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It is difficult now a-days to tell whether it is the old man out in the wood shed practicing on his Memorial Day address or the youngster getting his oration ready for Commencement Day.

Major Byers' muse still seems to be responsive to his command. That poem about prisoners during the Civil War, at the reunion at Okaloosa last week, had in it the fervor and beauty of other days.

That Carroll Boys Band must cut its knickerbockers a few notches higher if it wishes to retain its name. As musicians they are alright but the infant phenomenon business is now a trifle out of their line.

May Wood should not take advantage of the senility of Senator Platt. He has seen the time when no woman could ensnare him into her toils, and for the sake of other times she should take pity on him in his final days. He was only amusing himself anyway, and didn't mean anything.

Senator Dolliver says that to the best of his knowledge and belief there was a strike on in Chicago when he passed through that city recently. By way of explanation it might be added that he was stranded in a mob of strikers while passing between depots, and it was only after he had sustained sundry bruises and love taps that he managed to tear himself away from their "midst."

The odium of the teamsters' strike in Chicago rests heavily upon the shoulders of Cornelius P. Shea. While there is scant evidence that he is implicated in the conspiracies to kill, which lend an aspect of horror to this strike, he has nevertheless displayed crass incompetency and reprehensible pride and stubbornness. It would be fortunate for the union if it could unburden itself of a few of its leaders of this stripe.

Has anything been heard from the Southern Editorial Meteor, Henry Waterson, of late? The last message we recall from his scintillating pen was to the effect that Paris is not what it used to be. The strenuous editor of the Courier-Journal must have since struck a place more like the Paris of old, else he would have said something. He probably misses the Kentucky mint julep and the scent of politics.

The remarkable charms of the state of Iowa in summer is becoming more and more manifest as the season advances. To traverse the state in summer is to behold one of the rarest visions of scenic beauty to be found upon this planet. It may not have the bold promontories, the deep valleys, the cloud piercing summits that other places possess; but for uniform loveliness, the charm of waving crops is unsurpassed.

In Wisconsin they have enacted a law which makes tipping illegal. That state is entitled to the respect of all men who have occasion to come into contact with this flagrant absurdity, which flourishes in dining cars, hotels and sleeping coaches. If we could by any process of logic endorse the practice of paying for commodities two times we would not resent this practice. When we pay for certain accommodations we do not wish the delivery of the "goods" to depend upon whether or not there are others about whose financial condition is more prosperous than our own. The practice is not only disgusting to its victims, but demoralizing to its beneficiaries as well. Hats off to Wisconsin.

Things are good or bad, great or small, momentous or insignificant only by comparison. It is to attain and preserve an equilibrium, a proper proportion that we should labor and strive. Our model should be neither a Russel Sage nor the beggar, neither the dreamer nor the devotee of things practical. To be a millionaire, counting one's treasures merely in commercial values, is poverty indeed. Wealth in material possessions is not the greatest good. In itself it is worthless. It is of value only in proportion as it ministers to mental and physical comfort and improvement. There is no poverty quite so pitiable as mental destitution, as barrenness of soul. The individual whose emotions do not respond to the good and the beautiful is a fit object for commiseration, though he be as rich as Rockefeller. The cultivation of aesthetic tastes and ethical appreciation renders unto mankind greater benefit and satisfaction than the most successful pursuit after lucre. Don't desert the substance and grasp for the shadow.

It required all the a voidpouis possess d by Secretary of War. Taft, to keep the lid down during the absence of President Roosevelt. The presence of Roosevelt alone is sufficient to keep the lid down without any weight whatever.

The President's visit to Chicago exerted a salutary influence upon those who had partially lost their appreciation of the sanctity of law and order, and it served to imbue them with some of the stamina and courage of the valiant Colonel of the Rough Riders.

