

# Dwight Star and Herald

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WM. G. DUSTIN, Editor.  
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Advertising Rates made known upon application at the business office at Dwight, Illinois.

"Things move along so rapidly now-days that people who say 'it can't be done' are interrupted by somebody doing it."

Rockford Republic: What a difference a short space of time makes. Just a year ago it was "Dear Will." Now it's "you robber."

"Reactionaries!" "Progressives!"—all rot. The good, old Republican party is good enough and progressive enough for all good republicans. It has made good at all times and will again.

There are plenty of republicans, especially among the farmers, who will never forget what the business methods of the democratic party did for this country under Cleveland, and they will think a long while before they will vote to turn the country over to them again.

Lincoln Herald: For a big metropolitan newspaper the Chicago Tribune is about as narrow, bigoted and one-sided as can be found in the country. All of its news is colored to suit its own individual opinions and it has lost cast and prestige in the state and country to such an extent that no one seems now to care for its opinions.

Rock Island Union: The state of Illinois now commands a proud position as a producing state. It is second to but one or two. There is no reason why it should be behind in the matter of road construction. There is every reason that may apply to any other state why it should be abreast of the times. The proposed plan of the Illinois Bankers' association is a good one. It comprises state, county and township co-operation.

In some of his speeches Col. Roosevelt has compared his work to Abraham Lincoln's and some of his supporters regard him as a second Lin-

coln. It is not so very long ago that Roosevelt spoke of President Taft as follows: "He would be as empathically President of the plain people as Lincoln himself; yet not Lincoln himself would be freer from the least taint of demagoguery, the least tendency to arouse or appeal to class hatred of any kind."

The Chicago newspapers used Roosevelt to try and pull the chestnuts out of the fire, and they would stab him in the back too quick under any other circumstances. What do they care for Roosevelt or anyone or anything except to carry out their vicious ends and control the state and nation for the money there is in it. Their holding up the "Banner of Progressiveness" could well be compared to safe robbers with dark lanterns. They progress backwards.

The Rockford Star says: "Medill McCormick is sending out letters to the convention, though he talks as if he was half shot." Now this same McCormick is sending out a letter to editors saying that only one Chicago newspaper is supporting President Taft. That's easily explained because there are no republican newspapers in Chicago. Mr. Taft will receive the support of republican newspapers which stand for stability and a continuation of good times, but not the "highbinders" who are trying to fool the people hollering "progressiveness." The "progressiveness" advocated by the Chicago papers means simply "rule or ruin" and nothing else, and the people know it now.

Does advertising pay? Well, we should say it does! Last week a merchant advertised fresh dairy butter for sale. The compositor substituted an "h" for a "d" and the ad read: "Fresh Hairy Butter for Sale." A smart barber called up the grocer and offered to shave the butter at standard rates. The grocer got mad and licked the barber breaking his nose and otherwise disfiguring him so that he was compelled to call upon the doctor, who charged him a tenner for the services rendered. The next day the barber met the editor on the street and threw a brick at him, giving him a close shave. In his efforts to get away the pen pusher fell down tearing his trousers so badly on one side that he was necessitated to buy a new pair; also the editorial shears, which were in his hip pocket, penetrated his anatomy so that the services of a surgeon were required. And all the result of one little ad. Who asked, "does it pay to advertise?"

I was a lad in 1860, 12 years old,

living on a farm in Central New York. At that time men received \$8 a month for one year and \$12 a month for eight months. Carpenters received \$1.50 a day, and worked from 6 a. m. to 6 p. m. Employees in a cotton mill, near by, worked from 5 a. m. to 7 p. m., and took pay out of "the store," paying 30 to 75 per cent profit. Good-sized girls earned \$2.50 a week and boarded themselves. Labor lived on pork and slept on straw beds. I left the old farm at the age of 20, and the world has not gone against me. I have retired now, but for many years I employed from 150 to 200 people, so I have been in a position for fifty years to know about and be interested in labor. Labor is now simply sharing to some extent in the advancement of the world, and is living comfortably and decently. I note the appointment of all kinds of commissions to ascertain the reason for increased cost of living; also, a lot of fool talk from college professors and writers about the increased supply of gold and many other things being the cause. The increased cost of labor is the sole and only reason for the increase. Labor now receives from two to four times as much as formerly; and if one follows any product of the farm or of the manufacturer through the many handlings until it is delivered at the door, it will be easy to account for the increase in the cost of living.—Observer.

