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THURSDAY of EACH WEEK.

INDEPENDENT PHONES  
OFFICE 505 RESIDENCE 442

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Display advertisements for publication in the PRESS must be in this office not later than Tuesday evening to insure appearance in current issue.

A copy of The Press will be mailed to all advertisers in which their ad appears.

**The Professor's Troubles**

I am sitting in my tower,  
And I ponder by the hour  
On the strangeness and perversity of fate.

I'm a graduate from college,  
And my head is filled with knowledge,  
But I cannot plough a furrow that is straight.

I can do all algebra,  
I can talk of far Cathay,  
In Greek and Hebrew read the books divine.

Though I try with all my might,  
And I work from dawn till night,  
I cannot make the grape grow on the vine.

In my Latin and my Greek  
I can translate for a week,  
With the hardest sort of problems I can grapple.

Though I toil with might and main,  
And I spray again and again,  
I cannot keep the moths out of the apple.

Sanskrit, Arabic,  
I can read so very quick,  
That I'm sure I know the how, false the why.

Though I feed her hay and bran,  
Shorts and oat chop, all I can,  
I cannot keep the cow from going dry.

So I'm sitting in my tower,  
And I wonder by the hour,  
While the fire is aburning bright and warm.

And as I sit I ponder  
Why it is, O why, by thunder!  
That I cannot make a living on my farm.

—THE SEER OF DAVID'S HILL.

More interest is manifested at this time in school work in Washington county than at any time previous. The teachers throughout the county are working harmoniously and earnestly and the parents are showing much interest. The children are making good progress. We believe that in the near future Washington county will equal, if not exceed, any other county in her school standing. Could there be a better advertisement or anything that would encourage the home seeker with or without a family to knock at Washington county's door?

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**THE MAN  
HIGHER UP  
BY HENRY RUSSELL MILLER  
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CHAPTER III.  
THE ROAD TO POWER.

THE lure of politics had caught Bob. From the night of his fight with Haggin he began to take the game seriously, devoting much time and work to the perfection of his organization. A few months later the new field suddenly opened wider before him. An era of "reform" was impending.

Now, the Steel City was ruled by what was popularly and appropriately denominated the "hog combine," a group of gentlemen headed and herded by Steele and Harmon, voluntarily associated to relieve the public of the burden of government.

While Steele, a born political strategist and a man of magnetic personality, the heart and brains of the organization, lived the machine found smooth sailing. But the "combine" fell upon hard times. Steele died, and the leadership devolved upon Harmon. Harmon possessed none of the personal magnetism that had made Steele's critics love the man while they hated his misdeeds; also he lacked the sagacity and caution of the dead leader. So the machine was allowed to fall into excesses that Steele never would have permitted. The Tenderloin ran openly and flagrantly. A big boodling escapade in the halls of the city fathers came to light. Certain public contracts were let with such incautions unfairness that murmurs of discontent began to be heard. All this might have had no important results of itself. But to cap the climax Harmon, to satisfy a long cherished dislike, dismissed MacPherson from the directorate of public works.

MacPherson was a hatched faced, saturnine votary of Mammon; also there was enough of the Indian in him to make revenge for all affronts a necessity. He accepted his dismissal with apparent equanimity and instituted a campaign to destroy his enemy. A sturdy little band of reformers that had fought long but fruitlessly to overthrow Steele's defenses suddenly and mysteriously took a new lease on life. MacPherson bought a morning and an evening newspaper. Sensational exposures, followed startling revelations with great effect. The city began to stir uneasily. One day MacPherson called a few men into his office.

"Gentlemen," said he, "let us reform the city."

And thereupon the "Citizens' party" was formed.

So it happened that one evening Bob received a call from Robbins, a MacPherson henchman who had the reputation of knowing how to deal with all sorts of men.

"McAdoo," Robbins greeted him, "without beating round the bush I'll tell you what I'm after. I come from Mac. We want you with us in our fight against Harmon and—"

"All right," Bob interrupted carelessly. "Tell MacPherson I'll talk to him any time he says."

"But I have authority"—

"I don't talk to middlemen," Bob said curtly. "Good night."

"All right," Robbins laughed. "You're the doctor."

The next evening Bob was by appointment shown into MacPherson's downtown office. Besides the prospective boss, there were in the office Robbins and Graham, the independents' candidate for mayor. Mr. Graham was an elderly gentleman with a pretty complexion, white mutton chop whiskers and shapely, beautifully manicured hands. He thought he was a reformer and a gentleman of the old school.

"How are you, McAdoo?" MacPherson greeted the newcomer with a cordially cleverly toned down to fit the man he saluted. "Shake hands with Mr. Graham. You have met Robbins, I believe. Mr. Graham, this is the young leader of the Fourth whom we're hoping to have with us."

Bob maliciously caught Graham's ladylike hand in his own iron grasp and squeezed it until the little man's eyeballs rolled in agony.

"You have a strong grip, Mr. McAdoo, an abnormally strong grip, if I may say so, sir. But"—he recalled the effusively patronizing manner that he thought so highly politic—"I am glad to meet you, my dear sir, very glad indeed. I am glad to meet all those who are helping me in my fight. I may say it has been with no incalculable

convenience that I have consented to lead in this great reform. But I have refused to permit personal considerations to stand in the way of manifest duty. I am for political purity, sir. In the past the methods of the tough wards, applied to gentlemen in politics, may have"—He stopped suddenly, warned by a sharply monitory cough from Robbins.