The Chicago prophet, "Elijah" Dowie, says he can write his check for \$700,000.00. Those poor dupes who enable him to do this are probably wondering where they come in. Of all grafters, frauds and humbugs, Dowie caps the climax. Of all promoters of gold brick games the upstart prophet and religious manipulator leaves his victims more destitute of public sympathy than any others.

THE RATE PROBLEM.

I want to say a word as to a governmental policy in which I feel that this whole country ought to take an interest and to which I think our government must go. I speak of the policy of extending the power of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and of giving them particularly the power to fix rates, and to have the rates which they fix go into effect practically at once. We see railways grow up, each of which is controlled by a single corporation or individual, sometimes several of them being controlled in combination by corporations or a few individuals. When such is the case, in my judgment it is absolutely necessary that the nation-for the state cannot possibly do it—should assume a supervisory and regulatory function over the great corporations which practically control the highways of commerce.—President Roosevelt.

The law now is as decided by the supreme court of the United States, that a commission and then the Courts may decide whether a particular rate is reasonable. Now, in fixing that, in the very mental process in determining whether a rate is reasonable or unreasonable, one has got to fix what is a maximum rate. As I understand it, what is proposed is only that in litigated cases a commission shall be constituted that shall fix a maximum rate; in other words, to go through the same process it now goes through to determine what is a reasonable rate. What I am strongly in favor of, though, is that we shall have a body that shall decide things, and that those things shall be decided within a reasonable time finally by the courts.—Secretary of War, W. H. Taft.

SAMUEL GOMPERS.

The advent of Samuel Gompers to Chicago had an immediate and salutary effect upon atmospheric conditions surrounding the strike. Samuel Gompers is the president of the American Federation of Labor, and he is a credit to that organization. The writer of this article recently had occasion to interview him in his office at the headquarters of the A. F. L. at Washington, D. C. and he found him to be a courteous and affable gentleman, slow of speech and dignified of bearing, a man who inspires the respect and confidence of the people whom he meets. If the subordinate officers of the A. F. L. were possessed of tact, integrity and acumen in the measure in which Mr. Gompers has these valuable attributes there would be less of the disgraceful exhibitions which impair the efficacy of strikes and drive public sympathy away from this method of settling laboring disputes.

Originally a cigar maker, Mr. Gompers has improved opportunity until he now takes high rank as an economist and sociologist. He reveals an exhaustive knowledge of social problems and human nature, and confines himself to practical and possible remedies for existing wrongs and inequalities among laboring men. Whether considered with the plebeian or the patrician, the proletaire or beau monde, the commoner or the aristocrat, he measures up to the full stature of a man.

THE LAWN MOWER

We have finally established intimate relations with the lawn mower. It does not belong to us, but it is in the family and we feel a sense of proprietorship. The lawn mower is a great institution. It feeds a man's vanity as no other single weapon of civilization can do. In the first place a lawn mower is just as effective in the hands of the puny as the strong. With a lawn-mower in front of you you are the equal of any man so far as the business of the day is concerned. In the second place the possession of a lawn-mower presupposes the possession of a lawn. Not the possession of the ordinary renter who to-day is and tomorrow is moved, but of the man of permanency enough to have a lawn and take a pride in it.

Thirdly, as those of the cloth would say, the pushing of a lawn-mower suggests in subtle fashion that your ordinary work is of a high order. That your poor, tired or worked brain needs relaxation, that after spending ounces of grey matter during the turmoil of a busy day you need the physical exercise and mental rest that lawn-mowing is peculiarly adapted for. Again a man, no matter how wealthy may propel a lawn-mower without risk of his reputation for generosity. If he shovel snow there is always some one to remind

him that the snow is the harvest of the poor and that he is taking the snow out of someone's mouth by doing the work himself. The lawn-mower is singularly immune from this objection. We got along with our lawn-mower from the very start. It worked just as well for us as we were a trained mechanic and could tell a pulley from a crow-bar. We fit from consultation with friends that there are several breeds of lawn-mowers, six seven of which are undisputably the best on the market. We have been told that ours is the worst we could have obtained for love or money. We take this tale with a grain of salt however as we have found that whatever a man owns, be it an automobile or a blind gramophone it always has points of excellence not attained by any other of its kind.

