

Denver and the Democrats

The National Assemblage of a Great Party in a City a Mile High. Personages of Note.

Officers and Speakers of the Convention - Mr. Bryan and His Boyhood Homes - John A. Johnson



UREY WOODSON.

IN persuading the Democrats to meet at Denver for their national convention the representatives of that city advanced some remarkable arguments in its behalf. In the first place, it is a mile high, which assures the conduct of the proceedings upon a lofty plane, in a physical sense, at any rate. In case any delegates are not satisfied with attaining a level of 5,280 feet above the sea they can reach an altitude of over two miles by climbing some of the nearby mountains. Another strong argument was the fact that Colorado has a minister, the Rev. Dr. Henry A. Buchtel, chancellor of the University of Denver, for a governor, which is a further guarantee to the delegates that they will breathe only a high moral atmosphere. Then there was the argument that they could meet in the biggest auditorium in the United States, seating about 15,000 persons and provided with great fans to cool the fevered and perspiring brows of auditors during the delivery of fiery speeches. Last, but not least, was the fact that the convention would be held in a city and a state where the ladies vote.

When a party convention is about to start proceedings for the nomination of a national ticket it is the national committee which opens up the game. The Democratic national committee has for chairman Thomas Taggart of Indiana and for secretary Urey Woodson of Kentucky. Both are well known to the Democrats of the nation through their having held these positions in the campaign of 1904. Mr. Woodson, who will be forty-nine in August, is a native of Madisonville, Ky., and is principal owner of the Owensboro Messenger and Paducah News-Democrat. He was educated at the Evansville (Ind.) high school, married Miss Elizabeth Ford in 1885 and was railroad commissioner of Kentucky from 1891 to 1896. He has been a member of the Democratic national committee since 1896, and his acquaintance among the members of the party is very extensive.

Chairman Taggart is perhaps best known for his smile. It is a smile that has made many Democratic votes. It helped to advance its owner from the position of a dispenser of pies and coffee at a railroad lunch counter to that of proprietor of a restaurant and later of a hotel, and it helped elect him auditor of Marion county, Ind., and so affected the voters of Indianapolis that they chose him three times to the mayoralty of their city. It was no doubt an important factor in his choice four years ago as head of the national committee of his party. At fifty-one there are few wrinkles in his brow and his smile is as sunny and persuasive as avert.

A nice little mayors' association could be formed by Chairman Taggart among his own committeemen. He himself is a former executive of Indianapolis. James C. Dahlman, representing Nebraska, occupies Omaha's chief chair, and Tom L. Johnson, representing Ohio, does the same thing for Cleveland. H. S. Cummings of Connecticut, besides marrying the daughter of a former mayor, was mayor of Stamford for several terms. One of the numerous offices of Osborne of Wyoming has been that of mayor of Rawlins, while George W. Greene of Rhode Island is a former executive of Woonsocket.

Mr. Taggart attended the Republican convention at Chicago to get pointers for the affair at Denver. With him were Norman E. Mack, editor of the Buffalo Times and New York state member of the national committee, and other party leaders. As these eminent Democrats entered the Coliseum they chanced to encounter Frank H. Hitchcock.

"Come in to surrender to Taft?" queried Mr. Hitchcock.

"Nope," returned Mr. Taggart; "we simply wanted to look over that steam roller which has been operated so successfully in these parts."

It is conceded by all, whatever their personal views on questions that divide the parties, that there is something remarkable about the way in which William Jennings Bryan has kept before the public, although a private citizen, during the twelve years that have elapsed since his first nomination for president. Generally when a man is nominated for a high office and is defeated he retires to private life and comparative obscurity. Not so Mr. Bryan. Year in and year out, whatever the exigencies of politics, he has kept in the forefront of the controversies over public policy and has been looked to as champion of the ideas which his name is associated and as an able thinker on public questions

In general, whether those pertaining to party issues or to sociology and morals. One secret of Mr. Bryan's staying powers may be found in his physical energy. Possessed of a strong constitution, he constantly repairs the inroads made upon his physique by the strain of a life of study and public controversy through exercise and recreation out of doors.

