

over the wires Bidwell was on hand and scrutinized the copy eagerly. It was bully good matter—there could be no doubt of that—and the M. E. smiled with heartfelt satisfaction as he drank in the gracefully rounded periods that flowed from his protegee's pen. At times he fancied some of the sentences had an oddly familiar ring; but that, he reflected, was nothing strange. Brandon Foster Duke was clearly an eighteen carat genius, and it was but natural he should write in a style reminiscent of the great masters of English undefiled. When he arrived in the office the following afternoon he found Mr. Morton Sinclair, publisher of the Clarion, awaiting him.

"See here, Bidwell," began his chief, agitatedly; "what kind of a deal is this your man Duke has let us in for?"

Bidwell only stared feebly in reply and Sinclair went on:

"That make lead from New Haven on the football game will make us the laughing stock of the town. It's stolen bodily, sir, with a few wretched alterations, from a chapter in 'Tom Brown's Schooldays.' And that isn't all. Here's Dennis Mulcahey been up here raising seven different sorts of hades about that \$2,000 forfeit he posted with our sporting editor. The money wasn't deposited with the cashier and nobody in this office seems to know what has become of it. Furthermore, that fellow Shannon turns out to be a well known crook. The chief of police identifies him as a man who is badly wanted on the coast for a swindling job; they sent him his photo from the rogues' gallery this very morning."

Bidwell dropped limply into a chair and moistened his lips with his tongue.

"I didn't know—," he began, weakly, but the furious Sinclair interrupted him with a torrent of ornamental oaths.

"You didn't know," he raged tempestuously. "Why, you stood sponsor for this man Duke from the first; said he was an old friend of yours and bragged about him until every one was sick listening to you. This is perfectly infamous!"

Bidwell struggled to his feet and raised a protesting hand.

"Don't say any more," he pleaded. "I've had enough. I'm willing to resign this instant. I've—I've been intending to go East for some time anyway."

Sinclair regarded him with a bull-like glare of contempt.

"Well, I guess you'd better go and not lose any time about it either," he said bitterly. "The East must be just hungering for experts of your calibre."

And Bidwell went.—New York Telegraph.

Those railroad brotherhoods modified the old saying, "Strike while the iron is hot," to "Strike while the political campaign is hot."—Chicago Daily News.

A minister was questioning his Sunday school concerning the story of Eutychus; the young man who, listening to the preaching of the Apostle Paul, fell asleep, and, falling out of a window, was taken up dead.

"What," he asked, "do we learn from this solemn event?"

The reply from a little girl came:

"Please, sir, ministers should learn not to preach too long sermons."—Exchange.

"It was his first baby, and like all young fathers, he was very proud." "When he showed up at the office of course he began bragging. It was just about the best baby that ever came into the world."

"How much does it weigh?" asked one of the gang.

"Twenty pounds," was the prompt reply.

"Twenty pounds!" gasped one fellow, who is the father of six. "You're dreaming!"

"I am not! I weighed it myself!"

"What on?"

"On the ice man's scales."—Seattle Argus.

During a lesson on elementary composition a little girl read the following as her effort:

"Once a Penny and a Shilling met in a man's pocket. The Shilling turned up its nose at the Penny, and said, scornfully:

"Why, I am worth a dozen of you."

"Yes," said the Penny, 'but even at that I am a good bit better than you are. I go every Sunday to church, and you never do.'—London Tit-Bits.

We find a reminiscent note in the fact that Mr. Bryan's itinerary of speeches this year in support of Wilson is substantially the same as that he followed in 1904 in advocacy of Parker. We can recall vividly the vote which Parker got in the states where Bryan campaigned for him.

Central powers are becoming more central.—Wall Street Journal.

Roumania is doing what she can to confirm the recent German declaration that the fifth war loan will be the last.—New York Evening Post.

A peculiar thing about this war is that while some of the belligerents never lose a trench, yet they recapture quite a number.—St. Louis Star.

A TEST OF AMERICAN TEMPER

Any act calculated to create suspicion should be vigorously resented. No one is trying to "steal" the election. No one wants a man seated at Washington in March unless he is the choice of a majority of the American people as interpreted by the electoral college. If anyone attempts to resort to dishonesty to further the interest of either candidate, his prompt and vigorous prosecution will be as much a favor to one party as to the other.

It is a time for calmness of thought and calmness of action everywhere. Politics is a serious matter, but not so serious as the daily life and the daily welfare of a hundred million people. It is important, from many standpoints, who shall be president of the United States for the four years beginning next March, but not so important as that Americans shall maintain their sanity.

Let no one imagine trickery where none exists, or denounce evils that have no being. The result of the election is locked in the ballot boxes. It will be acclaimed with proper authority in due time. Until then—let everyone "saw wood" and keep his head level.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

VOTERS ARE PROGRESSIVE

It was not the prevailing peace that elected Mr. Wilson. It was not the general prosperity. It was not the votes of the farmers, nor the votes of the women. It was not the ineffectiveness of the Hughes campaign, considerable as that was, nor the incompetence of the Willcox management, conspicuous as that was.

It was not the personal popularity of Mr. Wilson, or the general record of the Democratic administration, which was part good and part bad.

It was the failure of the Republicans to recognize the importance of the progressive movement and the extent of the progressive sentiment.

It was the attempt of the reactionary Republican leaders, in certain states at least, to revert to a standpat policy which has been forever rejected by a vast majority of the voters of this country.—William Randolph Hearst 'n San Francisco Examiner.



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