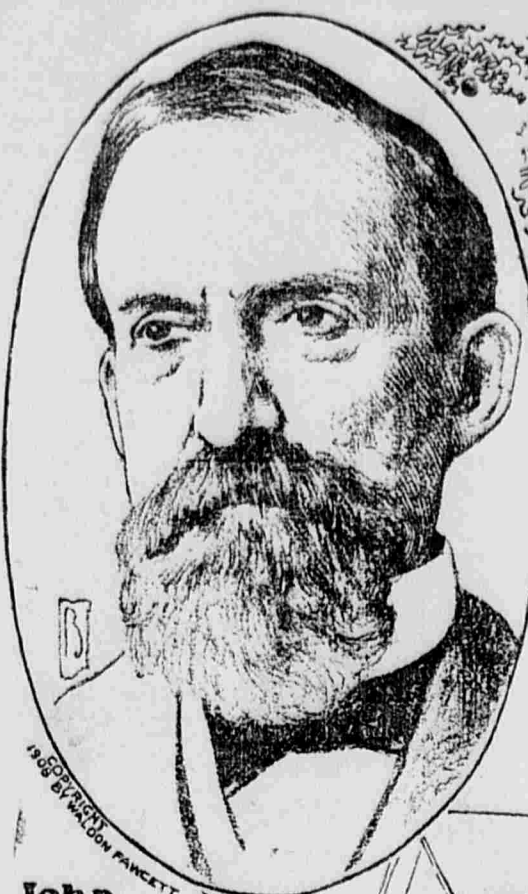


JOHN WORTH KERN OF INDIANA



John Worth Kern



John Worth Kern, Jr.



The Kern Home at Indianapolis



Mrs. J.W. Kern



Miss Julia Kern



William Cooper Kern

you say a single word when the strawberry shortcake comes on the table," she admonished with motherly firmness. "Promise me that you won't speak."

The youngsters promised faithfully. When the delectable tidbit made its appearance it was Mr. Bryan who opened his eyes in astonishment and ejaculated:

"What! Strawberries this time of the year! Well, well, this is something unusual!"

Mrs. Kern took a stealthy glance at the boys and saw that they were gazing at Mr. Bryan in open mouthed wonder. They kept their promise, however, and the danger period passed without disaster. After dinner the youngsters continued to remain speechless until the guest, observing their remarkable quiet, took the larger one on his lap and inquired blandly:

"Does this little boy like strawberry shortcake?"

"Yeth thir, I doth, but I've got too good manneth to thay tho," the hopeful liped virtuously.

In spite of the Milesian ring of his name Mr. Kern comes from good old German stock. His paternal great-grandfather, having emigrated to America from the fatherland and settled in Virginia, laying out the little hamlet of Kernstown, near Winchester. Mr. Kern's grandfather, Jacob Kern, went from Virginia, in 1836, and settled in Shelby county, Ind. His son, father of the candidate, became a physician and lived the life of a pioneer country doctor at Alto, near Kokomo. That was the birthplace of John W. Kern, and to it Dr. Kern and his family returned after a sojourn of ten unprofitable years in Iowa. John was then fourteen and had already made the discovery that he must be the architect of his own fortunes.

He accepted the duty manfully, in time receiving the baccalaureate in arts at the University of Michigan and later being licensed to practice law. He opened an office in Kokomo, served as city attorney for ten years and in 1885 took office as recorder of the state supreme court. During his incumbency he published seventeen volumes of reports, which speak well for his industry.

Then he removed to Indianapolis and served as state senator four years and as city solicitor for six. In 1900 he was nominated for governor and defeated. Four years later he repeated the venture again unsuccessfully. Two years ago he was Senator Beveridge's defeated opponent, and that brings his political record up to date. Of the two children of his first marriage only one, Julia, is living. The son, Frederick Richmond Kern, died of fever contracted in Cuba during the Spanish war. The present Mrs. Kern is the mother of two very interesting little boys—John W., Jr., aged eight, and William Cooper, aged five. The family, including Miss Julia, lives at 1836 North Pennsylvania street in a modest frame house, and all attend the Tabernacle Presbyterian church, although Mr. Kern is a Methodist.

GEORGE H. PICARD.

A WONDERFUL RECORD.

A woman of Boston has been celebrating her golden anniversary as a cook. During forty years out of the fifty she has been employed at one restaurant, for which she has baked no fewer than 394,000 pies. A local statistician has estimated that these pies if laid out in a row would cover seventy miles. She confesses also to the manufacture of 758,000 puddings and 2,000,000 doughnuts.

have done their part in thrusting him to the fore and have made him "the first Democrat of Indiana."

Of course there is a reason beyond all this why John W. Kern has been nominated to the vice presidency. How did it happen that he was singled out from the scores of men, many of wider fame, who were declared to be fit for presiding officer of the United States senate and, in case the need should come, for the chief magistracy itself? The answer is not difficult to find, nor is it complete when it is affirmed as a political probability that he will come nearer than any other man who

could be named to carrying his state for his party. Practically every delegate from the Hoosier State to the Denver convention was quite certain of that. As a spellbinder there is not his peer in the middle west, but notwithstanding his reputation as a magnetic stump speaker and vote getter he would not have been chosen for the vice presidential nominee had it not been for his unswerving loyalty to the head of the ticket.

Kern is heart, mind, muscle and soul a Bryan Democrat. Even longer ago than that eventful day on which Mr. Bryan's "cross of gold" oratory set the Democracy aflame the Indiana man had been sitting at the feet of the lead-

er whom he regards as the one ideal Democrat. In both campaigns led by the Nebraska Mr. Kern bore aloft the Bryan banner and gave freely of his strength and substance. Never was there a more devoted champion, a more unselfish friend. Never has a Bryan disciple subscribed to the creed in larger letters or blacker ink. Through both campaigns Mr. Bryan did not lose sight of the man who was his tireless promoter. He recognized the genuineness of Kern's faith in him, and it touched him deeply.

That is why John W. Kern is slated to share any political prize which may be won by the head of the Democratic ticket. In their friendship the two

men are like affectionate brothers. Never does the Nebraska pass through the Indiana capital without visiting the modest home of the Kerns, and his is a familiar face at the Kern board and fireside. It was Kern who went abroad two years ago to meet Mr. Bryan and to tell him of the great recognition which would be given him at Madison Square Garden on his homecoming.

When Mr. Bryan was in Indianapolis last February to deliver an address in the regular course of the Young Men's Christian association he went to the Kern home, as usual. Mrs. Kern is a model housewife, and it occurred to her that a strawberry shortcake would

be a pleasant surprise to the distinguished guest, who was always very appreciative of her culinary efforts in his behalf. To that end she invested in some especially fine and rather costly hothouse berries. Shortly before dinner was served she happened to remember the tendency of her two small boys to make audible demonstrations at the appearance of anything unusual at the table, and she feared that the sudden presence of a luxury like mid-winter strawberries might provoke some rather startling comment from them. To provide against this probability she decided to prepare them for the occasion.

"Now, boys, don't let mother hear

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