



THE EYE THE WINDOW OF THE SOUL.

(Walter Irwin, M. O.)

The eye which can look, and laugh, and dance, and love, and hate, and sneer; that can woo and wound, succumb or subjugate, retreat or triumph, is indeed the "window of the soul," and must be free from defects which pervert the images pictured on the brain, or all our relations to the external world are changed.

Eyes of Children.

Do you sometimes feel discouraged that your little one does not seem to do better in school? Does the child seem awkward in its play, stumbling over objects, which other children avoid? Do you sometimes feel that there is something wrong with the child, and that it must be stupid? If so, I want to say to you, as a careful observer of children, that many times the symptoms described are due entirely to defective eyesight.

In many of the eastern cities practical tests have recently been made of the eyesight of children in the public schools and it was shown that a much larger percentage of "dullness" could be attributed to defective vision than was thought possible heretofore.

The Wearing of Glasses.

A few years ago it was considered almost a disgrace to wear glasses. It was almost as much as a girl's matrimonial chances were worth to appear with them on. Spectacles were considered a mark of deformity or of old age, and you seldom found a young person willing to wear them, no matter how badly the glasses were needed. But, fortunately for those who are compelled to wear them, Dame Fashion came to the rescue and set the seal of her august approval upon them, and lo! all was changed.



found them quite essential to their comfort and well being. Possibly the day will never come again when glasses will be considered disfiguring, in fact, popular opinion has changed and glasses are now regarded as lending quite a distinguished appearance to the countenance. Possibly this is due to the fact that they are worn by so many professional and business men who follow clerical work and who have invested glasses with a dignity in the eyes of the public and have helped to do away with the prejudice that once existed.

Defective eyes cannot, in all cases, be cured, but they can be generally assisted by the proper treatment or the use of glasses, although to say that everyone who notices anything wrong with their eyes—as smarting, watering, redness, quivering of the lids, etc.—is in need of glasses, is like saying that everyone who limps needs crutches—whether he may have a broken leg or a corn on his toe.

The accusation is sometimes made, nowadays, that people are given glasses when it is not necessary; that children never used to wear glasses and they "got along just as well." The wise parent is not influenced by any hollow promises, which may materially affect the future life of his offspring, for he knows that more children go to the eye specialist today than formerly, with a consequent result that there is less serious trouble with the eyes of grown-up children, where parents have given this faculty sensible consideration. Seventy-five years ago nothing was done for crossed-eyes; later, operation for the trouble became common, but this helped the situation only slightly. Now nine-tenths of infantile cases of cross-eyes are cured by the use of proper glasses.

The same operation is too similar to permit of a denial of the fact that any deformity in the physical make-up is not a source of infinite sorrow; but some of the most tender-hearted of parents do not realize the burden their little ones bear in being cross-eyed.

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Colonel Churchill of Cornish

"THE scholar in politics" is a familiar phrase, but "the author in politics" is a phrase which still possesses some novelty, in this country at least. An idea has prevailed that all the authors in politics are from Indiana. The fact that Booth Tarkington and some other Hoosiers noted in the literary world have dabbled in politics forms a basis for the impression, but it now proves that Indiana has no monopoly of the article. New Hampshire has an author politician, too, and he is no less a literary personage than Winston Churchill. Mr. Churchill's latest work, "Coniston," deals with the problem of the political boss. In Jethro Bass he has typified the well known character who obtains control of party machinery and uses it for his own advantage.

From writing about things he thought ought to be reformed to taking an active hand in bringing about the changes advocated was easy, and he is a candidate for the Republican nomination for governor on an anti-boss, anti-corporation platform. E. claims that the government of New Hampshire does not at present belong to the people of the state as it should, but is in effect the property of a single powerful corporation, the Boston and Maine railroad, and he says that if nominated and elected he will see that the government is returned to its rightful owners.

