

The Frontier

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Address the office of the publisher.

The Frontier wishes all its readers
a Merry, Merry Christmas and a Happy
and prosperous New Year.

Sheridan Simmons is being groomed
as leader of Holt County democracy
when the Honorable Art removes to
Lincoln.

So far Holt county democrats have
plucked but one plum from Mr. Shal-
lenberger's greatly reduced crop of ap-
pointments. Mr. Mullen landed the
oil inspectorship, but from the reports
at hand he is not exerting himself on
behalf of any of the applicants at
home except his aunt and sister.

The Frontier has commenced send-
ing out statements to all its readers
who are a year or more in arrears on
subscription. Under the new rule of
the postoffice department it is incum-
bent upon all newspapers to collect
their subscriptions each year and we
hope our readers will be prompt in
calling or remitting their subscrip-
tion.

According to the daily press Repre-
sentative H. R. Henry of this county
is the leading candidate for speaker
of the house of representatives with
splendid chances of success. It would
be an honor to Holt county to have
one of its citizens preside over the
deliberations of the next legislative
body and The Frontier hopes Mr.
Henry succeeds in his ambition.

During the campaign last fall the
Sixth district congressman pledged
himself, if re-elected, to vote against
Cannon and Cannonism. He had an
opportunity to make good his promise
a week ago Tuesday when the
Gardiner resolution was before the
house, but he found it convenient to
be absent when the vote was taken.
Boyd and Pollard were the only mem-
bers of the Nebraska delegation who
voted for the resolution and against
the speaker.

Lee Henry went to Plainview last
week, where on January 1, he as-
sumes editorial and mechanical con-
trol of the Plainview News, which
has been purchased by a capitalist of
that city from John Gunthorpe, the
Denver base ball magnate. The paper
is now an exponent of republicanism
but with the change of owners it will
also change its political coat and
henceforth will advocate Bryanism
and all the ills and isms inherent
thereto. The Frontier wishes Lee
success in his new undertaking.

The Omaha News says: "If Presi-
dent Roosevelt had done nothing more
than to humanize presidential mes-
sages, his seven years service as pres-
ident would have been well spent." Upon
which the Kearney Hub re-
marks: "That is a new way of putting
it but it is quite right. The Roosevelt
messages have touched upon live top-
ics in a heart-to-heart human way
that has never been touched by our
presidents and he writes about the
nation's 'family affairs' just as though
he were addressing the members of a
large family."

The compiled returns of the total
popular vote for president shows that
there must be thousands of citizens
throughout the country who for one
cause or another failed to vote. Out
of a population running close now to
it is claimed 90,000,000, there was a
total of only 14,852,239 votes cast. Of
course there is a large class of unnat-
uralized foreigners to be counted, but
it seems that 18,000,000 voters in the
United States would be none too high
an estimate. Hence there must have
been some 4,000,000 voters in the
country who failed this year to avail them-
selves of the elective franchise. The
totals for the various parties this year
were: Republican, 7,637,676; demo-
crat, 6,393,182; independent, 83,186;
prohibition, 241,252; populist, 33,871;
socialist, 15,421.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

At this season of good cheer, when
the message of "peace on earth, good
will to men," that comes to us down
through the ages, inclines us again to
thoughts and acts of benevolence, The
Frontier wishes once more to express
its wish that all our readers will pass
a happy Christmas and enjoy peace
and prosperity another year.

We wish them exceeding and abun-
dant blessings, not for a day, but for
every day. And so we believe it is
with all of us. We wish especially our
friends and acquaintances material
prosperity and mental and moral
peace; and not only to those of our
limited sphere of knowledge, but to
all mankind.

In the hurry and rush and struggle
for life and place and power we do not
find time each day to express our well
wishes, but the thought and heart of
it is there. Passion may at times
strain, but it does not break the
chords of friendship or sever the bonds
of humanity. So at another Christ-
mas season let us renew our allegiance
to each other and the cause of right-
eousness and throughout the coming
year strive to improve over the record
of the past.

FREAK LEGISLATION.

Omaha Bee: The newly elected
members of the Nebraska legislature
are busy telling the world what they
propose to do in the way of re-shaping
the ends of man, no matter how
Destiny has left them. If all the
varied, various and diverse proposed
remedies for the social ills we suffer
from are enacted into law, Nebraska
will have the combined effort of Kan-
sas and Oklahoma beaten to a frazzle.