Mr. Bryan was born on a farm, was raised on a farm and is a farmer today on quite a large scale. Judge Silas L. Bryan, Colonel Bryan's father, lived on a farm near the edge of the town of Salem, Ill. The boy grew up in the open air, and the memories which cluster about the unpretentious but respectable and attractive home in Salem have much to do with those healthful occupations and diversions common to farm life everywhere. When Mr. Bryan was a small boy his parents moved into a larger and more imposing house than that in which he was born. This was about a mile west-northwest of the town of Salem, and it, too, had



WILLIAM J. BRYAN AND HIS BIRTHPLACE, farm surroundings. As a young lawyer in Lincoln Mr. Bryan at first lived in a modest cottage in the city itself. But as soon as he could afford to do so he began buying farm land in the vicinity of Lincoln and adding a few acres now and again as he had opportunity. In due time he had possession of quite an extensive tract, in the center of which he has built his present tasteful and comfortable residence. He and Mrs. Bryan named it Fairview, because of the pleasant scenery which surrounds their home of today. Mr. Bryan does not do all of the hoeing and digging and pitching hay incident to the work of his farm himself. He has a considerable force of "hands" for proper cultivation of the soil he can call his own. But whenever he feels the need of toning up his system and stretching his muscles he can turn in and be a man with the hoe or the man with the pitchfork and can hold his own with the next.

When John A. Johnson closed down his desk as editor and proprietor of the St. Peter Herald to take up his residence in Minnesota's capital and sit in the gubernatorial chair he requested the associate he left in charge to keep the subscribers in line and the job-work going, remarking that probably he would be back in two years' time. But the people of his state concluded that the washerwoman's son who at



twenty years old took the support of his mother and brothers and sisters on his young shoulders was the man to keep in office another term. Then he began to be talked about as a man who might be called to even higher honors than those of governor of his own great state. He is often compared to Abraham Lincoln, and the struggle by which he rose from poverty and obscurity to eminence in the affairs of his state and the nation recalls many features of the career of the immortal statesman who began his study of his country's institutions by the flickering light of burning logs in a Kentucky log cabin.

Samsa's Talking Man.
Samsa's talking man, or tofallah, is a character. All the affairs of state of the village in which he holds office are carried upon his shoulders. In ordinary he is the chief adviser, persuader, convincer and restrainer of the leading chiefs. Having the gift of eloquence, he makes the most of it. He enjoys immunity from many things. He cannot be spoken of in ordinary terms. If it should be necessary to speak of his eyes or his mouth or his limbs, special honorable words must be used, words which attach to him alone and have never been applied to the personal parts of ordinary men. As he stands to deliver his soft, persuasive, mellifluous oratory, with staff of office in his hand, any one can see that he is a man of great importance, or if this is not apparent from his attitude it may be gathered from the attention paid to his utterances by gray haired chiefs and by youth and maidens. If the talking man is a clever fellow and understands his business, he is the chief ruling power in his tribe, although the nominal headship is always vested in a chief or patriarchal figurehead.

How Wyckoff Was Revealed.
The late Professor Walter A. Wyckoff of Princeton had a passion for knowledge at first hand and will be best remembered as the college professor who studied labor conditions by becoming himself a laborer. Starting in 1891 in Connecticut with no money and with a suit of overalls, he worked his way through nearly every state in the Union after the fashion of the floating laborers of this country, so many of whom ultimately become tramps. Wherever there was a possibility of work he applied for it, whether it were digging ditches, wrecking houses or factory work. For awhile his incognito usually worked well, but as soon as his fellow laborers saw him at table they at once began to suspect him. His manner of eating, his way of holding knife and fork, at once set them speculating. Once he was seen drinking tea at a fellow laborer's house in Chicago. He lifted the saucer from the table, held it in his hand and forgot himself so far as to drink without noise. "I knowed then," his host afterward said, "that he was a swell masquerading."—Harper's Weekly.

The Most Beautiful Flag.
In a village school in the Acadian region of Nova Scotia the young lady teacher, who was from a portion of Canada more remote from the United States than the section she was in, was on one occasion preparing for a little celebration of empire day. Calling one of the boys, she gave him a coin and said to him:

"Take this, please, and go out and get us the prettiest flag you can find."
She had no idea, of course, of his procuring anything else than a British flag, and her astonishment was great, therefore, when the boy came back with a small edition of the stars and stripes.

"What have you there?" the teacher asked sharply. "Did you suppose I sent you for anything else than the flag of your country?"
"Why," answered the boy, "you told me to get the prettiest flag I could find, and there was nothing else so pretty as this!"
The boy's judgment was unprejudiced, at any rate, for he was a Canadian.

