

# The Frontier

Published by D. H. GEORIN.  
ROMAINE SAUNDERS, Assistant Editor  
and Manager.  
\$1 50 the Year 75 Cents Six Months  
Official paper of O'Neill and Holt county.

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## 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 Baanah  
4th dist.—Th D. Severs..... Ewing  
6th dist.—F. Dobrovlonoy.Tonawanda

## Notice.

The republican electors of the city of O'Neill are hereby called to meet in caucus in the office of O. O. Snyder in the First Ward in said city on Monday evening, September 27, 1909, at 8 p. m., for the purpose of nominating an assessor for said city and transacting such other business as may come before the meeting.

J. J. Welch,  
R. J. Marsh,  
R. H. Mills,  
Committeemen.

## Not Popular at Chambers.

Word comes from Chambers that democratic generosity flowed in amber streams at the fair last week.

The O'Neill democratic ticket was well represented—in person and by lieutenants of the staff. It was observed that the rear box covering of several buggies that went out of O'Neill last Thursday protruded up above the box a little and the supply of jugs at the grocery stores had been lessened.

By Friday the supply taken over was exhausted and word was sent to O'Neill for more, which was loaded into a buggy and taken out by two of the lieutenants that are particularly active for the democratic candidate for county judge.

Some of the advocates of democracy got a little noisier, while Chambers people got on their dignity and declared they didn't need a democratic jug brigade to come over from O'Neill and tell them how to vote.

## A Change Not Advisable.

The judgment of experienced school teachers ought to be worth something in the contest for county superintendent this fall. If it were to be settled by a vote of the teachers of the county the present incumbent would be re-elected by a large majority. The teachers are for the re-election of Miss Zink because they know her to be efficient and impartial. They know that to replace an experienced and competent superintendent with one without experience, though equally competent, is detrimental to the schools. They know that efficiency in the superintendent's office is attained by experience. It takes at least one term to learn the needs of the county schools.

The present superintendent has served two terms and is thoroughly familiar with the educational interests. The election of her opponent, though she might be competent from an educational standpoint, would mean that the effect of the present splendid system in our county schools would in a measure be nullified for the time the newly elected official was becoming familiar with the duties of the office.

A change of administration is sometimes desirable and advisable, but it is neither desirable nor advisable to make frequent changes in the county superintendent's office when the educational interests are being properly advanced. Therefore it is to the interests of the schools to re-elect Miss Zink.

## Secret Rebating.

An agricultural exchange says that a Chicago railroad statistician has just issued a statement in which it is hinted that large railroad lines are

paying rebates under cover of "fake" claims for loss and damage and personal injury. During the past year the railroads are said to have paid nearly \$28,000,000 in claims that were exaggerated or spurious. The amount paid for personal injuries by the railroads has jumped from \$6,772,889 in 1897 to \$21,462,600, and from \$1,763,143 for loss and damage to \$56,700,000 last year.

A western railroad official wrote the Inter-state Commerce Commission a few weeks ago, alleging that the railroads were paying rebates in various ways, one by quick settlement of loss and damage claims. Further figures given by the railroads' representative follow:

"An analysis of the reports of individual systems proves that the 'damage and injury' industry is most successfully prosecuted in the western states. Where the amount paid by all the railroads for 'loss and damage' between 1897 and 1907 increased 437 per cent, six leading systems operating 37,344 miles of line west of Chicago paid on the same account \$5,249,307 in 1908, against only \$729,340 in 1898—an increase of 620 per cent in ten years. During the same period, however, four other roads operating 22,969 miles in the southwest paid on the same account \$6,565,470 in 1908, against only \$693,317 in 1898—an increase of over 830 per cent in ten years.

"In the matter of payments on account of injuries to persons, the record for the west and south is equally unfavorable. Where the cost on this account to all the railroads between 1897 and 1907 increased 254 per cent on the six western systems referred to, it advances from \$781,028 in 1898 to \$3,343,965 in 1908, an increase of over 357 per cent. On the four southwestern roads the payments for 'injuries to persons' increased from \$612,227 in 1898 to \$2,796,673 in 1908, or 356 per cent in ten years.

