

## Non-Partisan Sample Ballot Primary Election, 1920

**Vote for ONE For Chief Justice Supreme Court**

ANDREW M. MORRISSEY .....Lincoln

GRANT G. MARTIN .....Lincoln

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**Vote for ONE For Judge Supreme Court**

GEORGE A. DAY .....Omaha

WILLIAM C. DORSEY .....Bloomington

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**Vote for ONE For Superintendent of Public Instruction**

JOHN M. MATZEN .....Fremont

OWEN P. STEWART .....Sterling

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**Vote for TWO For Board of Regents of the State University**

E. H. GERHART .....Newman Grove

WILLIAM L. BATES .....Lodge Pole

VICTOR G. LYFORD .....Falls City

GEORGE N. SEYMOUR .....Elgin

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**Vote for TWO For Judges Tenth Judicial District**

PHILIP H. FULLER .....Hastings

CHARLES E. BRUCKMAN .....Hastings

WILLIAM A. DILWORTH .....Holdrege

MILO D. KING .....Minden

LEWIS H. BLACKLEDGE .....Red Cloud

LEWIS C. PAULSON .....Minden

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**Vote for ONE For County Judge**

A. D. RANNEY .....Red Cloud

B. W. STEWART .....Red Cloud

## Prohibition Sample Ballot PRIMARY ELECTION, 1920 MALE

**National Ticket**

**Vote for ONE Preference for President of United States**

..... Prohibition

**Preference for Vice-President of United States**

**Vote for ONE**

..... Prohibition

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**State Ticket**

**Vote for ONE For Governor**

..... Prohibition

**Vote for ONE For Lieutenant Governor**

..... Prohibition

**Vote for ONE For Secretary of State**

..... Prohibition

**Vote for ONE For Auditor of Public Accounts**

..... Prohibition

**Vote for ONE For State Treasurer**

..... Prohibition

**Vote for ONE For Attorney General**

..... Prohibition

**For Commissioner of Public Lands and Buildings**

**Vote for ONE**

..... Prohibition

**Vote for ONE For Railway Commissioner—Long Term**

..... Prohibition

**Vote for ONE For Railway Commissioner—Short Term**

..... Prohibition

**Vote for ONE For National Committeemen**

..... Prohibition

**For Delegates at Large to National Convention**

**Vote for FOUR**

..... Prohibition

..... Prohibition

..... Prohibition

..... Prohibition

**For Alternates at Large to National Convention**

**Vote for FOUR**

..... Prohibition

..... Prohibition

..... Prohibition

..... Prohibition

**For Delegates to National Convention—Fifth District**

**Vote for TWO**

..... Prohibition

..... Prohibition

**For Alternates to National Convention—Fifth District**

**Vote for TWO**

..... Prohibition

..... Prohibition

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**Congressional Ticket**

**Vote for ONE For Congressman—Fifth District**

..... Prohibition

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**Legislative Ticket**

**Vote for ONE For State Senator—Twentieth District**

..... Prohibition

**Vote for ONE For Representative—Forty-Sixth District**

..... Prohibition

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**County Ticket**

**Vote for ONE For Clerk of the District Court**

..... Prohibition

**Vote for ONE For County Assessor**

..... Prohibition

**Vote for ONE Commissioner Dist. No. 2**

..... Prohibition

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**Precinct Ticket**

**Vote for ONE Man Member of County Central Committee**

..... Prohibition

**Vote for ONE Woman Member of County Central Committee**

..... Prohibition

**NATIONAL TICKET**

**Vote for ONE Preference for President of United States**

..... Prohibition

**Vote for ONE Preference for Vice-President of United States**

..... Prohibition

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**State Ticket**

**Vote for ONE For National Committeemen**

..... Prohibition

**For Delegates at Large to National Convention**

**Vote for FOUR**

..... Prohibition

..... Prohibition

..... Prohibition

..... Prohibition

**For Alternates at Large to National Convention**

**Vote for FOUR**

..... Prohibition

..... Prohibition

..... Prohibition

..... Prohibition

**For Delegates to National Convention—Fifth District**

**Vote for TWO**

..... Prohibition

..... Prohibition

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**County Ticket**

**Vote for ONE For Clerk of the District Court**

..... Prohibition

**Vote for ONE For County Assessor**

..... Prohibition

**Vote for ONE Commissioner Dist. No. 2**

..... Prohibition

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**Precinct Ticket**

**Vote for ONE Man Member of County Central Committee**

..... Prohibition

**Vote for ONE Woman Member of County Central Committee**

..... Prohibition

**When Love Came**  
By ETTA VERNE LYNDON  
(Copyright, 1919, by the Western Newspaper Union.)

"I want to see you married and settled down in life before I pass away," spoke old Jared Bliss to his favorite nephew, and the latter looked startled at the suggestion.

