

Just as we go to press we learn that Aldrich has carried the state by at least twenty thousand majority.

Mr. G. W. Lindsey is already preparing himself for his duties in the state legislature this winter and feels that his position on the leading issues of the campaign have been fully endorsed. Mr. Lindsey was out and out to each and every voter. People might disagree with him but they could not help but admire him for being consistent.

Mr. Fred Maurer, the newly elected county attorney feels grateful to his many friends for the expression of confidence tendered him Tuesday. Mr. Maurer made a clean straight forward fight and won on his merits. He is fully equipped for the duties of the office and the Chief is pleased with his selection.

The election of Wm. Weesner was almost a foregone conclusion. It was generally conceded that Adams county alone would give him a majority enough to guarantee his election. Mr. Weesner's personality and well known honesty of character won for him many votes. He will make a strong representative and will work for the interests of the people.

Personally we are pleased that the election is over. This campaign is different because all party lines obliterated. Men and measures were the issue. The assertion made immediately after the primary that politics had ceased to be of any interest has been disproved. So far as Nebraska is concerned the present campaign was as strenuous and interesting as any of the far famed battles of bygone days. People everywhere took an active part and there was enough doing to satisfy the most ambitious.

Now that the election is over we can calmly sit down and get our bearings again. Several lessons have been learned. A great deal of money has been spent, a large amount of time has been expended, an abundance of energy has been wasted. For that reason we long for the time to come when we shall have not more than one election every two years. We have gone election mad. There is no good reason why we should hold two elections every year. The county officers could just as well be elected at the same time as the legislative officers and thus save a great many dollars to the tax payers. We strongly favor changing our election laws so that we will not be disturbed oftener than once in two years.

The person who does not make a success of small things will not make a success of larger things. If David had made a failure of taking care of the sheep and keeping off the wild beasts he would not have made a successful attack on Goliath. The only way a person can be successful in the future is to be successful now. The pupil who falls behind in his classes becomes careless and negligent of every day duties; then stops school to try to teach school is very likely to wind it up the same way he did his studies. If a boy has been successful as a farm hand, if he has been successful in his first week of school, in his first month or year, and ends in the same way, he has something substantial to stand on to make a success of the next thing he undertakes. If we were a county superintendent, and a young person should apply for a certificate, we would carefully consider his school record or his record in what ever work he was engaged in before granting a license to teach.

Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill Repudiated.

The overwhelming Democratic victory in this nation clearly demonstrated that the people are not satisfied with the promises of the republican party. The tariff was not reduced and the people have spoken. The rebuke administered to Roosevelt and Taft is unmistakable. The former met a decisive defeat in both New York and Indiana. While the latter went down before the onslaught in his home state of Ohio. Here all the forces of the presidential machine were turned up on the democratic host in a vain endeavor to stem the tide which pressed against it. Taft is a one term president, he has been turned down by the adherents of his own party and will be retired to private life.

"You can fool some of the people, some of the time but you cannot fool all the people all of the time."

CHARACTER READING

"I thoroughly believe in physiognomy," said Bartlett to Standish, as they smoked their cigars in the billiard room of the Oakhurst club. Standish was a new member and Bartlett was trying to make it pleasant for him. "Its deductions are well-nigh infallible," ended Bartlett.

"It is an interesting study," replied Standish. "Though I should hardly attach great importance to its teachings. I've dabbled in it myself."

"Oh, have you? Been at it long?" "I took it up about two years ago. A work on phrenology started me."

"Of course you are aware that phrenology is but one department of physiognomy. The figure, the carriage, the habits of the man as evidenced, say, by his clothes, his neatness or the lack of it and so on, all must be taken into account in forming a judgment of character."

"I quite agree with you," said Standish. "To a certain extent these appearances may guide one in making an estimate. And yet mistakes are likely to occur."

"For instance," said Bartlett. "Give us your reading of that big fellow playing pool at the second table."

