members of the House and Senate with whom he has served were to choose the next President he would get almost every Republican vote and Progressive and Democrats would be glad to see him get it.

He is a man's man, he wears well, he is a permanent fixture in the affections of his hosts of friends. He is a public man whom it will pay to watch for he will go far and he is a sound and trustworthy American product, American from his head to his heel and from his skin to his marrow. The world knows no better type than that.

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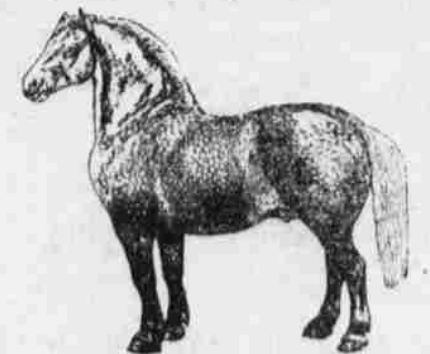
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LOUIS BOGG

Owner and Attendant. Phone 11, Line 2 Hubbard, Nebr.