The New York Sun has termed Mr. Churchill a "carpetbag" politician. That is in allusion to the fact that he is an emigrant from another state and not long since resided in Missouri. Being from the land of Folk and Hadley, how could he be otherwise than a reformer? Admirers of Mr. Churchill have claimed that he placed St. Louis under a heavy debt of gratitude when he helped to make it famous by writing "The Crisis" and that after the publication of this romance it only needed the world's fair to lift that



WINSTON CHURCHILL.

municipality to a pinnacle of glory. Though the book made him popular in his home town, Mr. Churchill removed from it to Cornish, N. H., where a summer colony of artists and literary people has sprung up. At first Mr. Churchill, too, expected to make New Hampshire only his summer home, but he liked it so well he decided to stay the year round. He is a young man still. He will not be thirty-five until November. It is not yet ten years since his first novel, "The Celebrity," appeared. As a boy he had an ambition to become an admiral of the navy and so went to the Annapolis academy, but he found that writing rather than fighting was his forte and so turned aside to journalistic paths. He had hardly turned thirty when he went to Cornish. His neighbors liked him, and he and his wife entertained them, 500 at a time, at their beautiful home, Harlakenden House. As one of the old inhabitants of Cornish expressed it: "Cornish is lookin' up. Twenty odd new houses have been built within th' last half dozen years. We've got the best sculptor in th' world, and Mr. Churchill ken stay in harness with th' best on 'em when it comes to writin' novels. They tell me his stories are ez real and lifelike ez newly hatched chickens."

So he was sent to represent the Cornish district in the lower house of the legislature and served two terms. It was supposed that the colonel—he has been a colonel on the governor's staff—would be a candidate for the state senate and perhaps after that for congress. But his admirers decided that such promotion was too slow. The Lincoln Republican club proposed him for the nomination of its party for governor, and he accepted its support. He promises that if nominated and elected he will work for these things: Abolition of the railroad lobby in the legislature, a direct primary law and more equitable state taxation.

The capital of New Hampshire is Concord. In this connection the young novelists' wellwishers say that throughout his career his winning letter has been C. As a young man he edited the Cosmopolitan. His first book was "The Celebrity" and on "Richard Carvel" he won his place in literature. Then came "The Crisis" and later "The Crossing," and at Croydon he found the hero for "Coniston." If the luck of the C's follows him he will in place of Churchill of Cornish become Churchill of Concord.

"THREE CENT TOM."

Cleveland's Unique Mayor and His Anticorporation Ideas. Mayor Tom L. Johnson of Cleveland, who recently put himself in danger of being sent to jail for contempt of court, is always doing out of the ordinary things. He is a fighter and believes that in combating greedy corporations quiet and parlorlike methods will not always answer. He has been working for years to get three cent fares on street cars for Cleveland and is sometimes known as "Three Cent Tom." It was in pursuance of this



TOM L. JOHNSON.

contest that he recently disobeyed an order of the court. The city council of Cleveland had ordered the Cleveland Electric Railway company to remove its tracks from one side of a certain street to the other in order to permit the Forest City Railway company, which was organized to operate lines on a three-cent basis, to lay its tracks in the street. A month elapsed, and the company did not comply, and bright and early one morning the mayor went out with a gang of several hundred men and began tearing up the tracks which had been ordered removed. An injunction was obtained by the company's attorneys commanding the mayor to desist from the performance, but he calmly put it in his pocket until the job was completed.

The mayor is reputed to be worth about \$5,000,000 and has retired from active business life. As he does not have to worry about making a living any longer, he devotes his time, energy and often his money to efforts in the direction of carrying out his political and social ideas. He is an advocate of the Henry George land theory, and his methods of fighting corporations have made him famous far beyond the bounds of his own city and state.

Mayor Johnson began his remarkably successful business career as an errand boy. He was not very rich when he married, which was when he was only about twenty years of age.

"What have you with which to support a wife?" his prospective father-in-law asked.

"These two hands," was the characteristic reply, and it won him his wife.

MISS LIBERTY'S NEW DRESS

Varnish and Other Improvements For the Bartholdi Statue.

Miss Liberty is to have a new dress. A coat of verdigris has been formed on the graceful folds of her gown and on her features by the salt air. From an artistic standpoint there is no objection to these soft green tints, but if the chemical action is allowed to continue the bronze plates of the immense statue will be seriously weakened. Therefore workmen will remove the verdigris and apply a coat of varnish. Other improvements will be made. When the French people raised \$250,000 for Bartholdi to build the statue of Liberty, to be presented to this country, little did they dream that the United States would neglect the magnificent gift. But while congress appropriated large sums for the erection of the federal buildings in small towns it would not vote the comparatively small amount necessary to keep the statue properly lighted and its surroundings on Bedloe's island in even a decent state of repair. Now \$62,500 will be expended in improvements, including an electric elevator for visitors, and the torch will be increased from five lights to ten.