**PRESIDENT TAFT'S DESERTS.**  
Taft's victory has been dearly bought, and yet it is one of the most notable and decisive in political annals. Mr. Taft's greatness in the latter days of this contest, embittered, evened and ensnared by his opponents, has stood out with Himalayan grandeur. This man is never so great as when he is facing trials and perplexities. He has made some mistakes, but he has done a great many lofty and magnificent things for the people. Through his administration he has held the great business fabric steady. He deserves well at the hands of his country. Above all things, he deserves fair play.—New York Herald.

**DEMOCRATIC MUDGLE.**  
Professor Wilson, of New Jersey, the present governor of that state, was nominated for president by the democrats at Baltimore Tuesday, July 2, after a seven day convention. During this time there was fierce fighting among the factions and the delegates went home with knives in their boots ready to use. Wilson was finally nominated because the delegates were tired out and wanted to go home, and it seemed the only way out of the mudgle.

Governor Wilson is an excellent man in his line of work, but has made a business failure as governor of New Jersey. This is very common among men who have devoted their lives to college work and not having had any business experience.  
Hon. Champ Clark carried the democratic primaries in Illinois and the delegation from the state bolted their instructions, and the democrats of the state have their knives out for them also. This is the case in many other states.

The nomination of Wilson was a sop to the Bryan element of the democratic party, and they are very similar in their views. He will probably take a few weak-kneed republicans with him, but the solid business element of the country will not support Wilson any more than they would Bryan.

## THE NAME OF OLD GLORY.

Old Glory, say, who,  
By the ships and the crew,  
And the long, blended ranks of the gray  
and the blue  
Who gave you, Old Glory, the name  
that you bear  
With such pride everywhere  
As you cast yourself free to the raptu-  
rous air  
And leap out full-length as we're want-  
ing you to?  
Who gave you that name with the ring  
of the same,  
And the honor and fame so becoming to  
you?  
Your stripes strokes in ripples of white  
and red  
With your stars at their glittering best  
overhead  
By day or by night  
Their delectful light  
Laughing down from their little square  
heaven of blue  
Who gave you the name of Old Glory?  
say, who  
Who gave you the name of Old Glory?  
The old banner lifted, and faltering  
then  
In vague lips and whispers fell silent  
again.

II  
Old Glory, speak out. We are asking  
about  
How you happened to "favor" a name,  
so to say,  
That sounds so familiar and careless  
and gay  
As we cheer it and shout in our wild  
breezy way  
We the crowd, every man of us, calling  
you that  
We—Tom, Dick and Harry—each swing-  
ing his hat  
And shouting "Old Glory" like you were  
our kin,  
When—Lord—we all know we're as  
common as sin  
And yet it just seems like you humor  
us all  
And wait us your thanks, as we hail  
you and fall  
Into line, with you over us, waving us  
on  
Where our gloried, sanctified betters  
have gone—  
And this is the season we're wanting to  
know—  
(And we're wanting it so—