The only fly in our ointment was when a friend told us that a lawn-mower actually required to be oiled every fifteen minutes. We took such an interest in the machine that we saw ahead of us a succession of sleepless nights with rest broken at intervals of fifteen minutes when the alarm clock should remind us early of our duty to the poor dependent lawn-mower. Imagine our relief when it was further explained that it was only the lawn-mower in action which required this excessive lubrication and that the lawn-mower quiescent needed no such attention. We see no reason why lawn mowing should not soon take the place of golfing in select circles. It is just as exciting and if done two-some the industrious whirring of the mower would afford an audible screen for many intimate tete-a tetes. A caddy should be employed to do the oiling remove sticks so that the course of the mower and of true love should run smooth and be prepared to change from a long to a short out in a moments notice. If added to the caddy, red pants would come in style for gentlemen mowers we see nothing to hinder the popularity of the sport.

Would it not be an encouraging sign of stalwart Americanism to see in the society columns of our dailies that "Reginald Vanderwillie" won the trophy offered by the Stuck-up Mowing Club, defeating Perry De Shyster by two rods, three inches?"

WOMEN'S CLUBS DEFENDED.

W. L. Bodine, Superintendent of Compulsory Education in Chicago, does not agree with Grover Cleveland that women's clubs are pernicious. He writes: "I believe in women's clubs because I am in an official position, as Superintendent of Compulsory Education in Chicago, to know the vast amount of good they have accomplished in child-saving work, in securing legislation on compulsory education, parental schools and juvenile courts, and in the suppression of child labor. Women's clubs are not theoretical. They are practical. They act. They 'do things' for the good of the community and the country. While men have been busy quarrelling over the money question and the tariff question, women's clubs have been busy safeguarding humanity. 'Grover Cleveland, in a recent article, assailed women's clubs. He believes they are inimical to society; a menace to the nation. The distinguished gentleman from New Jersey, prates much of home life, of woman, her duty, her work. Be it remembered this is the same distinguished gentleman who lived half a century as a club bachelor before that indefinable spell of enchantment known as romance took possession of his soul, and he at last knew what home life was.

For some time prior to that event, during Mr. Cleveland's first administration, the republic beheld the spectacle of a president setting, as an example to his people, a man in the White House who had no wife and no concrete value for home life—then a distinguished exponent of race suicide, to say the least. Be it said to the credit of Mr. Cleveland, he has since redeemed himself. But as a penitent, it is ungracious for him to assail mothers who belong to women's clubs, and some of whom had families long ere he had taken unto himself a bride. It would be unreasonable for him or any other citizen to paint the ideal wife, in this day and generation, as one whose life was bounded by the kitchen and drawing-room, the nursery and the front porch. Any man who would not give his wife a day off once a week or oftener, to spend an intellectual afternoon at a woman's club, is unreasonable, undemocratic and un-American.

Women's clubs do not impair home life; they promote it. They do not tend to race suicide; the majority of their members are mothers. They not only improve their own homes, but they extend the helping hand of benevolence to other homes—to other people's children, to the fatherless and oppressed, to the poor children of the city whose outings and vacation schools are a few of the many beautiful philanthropies where the altruistic doctrine of women's clubs is apparent."

Good Roads Instructions, State Highway Commission Iowa State College Ames, July 12 to 17, 1905.

The Good Roads campaign conducted by the Chicago & North Western Railway last month excited much interest in this important subject which will be further developed by the announcement of special low rates to Ames, and return, account the course of instruction to be given at the College under the auspices of the State Highway Commission as above. Tickets will be on sale from all points in Iowa at the rate of one fare and a third for the round trip. Various features of highway construction and maintenance will be discussed. One of the attractions of the meeting will be the presence of Mr. D. Ward King, who will talk on "The Road." It will pay every farmer to attend this course of instruction. Remember the low rate tickets for The North Western Line are on sale by all ticket agents of the Chicago & North Western Railway.