"Naturally the increase of some individual roads was very much greater than these averages—in one case running over 1,000 per cent in ten years."

Holt county republicans have a record of efficiency and economy in the administration of county offices that strongly commend the present ticket to the voters and tax payers. The candidates stand upon their records and invite the close scrutiny of their offices.

The only issue in Holt county politics this year is the continuance of efficient service at the least possible cost and the same kind of treatment to all against the policy of the affairs of the county being dominated by a political boss to his own advantage. Patriotic voters everywhere will exert their influence and cast their votes for the continuance of the present splendid conditions.

The death of Governor Johnson of Minnesota removes a unique figure from not only the politics of that state but of the nation. Johnson held the unusual place of democratic governor for the third time of a republican state, and was a democrat of national importance. He had been talked strongly for the presidency and had he lived would probably have been a serious factor against Mr. Bryan in the next presidential convention.

The absence of Governor Shallenberger from the Taft reception at Omaha is explained by the Omaha crowd that the president was the guest of the Ak-Sar-Ben society. The truth of the matter probably is that the governor was not extended an invitation to be present because of the bitter feeling against him in the metropolis. At any rate, it was a direct slap at the chief executive of the state who probably comprehends by this time that his double playing with party friends has endowed him with a large list of bitter and vindictive enemies.

**LOSING FLESH**  
in summer can be prevented  
by taking  
**SCOTT'S EMULSION**  
It's as beneficial in summer  
as in winter. If you are weak  
and run down it will give you  
strength and build you up.  
Take it in a little cold milk or water.  
Get a small bottle now. All Druggists  
THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD.

## DOING SOMETHING DESPERATE.

### And After It Was Done Sylvia Really Felt Contented.

By JEANNE OLIVE LOIZEAUX.  
(Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.)

The moonlight and her beauty softened the scorn of her glance when she saw that it was Max who had been sent back for her. She sat alone in Jack Burroughs' stalled machine. Jack and his wife had walked in, being due at an important function.

"You!" Sylvia's tone matched the intention of her glance.

"Even I, Sylvia," he replied with a rueful grin. "Fate is sometimes decent. A fellow has to risk what welcome is coming to him."

"It was horrid of the Burroughs to send you, but they had to get to that dinner, I suppose! My ankle still refuses to let me walk far, or I'd have gone with them foot."

Tall and fair, cap in hand, he was standing with an offered hand to help her down and into his own little runabout. But she did not move. His glance followed hers to the gleaming object held fearfully in her lap. He took both hand and pistol as she explained.

"Jack would leave it when I insisted on their going and sending back the first respectable person they met!"

"Thanks! Are you coming?" He pocketed the weapon. But she only removed her big hat and veil.

"You know why I'm afraid! You're worse than a pistol. I can't trust you!" Her tone was quite serious. "Next time you ask me to marry you I shall do something desperate! I would almost prefer staying here alone. Oh, Max, would you, for once, take me straight home? And behave? You used to be nice when we were children."

"I won't propose, in the car, I promise. But I will not take you straight home—it's too early—you and the moon are too divinely fair. I don't want to behave especially, but since I must I will. I will vary the program by asking you not 'Will you have me?' but 'Why is it that you won't have me? Come?'"

Finally she reached him her hand, but without excuse he suddenly took her in his arms and lifted her to his car. For a few minutes they sped along with the June breezes freshening on their faces. At length he spoke frankly, quietly:

"Sylvia, let's talk it over. I may have annoyed you—I may have made a fool of myself imploring you to be mine times innumerable, like a comic opera hero with the same old song. I don't know how to say it many ways. It all comes to the same thing—marriage or not. But I love you."