THE BARTHOLDI STATUE OF LIBERTY.

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Sleuths of the Secret Service

WHEN kings and emperors go abroad plumed knights on dashing steeds surround them. When the president of the United States goes out, unless it be an occasion of greatest state, we see no men on horseback. In democratic simplicity Theodore Roosevelt travels from the White House to the "summer palace" at Oyster Bay. Apparently he is unguarded, yet from under the hat brims of the plain clothes men by his side peep the piercing eyes of secret service agents. In pockets of innocent looking trousers lurk big pistols. In sleeves of civilian cloth are bleeps ready to launch blows at suspicious persons who approach too near the president. The chief of the republic is really as carefully protected as many monarchs, though the protection is unostentatious.

Occasionally the vigilance of the president's bodyguard gets it into trouble. On the president's latest arrival at Oyster Bay a secret service man struck an unauthorized snapshot of Mr. Roosevelt. The photographer swore out a warrant for the guard's arrest, and when the defendant came up for a hearing half Long Island socked to the trial. It was to be a famous case. Great lawyers were expected to make memorable addresses, but the secret service man spoiled the show by pleading guilty to a charge of assault and cheerfully paying a ten dollar fine.

Guarding the president is not, of course, the only or even the chief duty of the secret service. Trailing and capturing counterfeiters and smugglers, ransacking down moonshine stills, rolling foreign spies—all are in its day's work. Counterfeiters are its particular enemies. Slickest of criminals are the counterfeiters, and slickest of detectives are the men who catch them.



CHIEF WILKIE AND HIS ROGUES' GALLERY.

Pretty nearly every counterfeiter in the world has his "mug" in the secret service rogues' gallery in Washington. At the head of this great detective system is John E. Wilkie. Mr. Wilkie used to be a reporter in Chicago. He did his first Sherlock Holmesing in that capacity. A heavily insured grocery store had been mysteriously burned. Suspicion pointed to its owner, one Arbuckle. Arbuckle proved an alibi, and the police were baffled. Wilkie wasn't. He poked around the ruins until he found a tintype of Arbuckle with a Philadelphia address on its back. He sent the picture to Philadelphia, where it was recognized as the photograph of James Moan, who had abandoned his wife and eloped with a seamstress. Armed with this exclusive information, Wilkie went to Arbuckle, who thought that all was discovered and confessed.

Wilkie in 1881 became city editor of the Chicago Tribune and continued in newspaper work in Chicago until he was selected by Secretary Gage in 1898 to command the government's detectives. Mr. Wilkie has a great fund of stories showing the ingenuity of "shovers of the queer." One is this:

Dressed like a prosperous carpenter, with a beam on his shoulder, the counterfeiter plods along the street. In front of a promising show window the beam gets the better of him; he hitches; he loses his balance—crash! Through the plate glass shoots the beam. Out comes the proprietor.

"Say, you, pay for that window." "Boss, I can't afford it." "The dence you can't. You look prosperous enough." "Boss, you can search me. I ain't got a cent."

And the fellow turns his pockets inside out and inadvertently drops a bank note, which he picks up quickly and attempts to conceal.

"Holy smoke! A \$100 bill!" exclaims the owner of the window.

"But it ain't mine, boss." "All right. I'll have you arrested anyway. Come in here now, and—" "Boss, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you \$25 and call it square."

Then the dealer, joyous and well pleased, takes the counterfeit \$100 note and gives the crook \$75 in good money. But even with such original schemes as this the counterfeiter is tripped up in the long run.

Advertisement for Scott's Emulsion, featuring a fisherman carrying a large fish on his back. Text: "We like best to call SCOTT'S EMULSION a food because it stands up physically for perfect nutrition. And yet in the matter of restoring appetite, of giving new strength to the tissues, especially to the nerves, its action is that of a medicine."

Advertisement for a guaranteed cure for piles. Text: "A Guaranteed Cure For Piles. Itching, Blind, Bleeding, or Protruding Piles. Druggists refund money if Pazo Ointment fails to cure any case, no matter of how long standing, in 6 to 14 days. First application gives ease and rest. 50c. If your druggist hasn't it send 50c in stamps and it will be forwarded postpaid by Paris Medicine Co., St. Louis, Mo."

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