



G. A. Cobb

Candidate for Democratic Nomination for
GOVERNOR

I Stand for:

- The abolition of the liquor traffic;
- The abolishing of capital punishment;
- The building of good roads;
- The employment of the worthy idle;
- The reduction of taxes and the partial payment of same;
- Economy in all the departments of our State government;
- The honor system for prisoners;
- The minimum wage law.

Victory! Victory!

From Everywhere in the State Comes to Us Hundreds and Hundreds of Letters Offering Support to the

PEOPLE'S CANDIDATE

FOR THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINATION FOR GOVERNOR.

In almost every letter expressions of gladness abound that such a man could be found to enter the race, who would announce himself and his platform at the same time, and openly herald it out publicly for the

Verdict of the People

Time would not permit Mr. Cobb to canvass the State personally. Money (without special pledges and promises) would not permit him to scatter constantly letters and printed matter throughout the State.

He has no interests to secure except the common interest of all.

His platform you see here. **YOUR BALLOT, GOOD PEOPLE, WILL APPROVE OR DISAPPROVE** on Decision Day. Cast your ballot for G. A. COBB.

CAMPAIGN COMMITTEE.

(Paid Advertisement.)

Stories at Which You Will Smile

THE small son of a clergyman who was noted for his tiresome sermons overheard two friends of his father saying how dry they were and how hard it was to keep awake during them. The following Sunday while the minister was preaching he was astounded to see his son throwing pebbles at the congregation from the gallery. The clergyman frowned angrily at him, when the boy piped out in a clear, treble voice:

"It's all right, pop. You go on preaching. I'm keeping them awake."

A MAINE clergyman, living at the hotel in his town, ordered a typewriter and had it sent to his rooms. It came when the clergyman was out, and the proprietor took charge of it. When the minister returned the proprietor led him behind the desk and whispered: "That case of yours is on the ice, parson. I guess it will be all right by dinner-time."

A COMMERCIAL traveler had taken a large order in the North for a consignment of hardware, and endeavored to press upon the canny Scottish manager who had given the order a box

of Havana cigars. "Naw," he replied. "Don't try to bribe a man. I cudna tak them—and I am a member of the kirk!" "But will you accept them as a present?" "I cudna," said the Scot. "Well, then," said the traveler, "suppose I sell you the cigar for a merely nominal sum—say, sixpence?" "Weel, in that case," replied the Scot, "since you press me, and not liking tae refuse an offer weel meant, I think I'll be taking twa boxes."

ALTHOUGH only a month married the young man had learned much feminine logic. Tired out with a day in the shops, his wife opened her eyes languidly as he struck a match. "Another?" she said. "Mortimer, I do wish you would not use cigarettes." "Why?" "Because they are bad for you. You don't know what is in them." "Oh, yes, I do. Why, for the trifling sum that cigarette costs you get nicotine, valerian, possibly a little morphine, and any quantity of carbon." She sat up, alert and bright-eyed. "Good gracious!" she said. "All that? Why that is a real bargain, isn't it?"

"DO YOU understand what you are to swear to?" asked the court as a not over-intelligent-looking negro took the witness stand. "Yessah, Ah does. Ah'm to sweah to tell de truf." "Yes," said the judge; "and what will happen if you do not tell the

truth?" "Well, sah," was the hesitating answer, "Ah expects ouah side'll win de case, sah."

"Father," said little Rollo, "what is appendicitis?"

"Appendicitis, my son," answered the deep-thinking father, "is something that enables a doctor to open up a man's anatomy and remove his entire bank account."

We Must Have It.
Pessimist—The cost of living is terrible.
Optimist—But it's worth the price.
Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Mother—Marjorie, stop interrupting. Have you forgotten what I told you about being seen and not heard?
Marjorie—You must fink I's a moving picture, 'stead of a little girl.

Ends Fifty Years' Suffering From Rheumatism

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Yours truly,
G. G. PRITCHARD.

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When Sulphurro will put an end to half a century of rheumatic sufferings it is, indeed, a remarkable medicine. The truth is that Sulphurro seems to be an absolute and unfailing antidote for Rheumatism, when the simple directions for its use are followed.

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