Oh, Wait Till He Returns.
"Why, my dear," exclaimed the good friend on finding Mrs. Newed in floods of tears, "what is the matter?"
The young wife wiped her eyes and tried to compose herself and be inhumanly calm.
"Well," she began, with folded hands, "you know John is away for a week."
"Yes, dear," helped the lady friend.
"Well, he writes to me regularly, and in his last letter he tells me he gets my photo out and kisses it every day."
"But that is nothing for you to cry about!" exclaimed the good friend.
"Yes, it is," cried Mrs. Newed, bursting into tears afresh, "because I took my picture out of his last letter before he started just for a job here and put one of my mother's in its place!"

Why They Don't Desert.
"Instances of desertion from the army in Mexico are very rare and for the best of reasons," said Senator Jose de Miralbes of Nueva Leon.
"The reason lies in the almost sure capture of the fugitive and the certainty that he will get not one but numerous floggings on his bare back. These lashings are done in the presence of the comrades of the deserter, and when the men see how great is the suffering of the miserable wretch who tried in vain to quit his military obligations they are forced to conclude that it is better to stick to the army than to undergo such a terrible ordeal."—Baltimore American.

Audiences Have Changed.
"They don't write comic operas like they used to," said Mr. Stormington Barnes. "They used to have jokes then that made people laugh."
"Yes," answered the manager, "but you must remember that in those days they had audiences who could be made to laugh."—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

Not Deluded.
"Do you want employment?"
"Lady," answered Plodding Pete, "you means well, but you can't make work sound any more invitin' by usin' words of three syllables."—Washington Star.

Brave actions never want a trumpet.
—Italian Proverb.

SCHNITZ UND KLASE.

Treat the Gods Missed, but Procurable in the Mohawk Valley.

Something in the line of good things to eat the gods never had; consequently the gods missed a great treat. And, by the way, friend, have you ever looked up to a dish of schnitz und klase?

No? Thought so. Few have in these times, and those who have been so fortunate have just cause to recall a delicious morsel time can never erase from the tablets of memory.

You can order schnitz und klase until you faint, famished, awaiting it. You will never get it in any public eating place. It isn't on the bill of fare and never will be.

The up to date chef would give you the laugh if you asked him to concoct it for you. Ten chances to one he'd not understand what schnitz und klase could possibly mean. Few know, but those who do know it know it well.

A good big ham bone is the central portion, light dumplings and dried apples. Anything else would spoil it. The ham bone gives the dish a smoky flavor, the dumplings give it body, and the dried apples give it color and tartness as well as sauce.

Put the ham bone in cold water and open the flues and let the pot boil. While the pot is getting into good and ready shape make your dumplings, and make them as light as possible.

Put the dried apples in a separate dish and stew them down to a nicety. When the pot with the ham bone bubbles and froths drop in the dumplings one by one. No; you do not stir the contents of the pot. That would spoil the consistency of the dumplings and make a mess.

Any one who has watched a pot boil knows when dumplings are done to a dot.

Take a deep platter, fish out the dumplings carefully with a drain spoon and place them about the ham bone in the center of the platter. Looks dry, but when you pour over all the dried apples and their nice sauce—wow!

That's schnitz und klase as you may have had it years ago when living with a German family in the Mohawk valley. You can eat it until your eyes start out and your waistband grips your middle. It will stay by you through a hard day's work, and if there is any left over you hit it again for supper cold.

Ever try it?—New York Sun.

ONLY A GUESS.

But It Made Good Advance Information For the Reporter.

Neils Olsen, who was for forty years a trusted employee of the New York Yacht club, was always courteous to newspaper men and glad to give them such information as he could with propriety make public. He was sorely beset by news gatherers while the Dunraven trial was going on, and often said to the reporters, with a smile, that he regretted his "ignorance." On the evening of Feb. 27, 1896, when the members of the club met at the old clubhouse in Madison avenue, there was much quiet excitement because it was well known that the question of Dunraven's expulsion would come up. An enterprising reporter stopped Olsen as he came through the door and asked: "Do you think they'll expel his lordship?"

Olsen said, "How do I know?" and then added, "Did you ever read this?" and handed to the young man a clipping from the Tribune which read:

For Dunraven, never tumbling, still is grumbling, still is mumbering. In his lordly ancient castles over on the distant shore, And his talks have all the seeming of a duff and jealous seaman, And the X rays through him streaming show he's unfair at the core, And because the Yacht club knows him—knows he's unfair at the core—He will race here—nevermore.

Half an hour later the meeting was called to order, and within twenty minutes a resolution was adopted stripping Dunraven of his honorary membership privileges. When the reporter saw Olsen he said, "That was good advance information," to which he replied, "I never give information; that was a guess."—New York Tribune.