And yet possible good may come
of this condition. It is quite within
the range of probabilities that the
democratic legislators will find them-
selves so busy in trying to formulate
the "reform" legislation they propose
that they will be unable to tamper
with the really good laws that were
placed on the statute book by the re-
publicans. The democratic platform
promises to accomplish a great many
things and that party unexpectedly
finds itself confronted with the neces-
sity of making good. This will be
the excuse for a great deal of freak
work at Lincoln during the coming
session, and the state will be lucky if
it escapes the experience of Oklahoma.

The conviction and sentencing in
the supreme court of the District of
Columbia of three of the highest
officials of the American Federation
of Labor, Gompers, Mitchel and Mor-
rison, confirms a well grounded and
wide spread opinion that some of the
labor organization officials have been
defying the laws of the country no less
than the great organizations of cap-
ital. In this particular instance the
sentences of one year, nine months
and six months respectively in jail
were imposed in vindication of the
court granting an injunction against
a boycott of a stove company of St.
Louis. The officials of the American
Federation of Labor were enjoined
from boycotting but disregarded the
order of the court and have now been
sentenced to jail. Gompers was par-
ticularly active during the last presi-
dential campaign on behalf of Bryan,
but seemed to have welded but small
influence. Of course his conviction
and the sentence imposed will put
him in the attitude of a martyr with
radical laboring men, but the conserva-
tive end stable element doubtless
regard the vindication of the law and
integrity of the courts of greater im-
portance than a triumph of a mere
fraternal sentiment.

The Standard Oil Company has de-
clared a quarterly dividend of \$10 pe-
share. Up to date the Clipper mine
has failed to declare a dividend.

The Standard has been shown in
Missouri. By a decision of the su-
preme court of that state the Stand-
ard Oil company and all its accessories
have been perpetually ousted from the
state and a fine of \$50,000 assessed to
each of the three companies doing
business in that state.

Kearney Hub: In an address the
other day Mrs. George L. Sheldon,
wife of the Nebraska governor, declar-
ed that it is not social life on the farm
that farmers' wives need, but HELP.
As a rule this is undoubtedly true.
The problem of help for women is one

of the greatest problems of the age,
but where it is lacking in the farmer's
home the weight of the burden that
the farmer's wife must bear destroys
opportunity for rest, for relaxation
and for social pleasure. This is not
all the while but it is frequent and at
times is crushing. Mrs. Sheldon is a
farm woman herself and speaks of her
sisters on the farm with knowledge
and understanding.

ATKINSON

One of our citizens who recently
secured a loving helpmate through a
matrimonial bureau claims that he
now knows where h—l is located.

Only a few days more of leap year
and then Mike Sullivan and John
Ballou can venture on the streets
without fear of being captured.

When a young man gets to carrying
around a young lady's suit case it can
be inferred that the services of the
parson will soon be called into requisition.

It is reported that Mr. Olmstead of
Norfolk has purchased the hardware
interest of J. J. Stilson and will take
possession the first of the year. Mr.
Stilson will retain the implement de-
partment.

A lady wearing a Merry Widow hat
was exchanging coincidences with a
friend and her remarks as overheard
by our reporter was that any man
living in Atkinson who went away
from here to get a wife deserves to
catch h—.

E. G. Shultz last week sold his in-
terest in the E. G. Shultz Drug Co. to
his son Will who had an interest in
the company and has had personal
charge of the business since it started.
Mr. E. G. Shultz still retains the
watch and jewelry department. This
change makes Will the sole owner of
the business and insures a continuation
of its popularity with the public.
—Graphic

STAURT

Dr. Caldwell, who has been assist-
ing our local ministers with the gos-
pel meeting at the Presbyterian
church, started Monday to his home
in Coleridge.

