

EDITORIAL COLUMN

Prosperity; What Is It? Has It Come?

The building of the new railroads has already brought nearly \$100,000 in cold cash into Crawford county. Does it not look as if there was plenty of cash to do business with? Does it look as if the gold standard had blighted the industries of the country? Or does it look as if the return of confidence in our monetary system had stimulated the activity of capital, had opened up the flood gates of commerce and had brought prosperity to all who have the brains and the industry to take advantage of the situation?

The activity among railroad interests is but one phase of the business revival that is extending to every branch of industry and trade. Our free silver friends have been urging us to bring on our prosperity and we tell them it is coming, that its advance guard is already here. There are none so blind as those who will not see. Prosperity does not mean that those who toil or spin shall have floods of gold poured into their lap, it means that opportunities will be offered and that those who have the brains and the will to grasp them will have environments favorable to success. Prosperity does not mean that the law of supply and demand shall be abrogated, it does not imply that all will succeed. We ask our populist friends if they do not feel the quickening pulse beat of returning activity? We ask them if they are not building hopefully on the future? We ask them if the conditions do not appear favorable for their own individual success? Stability is the greatest factor in business. The railroad manager, the business man, the farmer must know that what he sows that also will he reap. He must know that the capital he invests will be repaid to him in money equally as good. Otherwise he will hoard his money and it will be hoarded in money gone out of circulation. As far as the business world is concerned it is so much money demonetized. The republican party may or may not have demonetized silver, but the free silver scare demonetized every dollar in the United States which was not actually needed for the necessities of life. The return of confidence in the stability of our currency has remonetized that money. That is it has brought it from its hiding places and turned it into the channels of trade, where you and I can get at it. The total amount of our currency increases every year, but the increase in any one or two years is not enough to be felt throughout the nation. There was then practically as much money in existence in 1893 and 1894 and 1895 as there has been in the past two years. But have you not felt the difference? Can you not get money at 5 per cent now? Is there not a ready market for your produce and for your labor than there was three or four years ago? Merchants are not the people buying a better grade of goods now than they did during the silver scare? Answer these questions to yourself honestly and without thought of your former partisanship, and then if you have not already done so add a little prayer of thanksgiving, that McKinley is president, that you have a sound and stable currency with which to do business, and that the Lord who watches over our nation gave its people the wisdom and the strength and the honesty to put aside the temptation of a dishonest currency and to stay by the only policy which can or ought to win.

District Committeeman Drug is a candidate for the appointment as bank-examiner. The appointment would be a good one.

The starry flag, the one which the boys followed on the field of battle, and for which they shed their blood. The flag whose protecting folds now wave over so many islands of the sea, made its appearance Tuesday night gracefully draped around the loins of prize fighter Sharkey in his mill with Corbett. When the American flag gets down to holding up the breeches of a prize fighter it is time for some one to call a halt.

The Ottumwa Democrat, the great champion of free silver in the Sixth District, has failed. The people are leaving these false prophets as rats desert a sinking ship. The failure of the Democrat demonstrates another fact and that is that people demand honesty in their newspapers. Mr. Evans, the editor of the Democrat, was a silversite, Mr. Moore, the business manager, was a sound money man. The silversites felt that to a certain extent they were being buncoed, that Evans was to write free silver editorials so long as it paid but that the business interests of the paper were in sympathy with the gold men. A newspaper must be just as honest in its politics as the clergyman in his creed. Editors like other men may have honest changes in their convictions, but they must not change too often and the people must be convinced of the honesty of the writer. He may be eloquent, and have information at his finger's ends, but unless the people know him to be honest in his convictions his writings go for naught.

The Semi-Weekly Review.

It is now a year since the REVIEW changed from the weekly to the semi-weekly form. At that time there were many to prophesy failure, many who said it would be impossible to issue two good newspapers a week in a town of this size. We do not think there is a single one of our subscribers who would now wish us to go back to the old weekly form. During the year our list has increased by more than 700 names, our advertising patronage is better and our readers all seem to be satisfied with the news service given. Our merchants have gotten so that they figure on advertising in the REVIEW first, and what is left of their advertising appropriation is distributed around to other papers. This is because we give the merchants the most for their money. They know that the REVIEW reaches by far the largest number of residents of the county.

