

JOHN A. JOHNSON,

Presidential Possibility Whose Modest Explanation of His Rise in Life Is, "I Only Tried to Make Good."

THE CANDIDATE

Tribute of Minnesota Political Opponent, "He Has Nerve and Tact; He Is Not Aggressive, but Firm."



HAULING THE WASHING.

WHAT manner of man is John A. Johnson, governor of Minnesota and one of the presidential possibilities on the Democratic side? In all that has been written about this interesting man of the northwest perhaps nothing serves to give so definite an idea of the place he occupies in Minnesota politics as some impressions conveyed in a recent letter from a Republican of the governor's own state to an eastern friend.

This correspondent starts out with the remark that it is hard to think of a man whom he knows so closely as Governor Johnson in connection with the presidency and continues:

"But when I reflect on the situation I see no reason why he would not be a most available candidate or why, if he were elected, he would not make a very satisfactory president. He is really an exceptionally good man, and everything about him is very creditable. His public career has been very dramatic, and his hold on the respect and affection of the people of



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JOHN A. JOHNSON.

the state is quite remarkable. When I first knew him he was running a country newspaper in St. Peter, a village of a couple of thousand people. He was elected to the state senate and made a dignified, intelligent and independent senator."

After detailing how his political opponents tried to defeat him for the governorship by publishing the story to the effect that Johnson allowed his father to die in the poorhouse when the fact was that John was but a small boy when his unfortunate drunken father died there and was working hard to

help support his mother, the Minnesota correspondent continues:

"As Governor Johnson has done very well. There really isn't very much for a governor to do except be decent and sensible, address public gatherings and represent the state on public occasions. Johnson has done all this with credit. He has appointed good men to office, been sane and reasonable, kept out of trouble and from taking extreme positions. The state is very proud of him and, I think, has a right to be. He has nerve and tact. He is not aggressive, but he is firm."

This from a political opponent is deemed a candid view of the man who twice has been elected governor of Minnesota, a strongly Republican state, on the Democratic ticket. Governor Johnson's first election may be explained by the sad error of his opponents in circulating the poorhouse story and that about his mother taking in washing. When the voters of the state discovered that the candidate had worked his way up from the bottom of things, and not only that, but had supported his mother and several other little Johnsons, they elected him governor, the Republican party being split open to begin with. His second election appears to have resulted from his good record as an executive in addition to the story of his early career. Somebody once asked Governor Johnson what he had done in his office to make the people re-elect him.

"I only tried to make good," he replied.

Governor Johnson is forty-six years of age and a native of the town where until three years ago he ran the St. Peter Herald.

His parents were natives of Sweden. The governor is a thorough American in all his tastes and inclinations. There has been some tendency toward describing him as being like Abraham Lincoln in his earlier surroundings, but John Johnson, poor as he was, had boyhood advantages of which Lincoln never dreamed, because the latter's early environment was that of a pioneer in an illiterate, bookless, almost lawless wilderness. John Johnson had the advantage of the town's public library, which he used faithfully during the years when he clerked in a drug store. Between selling patent medicines and liver pads he filled up the chinks with reading the best authors.

The governor is married, Mrs. Johnson being a charming woman considerably younger than her husband. In the event of White House occupancy both the governor and his wife would be able to maintain the social dignity of their spheres. Governor Johnson, though decidedly a man of the people, does not resist dress suits and top hats when social usages call for those habiliments.

The admiral had two years of very hard campaigning in China and the Philippines, and it was he who commanded the navy relief expedition during the Boxer troubles. It was during the Sampson-Schley controversy that he called on Schley one day and in the course of conversation about the dispute then on remarked, "Isn't there glory enough for all?"

The phrase in slightly altered form was embodied by Schley in his report, and in that way it soon afterward became famous.

Rear Admiral George W. Melville and Rear Admiral Bowman H. McCalla, who have both been drawn into the discussion over the condition of the navy and the organization of the navy department, have had more than the average number of stirring adventures in the course of their long careers. Both are now on the retired list. Admiral Melville is sixty-nine, and Admiral McCalla will in a short time be sixty-four.

Melville, who recently urged the purchase of America of the captured flag of the American frigate Chesapeake, made a brilliant record in the civil war and in 1879 sailed with De Long on the Jeannette in the ill-fated arctic expedition. He commanded the boat's crew which escaped from the Lena delta, and later he led the expeditions which recovered the bodies of De Long and his companions. Admiral Melville was quoted by President Roosevelt in his letter regarding the Rixey-Brownson episode and the command of the hospital ship Relief. Question having arisen as to where he stood in the navy controversy, Admiral Melville sent a letter to a New York paper, in which he said that in a public address in 1893 he finished his oration in the following words:

"The navy of the United States in its personnel and its material, man for man, ton for ton and gun for gun, has not its superior on the face of the globe."

In his recent letter he declared, "This was my opinion at that time, and I have never had reason to change my opinion, notwithstanding all the newspaper reports to the contrary."

SAVED BY THE MUD.

Exciting Elephant Adventure in the Heart of Africa.

