

Many Women Are Seeking Office in Various States

Prohibition Is Issue in Number of Campaigns—Endorsement of Administration Big Question in Ohio.

Chicago, Nov. 5.—(By A. P.)—Endorsement or rejection of President Harding's administration by the voters of Ohio, senatorial fights in the Buckeye state, Indiana, Iowa, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Missouri, North Dakota, Nebraska, and Texas, and the activities of a large number of women candidates for important offices are the outstanding features in Tuesday's elections in the Mississippi valley and middle west.

At 82 He Campaigns in Behalf of Randall



John Shoff

Though he is 82 years old, John Shoff of Grafton, Neb., is still an active campaigner for the republican ticket. He has been a fighting republican for 61 years.

Shoff celebrated his four score years and two on October 27, and on the following Monday was riding his township, combating the propoganda spread against Charles H. Randall, republican candidate for governor.

Shoff is a civil war veteran, member of the Thirty-third Iowa Volunteer infantry. He settled in Fillmore county in 1871, and has been active in county affairs ever since.

Shoff's political life is in the first two decades of his career. He has served in the Illinois house, and in the Missouri senate, and has been active in the republican party for many years.

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SOULS for SALE

By RUPERT HUGHES.

"I wish I had the courage and the kindness to give you a lesson in training," he said. "You know he testified in court that when he trained Mrs. Leslie Carter for her big war-horse roles, he had to break her muscle-bound condition first. He threw her down stairs, throttled her, beat her head against the wall, and chased her about the room. She told me herself that she learned the Declaration of Independence by heart and spent hours and hours repeating it as gibberish as she could. Every time she opened an articulation she went back to the beginning and recited it all over again—hundreds and hundreds of times. That's how she learned to deliver great lines with a breathless rush, yet make every syllable distinct. That's how she learned how to charge about the stage like a lioness.

"To be a great actress is no easy job. You've got to exercise your arms and legs and your voice and your soul. If you will, you've got to give a little more to your art. You've got to lose your bloom of youth, then you'll slip into character parts and go out like an old candle." Men were beginning to wear down, to understand the joys of a pleasant housewife career, the luxuries of obscurity.

But Claymore hated to give her up. He made one more desperate effort to unloose her soul and her body from the shackles of respectability.

He set her to degrading the tar, paulin violin again. He made her pour out before that heap of wrinkles a story of shame and disgraced death, but she was so tired, she fell against the wall and made her beat upon it and lament her torments. He made her fling herself to the floor and shout at her feet and laugh in mockery. Then he made her draw the screw driver and fire five shots into her canvas bettress.

CHAPTER XXXIV. The upshot of this ordeal by fire was that Mem was recognized as a star yet to be made—if, indeed, her nebulous ambitions should ever be condensed into solid achievement.

Claymore felt that she had a future. He told her so. But he told her that a period of hard labor lay between her and that paradise. He compared the development of an artist to the slow human miracle that had rescued so much of California from the grim bleakness of the desert, the desert that yields and reconquers, retreats and returns.

Great reaches of the fairest home realm of Los Angeles had once been barren sand. Irrigation and intensive farming had made a pleasure of it, and one could see everywhere in the distance of the little pioneers pushing the wasteland back, as if humanity were feeling its way like a shapeless amoeba or a groping vine putting its tentacles forth and fastening them wherever sustenance might be found.

Claymore was one of those developers of talent who feel a passion for searching out gold where it lies, building roads, as it were, to hidden hearts and giving them expression, making a traffic and commerce of expression.

He found in Mem such a temptation. Her beauty was evident, but empty-faced beauty was as cheap and useless as iron pyrites with the glister of gold and no other value.

In Mem he felt the ore. He did not know that it had gone through the smelting fires of tragedy, but he felt that she was capable of tragedy, and he wanted to instruct her in the mechanism of transmitted grief.

As they left the stage he watched her out of the corner of his eye. She did not really know how to walk, though there was unconscious grace in her carriage. What he wanted

was filled. No system of efficiency could be installed to prevent the individual slip. An alarm clock that failed to ring, a telephone out of order, letters misaddressed and thousands of dollars of time and overhead went down.

The company's disaster was Mem's good luck. For Claymore, seeing her lurking in the background waiting for instructions, called her over to him.

"Everything was set for a test and he dismissed the rest of the company for an early lunch, while he sent Mem through her poses again.

He had a canvas partition drawn round a corner of the scene and once more put Mem at bay against a wall with a camera and a nest of light machines leveled at her.

She had spent the evening before at mad spiritual gymnastics in the bungalow, with her mother and Leva. She had thrown off her inhibitions and her limbs throwing off their inertia. She set her problems in mental arithmetic like a tutor coaching a backward pupil for an examination.

It was an exceedingly curious method of studying, but she had to do it. She was an exceedingly curious method of studying, but she had to do it. She was an exceedingly curious method of studying, but she had to do it.