Bob grinned sardonically. "Oh, don't mind me. I'm tough, all right, but don't mind me."

Mr. Graham's blush might have been envied by a young girl. "My dear sir, I—er—apologize. Pray do not misunderstand. My remarks do not, of course, apply"—

"Don't mention it," Bob interrupted. "In tough wards men don't apologize. You're goin' to run this campaign yourself?"

"And why not?" Graham once more mounted his parlor hobby. "Should not the candidate always be the leader? Are we not working for a bossless era, in which the leader will be where he belongs—in the front rank under the folds of our standard?"

"Sure! Why not?" Bob rejoined. "Go ahead and try it. It'll be quite an experiment. I'll be interested in watchin' it—from the outside."

"Surely not from the other side?" Robbins suggested smilingly.

"From the winnin' side," Bob answered dryly.

"Well, of course," Mr. Graham stammered, "of course—er—that is—ahem—I do not propose to—er—dictate tactics to my assistants. We may have to resort to disagreeable means to gain our great end. We must if necessary fight the devil with fire—that's it, fight the devil with fire."

"Humph!" Bob grunted.

"Well, gentlemen," Graham concluded briskly, "I must leave you. My wife and I are dining out, and I am already late. I am glad to have met you, Mr. McAdoo." He added this from a safe distance, his hands behind him. With a bow, nicely delivered, he left the room.

"What do you think of him, McAdoo?" Robbins queried.

"He's a curiosity. I'd like to take him in a glass case with a sign, 'Hands Off,' down to Tom's saloon and show him to the boys. Why'd you take him up?" he demanded of MacPherson.

That worthy looked sharply at Bob before responding. "He carries along the old reform crowd, and he'll contribute his money."

"I'd prefer to work for a man," Bob said contemptuously.

"Well, are you coming along or not?"

"What are you goin' to do?"

"In the first place," said MacPherson, "we're going to clean the city of this gang of infernal scoundrels!"

"Talk business. I'm not Graham," Bob interrupted impatiently.

"I know that," MacPherson answered sharply. "I'm not preaching reform. I mean, we're going to knock Harmon and his crowd out of control of the organization and the city and take them ourselves."

"Do you mean that?" Bob demanded keenly. "Or are you only goin' to fight them until they let you to the trough, and then you go back on them that helped you?"

MacPherson brought his clinched fist hard down on the desk. "So help me God, I mean it! I'm going to see that dog dead and buried politically if it takes every dollar I have in the world."

"That's all right, but can you do it?"

"We can," MacPherson said more quietly. "We've got the money, and we've gone over the ground carefully. Here, Robbins, you have the figures."

From memory and with a glib certainty that bespoke careful study of the situation, Robbins reeled off a list of putative majorities, to which Bob listened thoughtfully.

"You see," Robbins summed up eagerly, "this gives us all the upper wards, sure. We come to Irishtown with an easy 5,000 majority, and we'll about break even on all the Irish-town wards but the Fourth, Seventh, Thirteenth and Fourteenth. That brings us to you. If we get the Fourth by its usual majority we can't lose. If we don't get it we may win anyhow. That's what we want you for. Some of us advised going to Haggin, but I said, 'No, McAdoo's the man.' You'd better get your horn and climb on the band wagon. There's five thousand in it for you if you get us the Fourth. And five thousand more if you get the other three—besides expenses. That's fair, I think. Or, if you prefer, a tenancy on the force. The pickings to be for yourself. What do you say?"

"No office in mine," said Bob. "I'll think it over."

"I'd like to hear you say yes now."

"No, I'll think it over," Bob repeated coldly. "I don't know as I care to get in your wagon."

Perhaps MacPherson caught a hint

of contempt in the slight accent on "your."

"It won't pay you to stay out," he said in half threat.

Bob laughed insolently. "I'm not afraid of you. You see, you've showed me your hand. You can't do without me."

MacPherson with difficulty repressed an angry retort, and Bob left the office with a curt "Good night."

Before he descended to the street—MacPherson's office was on the top floor of an eight story building, the skyscraper of those days—he stopped to look out through the corridor window. It was one of the Steel City's rarely beautiful nights. A strong west wind had swept away the dome of smoke, and overhead a myriad of stars shone brilliantly, and below him and on the hills around him twinkled a myriad of other lights, the street lamps of the big city, lighting the night for a half million souls. And of the half million two men were struggling with each other for mastery over all the rest. The half million indifferently watched the game and permitted it to go on.

"You fools!"

Yet the thought came to him that, fools though the victims were, between the contestants it was a game worth playing. To hold the great city in the hollow of one's hand, to twist it and buffet it and mock it and use it, to make of it a huge automatic engine to lift one to a chosen eminence—yes, that was a game for a man, for a strong man!

To be continued.

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Banking House, Furniture and Fixtures	11,616.38
Cash and Exchange	59,994.15
	\$261,893.88
LIABILITIES	
Capital and Surplus	\$ 60,000.00
Undivided Profits	2,785.35
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