Where our own fathers went we are  
willing to go—  
Who gave you the name of Old Glory?  
O ho—  
Who gave you the name of Old Glory?  
The old flag unfurled with a billowy  
thrill  
For an instant then wistfully sighed  
and was still.  
III  
Old Glory: the story were wanting to  
hear—  
For your name—just to hear it.  
Repeat it, and cheer it, 's a tang to the  
spirit  
As salt as a tear;—  
And seeing you fly, and the boys march-  
ing by  
There's a shout in the throat and a blur  
in the eye  
And an aching to live for you always—  
or die,  
If dying, we still keep you waving on  
high,  
And so, by our love  
For you, floating above,  
And the scars of all wars and the sor-  
rows thereof,  
Who gave you the name of Old Glory,  
and why  
Are we thrilled at the name of Old  
Glory?  
Then the old banner leaped like a sail  
in the blast,  
And fluttered an audible answer at last.  
And it spake, with a shake of the voice,  
and it said;—  
By the driven snow-white and the liv-  
ing blood-red  
Of my bars, and their heaven of stars  
over-head—  
By the symbol conjoined of them all,  
sky-ward cast,  
As I float from the steepie, or flap at  
the mast,  
Or droop o'er the sod where the long  
grasses nod,—  
My name is as old as the glory of God,  
So I came by the name of Old Glory.  
—James Whitcomb Riley.

**Granted a Divorce.**  
Manitowoc, Wis., June 15.—In the circuit court, this morning, Mrs. Jessie Willard was granted a divorce from C. L. Willard, who was formerly in business here, but is now located in Chicago.  
The plaintiff is living with her parents at Dwight, Ill. She was permitted by the court to resume her maiden name, Jessie Davis. Clyde Thompson was the attorney.—(The Manitowoc Daily News).

**Advertised Letters.**  
List of letters remaining in the post-office at Dwight, County of Livingston, State of Illinois, unclaimed July 4, 1912.  
If not delivered will be sent to dead letter office July 4, 1912.  
Grape, Emil (post card)  
Smith, Mrs. L. C.  
Stinson, Oscar  
To obtain any of the above letters call for advertised letters, giving date of list.  
WM. G. DUSTIN, Postmaster.

**ADVERTISING IN THIS PAPER PAYS**

**THAT REMINDS US—**  
That we sure have the finest street in Dwight—Franklin. Mazon is so dusty.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
That the little boy occasionally says something which shocks. The other day one of Dwight's bright little fellow's mother told him that God followed him all the time and knew everything he did. He looked puzzled. The next day the boy started for the park and his dog followed him and he turned and said: "You go back, it's enough to have God running after me all the time."  
\* \* \* \* \*  
That it would be a good plan to stop talking about men in politics and think what the parties stand for. Look up the history of the republican and democratic parties, and then decide what to do election time.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
That the band boys did well the Fourth and made things hum. Dwight now has a good band and it should be encouraged.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
That the fellow who kicked about the cold weather last winter is now working overtime kicking about the heat. Well, when the kicker is kicking he isn't doing anything else.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
That the soldier who had to be kept in camp every other day because he killed so many the day before was a good one. Glee.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
That recently a couple of mutes were married by a mute minister. Nice, quiet wedding.

**Remarkable.**  
"I've driven my car for over a year now," said Bilkins, "and I've never run down anybody."  
"That's nothing," said Mrs. Bilkins. "I've attended the meetings of our sewing circle for five years and have never run down anybody."—Harpers Weekly.

**Notice.**  
To WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:—  
Notice is hereby given that the firm of Cosgrove & Larsen has this day been dissolved by mutual consent, the undersigned H. A. Larsen having purchased the interest of the undersigned Joseph Cosgrove, and will continue the business with his father, Lars Larsen, under the firm name of Larsen & Son, assuming all liabilities thereof, and any person indebted to the firm will be expected to make immediate settlement with Larsen & Son.  
Dated at Dwight, Illinois, this 24th day of June, A. D. 1912.  
H. A. LARSEN,  
JOSEPH COSGROVE.

# Lower Interest For Farmers!

State Department Investigation of European Methods of Making Loans on Land would allow the farmer to borrow money on equal terms with corporations.

## Cheaper Money Means Higher Priced Lands

With interest rates lower and grain markets higher, land is bound to increase in value.

## Now is the Time to Buy

IT WILL PAY YOU TO INVESTIGATE MY FINE LIST OF FARM LANDS

# FRANK L. SMITH, Land Man

Law, Loans, Lands and Insurance

"If You Deal With Me You Get Results"

TELEPHONE NO. 8

DWIGHT, ILLINOIS