At first our contemporary sneered and scoffed at the twice-a-week edition but last summer it was compelled to follow in our footsteps. This was indeed a high compliment to the REVIEW's success. The reason the Twice-a-week REVIEW has pleased the people is that we have given a complete, up-to-date newsy paper each issue. The newspapers which have tried to run semi-weekly by simply cutting their paper in two, have nearly always failed. The REVIEW succeeded because every department, local, editorial, correspondence and literary has been complete. There are no bob-tail editions of the REVIEW and we do not have to skip an issue in order to get out a good paper. We wish to thank our friends for the liberal patronage which has made our success possible, and to assure them that as far as the Great and Only is concerned there shall be no backward step, but that we shall endeavor to keep pace with the growth of Denison and Crawford county. When the time seems to demand a three-a-week paper we will publish it. When a daily is needed, the REVIEW will be in the field and if morning and evening editions are necessary the REVIEW will be on deck to furnish "All the News of All the People."

According to the latest advices it now appears that Shafter, the man from Michigan whose appointment was said to be through the personal favoritism on the part of General Alger, was selected on the recommendation of Gen. Miles. The yellow journals who attempted to write the history of the war, and the little yellow pup journals who attempted to use this information for partisan purposes are now getting their just deserts in the scorn and ridicule of the people.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

- November 15. Heirs of Matthew Stodden to Gertrude Stodden, ex 3/4 31, Soldier township, \$1. Gertrude Stodden to C L Voss, ex nw 29, Soldier township, \$1. Lena Stodden to Ella McMahon, lot 5, blk 2, Charter Oak, \$356. Gertrude Stodden to Lena Stodden, lot 5, blk 2, Charter Oak, \$1. Gertrude Stodden to Mathias and Andrew Stodden, w 1/2 nw 29, Soldier township and ne 1/4 29, Soldier twp, ex 3/4 a, n and e of creek, \$1. N E Darling and wife and B H Lee and wife to J M Childress, nw 3/4 7, Milford township, \$900. November 16. John R Brockelsby and wife to Alvy Cramp-ton, ex 1/2 nw 3 8, Hays township, \$3000. E S Plimpton and wife to A D Randall, lot 55, sub-div of ex 1/2 nw 14 and w 1/2 ne 14, and lot 57 re-subdiv of w 1/2 ne 14, and ex 1/2 nw 14, Denison, \$2000. A D Randall and wife to W A Porter, lot 1, sub-div of lot 57 in sub-div of w 1/2 ne 14 and ex 1/2 nw 14, Denison 1 69-109 a, \$1650. J F Burk and wife to Edith L Burk, lot 3, blk 21, Denison, \$1, love and affection. November 17. Crawford Co to Denis Mahon, lot 13, blk 28, Vall \$71. George Naeve and wife to Marjines VanTull, lot 4 and all of lot 5 (ex w 4 ft), blk 87, Denison \$3,000. Marjines VanTull to George Naeve, s 1/2 nw 17 and nw nw 14 and n 1/2 ne nw 14, 20, Good rich township \$3460. November 18. Mathias Wieland to Pauline Wieland, lot 1, and ex 1/2 of lot 2, blk 153 Denison, \$1, love and affection. Nicolaus Schroder and wife to Fort Dodge and Omaha R R Co, part of lot 4, sub div of sw 1/4 2, Denison, 3 a, \$5 0. November 21. Benjamin F Ells and wife to Thos Adams, all that part of n 1/2 nw 14 23, Stockholm twp, e of Boyer river and w of strip of land deeded to Boyer Vally R R Co, \$1. Daniel Manning and wife to Wesley Slechta, ex 1/2 sw 14 28, West Side, \$2700. Rudolph Lehfeltdt and wife to Fort Dodge and Omaha R R Co, part of lot 3 sub div of nw sw 1/4 2, Denison, 21-30, \$2808.50.

A Mother's Hope

is that when her little ones are born, they will be vigorous and healthy. Her hopes will be fully realized if she will prepare herself during pregnancy with MOTHER'S FRIEND, the widely-known external liniment which so many women use. It not only paves the way for easy delivery, but insures strength and vigor to the new-born.

A ROYAL SPORT.

WILD TURKEY SHOOTING AS IT USED TO BE.

Always Called Good Game—A Sly and Knowing Bird—Tricks of the Trade, How Turkeys Are Trapped—Benjamin Franklin's Idea of the Turkey.

The turkey, like Thanksgiving day, with which he is inseparably associated in the American mind, is, in the language of a proud Yankee, "one of the institutions." It had been domesticated and bred in the old world before the pilgrim fathers landed on Plymouth Rock, presumably by the Spaniards, who captured specimens in Mexico and transported them to Europe. In every part of the American continent except the frigid regions of the extreme north the earliest settlers found the turkey in its wild state. The species of fowl which was regarded as so toothsome at the first American Thanksgiving was the bird of today in his unenlightened condition.