"I shall think it over seriously, Uncle Jared," replied Ransom Bliss, but vaguely.

By a strange coincidence at almost that very hour Mrs. Walter Morse was talking over affairs with her niece, Elsie Briggs.

"I promised my sister, your mother, when she died," she said, "that you should never need a home. My husband is to represent the firm employing him in far western Canada; meanwhile what are your plans, dear?"

Elsie looked serious, but not distressed. She had been given a sensible, practical bringing up, and had already thought over the future. Mrs. Morse listened indulgently as Elsie spoke of going to the city and earning her own living.

"You two have been so good to me. I must not further burden you," she said. "I am sure I can earn my own way, Aunt."

Mrs. Morse grew very thoughtful. Then, after a long pause, she said: "I would like to see you married, with a good man for a husband and a home of your own," but Elsie shook her head smilingly.

Two evenings later as Elsie sat on the porch Ransom Bliss appeared. He and Elsie had been friendly acquaintances for over a year, and the latter looked puzzled and then embarrassed as Ransom, after some casual conversation, moved his chair closer towards her and said:

"I came on a special mission this evening, Elsie. It is to ask you if you will marry me."

Elsie flushed quickly and her voice was a trifle unsteady as she said without the least trace of affectation:

"I never expected that you—"

"Cared for you, Elsie? Yes. Loved you? No. True affection is too sacred a thing to be named lightly. I am a plain-spoken man. There is no woman whom I more deeply respect and admire, and I would be proud to call you my wife. I will devote my life to make you happy."

Elsie sat with eyes cast down and fluttering secretly at heart. She did not reply on impulse, nor for a long time. Then, evenly enough, she spoke:

"I feel that you have honored me, Mr. Bliss, and I appreciate your clear, honest words. We have always been good friends. I shall be frank with you in turn. You say you do not love me, and I can confess for you nothing deeper than esteem. I am poor, humble, and will soon be homeless. I would not have you later regret that I can be nothing more to you than a loyal, helpful wife, who, however, can never forget that in a measure this would be a marriage of convenience."

And so they were wedded, and, after the death of his uncle, Ransom Bliss and his bride took up their residence at the old family home. They settled down into their new life more like partners than wedded mates. In all things Ransom was considerate and courteous and Elsie was a model house-keeper, and all that respect and thoughtfulness could suggest. Never was there a jar or misunderstanding. Many a time, however, as he looked at the beautiful girl, like himself engaged in reading, Ransom realized that she was possessed of rare womanly qualities, while Elsie, in turn, when alone, sighed drearily, acknowledging his perfection as a man among men, and she was at variance with the compact they had made.

There came an unexpected separation a little later. The presence of Ransom was required in settling up some business of the estate at Abingdon, 24 miles distant. For the first few weeks he came home over Sunday, but finally his absence ran into a full month. Elsie was wretched. An impulse came over her to at least see him. A trolley line ran to a junction half the distance and then joined another line. She reached it about eight o'clock in the evening to wait for the intersection car. From Abingdon there arrived a car branching off and a passenger alighted to wait for a connection. He came into the dimly lighted little station. Elsie recognized him as her husband.

"Why, Elsie!" he spoke in surprise. "I must tell you the truth," she said. "I was lonely without you. I was going to visit Abingdon, if it was only to see you at a distance."

The man drew a deep breath. "And I," he said in tones that thrilled her, "only sought to look through the window of our home and see if you were well and happy."

"Happier now than I ever have been," she breathed rapidly, for his arm had stolen about her waist.

"Elsie," he cried, "can it be possible that we made a mistake in the past?"

"You mean—"

"In deeming that we cared for each other as only casual acquaintances might."

"It has grown into something deeper than that with me," she whispered tenderly.

