

Sample Democrat Primary Ballot

Primary Election, April 10, 1928.

NATIONAL TICKET

Vote for ONE For President
 GILBERT M. HITCHCOCK Democrat

For Delegates at Large to National Convention
 Vote for FOUR
 KEITH NEVILLE Democrat
 J. J. THOMAS Democrat
 FRANK J. TAYLOR Democrat
 JAMES C. DAHLMAN Democrat

For Alternate Delegates at Large to National Convention
 Vote for FOUR
 EVELYN A. RYAN Democrat
 ODESSA CARTER JENSEN Democrat
 EFFIE M. BYERS Democrat
 OLGA STASTNY Democrat

For Delegates to National Convention Sixth District
 Vote for TWO
 GEO. T. O'MALLEY Democrat
 L. B. FENNER Democrat
 W. T. THOMPSON, JR. Democrat

For Alternate Delegates to National Convention Sixth District
 Vote for TWO
 A. D. CAMERON Democrat
 JAMES C. QUIGLEY Democrat

Vote for ONE For National Committeeman
 ARTHUR F. MULLEN Democrat
 WILLIAM RITCHIE, JR. Democrat

Vote for ONE For National Committeewoman
 JENNIE M. CALLFAS Democrat

Vote for ONE For United States Senator
 RICHARD L. METCALFE Democrat
 E. E. PLACEK Democrat

STATE TICKET

Vote for ONE For Governor
 JAMES F. CHRISTIE Democrat
 CHAS. W. BRYAN Democrat

Vote for ONE For Lieutenant Governor
 FRANK A. DUTTON Democrat
 A. T. GATEWOOD Democrat

Vote for ONE For Secretary of State
 CHARLES W. POOL Democrat

Vote for ONE For Auditor of Public Accounts
 C. V. SVOBODA Democrat

Vote for ONE For Commissioner of Public Lands and Buildings
 LAURITZ A. LARSON Democrat

Vote for ONE For State Treasurer
 MICHAEL L. ENDRES Democrat

Vote for ONE For Attorney General
 JOHN A. LAWLER Democrat
 HOWARD SAXTON Democrat

Vote for ONE For Railway Commissioner Long Term
 E. A. WALRATH Democrat
 IRL D. TOLEN Democrat

Vote for ONE For Railway Commissioner Unexpired Term
 RICHARD C. HUNTER Democrat
 WM. H. GREEN Democrat

CONGRESSIONAL TICKET

Vote for ONE For Congressman—Sixth District
 GEO. W. FERBRACHE Democrat
 A. L. BISHOP Democrat
 JOHN McCOY Democrat
 C. J. COLLINS Democrat

LEGISLATIVE TICKET

Vote for ONE For State Senator—Twenty-Second District
 JOHN A. ROBERTSON Democrat

Vote for ONE For State Representative—Sixty-Fourth District
 E. O. SLAYMAKER Democrat

COUNTY TICKET

Vote for ONE For County Supervisor—Second District

Vote for ONE For County Supervisor—Fourth District
 FRANK SCHOBBER Democrat

Vote for ONE For County Supervisor—Sixth District

TOWNSHIP TICKET

For Delegates to County Convention
 (Varying in the different precincts from 2 to 8 delegates.)

Sample NON-POLITICAL Primary Ballot, April 10, 1928

Vote for ONLY ONE For Judge of Supreme Court Sixth District
 THOS. F. NEIGHBORS Non-Political
 JAMES R. DEAN Non-Political

Vote for ONLY ONE For District Judge Fifteenth Judicial District
 WILLIAM M. ELY Non-Political
 ROBERT R. DICKSON Non-Political

COUNTY NON-POLITICAL TICKET

Vote for ONLY ONE For County Judge Holt County
 SHERIDAN SIMMONS Non-Political
 J. H. MEREDITH Non-Political
 W. J. MCCARTHY Non-Political
 MALONE Non-Political

SEABOARD AIR LINE RAILWAY COMPANY

Bradley, Jct., Fla., March 15, 1928.
 The Frontier, O'Neill, Neb.

Mrs. A—and myself enjoyed a short visit with Art and Mrs. Cowperthwaite at Tampa a few days ago. If we missed inquiring about any of the people we used to know it certainly was not intentional, and we kept the Cowperthwaite's as busy as a one armed paper hanger with the hives. Arthur's father was one of my best friends; a sure enough, all the year round, every sort of weather friend, of whom every least remembrance is one of satisfaction and pleasure. Art spoke of the various improvements in and around O'Neill, especially of the fine "gravelled" roads, and I said to him: "If I were to tell those Holt county boosters that the county in which I live in Florida has 300 miles of asphalt surfaced roads they would say: 'Well! Adams must be as big a liar as he used to be.' 'However it was the people of O'Neill that I found interesting, not the scenery or the climate, especially the winter climate. And meeting up with these friends from the old town brought it home to me how much I would enjoy a chat with say: Dr. Gilligan, John Weekes, John Horiskey, Mike McCarthy, that towering monument of veracity, Joe Meredith, in short, with any one of the old crowd. When I first came to Florida fifteen years ago, Mr. Ed. P. Smith, the Omaha lawyer, told me a story about Arthur F. Mullen that has made me laugh every time I have thought of it since. At that time one of Mr. Smythe's law partners was a Mr. Smythe. He was a Knight of Columbus as was Arthur, and they went to Montgomery, Alabama, as delegates to a big Knights of Columbus doings,