My Hair is Scraggly

Do you like it? Then why be contented with it? Have to be? Oh, no! Just put on Ayer's Hair Vigor and have long, thick hair; soft, even hair; beautiful hair, without a single gray line in it. Have a little pride. Keep young just as long as you can.

"I am fifty-seven years old, and until recently my hair was very gray. But in a few weeks Ayer's Hair Vigor restored the natural color to my hair so now there is not a gray hair to be seen."—J. W. HANSON, Boulder Creek, Cal.



HIGHWAY NOTICE.

STATE OF IOWA, ss
 Crawford County, ss
 Office of the County Auditor.
 Denison, Iowa, May 12, 1905.
 To Elizabeth Baldwin, John T. Hockett and To A. Schuettegen, Heirs of Michael Haley, Geo. P. Keairnes, Ira B. Chase, John O'Leary, Margaret O'Leary, Thomas Noonan, Freike Huisabus, Albert Huisabus, Peter Wall, John W. Calvin, Francis P. Robinson, William Edwards and To Whom It May Concern:—
 You, and each of you, are hereby notified that the commissioner appointed to locate a highway, commencing at the North East corner of Section Twenty-Five, in Township Eighty-Two, North of Range Thirty-Seven, West of the Fifth Principal Meridian in Crawford County, Iowa, running thence West one mile on the line between Sections twenty-Four and Twenty-Five in said Township over and over Elizabeth Baldwin and terminating at the North West corner of said Section Twenty-Five has reported in favor of the location thereof, and all objections hereto or claims for damages must be filed in the Auditor's office in said county in Denison, Iowa, on or before noon of the 18th day of July, A. D. 1905, or such highway will be located without reference thereto.
 EDW. THEOBALD,
 Auditor of Crawford County, Iowa.

Highway Notice

STATE OF IOWA, ss
 Crawford County, ss
 Denison, Iowa, April 25, 1905.
 To A. Schuettegen, Heirs of Michael Haley, Geo. P. Keairnes, Ira B. Chase, John O'Leary, Margaret O'Leary, Thomas Noonan, Freike Huisabus, Albert Huisabus, Peter Wall, John W. Calvin, Francis P. Robinson, William Edwards and To Whom It May Concern:—
 You, and each of you, are hereby notified that the commissioner appointed to locate the South-west corner of Section 32 in township 82, North of Range 39 west, in Crawford County, Iowa, running thence East on the County line of Crawford and Shelby counties a distance of five miles over lands of H. Schuettegen, Heirs of Michael Haley, George Keairnes, Ira B. Chase, John O'Leary, Margaret O'Leary, Thomas Noonan, Freike Huisabus, Albert Huisabus, Peter Wall and John W. Calvin and terminating at the south-east corner of Section 36 in said township has reported in favor of the location thereof, and all objections hereto or claims for damages must be filed in the Auditor's office in said county in Denison, Iowa, on or before noon of the third day of July, A. D. 1905, or such highway will be located without reference thereto.
 EDW. THEOBALD,
 Auditor of Crawford County, Iowa.

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TIN SHOP

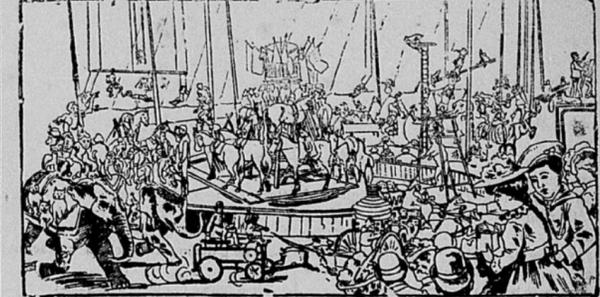
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