

**A TEXAS CLERGYMAN**

**Speaks Out for the Benefit of Suffering Thousands.**

Rev. G. M. Gray, Baptist Clergyman, of Whitesboro, Tex., says: "Four years ago I suffered misery with lumbago. Every movement was one of pain. Doan's Kidney Pills removed the whole difficulty after only a short time. Although I do not like to have my name used publicly, I make an exception in this case, so that other sufferers from kidney trouble may profit by my experience." Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

**AN OPTICAL ILLUSION.**



The Professor—How remarkable! I can distinctly see a man in the moon. What an exceedingly plain person.

**THREE CURES OF ECZEMA.**

**Woman Tells of Her Brother's Terrible Suffering—Two Babies Also Cured—Cuticura Invaluable.**

"My brother had eczema three different summers. Each summer it came out between his shoulders and down his back, and he said his suffering was terrible. When it came on the third summer, he bought a box of Cuticura Ointment and gave it a faithful trial. Soon he began to feel better and he cured himself entirely of eczema with Cuticura. A lady in Indiana heard of how my daughter, Mrs. Miller, had cured her little son of terrible eczema by the Cuticura Remedies. This lady's little one had the eczema so badly that they thought they would lose it. She used Cuticura Remedies and they cured her child entirely, and the disease never came back. Mrs. Sarah E. Lusk, Coldwater, Mich., Aug. 15 and Sept. 2, 1907."

**On Trial.**

A Scotchman stood beside the bed of his dying wife, and in tearful accents asked was there anything he could do for her.

"Yes, Sandie," she said; "I'm hoping you'll bury me in Craeburn kirkyard."

"But, my lass," he cried, "only think of the awful expense! Would ye no be comfortable here in Aberdeen?"

"No, Sandie; I'd no rest in my grave unless I were buried in Craeburn."

"It's too much you're askin'," said the loving husband, "and I cannot promise ye any such thing."

"Then, Sandie, I'll no give you any peace until my bones are at rest in my native parish."

"Ah, weel, Maggie," said he, "I'll just gie ye a three-month trial in Aberdeen, an' see how ye get along."

**How Hammer of Death Struck James.**

The old parish church of Plumstead, which has just been reopened, is probably at least 1,000 years old. The picturesque churchyard, a cherished haunt of the poet Bloomfield during his visits to Shooter's Hill, contains a delightfully choice "derangement of epitaphs." One of these, on "Master James Darling, aged ten," teaches a lesson of moderation during the present cherry season to the youth of other places besides Plumstead. Speaking from his tombstone, Master Darling exclaims:

"The hammer of death was give to me For eating the cherries off the tree."

**MOTHER AND CHILD**

**Both Fully Nourished on Grape-Nuts.**

The value of this famous food is shown in many ways, in addition to what might be expected from its chemical analysis.

Grape-Nuts food is made of whole wheat and barley, is thoroughly baked for many hours and contains all the wholesome ingredients in these cereals.

It contains also the phosphate of potash grown in the grains, which Nature uses to build up brain and nerve cells.

Young children require proportionately more of this element because the brain and nervous system of the child grows so rapidly.

A Va. mother found the value of Grape-Nuts in not only building up her own strength but in nourishing her baby at the same time. She writes:

"After my baby came I did not recover health and strength, and the doctor said I could not nurse the baby as I did not have nourishment for her, besides I was too weak."

"He said I might try a change of diet and see what that would do, and recommended Grape-Nuts food. I bought a pkg. and used it regularly. A marked change came over both baby and I."

"My baby is now four months old, is in fine condition, I am nursing her and doing all my work and never felt better in my life." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

**Racial Drama In Politics**

**Foreign Born Run Most Eig Cities by Their Votes.**

**By Ernest McGaffey**

**E**VERY large city of mixed nationality offers a rare opportunity for studying what may be well termed "racial politics."

To an outsider, the facts are of course not apparent enough to make it interesting, but to a man on the "inside" the drama is chock-full of interest. As I had, and have, no sort of prejudice against any race or creed, my experience in municipal politics was as good as an extended course of travel in foreign countries. I saw the various outs and ins of politics unfold themselves, viewing matters with a strictly impartial eye. There was nothing in the life of the city that was not in some way, either remote or imminent, connected with the political game. A man might stay at home and abjure politics if he wished to, and most of the native Americans did this, but his sin would find him out. Then, when he made his roar of protest against existing conditions, he had no one but himself to blame.

