

The Frontier

Published by D. H. CRONIN.
ROMAINE SAUNDERS, Assistant Editor
and Manager.

\$1.50 the Year 75 Cents Six Months
Official paper of O'Neill and Holt county.

ADVERTISING RATES:

Display advertisements on pages 4, 5 and 6
are charged for on a basis of 50 cents an inch
one column width per month; on page 1 the
charge is \$1 an inch per month. Local ad-
vertisements, 5 cents per line each insertion.
Address the office of the publisher.

REPUBLICAN CANDIDATES

JUDGES SUPREME COURT
John B. Barnes.....Norfolk
Jacob L. Fawcett.....Omaha
Samuel H. Sedgwick.....York

UNIVERSITY REGENTS
Charles S. Allen (long term).....Lincoln
W. G. Whitmore (long term).....Valley
Frank L. Haller (short term).....Omaha

COUNTY TICKET
Treasurer—J. C. Harnish.....O'Neill
Clerk—W. P. Simar.....Atkinson
Sheriff—H. D. Grady.....O'Neill
Judge—C. J. Malone.....Inman
Supt.—Florence E. Zink.....Stuart
Coroner—Dr. E. T. Wilson.....O'Neill
Surveyor—M. F. Norton.....Bliss

SUPERVISORS
2d dist.—J. M. Hunter.....Middle Branch
4th dist.—Th. D. Severs.....Ewing
6th dist.—F. Dobrovolevny.....Tonawanda

Another million dollar rain arrived
in time to make the ears of corn round
and plump.

This is a republican year. But there
are a few democrats who need a good
tannin' and they're going to get it.

Our friend Hickman was not in it
very strong at the home of the demo-
cratic bosses. The machine has a way
of getting objectionable candidates
out of the way.

The local bunch of fusionists were
pretty solidly against the Atkinson
man for clerk. The O'Neill democrats
have a notable propensity for wanting
it all and they would have had it this
time if there was one among them
competent for county superintendent.

They are making a pretty spectacle
of it at Pittsburg. The striking steel
workers and state troops have already
shed enough blood to write it down a
civil war. People in farming com-
munities have their troubles over the
hired help problem, but they do not
go to war about it.

Mayor Dahlman of Omaha is setting
his stakes to run for governor next
year as a whiskey democrat. He is
doing a little advance work in the
way of chautauqua debating of the
prohibition question, being avowedly
and insistently opposed to further
restrictions of the liquor trade. He
is not without a substantial following
and his nomination next year would
be no surprise. One thing about the
Omaha mayor that is admirable is his
absolute candor. People are not left
in the dark as to "where he is at."

The primary method of nominating
candidates has never been very warm-
ly commended since it was first tried
in this state. This year open con-
demnation of the system has developed.
In this county about one-sixth of the
voters showed an interest in the nom-
inations by attending the primaries.
The election will cost the county
about \$1,400. The objection to the
primary system is the cost. It is
argued that the little interest in the
nominations is not worth the price.
However, this is not the fault of the
system but of the voters. It has some
commendable features. There were
eight republican candidates this year
for the three supreme judge nomi-
nations. The primary was a good way
to settle it.

Frank Harrison, having driven sa-
loons out of Lincoln, is turning his
attention now to hunting up a "lead-
er" for Nebraska republicans. Har-
rison has to be doing something sen-
sational or he's not happy. Nebraska
republicans are getting along pretty
well and there is no indication that
the party is going over to "the inter-
ests that have combined to choke the
life out of the country," whatever
friend Harrison means by that. Ne-
braska republicans gave the state a
reduction in railroad and express
rates, gives protection against food
adulteration, compelled monopoly
tax shirkers to come in with taxes
and their last state convention ap-
proved the stand taken by the pre-
sident that tariff revision meant a
reduction. There are a lot of fellows
posing as republicans who ought to
join the democratic ranks and be
done with it.

Ready for Another Campaign.