Only the Odd Ones.

Very few of the American tourists who come to England fail to visit Westminster abbey. The long history of the venerable pile appeals strongly to our visitors from the other side of the Atlantic. One lady student while within the abbey looked about with the particular object of inspecting the tomb of King Edward II. Failing to discover it after patient search, she at last asked the verger to direct her to it. "I'm sorry, madam," replied the officer, with a tone of deep regret, "but we haven't Edward II. here, as we only 'ave the odd numbers."—London Express.

Making a Show.
"A man has to draw it fine these days."

"What do you mean?"
"Staying ten minutes after office hours each day will probably make a good impression, but staying fifteen is liable to excite suspicion that you are monkeying with your books."—Kansas City Journal.

Cynical.
The Maid—Do you believe it's unlucky to get married on a Friday? The Abominable Bachelor—Certainly. Why should Friday be an exception?—Black and White.

The Denial Habit.
"Do you take this woman to be your lawful wedded wife?"
"No, sir; there's no truth in the rumor—that is to say, I do."—Pittsburg Post.

The Rain Was Hot.

Mrs. Gott had been waiting for a week or more to give her rear porch a good scrubbing, but she was always afraid of incurring the keen displeasure of the people in the flat below, who, it seemed, were never off their porches and who would get all the drippings of her scrubbing operation.

When it rained, though, Mrs. Gott saw what she thought was her opportunity. The people down below surely would not be out on the porch during the rainstorm, and all the water that dripped down would be attributed to the rain. She filled a bucket with boiling hot water, threw in a sallow cake of soap and got busy.

But she had reckoned wrong, for the people down below were on their porch enjoying the shower. In a minute Mrs. Gott heard a woman's voice below saying: "Why, Martha, the rain's coming through from the porch above. The roof must leak."

And then Martha observed, with a gasp: "Yes. And, oh, heavens, had you noticed that the rain is hot? Did you ever hear of such a thing? Aren't terrible things happening? All these awful murders, and now hot rain! But it's the Lord's doings, and we must submit."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Early Lamps and Wicks.

It would be hazardous to conjecture what the first wick consisted of, but when we come to consider the iron lamp, or "crusie," we know that the wick commonly used was the pith of the rush, which was gathered and partially stripped of its outer green covering, cut into proper lengths, dried and tied up into bundles ready for use. The iron lamp was hammered out of one piece of iron in a stone mold. This was usually done by the blacksmith, and the molds are still to be seen in museums, in the hands of private collectors and no doubt at some of the country blacksmiths' shops. They are of one uniform shape, with some slight varieties. The lamp consists of two cups, one suspended above and inside the other. The suspender is so fixed and notched as to enable the upper cup, which holds the oil and wick, to be shifted to keep the oil constantly in contact with the wick. The lower cup catches the drip of the oil, which can be easily replaced in the upper cup by lifting it off until the oil is poured into it. The upper cup has sometimes a movable lid.—Chambers' Journal.

Carnegie's First Investment.

It was due to Thomas A. Scott that Andrew Carnegie made his first investment, ten shares of stock in the Adams Express company, valued at \$500. This he did with considerable trepidation. He had labored hard for the money he had saved up while he had worked as a telegrapher. It is part of railroad history how he later fell in with the inventor of the sleeping car, saw the enormous advantages which that manner of travel held out to passengers and promoters and how he interested others in the invention of Mr. Woodruff. This occurred shortly after his return from Washington, when the problems of transportation were still uppermost in his mind. He was now on the road to success and wealth as he then pictured earthly possessions. The Pennsylvania oil fields yielded large returns when Carnegie and others turned their energies in the direction of the newly discovered territory. In one year land purchased for \$40,000 increased in value so that it paid a dividend of \$1,000,000.—Exchange.

Reading a Horse's Face.

Every horse carries an index to his temper and intelligence in his face. The teachable, tractable animal is broad and flat between the eyes; the bony ridge of his face dishes slightly from the point where the face narrows toward the nostrils. His ears are well set, sensitive and far apart, with a well defined ridge of bone extending across the top of the head between them. Always feel for this ridge in judging a horse. The eye should be large, clear and bright, with a prominent ridge of bone along the inner and upper edge of the socket.—London Answers.

Where Swallows Go.