"Well," said Standish, "to begin with, like most large men, he is lazy, lacks ambition, sleeps a good deal, is a sort of muttonhead. His wit is slow and his perceptions are dull. He's a heavy eater—a glutton, I might say. He's a poor money getter, because he's too stupid to be shrewd. On the other hand, that thick neck and those heavy eyebrows denote temper and brutishness. I think he beats his wife!"

"Humph!" ejaculated Bartlett, dubiously. "How about the young fellow he's playing with?"

"Sort of a saphead. Low brow and cigarette indicative of deficiency in intelligence. Judge from occasional remarks which float this way that he's a little shy on good breeding. Snobbish and conceited air shows him to be a cad. Tastes probably coarse and he's likely to play the prodigal son later on in life. He may be like a single cat—better than he looks—but I should classify him as small potatoes and few in the hill. Wonder how near I've hit it. Do you know them?"

Bartlett winced and looked somewhat embarrassed, as he said:

"I am on speaking terms with them. They are my brother-in-law and his son, my nephew."

Standish laughed heartily. "Well, I did put my foot in it that time. But of course I didn't know."

"Of course not," said Bartlett, apparently ruffled by Standish's amusement.

"To be sure," said Standish, "the tendencies, as plainly indicated by the facts of physiognomy may be modified by what one might call the accidents of education and all that; so one's judgment may be at fault."

"I don't think you need apologize," said Bartlett. "If I feel any annoyance I've brought it on myself."

"Would you say that my inferences were improperly drawn?" asked Standish.

"Oh, I guess not. Ah, I see there are ladies present."

"Where?"

"Over there talking to Sanderson."

"Oh, yes! That's—By the way, old man, do you know them?"

"No," said Bartlett; "strangers to me."

"I was about to ask you," said Standish, quickly, "to let me hear your analysis of character from outward appearances. You're an expert and I should like to learn. Here's a chance. How about them?"

"Well," replied Bartlett with a little laugh, brightening up, "I rather flatter myself on my success in deciphering lovely women by the rules of our science."

"Now," he went on, "this is a case of mother and daughter. The resemblance is very striking. Mother rather dowdy. She has a poor dressmaker, denoting false economy in the matter of expenditures. Probably she's a poor housekeeper. Head small, excessively vain. Manners evidently affected, indicating desire to break into a social set where she doesn't belong and can't remain if she gets in. On the whole, a member of the vulgar middle class."

"And the daughter—"

"Well, she's modern. Mother's traits will be toned down by environment, which is plainly that of well-to-do people. Don't think her taste in dressing shows much refinement. Rather a good-looking child, but not an intellectual face by any means. Wonder who they belong to. Friends of the Stewards, probably. They're coming this way."

Standish, whose sense of humor seemed to be decidedly elemental, roared with laughter. "I wanted to give you a chance to get square with me," he said, "and you certainly did. My dear, this is Mr. Bartlett. He's been telling your fortune."

For a second time Bartlett's face was a study.

Lift Up the Heart.
 Lift up, lift up, O heart of mine,
 Thy face unto the King;
 And let the glory of his sacred light,
 Shine in, shine in.

And let the darkness of thy deep despair,
 Thy grief, thy sin,
 Like shadows of the night before the day,
 Flee from within.

—Mrs. Will E. Wallis.

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VALUE OF PROPERTY RIGHTS

How One Small Boy Was Cured of Destructive Propensities by a Lasting Lesson.

Small boys are very apt to fall to recognize the value of others' property. My small son, in company with a playmate, in a game used the lights in a neighbor's henhouse for a target. The owner of the damaged property visited both homes, where the culprits hid in dismay, and collected damages. Here was a valuable opportunity for a lasting lesson. I called my boy to me, and we talked the matter over, he having full chance to explain his side of the case. Then the mischief he had wrought and the reputation it might give him were gravely discussed.

He voluntarily offered to refund the amount of his part of the damage out of his small savings until full restitution was made. This was finally agreed upon, and here came the hard part for the boy. His pocket money allowance was 25 cents a week, which was frequently reduced by fines for ill-temper or other sundry breaches of etiquette or duty. It took him seven weeks to get out of debt.