By and by Mr. Bermund came out lashed to see her. He had a way of meeting candidates out of doors. It was easier to remember an engagement and shoo you than pry the more tenacious ones out of his office chairs.

Bermund shook Mem's hand warmly and said, with an such enthusiasm as if he were the beneficiary of her hopes—as of course he might be: "Well, Mr. Claymore tells me you have a little technical. You have little technical. You have little technical. You have little technical."

Mem took him two of them in her crimson cheeks. She had met none of that traditional demand for her honor as an admittance fee to the art.

Lexington Sweet by Small Tornado. Lexington, Neb., Nov. 5.—A tornado hit Lexington Saturday at 5. It dipped down in the southeast part of the city and the hay barn of the Farmers Elevator company, tearing automobiles to pieces in its path.

British Capital Buying Control of Mexican Road. Mexico City, Nov. 5.—W. E. Hurde, an English capitalist from London, is here buying stock in the Kansas City & Orient railway to secure English control.

FATTY COON MORE OF HIS ADVENTURES BY ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY.

CHAPTER XIX. Wild Grapes Are Ripe. The wild grapes were ripe! The evening that Fatty Coon made this discovery he had intended to stroll down to Farmer Green's barnyard, just to see if he couldn't find something good to eat. But as he climbed the stone wall beside the pasture he noticed a delightful odor that came from right beneath his nose. Wild grapes! Nothing else could smell like that.

Fatty Coon stopped short, plucked at the vine that covered the wall, picked himself a bunch of grapes and ate every one. They tasted so good that he spent a long, long time there, working his way back and forth along the stone wall in his search for the purple fruit.

When the ever came with her hair appropriately laundered, ironed and crimped and the rest of the company gathered, Mem could see that Claymore gave up his tale with her reluctantly. And that sent a shaft of sweet fire through her heart.

Late in the afternoon Claymore offered her a lift home in his automobile. It was quicker than the street car, but it seemed far quicker than that. They chattered volubly of art theories and practices. They did not realize how long the car stood in front of her bungalow before Mem got out, or how long he waited after she got out talking, talking, before he made her the final good night.

Her mother realized it, peering through the curtains, and Leva exclaimed: "Good Lord! The mix has the director eating out of her hand already. She'll get on to Mem when the girl comes skipping into the house, and she'll have a glimpse of how their high spiritual relations looked to the bystander."

Leva panted her all evening, and the next morning called after her, she got out on her knees as a fool talked to her of the arts of embracing, kissing, fondling, rebuking, accepting, denouncing, battling.

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Austrian Murder Has Omaha Echo

Man Held Here as Highway Robber Accused of Slaying Relative.

A man was arrested by Detectives Trapp and Munch, while gambling at 211 South Twelfth street, and charged with highway robbery on information furnished by a cripple 75 years old, has been also accused of a murder in Austria, 13 years ago.

The prisoner gave his name as Joe Smith. The cripple, Mike Veder, 75, paralyzed in one leg, declared Smith's real name is Rukwini.

Veder alleged Smith seized him by the throat September 18 as he was seated at Ely's and Douglas streets, choked him and robbed him of \$145. It was then, Veder said, that he recognized him as Rukwini. They had lived in the same village in Austria.

According to Veder's charge, Smith slew his own father in law by stabbing him in the abdomen with a knife.



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Prohibition Party Candidates

- R. B. HOWELL, United States Senator. CHAS. H. RANDALL, Governor. FRED C. AYERS, Auditor of Public Accounts. M. C. WARRINGTON, Com. Public Lands and Bluffs. GEORGE E. HALL, State Treasurer. O. S. SPILLMAN, Attorney General. GRANT L. SHUMWAY, Auditor of Public Accounts.

Write name of your choice for Congress, County and Precinct officers on blank line left for that use. APPROVED BY AUTHORIZED COMMITTEE

Stop Violence During Strikes. By voting "YES" on the "RIGHT TO WORK" (Anti-Picketing) Law on Election Day, Nov. 7. This Law takes away no rights of workers. IT SAFEGUARDS AND PROTECTS THEIR RIGHTS. This law permits men to strike when they choose, but says strikers must respect the rights of those who want to work, and must not "run them off the job" by abusive language, force, threats, violence or other interference with their rights as American citizens, nor mole t their families. This Law simply says,—The right to work is just as sacred as the right to strike. If you believe that every American should be protected in his right to work, and if you believe that labor disputes should be settled on their merits, without violence and intimidation, VOTE YES Remember the Number 312

M. L. ENDRES FOR SHERIFF. BYRON HASTINGS, Real Estate Operator, says "I have known M. L. Endres for many years. He is a man of integrity and has a long record of successful business. He is a man of integrity and has a long record of successful business. He is a man of integrity and has a long record of successful business." VOTE "YES" No 312 YES No 313 NO