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THURSDAY, JULY 20

DEMOCRATIC TICKET

For President.
WOODROW WILSON,
 of New Jersey.

For Vice President.
THOS. R. MARSHALL,
 of Indiana.

The Progressives.

The Post Dispatch has made a canvass of the Progressive situation and announces these results:

Illinois progressives have no state ticket. National committeeman Ickes will support Hughes.

In Indiana opinions differ. State chairman Lee says a ticket will be in the field. Other leaders say it would be useless.

State Chairman Matt Holt, of Kentucky, says most progressive favor a ticket. The committee repudiated the endorsement of Hughes.

Former Chairman Anderson, of Tennessee, says ten per cent of the progressives favor Wilson.

Ohio leaders refuse to talk.

Wisconsin progressives are indifferent. In New Jersey there is no indication of wholesale aid to Hughes. In Connecticut two thirds are for Hughes. In Iowa many will vote for Wilson. Michigan seems to favor a third ticket.

Pennsylvania will keep the organization intact. Colorado says the endorsement of Hughes was unauthorized. Washington reports a demand for a third party. California maintains its organization, but F. J. Henek is the only leader for Wilson. South Dakota will be for Hughes. These reports indicate that Republicans generally are preparing to return to the old party. Of the 4,000,000 Roosevelt votes, four fifths originally came from the Republican party. A factor to be considered this time is the Republican votes that will be cast for Wilson.

Fifteen persons dead, at least ten missing and property damage estimated at around \$15,000,000 is the known toll of flood in five southern states Sunday and Monday. The list of known dead was: Asheville, two; Baltimore, four; Alexander county three; Marshall three; Radford, Va., one; Eduaville township, N. C., two. All but one of the dead were white. In addition ten Southern railway construction men who went down with the Southern bridge near Charlotte, are missing.

The latest announcement from Ft. Thomas is that the Kentucky troops will move soon and as a brigade. If they are not sent to the border they will be sent elsewhere and their term of service will be for not less than one year. Ft. Thomas will be used as an enlistment base for training recruits.

President Wilson has postponed the notification ceremonies from Aug. 3 to some date later than Aug. 19, after Congress has adjourned. As a matter of fact, he already knows of his nomination.

The sharks have done what the preachers failed to do—broken up Sunday bathing on the Jersey coast.

From now on the Germans will be on the defensive.

The President made Judge Hay while the sun was shining.

THE HOUSE ON THE HILL

By EARL SILVERS.

Young Mrs. Jack Winter gazed long and sorrowfully at the little white house on the hill.

"If you'd only stop your foolish attempts to write short stories," she said to her worshipping husband, "you could make enough money at your business to buy that home in a few months."

"But perhaps I'll sell a story or two," Mr. Jack answered, "and then we can buy it anyway."

"You'll never sell a story." Her speech was brutally frank. "It isn't in you."

Mrs. Jack's tone betrayed long suffering. She had been married for six months, and during that time Mr. Jack had received 11 rejection slips. He was obsessed with the idea that he could write, but neither his wife nor his friends gave him any encouragement.

He drew his reluctant wife away from her dreamy contemplation of the much-desired white cottage, and chatted about one hundred and one trivial things until they reached their apartment. In the mail box, he found a thick envelope.

"What is it?" Mrs. Jack spoke without enthusiasm. She had seen similar missives before.

"The Final Payment' has come back," he announced. "I'll send it out again tonight."

"I wouldn't if I were you." She spoke with a touch of sarcasm. "It's only a waste of postage."

Mr. Jack wisely refrained from replying, but made his way to the den, where he idly picked up a current magazine. On the title page, the announcement of a prize short-story contest stared at him.

"One thousand dollars," he read, "will be given for the best short story submitted."

Without saying a word to anyone, he inserted "The Final Payment" in an envelope and sent it to the magazine conducting the contest. Then he awaited results.

Meanwhile he maintained a discreet silence. He applied himself industriously to his law business, and managed to secure one or two big cases, which promised to turn out extremely well.

"I told you that you were never meant for a writer," Mrs. Jack reminded him one evening, about two months after his prize story had been submitted. "Look at the way you are progressing. We ought to save a thousand dollars easily within the next two years. If you had kept on trying to write, we'd be worse off than ever."