The pioneers of all parts of the United States where there were extensive tracts of forest found wild turkeys in great abundance, and even in the days when deer were plentiful no hunter scorned this bird as unworthy of his prowess. Wild turkey hunting was and yet is a royal sport wherever the bird exists. He is considered noble game and, like the deer and the buffalo, has rapidly disappeared from many of his former haunts before the march of civilization. He is now seldom found in his native state except in the larger forests of the great north and northwest, the brush lands of Arkansas and the Indian territory and the jungles of semitropical Florida.

Within the memory of many sportsmen turkey hunting was considered great sport in southern Indiana and Illinois, and the writer, who is "one of the trade," has brought down more than one of the proud birds by the skillful use of his father's ancient, long barreled rifle. The methods of taking the turkey all require the exercise of ingenuity. The bird is timid and regards man as his natural enemy. It is and has been since the turkeys of the country first observed that a man with a gun produced great noise and much slaughter among them impossible to get near enough to render a shot certain of results without approaching the game under cover.

When turkeys were plentiful in the great wooded tracts of the Ohio and the Mississippi valleys, the hunters in the daytime sought for their roosts, which were easily found by means of the faces. Then he concealed himself within easy range of the place and awaited sunset, when a large flock would approach the place and one by one fly up to the almost horizontal branches on which the birds prefer to roost. A shot at that time would put an end to the sport. The hunter must wait until the last of the flock has mounted the perch and the twilight has so deepened that he can but just fix by his vision the muzzle sight of his rifle in the little nick of the one nearer the breach. If he remains out of sight, he may be able to secure two or even three birds ere the darkness puts an end to his sport. Then he gathers up his game and goes home to return long before the cock crows, for at break of day his turkeys will leave that roost never to return. If he is careful, he may get two more of the flock as a result of his early morning visit.

Then comes another ruse of the hunter, by the skillful exercise of which he may be able to inveigle two or three more of the turkeys to their death. In the wing of each turkey is a hollow bone that can readily be transformed into a whistle, the note of which, when properly blown, very closely resembles the call of a turkey. Not far away and well concealed lies the "daylight murderer's accomplice." As soon after their flight from the perch as the turkeys discover that all has become quiet and the gobblers have mustered up a little courage, they begin calling for the purpose of collecting the remnant of the flock preparatory to a permanent departure from the scene of the massacre. The second hunter softly answers with his whistle, and the chances are great that he will by often responding to the inquiring cry lure the turkey within range of his gun. A sharp report, repeated over and again by the echoing hillsides, a flutter of wings in a death struggle on the ground, and the forest is again wrapped in silence.

After an hour of waiting the hunter sounds his call, then listens for a faint response. If none is heard, he ventures again. A third effort is likely to elicit an answer unless the turkeys have become so terrified by the last shot that by common impulse they have fled precipitately alone or in very small groups. If they have hidden themselves in clumps of bushes or the tops of fallen trees to which the withered foliage is still clinging, the hunter may get another shot.

The third method is to entrap the birds. A strong pen of logs or rails is erected in the wood, and a trench with an easy descent beneath the foundation piece is dug deep enough to admit the largest turkey without crowding. In the trench a little corn is strewn, and the turkeys walk along eating or looking for something to eat as they go until all of them are within the pen. Then they become alarmed and go tearing around the inclosure with their heads erect and chirping as loudly as they can.

They never lower their heads enough to discover that it is as easy for a sensible bird to get out as for a foolish one to get in, and as the peris securely covered the turkeys remain there until the clever trapper comes and puts a peremptory end to their dire affliction. Benjamin Franklin once deplored the fact that the turkey had not been selected as the bird of freedom, but it is probably best that the Yankees did not make this high headed, foolish creature the emblem of their liberty.—Jeweler

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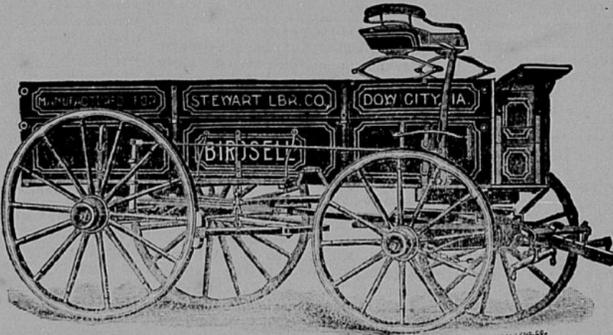
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