It pleased him to be whimsical, and Sylvia laughed. It was a change from the dead serious, anyway. He was never modest about his real worth. He continued:

"I am lovable, too, with an affectionate disposition. What is the matter, Sylvia? Please tell me. I will not ask you again—in the car—I promised—and never again at all once I see you do not love me. You have never flatly denied that, you know."

He turned his face away that she might speak freely if she would. Not that she had ever been embarrassed with him; he wished she had. At last she spoke:

"You bring this on yourself. I don't feel polite. You always make me so irritable and unlovely. I want to fly when I see you coming. I came out with the Burroughses to be rid of you and to save them from each other's company. I can't tell you just why it is, but the sight of you makes me contrary, and I cannot say what you want me to."

Speeding a little more, he turned to her coolly.

"You are never unlovely, Sylvia. Just how do I irritate you?"

They glided on through the soft dusk between the dark, sweet breathing woods and lighter meadow lands. On and on they came, nearer the city, whose myriad lights seemed to flash toward them from the dim hills.

"And you make me think when I don't want to. It's like pushing something away that you do not want to come too close. I simply don't seem to want to be married. I"—She stopped short.

"Is that it? Of course you have to decide that. What is it you do want in your life, Sylvia? To grow old alone? Your aunt won't always live. Do you want to earn your own living? Do you know of anything that would be a satisfactory substitute for married love? Do you want to study some art or a profession—medicine, for instance? Do you want to be an old maid and remember that you had a lover who, man and boy, would do anything—die for you, live for you and with you and give you what happiness he could coax from the scheme of things? Don't I interest you? Must I lose my money or must I take sick and almost die or save somebody in some romantic stunt to make myself interesting? I want to know where I am, what I can do. Are you tired of seeing me about? I might go away a few years. Shall I?" She laughed at his ridiculous, half practical, half sentimental vein so characteristic of him.

"Perhaps I am just too used to you, Max. You used simply to say you were going to marry me. The last year you have teased me by asking me till you make me cross. I don't know just how I do feel. I can't seem to get any perspective on you—or on mar-

riage at all. You seem to stand between me and understanding. I am not a coward, but think of the responsibility! See the Burroughses—always on the ragged edge of a quarrel, undivided simply because the only thing they agree on is hating a scandal! If Kitty had said no they might both have been happy. It's a big thing—being responsible for a man's happiness, especially if one might get to care very much, and I have nobody of my own, really."

His pulses sang at her words, but he forbade himself to reach for the hand which lay on her lap unglued.

"Really, Max, the uncertainty and being bothered and all have put me on the verge of—anything, lately. I even thought how soon that little pistol would decide things for me! If this goes on I shall certainly study medicine, or jump from a moving train, or let myself be carried off by Dick Benton!"

She certainly needed some one to look after her, he reflected. He remembered that the mother she never knew had died of a broken heart. This might make her a little bitter and afraid. She seemed to have finished speaking. He had determined what to do. He spoke in a most matter of fact way, dismissing sentiment.

"I want something I left at the bank," he said. "I have dad's key. Would you mind if I stopped there a minute and at the Leader office? I forgot a notice that must be in the morning issue."

They were entering the city. She acquiesced, her head a little dizzy, her heart sinking at his silence. Had she made him think she could never—care? Would he never ask her again? What she thought she was losing because suddenly precious.

When they were on their way home another fear stole over her. Had she unconsciously shown her heart? She wished for the mother she had never known—the lovely, sad mother they had told her of. They were entering the driveway.

He helped her out and walked to the door with her. With her hand on the latch, she looked at him timidly, wistfully, a new look for Sylvia.

"Good night," she just breathed. "They are all out yet."

"Just a moment, Sylvia," and he drew her by the hand from the porch, across the lawn, to the old elm where they had played as children.

"Sylvia"—he let go her hand and faced her—"you fear the responsibility? I do not! I will answer for your happiness, which is my own. Can't you believe me? I got mother's old ring from the bank. Now, for the last time, in spite of what you have said, I ask you to marry me. Will you, Sylvia?"