Holt county republicans have the
singular good fortune to have a ticket
made up for the fall election that has
no weak spots. All of the candidates
are popular with the voters. With
the exception of Henry Grady, the
nominee for sheriff, the ticket is made
up of those now serving as county
officials and their renomination is the
result of the request of the party that
they again become candidates. Their
services to the county have been in
everyway satisfactory to the people,
who want a continuance of the pre-
sent business-like and economical ad-
ministration.

Mr. Grady is a new man on the tick-
et and new in politics in the sense of
running for office. He is a young man
of good ability and exemplary char-
acter, a credit to any party and has
many friends in all parties who will
support him. He was born and reared
in Holt county and his interests are
here. It will be a surprising thing
when a republican can run for office
in this county and not encounter the
bitter infective and slander of the op-
position, but nobody has ever heard
anything against Henry Grady and it
will be difficult for the fusion organ
to trump up stories to his discredit.

Messrs. Harnish, Simar and Malone
and Miss Zink are well known
throughout the county for efficient
work in their respective offices and
will be re-elected by increased major-
ities.

J. M. Hunter, one of the old settlers
in the northeast part of the county
and a substantial and highly esteemed
citizen of wide acquaintance, is a
candidate for supervisor in the Se-
cond district, Th. D. Severs, nomi-
nated by both republicans and demo-
crats, is a candidate in the Fourth
district, and F. Dobrovolevny, one of
the progressive citizens of Swan pre-
dict, goes before the voters as a can-
didate for supervisor in the Sixth
district.

Republicans stand on their record of
the past four years in this county, and
are ready to meet the issue. It has
been a clean administration of all the
offices and a square deal for the
people.

A Good Layout.

One of The Frontier's Iowa readers
who visits this county occasionally
thinks that we ought to devote more
space to telling of crop and weather
conditions and the development of the
country.

Doc Mathews acquired a reputation
as a boomer in the pioneer days that
no one since has undertaken to dupli-
cate. Yet Doc's vivid and alluring
pictures of "God's country" would be
much more applicable to the country
now than they were in those uncertain
times.

Holt county is certainly on the map.
There is perhaps no country but what
has its drawbacks, but as few of them
will be found here as any place. The
land boomer will paint pictures that
a newspaper man dare not venture.
It is the province of the newspaper
to give a conservative estimate of
actual conditions. The season just
closing is one of the best in the his-
tory of the county. There has been
rain every time it was needed. A
heavy small grain crop was harvested
and if frost comes no earlier than
common the corn crop will be the
biggest in the country's history. Cat-
tle are fat and plump. There is an
ocean of hay and pasture. High prices
are the rule and agriculturalists and
stockgrowers are becoming wealthy.
Even in the incidentals like eggs,
butter and cream there are large
profits. Any butter maker could get
25 cents a pound for all they could
produce all summer; eggs have sold
from 18 cents to a quarter, and cream
brings from 20 cents to 23 cents.

Considering the price of lands, there
is probably no greater profits to be
made in agriculture anywhere than in
this section of Nebraska. We are
producing as much per acre this year
as they are in the older settled
counties east of us and getting prac-
tically the same price for it. They
are farming \$100-an-acre land and we
\$30 to \$40 land. Land values, while
still low, are advancing. The country
offers a cheap place to the home build-
er and a safe investment to the cap-
italist. With an ever increasing de-
mand for land throughout the country,
soil that will produce a crop or grow

A Hair Dressing

If you wish a high-class hair
dressing, we are sure you will like
Hair Vigor, new improved formula,
will greatly improve your hair.
It keeps the hair soft and
smooth, makes it look rich and
luxuriant, prevents splitting at the
ends. And it keeps the scalp free from dandruff.

Does not change the color of the hair.
Formula with each bottle.
Ask him about it.
Ayer's

At the same time the new Ayer's Hair
Vigor is a strong hair tonic, promotes
the growth of the hair, keeps all the
issues of the hair and scalp in a healthy
condition. The hair stops falling, dan-
druff disappears. A splendid dressing.
Sold by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

grass for a steer that can be had at a
range of prices of from \$7 to \$40 per
acre will not go lower.

Cannonism Still an Issue.