a national affair. It seems they were in a cemetery, on their knees, and some high dignitary of the Knights was praying. It was a profoundly solemn occasion. In the midst of this Arthur jerked Mr. Smythe's coat and whispered, "Say, Smythe, do you remember what Bryan's majority in Alabama was." It may not be true to say that Nebraska's winter climate is not interesting, in the sense that anything abrupt and unexpected would of necessity be interesting. But it was often rude and presuming and forced its attentions on one when one would much prefer that it take itself away. Moreover, in these decadent times, when our most sacred rights are being so rudely trampled underfoot; when men cry with Madam Roland: "Liberty! Liberty! what crimes are committed in thy name," your Nebraska winter has not the imperative reason for behaving the way it does that it had when I lived there. In those good old days, when a man could call his soul his own, the one big event of the winter was the icing of the river beer vaults. And if, as occasionally happened, the required degree of cold was delayed and spring approached, consternation spread abroad and men's hearts failed them. Also I believe I am a true historian when I bear witness that there were men who entered enthusiastically into this work who never did another days work throughout the whole year. Florida winter is not like that. Florida winter says: "C'mon in, the waters fine." And if one cannot swim and that does not appeal, how about this one. My fuel bill for the past winter was \$3.50 and I have more than half of the fuel left. I have lost touch with Nebraska politics except as Senator Norris occasionally breaks into the spot light. Nationally it looks like Hoover. There will be fireworks at a big Knights of Columbus doings,

the country will take Mr. Reed seriously as of presidential caliber. They say Jim is a walking ringer but that is merely polite English for windjammer. If Governor Smith is nominated the solid south will blow up. This for two reasons, one of which I am proud; Prohibition; the other of which I am ashamed, religion. If it were possible to blot out the issue of religion from Gov. Smith's candidacy, making one clean cut issue, might not the situation in some of its aspects be said to resemble that which came before the world 2,000 years ago? "It is expedient that one should die for all the people." The major difference being that one sacrifice was voluntary while the other would be most decidedly involuntary. And were Gov. Smith ten times the man he is the issue would justify the sacrifice. I have no criticism to make of Gov. Smith except this one issue, but for this he deserves to die, and will die—to the presidency. Some of the old timers in O'Neill will say, "this bird has changed his plumage." Speaking of birds one of Florida's delights is the mocking bird. I remember soon after I came here, a mocking bird perched on a bare limb, in a pouring rain, trying to blow himself up in an ecstasy of spontaneous song. One could but wonder what this little artist would have pulled off had the sun been shining if he could perform as he was doing under such discouraging conditions. To delight the eye, besides the hundreds of beautiful lakes, moss draped trees, and luxuriant groves at this writing fairly oppressive with perfume—I would put first a Royal Poinciana tree in full blossom. Coming down a little nearer the earth—most of us are very much interested in our stomachs—what of good things to eat? Putting aside such ordinary truck as strawberries, English peas, and new potatoes in Jan-

uary, I would say that one who has never eaten a mango, a King orange, or an avocado pear, has surely something coming to him. Eating a seedling mango is a gastronomic feat. There are no short cuts, and none of the ob- be done in a ladylike manner. No artificial tools or weapons are of any assistance, even ones teeth but hinder one, as the threads cling to the stone with unbelievable tenacity. But the ordeal is richly rewarded. Where the King orange got its name I do not know, for there is nothing regal in its appearance. Its skin is rough and of most any color. But beneath this rough exterior lies that well known heart of gold, also a concentrated essence of walnuts and wine that is unforgettable. They do not eat Florida oranges in Florida, except the King which is a kid glove orange, they drink them. Florida oranges are such overflowing reservoirs of juice that pulling one apart is a messy process. Peel off all the outside yellow skin, being careful to not break through the inner skin. Make a small deep hole in one end, apply the mouth to this and squeeze the orange. The consumption of half a dozen oranges in this manner at one sitting is not considered abnormal, and the growers of Florida oranges would be glad to impress the people of the north that this is not only normal but highly conducive to the maintenance of good health. That Florida Grapefruit squirts a superior eye tonic. Eating an avocado pear might be roughly likened to eating a hunk of sweet dairy butter but with proper dressing I know few things so satisfying. When I left the Cowperthwaite's we brought several copies of The Frontier which were greatly enjoyed. This so that resembled the old time placer miner, the grains of gold rep- (Continued on page nine)