Tuesday evening as Jeremiah Mur-
phy and Father Hettwer were return-
ing from Hammond, where Father
Hettwer had been conducting a mis-
sion, and as they were approaching
the town from the south, the buggy
was overturned and both men were
thrown violently to the ground. Mr.
Murphy struck on his head and re-
ceived quite a bruise on his forehead
but otherwise escaped injury. Father
Hettwer was less fortunate, as he had
one of his legs broken below the knee.
The night was very dark, and in
making the turn to come north, at
the south end of main street at Henry
Shald's corner, they drove a little too
far east, and the top buggy in which
they were riding tipped over with the
result above stated. Mr. Murphy,
who was driving, fell on top of Father
Hettwer, and both were so badly
tangled in lap-ropes and wraps as to
be unable to save themselves. Dr.
Colburn was called and attended their
injuries, and Mr. Murphy was able to
be around as usual the next day, but
it will be some time before Father
Hettwer will be able to attend to his
duties. He has sent for another
priest to take charge of his work.
—Advocate.

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SAMPLE OFFER, (15 days only),
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Simulation Diamond Ring; brilliancy
equals genuine—detection baffles ex-
perts—fills every requirement of the
most exacting—pleases the most fas-
tidious—at only one thirtieth the
cost of the real diamond. As a means
of introducing this marvelous and
wonderful, scintillating gem, and se-
curing as many new friends as quickly
as possible, we are making a special
inducement for the new year. We
want you to wear this beautiful ring,
this Masterpiece of Man's Handicraft,
this simulation that sparkles with all
the beauty, and flashes with all the
fire of the Genuine Diamond. We
want you to show it to your friends
and take orders for us, as it sells itself
—sells at sight—and makes 100 per
cent profit for you, absolutely without
effort on your part. We want good
honest representatives everywhere, in
every locality, city or country, in fact,
in every country throughout the
world, both men and women, young
and old, who will not sell or pawn the
Barnatto Simulation Diamonds under
the pretense that they are genuine
gems, as such action sometimes leads
to trouble or embarrassment. If you
want a Simulation diamond, a substi-
tute for the genuine—don't wait—act
to-day, as this advertisement may not
appear again—first come, first served.
For Free Sample Offer, beautiful
Ring, Earrings, Stud or Scarf (stick)
Pin, address**

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Mention this paper.

The Frontier Six Months for 75c

The Fairy Godmother.

By JEROME SPRAGUE.

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Bubbles didn't care whether it was
appropriate or not; she wanted it, and
she was saving up her money to get it.

Every morning when she went to the
store she found the girls talking of their
summer hats.

"What kind are you going to have?"
they would ask her, and Bubbles
would laugh—the gray bubbling laugh
that had given her her nickname—and
would say, "Wait and see, girls; wait
and see."

"Oh, piffle!" one of them said on a
certain June morning. "I don't believe
you're going to get a hat."

"Wait and see; wait and see," said
Bubbles provokingly.

And then after the store was closed
she went around the corner and looked
at the hat with the white feather.

The price was in plain sight—\$10.
Bubbles earned \$4 a week. Out of
that she paid her aunt \$2.50 for board.
Fifty cents went for car fare, and the
rest she had for herself. Since last
summer she had managed to save
\$9.50, and the other fifty would add the
complete amount necessary to buy the
hat with the white feather.

She decided to tell Alice Forbes
about it.

Alice was at the ribbon counter,
while Bubbles sold notions. Their ac-
quaintance rose from the fact that
they walked home in the same direc-
tion.

"I'll have to wear it with all my old
blue suit," Bubbles said as she went
along. "But I don't care. I've made
myself a white net waist, and it's
awfully becoming."

"Ten dollars is a lot for a hat," Alice
said quietly.

But Bubbles laughed, with her head
fung up and her bright eyes shining.
"Oh, what's the use of living," she
said, "if a girl can't have something
pretty now and then?"

Alice nodded. Her blue eyes were
wistful. "That's what I think," she
said. "Now, there's a remnant of rib-
bon at my counter. It's white, with
bunches of pink roses on it. It would
make a lovely girdle, and I could buy
a white dress for 15 cents a yard and
a little wreath of pink roses in the mil-
linery department, and then I could be
bridesmaid for Millie Drake."

"Does she want you to be?" Bubbles
asked, with interest.

"Yes," Alice said, "Jimmie Bryan is
to be best man."

"Oh!" Bubbles was silent for a mo-
ment. Then she asked, "Don't you
think you can afford the dress?"

"No," Alice said quietly, "I can't.
And I told Millie last night to ask you,
Bubbles. I knew you wouldn't mind
being asked second, because I'm her
oldest friend. I laid the piece of flow-
ered ribbon away this morning, so that
if you wanted it you could have it.
You could make a white net skirt to
your new waist. It would be awfully
pretty with the pink roses."