Speaker Cannon has encountered
some pretty severe opposition during
his political career, but for half a
century he has kept up a victorious
fight, rewarding his friends and pun-
ishing his enemies. The last speaker-
ship fight increased the bitterness.

Cannon took occasion to punish those
who opposed him by not reappointing
them when it came to naming the
house committees. Among these was
Congressman Fowler of New Jersey,
formerly chairman of the banking
and finance committee. Fowler re-
sents his removal from the committee
and fires some pretty hot shot at
"Uncle Joe" in a letter addressed to
the speaker. He says:

"Do you suppose that I was not
aware of your ignorance, prejudice,
inordinate conceit, favoritism, putrid
preferences and all like characters
possessing absolute powers, the malice
which is the mainspring of your every
action under such circumstances?"

It is evident that the insurgents
who fared similar to Fowler will con-
tinue their opposition to Cannon. The
next congress may see many changes
in the house that will have a bearing
on Cannon's standing. The victory
of Cannon in being re-elected speaker
of the present congress doesn't appear
to have increased his popularity and
Cannonism will no doubt be an issue
again in the next congressional cam-
paign.

Public officials who recognize duty
and perform it have their troubles
also. Clifford Pinchot has for several
years been a target for the plunderers
of the public domain. Dr. Wiley of
Washington, the government food ex-
pert, has encountered the fierce oppo-

F. E. CLARK, MANAGER

R. W. MCGINNIS, PROP.

McGinnis Creamery Co.

For the convenience of all Cream Patrons we have opened a
Cream Station in the building known as the Yantzi Butter and Egg
Store. Mr. Yantzi will be in charge and will weigh and test your
cream and pay you the cash for it; also pay cash for Poultry. You
will get as much for your cream at the Station as we pay at the
Creamery.

Will keep a supply of fresh butter milk on hand all the time so
anyone wanting butter milk can get same at 5 cents per gallon, or
all you can drink for 5 cents.

Now that we have a station down town and will pay you the
same price there as at the Creamery, we want every cream patron
to give us a trial, for we are doing this for your own good.

Thanking you very truly,

MCGINNIS CREAMERY CO.

O'Neill
National
Bank
\$50,000.00
Capital

The Directors of this Bank

direct the affairs of the bank. In
other words, they fulfill the duties
imposed and expected from them
in their official capacity.
One of the by-laws of this bank is
(and it is rigidly enforced) that no
loan shall be made to any officer or
stockholder of the bank.
You and your business will be wel-
come here, and we shall serve you
to the best of our ability at all times.
If you are not yet a patron of ours we
want you to come in, get acquainted
and allow us to be of service to you.
We welcome the small depositor.
5 per cent interest paid on time
deposits.

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS

M. DOWLING, PRES. O. O. SNYDER, VICE-PRES. S. J. WEEKES, CASHIER
DR. J. P. GILLIGAN. H. P. DOWLING

BILLY THE BORE.

He Was Very Different From the
Poet and the Halfback.

By TEMPLE BAILEY.

(Copyrighted, 1909, by Associated Literary
Press.)

There was no denying that Billy was
not deeply intellectual. He was tall
and blond, with broad shoulders and
a smile that was like sunshine on a
gloomy day. But among the girls of
the college these qualities counted for
little, for they worshipped at the shrine
of the poet and of the halfback. The
poet had long hair, and so had the half-
back, but otherwise they had nothing
in common except that they both loved
Dulcie Drayton.

Billy loved Dulcie too. But he hadn't
half a chance, for the poet wrote son-
nets to Dulcie's eyebrows, and the half-
back let her shine in his reflected foot-
ball glory.

Now and then she consented to make
Billy happy. "Yes, I will walk with
you," she told him graciously one Oc-
tober day, "only we mustn't go very
far, for I have an engagement with the
halfback."

"All right," said Billy and promptly
forgot his watch.

The halfback was raging when they
finally reached Dulcie's home. "We
have missed the game," he said. "Of
course if I had been playing I couldn't
have waited; but, as it is, I have hung
around."

"Billy forgot his watch," Dulcie apolo-
gized, "and we didn't realize how late
it was."

"I should think he would bore you to
death," the halfback said when Billy
had left them. "How can you stand
that fellow?"