The ward I lived in was, for our city, singularly free from an admixture of races. There were quite a number of Germans, a large array of Swedes, Norwegians and Danes, some Irish and Irish-Americans, a strong colony of Poles, a few English and Welsh, some Bohemians, and a scattering of Greeks, Arabians, Jews, Armenians, Italians, Spanish, Chinese, Finns, Scotch, Russians and some Americans, with an occasional Patagonian or a native of the Cannibal Islands. But it was not one of those wards of the city where all races under the sun were represented; and a few besides.

By and large the Irish-Americans "ran" the ward. That is, in our party. It was the simplest thing in the world. They were born politicians, taking to politics as a duck does to water, and having a real love for the game. They were ready speakers, and sometimes good ones; they were invincible "hustlers;" they always attended the ward meetings, and usually held the offices; they were active in getting acquainted, liberal in their pursuit of their natural prey—the other races—and resourceful. They were not too scrupulous in attaining a desired end, and they never lost heart in defeat. They could and did rejoice in a victory, but they were never cast down when they lost. It's all well enough to talk about the alleged volatility of the Irish race, but they make good soldiers, don't they? Well, there's a deal of discipline and other military ingredients in political life, and while it is true that in the rural districts the American comes out strong for politics, in the majority of the cities, big and little, the Irish-American politicians "run things." If you don't believe this, travel a little and inquire.

But "politics is such disagreeable work, don't you know." Of course, "don't you know." But the result of letting politics go hang while one keeps his nose stuck tenaciously to the grindstone of business often results in disaster to the entire community—"doncherknow." And I for one, had nothing but bitter contempt for the people of my race who lifted protesting hands and gave voice to the "lily-livered" dictum that "politics was something a gentleman couldn't engage in."

But speaking of "Americans," so far as the cities are concerned, where are they?

"English and Irish, Dutch and Danish, German, Italian, French and Spanish, Crossing their veins until they vanish, In one conglomeration; So subtle a tangle of blood indeed No Heraldry-Harvey could ever succeed In finding the circulation."

You can find regulation Americans down in Kentucky, for instance, men who can trace their ancestors clear down to Daniel Boone in an unbroken line. You may find them indulging in such pleasantries as burning tobacco warehouses or shooting at each other from behind rail fences, for they are quite as handy with a rifle as Daniel was.

The Poles were a clanish nation, and no one else could do anything in their wards. Where they represented only a smattering of strength they could be handled fairly well by the "leaders" in the ward, but they were "live members" and wanted some share in the "spoils" of office.

The Bohemians were also a combatively inclined people, politically, and waged lively campaigns in the wards where they held the balance of the voting power. But they did not have the cohesiveness of the Poles, and candidates of other nationalities could occasionally squeeze in. The Bohemian, and in fact all of the foreign-populated wards, were strong for personal liberty, and as near as possible for the social privileges they had enjoyed in Europe, minus any intrusion of "the king business." The Scandinavian voters were apathetic mostly, only once in a while producing an orator or a hustling politician. They were governed in their political judgments partly by party fealty, partly by the question of personal fitness, and somewhat by the question of nationality. But I give them credit for not being carried away entirely by either pride of race or demand of party. They really wanted good men; and the fact that a man was one of

their race did not invariably get him their vote. Occasionally they nominated a man of their race for the express purpose of defeating him, because he had proved himself too small for the position.

The Germans were good, live politicians, and like as in other matters, somewhat Teutonic in their prejudices and tendencies. Clannish was hardly the word for their particular brand of political cohesion. Out of the ruck of many a particular defeat would emerge triumphant the form of some German candidate whose race vote had been plumped solidly for him, no matter what party he belonged to. To nominate a state, county or city ticket without the name of at least one representative German for one of the principal offices, was something that no party convention either cared or dared to do. A good many of the Germans still spoke the language of the Fatherland, and even when there were spies about, seeking to pick up crumbs of information, they were usually baffled by "the vernacular." The Germans had good, solid, and eloquent speakers among them, and they were excellent campaigners.

Their particular wards elected German aldermen as a rule, and as a rule the German office-holders were good men. Occasionally they were amusingly independent when given appointive offices. To go against a mayor's wishes when placed in an appointive position is as much worse than lese majeste as murder is more of a crime than petty larceny. Yet on occasions the sturdy independence of the Teutonic mind boiled over. An alderman called on a German official with a request from a mayor (not in my time) to do something the official disapproved of. The official took the message with an expressive shrug of the shoulders. "I won't do it," was his answer. "But I've got the mayor's orders," replied the surprised and indignant city father. "I don't care what you've got," was the retort. "You ain't got me, Hein. I run this office. I've got my resignation written and in my pocket. The mayor can have this office in ten minutes if he wants it, but he can't have me." So the alderman had to give it up, and the official remained.