The swallows all spend the winter in Central America and the south part of Mexico. They appear in the southern states as early as the middle of February, but seldom get as far north as New England until the month of May. The robins winter in the southern states and in northern Mexico. They are to be seen in flocks the winter through in the Gulf states.—Exchange.

Fluorite.

"The trouble with this tooth," said the dentist, "is that it has a long slender instrument. Is that the nerve is dying?"
"It seems to me, doctor," answered the victim, "you ought to treat the dying with a little more respect."

An Unhappy Answer.

The Curmudgeon—Excuse me, please. Whatever makes you look so sad? A spiteful old cat as that? Glass—Well, sir, you see, it's like this—I've lost a girl, lonely since my old woman died.—London Opinion.

At the End of the Voyage.

Jonah disembarked.
"The only trip I don't have to tip the steward," he exclaimed.
Therewith he regarded the white half approvingly.—New York Sun.

Different Points of View.

"It's hard to be poor," sighed the seely pessimist.
"That's queer," replied the ragged optimist. "I always found it easy enough."

Successful guilt is the bane of society.—Syrus.

TEMPERANCE COLUMN

Conducted by the McCook W. C. T. U.

Mrs. Howe Smith will be the next hostess at the usual monthly tea next Friday afternoon. All members and their friends plan to be present.

The usual business meeting was held last Friday, at Miss Hipple's in West McCook. Mrs. Stevens was leader.

Don't forget the L. T. L.'s every Tuesday afternoon, at three o'clock in the basement of the M. E. church. Mrs. Beardsley and Mrs. Gary who are in charge feel encouraged over the first month's work. They plan to have a social once a month and the first one will occur next Tuesday, after the hour of business. Send all of the children from one to sixteen years old. Wouldn't it be a good idea for all members and friends of the W. C. T. U. who are interested in this good cause of temperance, and we all should work more than we do along this line, plan to entertain at a tea or have one of the meetings at your home. Call up the president and tell her you want the next tea or meeting at your house. Let's all help keep up the interest.

CITY CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENTS.

CHRISTIAN—Bible school at 10 a. m. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. C. E. at 7 p. m. All are welcome.
R. M. AINSWORTH, 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.
E. R. EARLE, Rector.

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.
WM. 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.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE—Services, Sunday at 11 a. m., and Wednesday at 8 p. m. Meetings held in the Morris block. Room open all the time. Science literature on sale. Subject for next Sunday, "Life."

CONGREGATIONAL—Sunday school at 10 a. m. Preaching at 11 a. m. Union temperance meeting in the city park at 8 p. m. C. E. at 7 p. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday at 8 p. m. The public is cordially invited to these services.
G. B. HAWKES, Pastor.

METHODIST—Sunday school at 10 a. m. Preaching by the pastor at 11, subject, "The Dignity of Labor." Epworth League at 7, led by Judge J. C. Moore. Union temperance meeting in the city park at 8. Prayer meeting Wednesday night at 8. A cordial welcome to all.
M. B. CARMAN, Pastor.

NORMAL NOTES.

Monday morning chapel exercises were enlivened by a talk along practical lines by Mr. Davis.

The Chicago Glee club Monday evening gave a superb concert. All the numbers were first class and the obliging company responded graciously to the constant encores of the delighted audience.

Thursday and Friday were given to examinations. All the students were busy part or all the time these two days in completing the work of the summer. Miss Storer's readings, Wednesday morning, were a surprise to the majority of the students who did not know that she has such keen perception and power of insight into the soul of the writers of some of our most beautiful poetry. Her skill and naturalness of rendition carried her audience with her at every point.

Wednesday morning an unusual treat was enjoyed by the normalites. Mr. George Heckman gave several violin selections that were highly appreciated by all. His playing is superb and accompanied by his sister as pianist, the two gave evidence of such skill, musical taste and culture as is seldom found in the west.

Supt. Thomas returned Tuesday evening, to see that everything is properly completed and the records sent in to the state department at Lincoln.

The weather has been more than usually moderate during the session of the normal this year but Thursday there was enough heat to spoil the record. Rev. Ainsworth was an acceptable speaker Tuesday morning, giving much sound advice from his years of experience. Our teachers are much indebted to the four ministers who have lectured during our chapel hour.

Farmers, Attention.

I am receiving cream for the Fairmont Creamery Co. of Crete, Neb. Bring your cream to me and I will guarantee good results. You get your checks every shipment. To those parties that are delivering cream to other creameries, if you will divide—give one-half to me—I think after a few shipments you will bring it all to me.
M. WALSH.