He stooped to catch her low answer, but the sound of voices and steps came from the porch.

"They are coming home," she whispered. He took her by the shoulders. "Answer me, Sylvia!" Tears stood on her cheeks as she laughed a little, pushing him from her as she said:

"Yes, yes, yes!" He felt his arm about her, his kiss on her lips, his ring on her finger. And she was content.

When at last he was leaving her she whispered demurely:

"I said I would do something desperate—and I have—you are accepted! I deserve anything for being so rash! When shall you tell auntie?"

"Tell auntie to find the announcement in the morning paper."

Sylvia gasped. But what was the use of scolding about what was done?

**An Ancient Industry.**  
It would be difficult to say where exactly and at what date the manufacture of cotton fabrics began. In comparatively modern times, says Country Life, it has become an industry of importance in Europe, but it has flourished in the east from a period too remote to admit of calculation. The Egyptians certainly used both cotton and linen materials, for fragments of such stuffs have been preserved among the other relics of their ancient civilization, and there is much reason to believe that the elaborate draperies of the Assyrians were cotton or muslins finely woven and of delicate texture. In China, too, and India the same kinds of material have been the common wear of the people from time immemorial. In fact, everywhere throughout the east cotton fabrics were produced and used long before the primitive Europeans had begun to develop any of the graces of civilization or indeed had ceased to be anything but skin clad savages.

**Most Awkward.**  
An old, steady going farmer was accustomed to ride to the market town upon a rather bad tempered horse.

One day his man Bob brought the animal, which was especially vicious that morning, to the door, the horse trying to bite and kick and giving a good deal of trouble.

The farmer mounted the horse with some difficulty and began to walk it out of the yard when Bob, who still entertained ill feeling against the animal, picked up a stone and flung it at him with all his force; but, alas, his aim was erratic, and the missile struck his master on the head.

Half dazed for a moment, the farmer turned slowly in his saddle, and, not suspecting the real cause of the blow, he measured with his eye the horse's hind hoofs and his own head and, settling himself in the saddle again, started off with the remark, "Well, he allus was an okard beggar."—London Scraps.

**Tall and Short.**  
First Detective—What was the description of that absconding bank cashier we were told to look out for?

Second Detective—He was six feet tall and \$50,000 short.—Philadelphia Record.

FIFTEENTH ANNUAL  
**AK-SAR-BEN**  
FALL FESTIVAL  
OMAHA SEPT. 29<sup>th</sup> OCT. 9 1909

Tuesday, October 5, Fireworks  
Wednesday, October 6, Electrical Parade  
Thursday, October 7, Military Parade  
Friday, October 8, Coronation Ball  
Saturday, October 9, Children's Ball

REDUCED RAILROAD RATES

14-2  
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 welcome 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

## The Norfolk Nursery

100,000 Strawberry and Raspberry Plants

THE largest and most complete stock of all kinds of Fruit Trees that we have ever had to offer. Crimson Rambler Roses and Ornamental Flowering Shrubs, all of the hardiest kinds. Elms, Ash, Box Elder, Maple and Basswood 8 to 12 feet tall. Small Forest Tree Seedlings of all kinds for planting groves.

**Hardy Catalpa Speciosa**—One of the best trees to plant for fence posts. One year old \$5 per 1,000; two years old \$10 per 1,000.

E. D. HAMMOND, NORFOLK, NEB.

## Township Order Books, and Orders on County Treasurer

MANUFACTURED & FOR SALE  
BY  
**THE FRONTIER**

\$1 EACH

FARM LOANS INTEREST PAID ON TIME DEPOSITS INSURANCE

## FIDELITY BANK

This Bank aims to conserve the interests of its customers in every honorable way.

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E. E. HALSTEAD, PRESIDENT. O. F. BIGLIN, VICE-PRESIDENT  
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Directors: E. E. Halstead, E. H. Halstead, O. F. Biglin.

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