"He's not bad," Dulcie defended. "Of
course he hasn't such an awful lot of
brains, and he hasn't done such won-
derful things as you have, but he's got
an awfully good disposition."

And the halfback, remembering his
own grumbling and growling, said
"Oh, well," uncomfortably and won-
dered if Dulcie was hitting at him.

A few days later the poet took
Dulcie to task about Billy. "You
danced with him four times last
night," he said, "and I wanted you to
sit out those last two in the conserva-
tory with me. I had a new poem to
read to you. It was about young Oc-
tober's golden eyes, and it is dedicated
to you."

"Read it to me now," said Dulcie.

"I'd love to hear it,"
"The atmosphere isn't right," the
poet fretted, "not here on the campus,
but last night there was a little moon,
and there were red roses on the lat-
tice."

"Billy is an awfully good dancer,"
Dulcie reflected, which, as the poet
generally got tangled up even in a
two-step, was not tactful.

For several days after that, how-
ever, the rivalry between the poet and
the halfback was so intense that Billy
was left completely in the back-
ground.

The poet sat up half the night writ-
ing verses, and the theme was "love,
love, love," and he claimed every
spare moment of Dulcie's time to read
them to her.

"He writes about my hair," she told
Billy, "and calls it 'soft spun silk
shimmering in the sunshine.'"

"I don't see the use of stringing out
a lot of shimmering sunshine sen-
tences when your hair is too beautiful
to be described," said Billy bluntly.

Dulcie smiled up at him. "After
all, I like the way you put it, Billy,"
she said, "and I'm glad you like the
color of my hair."

"I love it," Billy stated, "and I love
you, Dulcie."

"Oh, oh, you mustn't!" Dulcie pro-
tested.

"Well, not now, if you don't want me
to, but I shall tell you again, Dulcie,"
Billy answered.

"And he will," Dulcie told her most
intimate friend that night. "He will
ask me over and over again."

"Well, of course you couldn't marry
him," said the intimate friend calmly.
"Not such a bore."

"I am not sure that Billy deserves
that nickname," said Dulcie. "He
doesn't talk moonshine like the poet
or brag of himself like the halfback,
but he does say some nice, sensible,
good hearted things, and he has a
lovely smile."

The intimate friend sat up and look-
ed at her. "Well, of all things," she
said; "I believe you are half in love
with him. How can you think of him
when you have the choice of two such
men as the poet and the halfback is
more than I can understand."

"But are they really in love with
me?" Dulcie demanded.

"They have asked you to marry
them, haven't they?" Marion asked.

"Yes. But somehow it seems to me
that they are always thinking of them-
selves. But Billy thinks of me."

"Oh," Marion said softly. "I know
what you mean. If you married the
poet or the halfback you would have
to worship at their shrines, while Billy
would worship at yours."

"Yes," said Dulcie. "That's it, and a
man who loves you that way can't
exactly bore you, can he?"

"No, he can't," said Marion, "but of
course you can never tell how long
it will last."

"Sometimes I have thought I should
like to put them to a test, as ladies did
with the knights of old," Dulcie medi-
tated.

"But what test?" Marion demanded,
"could you have in modern days?"

"In the old times it was a test of
strength and skill," Dulcie stated, "but
today there is one god, Marion—money.
You know I have a lot in my own

right. And the boys know it, all of
them, the poet and the halfback and
Billy. Perhaps that is what makes me
the most popular girl in school—my
money, not just me myself."

"You are a darling," Marion encour-
aged her, "but you know how men
are."

"Yes, I do," Dulcie agreed. And they
then and there constructed a plot.

The next night the poet, lingering in
the shadow of the elms, was met by
Marion. When they had talked for a
moment she said, "Isn't it sad about
Dulcie Drayton?"

"Sad?" the poet echoed.

"Oh, didn't she tell you?" Marion
hesitated. "Then I ought not to."

But the poet urged her.

"Well, she has lost all of her money,"
Marion said. "I am her roommate, and
I saw the letter. But please don't
speak of it."

"Of course not," said the poet.