But Bubbles was looking at her curi-
ously.

"Don't you mind," she asked—"I
mean not being bridesmaid?"

"Yes, I do," Alice said, and Bubbles
saw that her eyes were full of tears.

"But I have to give all of my money
to mother now that father is sick and
can't work."

"Well, it's a hard old world," Bubbles
remarked as they reached the cor-
ner where they separated. "If I decide
to take the ribbon, Alice, I'll let you
know in the morning."

At the next corner Bubbles met Jim-
mie Bryan.

"Jimmie," she said, with her gray
eyes challenging him—"Jimmie, are
you going to be best man at Millie's
wedding?"

"Sure," answered Jimmie—"cutaway,
white flower in my coat and all the
rest of the agony."

"And me to walk up the aisle with
you?" said Bubbles.

Jimmie looked at her in surprise.
"I thought Alice was going—was go-
ing to do it," he said.

"Alice can't get the clothes," Bubbles
informed him, "and if I wasn't a
selfish pig I'd get them for her, but I
want a white feather in my summer
hat."

Jimmie hesitated. "Look here, Bubbles,"
he said a little awkwardly, "ain't there
some way you could make
Alice think you were getting her dress
and let me pay for it? I'd like to do
it."

Bubbles caught her breath quickly.
"Why, Jimmie!" she said.
Jimmie flushed. "She has an awful
hard time," he said.

"Yes, she does," Bubbles agreed ab-
stractedly. She was a little white, but
she still smiled at Jimmie.

"So you don't want me to be brides-
maid with you?" she teased, still with
a funny catch in her breath.

"Aw, Bubbles," he stammered, "you
know I think you're about the nicest
thing ever!"

"But you'd rather have Alice walk
up the aisle with you," was her quiet
reminder.

"I wouldn't," he declared stoutly,
"but I'm sorry for Alice."

talked about." Bubbles said, "or she
would know right away. Do you care
how much you spend, Jimmie?"

"No," he told her with the reckless-
ness of the skilled laborer who earns
his \$3 a day; "no, I don't."

"Then I'll get a robe dress of pink
mull with a wreath of silver roses.
She'll look like a dream, Jimmie."

"I hope she will," Jimmie said, and
Bubbles sighed.

"Goodby, Jimmie," she said as she
came to the tenement where she lived
on the third floor.

He looked at her anxiously. "You're
not cut up about not being bridesmaid,
are you?" he asked.

She shook her head. "No," she an-
swered bravely.

"Well, you're pretty nice, Bubbles,"
he said heartily, and then he went on
his way.

When Bubbles reached home she
took out her hoarded store of money.
With what she would add on her next
pay day she would have \$10, and she
could buy the hat with the white
feather.

She fingered the money for a mo-
ment, and then she dropped her head
on her arm with a sob, for Bubbles
had wanted that hat to wear to church
on Sunday morning when she sang in
the choir with Jimmie Bryan. It had
been for Jimmie's admiration that she
had craved the pretty hat. And, after
all, it was Alice that Jimmie cared
for.

Two days later Alice came to her
counter breathlessly.

"Oh, Bubbles," she said, "such a
wonderful thing has happened!"

"What?" asked Bubbles innocently.

And then Alice told her of the won-
derful gown and the dainty accessories
that had come the night before in a
big box.

"I can't imagine who sent them."
"It must have been a fairy god-
mother," said Bubbles demurely.

"And now I can be Millie's brides-
maid," caroled Alice when she had
exhausted all her conjectures as to the
giver. "You won't mind, will you,
Bubbles?"

"No," said Bubbles steadily.

And as she sold needles and pins and
hooks and eyes and whalebones and a
hundred and one other things that day
she told herself that she did not care.
Why should she want to walk beside
Jimmie Bryan when he preferred to
have Alice?

She passed the window with the hat
with the white feather that night with-
out a glance, and on Sunday she wore
a plain little black sailor with a cheap
red rose, and she looked prettier than
ever in her life.

"Alice thinks you're a fairy god-
mother," she told Jimmie after serv-
ice.

"Say, did she like it?" he demanded.

"Of course she did," said Bubbles.
"Who wouldn't?"