Mr. Jack smiled, and went on his way. Then, one afternoon, his office mail brought an envelope stamped with the name of a certain magazine. It wasn't a long, thick envelope, but a short, thin one, and it contained something which made his heart beat furiously.

That night, at the supper table, he broached the subject to his wife.

"Do you remember that 'Final Payment' story?" he asked.

"Yes." She showed little interest.

"Well, I sent it to a magazine about two months ago."

"You did?"

"Yes, and I heard from them today."

"They kept it a little longer than usual." She changed the subject. "I went by the house this afternoon."

Mr. Jack frowned. It seemed to him that his wife still had little faith in his literary powers. Which was true.

"And someone was looking at it," Mrs. Jack continued. "I went to the agent and he said he had a fine chance to sell it."

"Well," Mr. Jack arose from the table. "I think I'll go down to the club for a while. I'll be back before nine."

In an hour or so he returned, smiling broadly.

When he came home the next evening, Mrs. Jack met him with tear-dimmed eyes.

"Oh, Jack," she cried, "the little house is sold."

"Who bought it?" There was a happy light in his eyes.

"The agent wouldn't tell me. But the person deposited the money last night, and now we've lost it for good."

"Well, that's too bad." He was apparently indifferent. "I'm going to write some more tonight."

"Oh!" She turned away angrily. "I hate your old writings. If you had attended to your business, we could have had enough money to buy the house ourselves."

"I'm sorry, dear." Touched by the keen disappointment in her voice, he led her to the wicker couch. "Do you know who bought the house?"

"I told you I didn't." She was still angry.

"Well!" He paused a moment for effect. "It was Mr. Jack Winter!"

"What!" She looked at him with amazement.

"Yes," he continued, "yesterday I received a check for one thousand dollars for my story, 'The Final Payment.' It won first prize in the magazine contest."

They didn't bother about supper that evening, but walked together to the little house on the hill. After they had explored every nook and corner to their heart's content, Mrs. Jack turned with beaming eyes to her husband.

"I guess," she admitted slowly, "that short story writing does pay, after all." (Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

If you've a good case, try to compromise; if you've a bad one, take it into court.

Dread Of An Operation.

N. Manches er, Ind.—Mrs. Eva Bashore, of this place, says: "I suffered female misery of every description. Two doctors attended me, and advised an operation. I lost weight until I weighed only ninety pounds. I dreaded an operation, and, instead, began to take ardui. In a short time, I gained 25 pounds, an' feel as well as I ever did. Cardui I am sure, saved my life." Cardui is today used in thousands of homes, where it relieves pain and brings back strength and ambition. It is a woman's medicine, for woman's ailments, and you are urged to try it for your troubles. Ask your druggist. He will tell you about Cardui.—Advertisement.

No Use as a Witness.

The lamentable case of John Poor Dog, an Indian accused of stealing hogs, an offense to which he pleaded "not guilty," is told thus by an Oklahoman: John Poor Dog was arraigned before the judge, who inquired where were his attorney and witnesses. "Got none," John Poor Dog said. "No witnesses?" said the judge, "no one to speak for you who knows anything about this?" John Poor Dog shook his head sorrowfully. "Only one man knows about this," he said. "He's the one helped me steal the hogs, and he's such a liar he couldn't tell the truth. So I didn't get him."

Farmer Henry Smith.

With due respect to lords and kings, owners of yachts and such like things, with deference to western men who own all lands within their ken, I'd merely like to rise and state that I have not found, up to date, a man whom I'd trade places with. I'm only Farmer Henry Smith, owner of these few cows you see. But don't take time to pity me. A dozen cows, a sunny day, a wife and kid not far away, a clump of woods, an arch of sky, a breeze that sings as it goes by, freedom from debt, landlords and rent—these things are mine. I am content.—Charles B. Driscoll, in Farm and Fireside.

Bad to Have a Cold Hang On.

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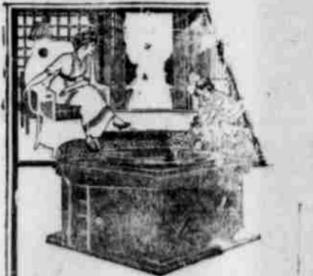
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