The Hebrew wards were inclined to a man of their own race, but they were not massed excepting in about three wards. They are not, strictly speaking, a people who "go in" very strongly for politics, but they make a success of it when they do engage in it deliberately. The scattering vote of this nationality was large, but divided among so many wards that it was a matter of uncertainty as to number. But where they had taken up residence almost solidly, as in certain wards, they ran things themselves. When they engaged actively in politics they developed good speakers. They were, as a rule, rather inclined to one of the ruling parties, but the fetish of party could not compel their votes to be cast irrespective of men and principle.

Now the striking dissimilarity of so many races, and their segregations of one another in different parts of the



Shooting at Each Other from Behind Rail Fences.

city, produced a curious state of affairs from a social standpoint. Here was a race from the south of Europe, eager, bustling, emotional, with its own particular customs and mode of life. There, three blocks away, might be a race from northern Europe, totally unlike them, with creeds, schools, ways of living and every conceivable viewpoint, both mental and physical, absolutely separated from their neighbors.

What was the result? Why, it was like a lot of block-houses, each with its hostile or semi-hostile occupants. Dwellers in the same city? I say no! Dwellers in the same community, I grant, but so carved apart by nationality and environment as to compose foreign settlements.

Why did Rome from her seven hills rule the world? What makes Paris such a great city? What gives the distinctive touch to London, Berlin, Dublin, Edinburgh? It is the sense of homogeneity that makes them as they are; the feeling among their inhabitants of a common interest, a uniformity of racial feeling and instinct, and kindred aims and aspirations. You tell me of a great city that has 40 or 50 different nationalities dragging

away in different directions? Not in a thousand years! Yet the reformers and dreamers, seeing no further than beyond their own noses, attempt to weld into a homogeneous mass, in a few years, what time intends to devote centuries into doing.

A slight study of racial politics will convince the most enthusiastic believer in "having things his own way," that it "can't be did" in some cities. Racial prejudice, old-world customs, religion, suspicion, temperament, how many and how impregnable are the barriers which present themselves. To get along without any trouble with the representatives of all these different nationalities was not a hard task, provided you looked at mankind as being all lineal descendants of Adam, and not different in what they wanted, but only different in the way they went at it. The sanguine races gesticulated, grew eloquent, rapt, even poetical in asking for some small favor. The taciturn races expressed themselves briefly, and devoid of enthusiasm.

Racial politics concerned itself carefully as to the selection of the various ward halls in which to hold the meetings, the hiring of bands, the em-



Sorting Out Petty Jobs.

ployment of printers, the distribution of "ward patronage" and all the intricacies of municipal politics. "What's in a name?" Well, you can bet your ultimate sesterce that there was nearly everything in a name when it came to sorting out the petty jobs in a ward. Why, an astute ward superintendent (supposing he were an Irish-American) would "turn down" with cold disdain the request to put on another man of his nationality on a job, if there already had been sufficient representation of the race on the job. It made a heap of difference what a man's name began or ended with in municipal politics.

Of course everyone cannot be satisfied, but favors must be distributed as near evenly as possible to keep a ward organization or a party "machine" in good running order. And weren't these "handy boys" on the lookout to see that there was no undue favoritism practiced? I should say. And they could tell you just how things stood in the ward, and they were "johnny-on-the-spot" if any "coarse work" was attempted.

When an approaching election was coming on the leaders of the party, of as many races as there were colors in Joseph's coat, would assemble to consider the personnel of the ticket. Not that I ever heard them use the word personnel. These meetings might take place in a hotel, or party headquarters, or it was a straight ward meeting of leaders in the ward. It might take place in a, say, school-house.

Then and there the various qualifications of the different prospective candidates would be discussed and argued, and "a slate," as it is called, would be agreed upon. Sometimes these "slates" went through on convention day without a slip. Sometimes there were battles in the convention, and compromises effected.