But Jimmie did not answer imme-
diately. He stood looking down at her.

"Say, little girl," he said presently,
"you look mighty nice in that hat."

"It cost just \$1.98," Bubbles inform-
ed him glibly, "marked down from \$2."

"I don't care what it cost," Jimmie
stated. "You look mighty nice."

Bubbles couldn't resist saying, "But
not half as nice as Alice will in that
pink robe."

"Bubbles, I believe you're jealous,"
flushed Jimmie unexpectedly.

Bubbles' cheeks flamed. "Why, Jim-
mie Bryan!" she faltered.

"Look here," Jimmie demanded, "did
you think I was in love with Alice?"

Under his keen scrutiny Bubbles was
forced to admit, "I couldn't very well
help it, could I?"

"I was afraid you would," Jimmie
said, "that day when I planned to get
her the things, but I had promised.
Oh, look here, Bubbles, you come out
to the park with me, and I'll tell you
about it."

And all the way to the park Bubbles'
heart sang, and she seemed to
walk on air, and she was glad that
she hadn't bought the hat with the
white feather. She was glad she
hadn't been extravagant, for Jimmie
seemed to like her just as well in the
black sailor with the red rose.

In the park the beds were full of
jonquils and tulips and hyacinths and
crocuses, and under the flowering al-
mond tree Jimmie and Bubbles sat down
to talk.

"You see," Jimmie explained, "there's
Bob Travers, and he's in the navy,
and he's away on a three years' cruise,
and he made me promise that I'd look
after Alice—they've been in love with
each other since they were kids—and
when Alice's father got sick I tried to
help, but they wouldn't let me, and it
seemed as if getting her the dress
would be what Bob would want me to
do, and now he's going to get home in
time for the wedding, and I told Millie
she'd have to have him for best man."

"Oh!" cried Bubbles, aglow with
happiness.

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Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is a
regular cough medicine, a
strong medicine, a doctor's
medicine. Good for easy
coughs, hard coughs, desper-
ate coughs. If your doctor
endorses it for your case, take
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Ask your doctor about this.

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as to the
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Why We Wear Glasses.
Man's eyes at rest are far focused—
will make no effort when seeing the
moon or earthly horizons. Birds' and
fishes' eyes at rest are near focused—
will make no effort when looking at
nearby worms and minnows. Man's
elastic lenses are under constant flat-
tening compression. Imagine a rub-
ber ball of flattened convex lenslike
shape laid in between two disks of
canvas and the uniting edges of these
cloths stretched to a ring. They would
flatten the rubber, and if relaxed it
would thicken by its own elasticity.
The thicker the lens the shorter its
focus. For reading or threading a
needle we relax the tension on the lens
by contracting a ring of muscle sur-
rounding each lens and then wait for
the lenses to thicken through their
elasticity. In fish the lens is set
against the cornea (approximately),
short focus, and when it wants to see
whether the shadowy object some feet
away is a shark or a log it pulls the
entire round lens toward the retina
and gets as clear a vision as possible.
Now we see why so many human
beings need "spectacles" as they grow
old—the elasticity of the lenses is
gradually lost, just as it is in rubber.
—Harper's.

The Finger Nails.
In days when superstition was more
prevalent than it is now the shape and
appearance of the finger nails were
considered to have reference to one's
destiny. To learn the message of the
finger nails it was necessary to rub
them over with a compound of wax
and soot and then to hold them so that
the sunlight fell fully on them. Then
on the horny, transparent substance
certain signs and characters were sup-
posed to appear, from which the future
could be interpreted. Persons, too, hav-
ing certain kinds of nails were credited
with the possession of certain charac-
teristics. Thus a man with red and
spotted nails was supposed to have a
hot temper, while pale, lead colored
nails were considered to denote a mel-
ancholy temperament. Narrow nails
were supposed to betray ambition and
a quarrelsome nature, while round
shaped nails were the distinguishing
marks of lovers of knowledge and peo-
ple of liberal sentiment. Conceited,
narrow minded and obstinate folk were
supposed to have small nails, indolent
people fleshy nails and those of a gen-
tle, retiring nature broad nails.

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say take Cod Liver Oil—
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in its crude form as to pre-
scribe Cod Liver Oil in its
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the oil is emulsified and made
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