When the last cent was paid, he gave a sigh of relief, and said: "There, I'll never destroy anything again as long as I live."—Harper's Bazar.

Teaching Correct Speech.

A woman of culture and travel has made a glorious success teaching correct speech. It is surprising how much incorrect speech there is among our educated people. They cling to provincialisms, incorrect pronunciations, wrong use of words, and unmusical intonations. The southerner holds to the soft, sless utterance of his "mamma" days; the middle western flattens his vowels; the Bostonian throws his r's completely out of joint. This woman undertook to correct such errors and teach a pure, perfect English speech to a few young women. She became so successful that she was compelled to start a school of correct English which has grown to great proportions. This particularly promising field is open in every town in America.—The Delineator.

Limited Vision.

There was a man once—a poet. He went wandering through the streets of the city, and he met a disciple. "Come out with me," said the poet, "for a walk in the sand dunes." And they went. But they had progressed many stages, said the disciple, "There is nothing here but sand." "To what did I invite you?" asked the poet. "To walk in the sand dunes." "Then do not complain," said the poet. "Yet even so your words are untrue. There is heaven above. Do you not see it? The fault is not heaven's; nor the sand's."—Maarten Maartens.

World's Oldest Tree.

The recent rose show given in Paris by the French Horticultural society recalled the fact that the oldest rose tree in the world is believed to be one which grows on a wall of the cathedral at Hildesheim, Germany. Eleventh-century records make mention of expenses incurred by caretakers of the cathedral in maintaining this tree, which covers the wall to a height of twenty-five feet and is twenty inches thick at the root.

LAMB ONCE A JOURNALIST

At One Time He Was Actively Engaged on the Staff of the London Post.

In connection with Lord Glenesk's recently published history of that old-established London journal, the Morning Post, it is interesting to recall the fact that at one time Charles Lamb was on its staff of contributors. This gentle essayist wrote largely for a column headed "Fashionable Intelligence." In those days, as Lamb says, "every morning paper, as an essential retainer to its establishment, kept an author who was bound to furnish daily a quantum of witted paragraphs." It was in this capacity that Lamb was engaged on the Post; furthermore his contract stipulated that in "the chat of the day, scandal, but above all, dress" he should supply six paragraphs a day, not one of which was to exceed seven lines in length, and the payment for which was to be 12 cents each.

In his essay "Newspapers Thirty-Five Years Ago," Lamb seems to have been rather pleased with the "sticks" of chat he contributed to the press; we now find that "Dan Stuart," his editor, entertained a different opinion as to their value. "As for good Charles Lamb," he said, "I never could make anything of his writings. Of politics he knew nothing; they were out of his line of reading and thought, and his drollery was vapid when given in short paragraphs fit for a newspaper."

Drops Pick as Wife Gets Rich.

Michael Flanagan threw down his pick when he got word his wife had fallen heir to \$50,000 left by her uncle, John Hogan, a Brooklyn saloonkeeper. Flanagan has been one of the jolly, devil-may-care workers employed in building a road on Franklin Murphy's large estate, which is being fashioned out of the wilderness near here.

"I'm sorry to leave you, boys," said Flanagan when a lawyer's clerk from Morristown brought the news, "but I'm suddenly elevated to the Rockefeller and Carnegie class, and so I must be off."

Michael, notwithstanding he had money in his pocket, walked a mile in the hot sun to the railroad station rather than pay a nickel on the trolley.

"If any part of that \$50,000 gets away from me foolishly it will be when I'm asleep and can't hold on to its wing," remarked Flanagan departing.

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The low-grade powders are made from "phosphate alum," or "sodium aluminum sulphate," which is also alum, a mineral acid, and that makes the food unhealthful. One pound of the imitation (25c.) powders contains five ounces of alum, a mineral poison.

Food baked with alum baking powders is found to contain a portion of the alum unchanged.

The continued use of alum made food impairs digestion, causing dyspepsia. The careful housewife when buying baking powder, will examine the label and take only a brand whose label shows the powder to be made from cream of tartar.

Read the Label