During a hunting trip in Africa A. Henry Savage Lander had a narrow escape from two elephants which he was stalking. He had got to within ten yards of the male elephant and, taking careful aim, pulled the trigger. The story of what followed is told in Mr. Lander's book "Across Widest Africa."

The cartridge never went off, but unfortunately my kresh, who relied on the effectiveness of my weapon, fired at the same moment with his matchlock. We were such a short distance from the animal that he actually hit him in the head. I shall never forget my surprise when the elephant lifted his trunk skyward and in his fury roared like thunder.

A moment later the elephant, with his trunk extended, dashed after us, I too, with my useless rifle in my hand, having by that time acquired a high rate of speed.

Had I been running a race for the world's record I am sure I should have won the prize. It was amazing to me how fast I could run, as I confess my blood turned perfectly cold when I could feel the hoarse blowing trunk of the elephant only a few rods behind me, and I expected every minute to be crushed into a jelly.

In that particular part of the country these marshy plains are extraordinarily sticky and slushy, so the mud I dashed into the grass at the breaking speed at which I was traveling my feet stuck in the soft and slushy mud, and I was precipitated with my face and hands in the slush, my rifle sinking deep.

This was the supreme moment of apprehension. I said good-by to the world and imagined myself dead. No one could have been more surprised than I was when, a reasonable time to be killed in having elapsed, I got up again and perceived the elephant a few yards off, cantering away in the opposite direction.

His back view was a great relief to me. He had come to within two or three yards of where I had fallen and, having himself sunk in the soft mud, had turned around and struggled away, leaving big circular footmarks, regular holes four or five feet deep in the mud.

GOLD MADNESS.

A Passion For Literally Reveling in the Yellow Metal.

A singular passion for literally reveling in gold is exhibited now and then by men who have suddenly become rich. Some years ago a London journalist who had speculated in railroad stocks netted £5,000 as the result of a lucky venture. Drawing it in gold, the fortunate man repaired to a hotel, emptied the bags of gold in the bed and went to sleep literally in the sands of Pactolus. The man was so crazed by his good fortune that he found indescribable pleasure in reveling in a golden bath.

Paganini, the violinist, when he received the proceeds of his concerts—he insisted upon being paid in gold—used to wash his hands in sovereigns.

A French novelist, Soulie, wrote a book entitled "The Memoirs of the Devil." It took. The publishers paid him for the first volume \$10,000 in gold. The author carried the gold to his bedroom, poured it into a footbath and enjoyed for half an hour the excitement of moving his feet to and fro in a bath of gold coins, smoking meanwhile the biggest of Havanas.

A Boston merchant of great wealth, believing certain symptoms indicated that he would become insane, consulted a specialist and, under his advice, became an inmate of a private asylum. For twelve years there his recreation was piling up gold coins and then knocking them over. At times he washed his hands in gold eagles and half eagles. At the end of the long seclusion he returned to his counting room and in twelve months confirmed the thoroughness of his recovery by amassing \$500,000.—St. Louis Republic.

An Effective Stage Speech.

Signor Grasso, the actor, who is looked upon as one of the glories of Italy, made an effective response to the enthusiasm of an Argentine audience after a performance. Advancing to the front of the stage, he drew from his pocket a letter.

"This letter," he said, "is from my mother in Catania. She is eighty years of age." Then as his eyes moistened he added, "I cannot thank you as I would, but I feel that I should like to embrace every one of you as I embrace the page on which my mother has signed her name." The enthusiasm of the audience was transformed to delirium. —Paris Cor. London Mail.

Different Stars.

An "Auld Kirk" man was being shown through the new United Presbyterian church in a town in the west of Scotland. Gazing at the stars painted on the ceiling, he inquired their meaning.

"Oh," was the reply, "you know what the book says—He made the stars also?"

"Weel," observed the man, "ye ken the differ between your kirk and oors? It's this—ye hae your stars on the ceiling, and we've oors in the poolpit!"

Her Sweet Friend.

Miss Elder—The idea of his pretending that my hair was gray! Miss Peppery—Ridiculous! Miss Elder—Wasn't it, though? Miss Peppery—Yes. Just as if you'd buy gray hair.—Exchange.

She Knew a Good Thing.

Miss Bridget, I hope the baker sent us fresh macaroons today. Bridget—Yes, ma'am. They wuz grand. They wuz that good I ate them, ivery wan.—New York Times.

CITY CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENTS.

CHRISTIAN—Bible school at 10 a. m. Y. P. S. C. E. at 7 p. m. All are welcome to these services.

CATHOLIC—Order of services: Mass, 8 a. m. Mass and sermon, 10:00 a. m. Evening service at 8 o'clock. Sunday school, 2:30 p. m. Every Sunday.

W. M. J. KIRWIN, O. M. I.
BAPTIST—Sunday school at 10 a. m. Preaching service at 11:00 a. m. Evening service at 8:00. B. Y. P. U. at 7 p. m. A most cordial invitation is extended to all to worship with us.

E. BURTON, Pastor.

EPISCOPAL—Preaching services at St. Alban's church at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. All are welcome to these services. Celebration of the Holy Communion at the morning service.