I was present at one of these "caucuses" of leaders, when there was merely talk about the prospective ticket, but no settlement of the ticket. It was an informal gathering, accidental, but an earnest meeting nevertheless. The main office was spoken of. A prominent German-American was suggested. He was approved by all present. Another office was named. It was assigned to a well-known Irish-American. A third office came up. After a little wrangling a popular Scandinavian was selected. A fourth office was mentioned. An influential Pole was the favorite. A fifth office became the topic of conversation and the name of a Bohemian citizen was proposed and a Hebrew who had been active in the party. Finally during the wrangle an Irish-American politician said heatedly: "Well, what's the matter with giving it to a good American? I know just the man, and he's a corker." The leader of the group looked at him disgustfully and said: "Do you mean that?" "Sure, I mean it," was the reply. The leader laid his heavy hand down with a quiet force that made the glasses tilt as he said: "This is business, see! I want it distinctly understood that I'm in favor of no d—d experiments." That settled it. ERNEST MCGAFFEY. (Copyright, 1908, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

The farmer who says he is too poor in his crops or harvest to give will never be rich enough to be other than poor in heart.

The Place to Buy Cheap  
— IS AT —  
**J. F. PARSONS'**



**CURES RHEUMATISM LUMBAGO, SCIATICA NEURALGIA and KIDNEY TROUBLE**

"5-DROPS" taken internally, rids the blood of the poisonous matter and acids which are the direct causes of these diseases. Applied externally it affords almost instant relief from pain, while a permanent cure is being effected by purifying the blood, dissolving the poisonous substance and removing it from the system.

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Of Brewton, Ga., writes: "I had been a sufferer for a number of years with Lumbago and Rheumatism in my arms and legs, and tried all the remedies that I could gather from medical works, and also consulted with a number of the best physicians, but found nothing that gave the relief obtained from '5-DROPS.' I shall prescribe it in my practice for rheumatism and kindred diseases."

**FREE**  
If you are suffering with Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Kidney Trouble or any kindred disease, write to us for a trial bottle of "5-DROPS," and test it yourself.  
"5-DROPS" can be used any length of time without acquiring a "drug habit," as it is entirely free of opium, cocaine, alcohol, laudanum, and other similar ingredients.  
Large Size Bottle, "5-DROPS" (500 Doses) \$1.00. For Sale by Druggists.  
**SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE COMPANY,**  
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If you are a business man, did you ever think of the field of opportunity that advertising opens to you? There is almost no limit to the possibilities of your business if you study how to turn trade into your store. If you are not getting your share of the business of your community there's a reason. People go where they are attracted — where they know what they can get and how much it is sold for. If you make direct statements in your advertising see to it that you are able to fulfill every promise you make. You will add to your business reputation and hold your customers. It will not cost as much to run your ad in this paper as you think. It is the persistent advertiser who gets there. Have something in the paper every issue, no matter how small. We will be pleased to quote you our advertising rates, particularly on the year's business.

**MAKE YOUR APPEAL**

to the public through the columns of this paper. With every issue it carries its message into the homes and lives of the people. Your competitor has his store news in this issue. Why don't you have yours? Don't blame the people for flocking to his store. They know what he has.

**The Home Paper**

issue will prove a welcome visitor to every member of the family. It should head your list of newspaper and periodical subscriptions.

Gives you the reading matter in which you have the greatest interest—the home news. Its every issue will prove a welcome visitor to every member of the family. It should head your list of newspaper and periodical subscriptions.

**C. G. SCHMIDT'S**  
HEADQUARTERS FOR  
**Popular Bakery,**  
FRESH BREAD, PIES, FANCY CAKES, ICE CREAM, NUT CONFECTIONERY  
Daily Delivery. All orders given prompt and skillful attention.

**Enlarging Your Business**

If you are in business and you want to make more money you will read every word we have to say. Are you spending your money for advertising in haphazard fashion as if intended for charity, or do you advertise for direct results?

Did you ever stop to think how your advertising can be made a source of profit to you, and how its value can be measured in dollars and cents. If you have not, you are throwing money away.

Advertising is a modern business necessity, but must be conducted on business principles. If you are not satisfied with your advertising you should set aside a certain amount of money to be spent annually, and then carefully note the effect it has in increasing your volume of business; whether a 10, 20 or 30 per cent increase. If you watch this gain from year to year you will become intensely interested in your advertising, and how you can make it enlarge your business.

If you try this method we believe you will not want to let a single issue of this paper go to press without something from your store.

We will be pleased to have you call on us, and we will take pleasure in explaining our annual contract for so many inches, and how it can be used in whatever amount that seems necessary to you.

If you can sell goods over the counter we can also show you why this paper will best serve your interests when you want to reach the people of this community.

**JOB PRINTING**  
We can do the finest class of printing, and we can do that class just a little cheaper than the other fellow. Wedding invitations, letter heads, bill heads, sale bills, statements, dodgers, cards, etc., all receive the same careful treatment — just a little better than seems necessary. Prompt delivery always.