But that night he wrote many verses,
and in all of them was a note of re-
nunciation, and the next day he gave
them to Dulcie. "They are very sad,"
he explained, "but I have come to be-
lieve that a genius should not marry.
Only in the sadness of solitude can
talent be developed. I must give you
up, my Dulcie."

"I am not your Dulcie," the girl
started, with a little flame in her
cheeks.

She did not reproach him. What
was the use of reproaching such a fee-
ble thing as the poet? But when Mar-
ion had told the halfback the same
tale and he had without compunction
broken an engagement with Dulcie,
giving as an excuse "I am going to cut
out dances for awhile—and girls," she
allowed herself the luxury of a retort.

"Then you won't miss me when I go
away," she said pointedly.

"Go away?" he questioned.

"Yes. You see, I am eighteen tomor-
row, and my money will be my own
to use as I please, and I have so many
plans!"

"But," the halfback gasped. "I
thought you had lost your money!"

He stopped, red to the ears.

"So did the poet," said Dulcie. "Mar-
ion told both of you some kind of
tale, and both of you believed it."

"That wasn't the reason," the half-
back excused.

Dulcie stopped him sternly. "Yes,
it was. That was why you gave up
girls—that was why you gave up me!"
And she left him abruptly.

"I am half afraid to have you tell
Billy," she told Marion that night. "If
he should fail me!"

But Billy when he heard the news
came straight to her.

"Marion has told me," he said sim-
ply. "I haven't much, Dulcie, but I
love you, and I want you to marry me
at once if you will."

Dulcie laid her hand on his arm.
"Billy," she said, "I am not poor. I
put you and the poet and the half-
back to a test, and only you stood it.
You are the knight of the true heart,
and I love you."

After Billy had kissed her rapturous-
ly he asked, "Are you sure I won't
bore you, Dulcie?"

"If you knew how I hated the poet's
poems and the halfback's boasting you
wouldn't ask such a silly question,
Billy," she replied.

Hospital "Boards."

"There is a class which gives every
hospital in the city a whole lot of
trouble, especially in the winter time,"
said a member of the faculty of the
Pennsylvania hospital. "It is made up
of what we call 'steady boarders,'
meaning men who have no homes, who
are too lazy to work and who feign
illness in order to secure a comfortable
bed and good food for a week or so
at a time. However, we have devised
a scheme which is quite effective in
driving them away. When one of these
boarders arrives on the scene we can
usually spot him. We know the ear-
marks of the species. He is taken into
the receiving ward, solemnly un-
dressed and laid upon the operating
table, where a fake examination takes
place. The trouble is finally located in
the spine, and an immediate operation
is advised. The patient writhes, pro-
testing that he feels much better, but is
permitted to leave. Meanwhile a
piece of ice has been sharpened to a
point and suddenly, without warning,
the ice is drawn down the boarder's
back. With a yell he is off the table,
out of the room and out of the build-
ing. We throw his clothes out after
him, and he never comes back."—Phil-
adelphia Record.

For Boots or Bedding?

His car had broken down. It was
10 o'clock at night. The rain was be-
ginning to drizzle. Dash it, bust it
and likewise blow it!

There was an inn near by. It was
only just an inn, but it was an inn.
The landlord growled when he asked
for a room, but at last conceded it.
They put his motor in the garage
among the mangel wurzels.

He didn't have any supper. He just
looked at it. Then he went up to bed.
A minute later he was leaning over
the balustrade.

"Landlord!" he yelled. "Landlord!
Do you think I'm going to clean my
own boots?"

"Wot's up?" called back mine surly
host.

"What's up? Why, what's that boot
polishing pad on my bed for?"

"Polishin' pad!" roared back the
landlord. "That's not a polishin' pad,
young feller. That's the pillow!"—
London Scraps.

Reason Enough.

Teacher—Tommy, you should comb
your hair before you come to school.
Tommy—Ain't got no comb. Teacher—
Then borrow your father's. Tommy—
Father ain't got no comb neither.
Teacher—Absurd! Doesn't he comb
his hair? Tommy—He ain't got no
hair!—Lippincott's.