E. R. EARLE, Rector.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE—Services, Sunday at 11 a. m., and Wednesday at 8 p. m. Subject, "Are Sin, Disease and Death Real?" Meetings held in the Diamond block. Room open Wednesdays and Saturdays, from 2 to 4 p. m. Science literature on sale.

CONGREGATIONAL—Sunday school at 10 a. m. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. by Rev. G. G. Noyce of Trenton. Junior C. E. at 3 p. m. Senior C. E. at 7 p. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday at 8. The public is cordially invited to these services.

G. B. HAWKES, Pastor.

METHODIST—Sunday school at 10 a. m. Sermons by pastor at 11 and 8. Morning subject, "I have Kept the Faith." Evening, "When the Majority was Wrong." Junior League at 4. Epworth League at 7. Prayer meeting Wednesday night at 9 p. m. You are welcomed and made glad at this church. Sunday school every Sunday in South McCook at 3.

M. B. CARMAN, Pastor.

May Result in a Reunion.

Peoria, Ill., April 3.—James Ellison, who twenty years ago lived at Curtis, Neb., disappeared from home and was thought to be dead until this afternoon, when he appeared in court as if from the grave to testify as to his own identity and stop the proceedings brought by his former wife to recover on a mutual life insurance policy which he assigned to her before their separation. Ellison went to Canada, but although his wife got a divorce from him five years ago after he left her he continued to pay the premium on the insurance policy and corresponded with her at different times. He discontinued the payments ten years ago.

On the stand in court this afternoon his wife, now Mrs. William Gray, had

just admitted that she possibly would not know Ellison if she saw him.

"Then just look at this man," said Attorney J. A. Weil, for the Mutual Life Insurance company, which was defending the suit. She turned around and nearly fainted when she saw her former husband. Their three daughters and son were in the court room, and there was a pathetic family reunion. Mrs. Gray's second marriage also resulted in separation. It is thought likely that she and her former husband will marry and resume the romance broken up in 1888.

The Next Duty.

"What is my next duty? What is the thing that lies nearest to me?" "That belongs to your everyday history. No one can answer that question but yourself. Your next duty is just to determine what your next duty is. Is there nothing you neglect? Is there nothing you know you ought not to do? You would know your duty if you thought in earnest about it and were not ambitious of great things." "Ah, then," responded she, "I suppose it is something very commonplace, which will make life more dreary than ever. That cannot help me." "It will if it be as dreary as reading the newspapers to an old deaf aunt. It will soon lead you to something more. Your duty will begin to comfort you at once, but will at length open the unknown fountain of life in your heart." —George Macdonald.

ADVERTISED LIST.

The following letters, cards and packages remain uncalled for at the McCook postoffice, March 27, 1908.

LETTERS.

Address, Miss L. Fulk, Mrs. Sue Graves, Mrs. Thura Knott, M. L. Jones, Mrs. Mary Koch, Dr. J. V. Moench, Mrs. Fred Obenchain, C. A. Scott, Miss M. J. Taylor, Mrs. D. C. Williams, Mrs. Henry Walker, Mr. James Trowbridge, Miss Laveria.

CARDS.

Andrewson, Herold Baker, Mrs. Lake, James Mathew, Mr. Calvin Obenchain, Mr. Chas. Rayn, Ruth Severons, Miss Sarah Sullivan, Mrs. Lill.

When calling for these, please say they were advertised.

S. B. McLEAN, Postmaster.

Postal Cards Defaced.

As a result of numerous complaints of postals and post cards being defaced by the post marking, the postmaster general has ordered discontinuance of the postmarking of cards at the office of address. The postal card had reached enormous proportions and the new ruling is expected by postal officials to be received with delight by the thousands of collectors.

Advertising is strictly a business proposition. THE TRIBUNE'S subscription book is open to any advertiser's inspection.

A Handy Receipt Book. Bound duplicate receipt books, three receipts to the page, for sale at THE TRIBUNE office.

Say you saw it in THE TRIBUNE.

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5 columns of live, entertaining editorials.
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40 questions and answers by readers on anything pertaining to the business of farming, gardening, raising of live stock and poultry, etc., etc.
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14 to 21 columns of stories of public men: historical, geographical, and other miscellany.
5 columns of a specially reported sermon by the Rev. Dr. Quayle of Chicago and the Sunday School lesson.

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The price of The McCook Tribune remains \$1.00 a year.
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N. B.—This special arrangement with The Weekly Inter Ocean is for a limited time only. Subscribers to The Weekly Inter Ocean are assured that no papers will be sent after their subscriptions expire unless their subscriptions are renewed by cash payments.

TWO VETERANS OF THE NAVY.

Rear Admirals George W. Melville and Bowman H. McCalla.

Admiral McCalla recently made a statement to the effect that with a navy department under a civilian secretary and with eight different bureaus run by civilian secretaries ruinous mis-



REAR ADMIRALS BOWMAN H. MCCALLA AND GEORGE W. MELVILLE, RETIRED.

takes are only what should be expected. These views, he said, he had frequently expressed for twenty years, but not in criticism of any individual.