And the surety of a first and lasting love engulfed the satisfied soul of the lonely man.

**At Odd Purposes**  
By BELVA M. THORNE  
(Copyright, 1919, by the Western Newspaper Union.)

Martin Wolcott, bachelor, moved from Lisle to Clyde because he was in debt. Mrs. Athena Burrows, widow, remained in the latter town for the same reason. The coincidental similarity as to motive and environment went still further. Both were regarded as above the average as to wealth or the prospect of it. A third circumstance in this chain of sequence was the fact that Judge Alward Marsh, who had been Mrs. Burrows' attorney for ten years, became likewise the legal adviser of Mr. Wolcott.

Now neither of the two named made any pretense to the merest gaze with opulence. Neither was over thirty, and both were healthy, accredited and good looking. Common rumor had it, however, that the fair widow had inherited a gold mine out West that might at any time open its vast store of wealth. When Mr. Wolcott came to Clyde there followed him the report that when a certain lawsuit he had been fighting for five years was decided, he would become the recipient of a royal fortune.

The facts were really these: The alleged mine had never produced so much as an ounce of the precious metal, and Mrs. Burrows had leased the fifty acres involved for grazing purposes at barely enough to meet taxes and water right installments. As to the lawsuit, Wolcott had expended nearly all he had in legal fees and had hopelessly abandoned any anticipations of success in winning it.

As said, Wolcott had come to Clyde because he was in debt. Not that his Lisle creditors were manifesting any collection pressure, for he was a favorite with everybody, but, finding himself growing poorer and poorer, he resolved to get down to real work. He was a specialist in cattle diseases, and Clyde was the center of a large rich farming district.

It was at the office of Judge Marsh one day that Martin Wolcott met the charming widow. The observing old jurist's eyes twinkled as he sensed a mutual liking established between the two. It got to be so that Wolcott became a weekly visitor at the Burrows home. They were vastly pleased with each other and the prospective match met with the approval of their friends.

Mrs. Burrows had made some inquiry regarding Mr. Wolcott. It was to receive exaggerated intelligence as to the wonderful lawsuit that would place him so high above her in the way of wealth that her heart faltered. Wolcott did the same thing. He became despondent and hopeless when he heard about the undeveloped Goldconda in the Rockies which would make of Mrs. Burrows a social queen, who would naturally disdain the attentions of a poor and obscure individual like himself.

Wolcott began to curtail his calls upon Mrs. Burrows and the latter influenced by this and a realization of the vast gulf between them, tried to root out the love that might bring only disappointment and sorrow. They had not seen one another for two weeks, when they came face to face in the office of Judge Marsh. Each acted as if their relations were strained. The judge was not in evidence, but they decided to wait for him. A quick tenderness permeated the sensitive heart of the sympathetic widow as she noticed that Wolcott looked thin and worried.

"You do not seem as well as when I last saw you, Mr. Wolcott," she said.

"That is because I haven't seen so much of you," replied Wolcott bluntly.

"Is not that your own fault?" softly intimated the blushing widow. "Surely you have been always welcome at my home."

"I have met with such kindly consideration," answered Wolcott in unsteady tones. "that I dared not continue my visits because I foresaw that it could end only in banishment."

"How strangely you speak," she fluttered.

"Mrs. Burrows, I am a plain man," said Wolcott seriously. "It will be no news to you to know that you are to me the one woman in the world I respect, admire and cherish. It is only recently that I learned of your prospects of fortune. A poor man, I dared not presume that you would look upon me as your equal."

"Why, Mr. Wolcott," exclaimed Mrs. Burrows, "who ever gave you such a ridiculous idea. A poor man? It was when I learned of your coming wealth that I felt that I could never hope—that is—"

"Poor man, poor woman," interrupted Judge Marsh, bursting into the room radiant. "Mr. Wolcott, you have said enough to divest the situation of any misconception. Mrs. Burrows, you are too sensible a woman to resent an old friend like myself saying that there is no possible barrier of inequality, socially or as to wealth, between you two. I sent for both of you to report that the people at the other end of the lawsuit are willing to compromise for fifty thousand dollars, and that they have discovered gold at the mine and it promises a fortune. Be happy, my children," laughed the old jurist gleefully, and he waved himself from the room, and when he returned half an hour later the glowing faces of his clients told him that there would soon be a wedding.