The Democrat.
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.
S. E. BRONSON. HUBERT CARR.
C. M. CARR. HENRY BRONSON.
BRONSON, CARR & SONS
Editors and Proprietors
SUBSCRIPTION PRICE.
Yearly, in advance..... $1 50
not paid in advance.....
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The writer's name must accompany any article for publication, as an evidence of good faith to the editors.

Annals of Iowa

The Manchester Democrat.

ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT MANCHESTER, IOWA AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

MANCHESTER, IOWA, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1906. VOL. XXXII--NO. 49.

The Democrat.
RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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Chairman Miller's Explanation.

The following interview with chairman Miller appeared in the last Sunday issue of the Register and Leader.

"It is true that Charles W. Johnston and Julian W. Richards operated a side campaign as an adjunct to the democratic campaign of this year," said Chairman Charles W. Miller of the democratic state central committee just before leaving for his home in Waverley yesterday. "There is no use trying to conceal or denythe fact. We depended on them to operate among the standpatters of the republican party who aided us in the fight.

"You have seen fit to estimate the expenses of the Johnston-Richards operations at enormous sums. I am perfectly willing for you to publish the fact that their whole campaign in our aid cost us the total sum of $1,145. 94. I paid these bills out of the democratic state campaign treasury.

"The total expense of our campaign as shown by our books, was approximately $8,000. We have begged and collected from our people the sum of about $5,700. We are practically $2,300 in the hole

"That is a full and complete statement of the expense to which the Porter and democratic campaign put us this year. I notice Jack Dalton, committeeman from the Tenth district, has an article this week in which he says that each of the committeemen got $5,000,000 from the railroads and a free list coupon at Matt Kane's. But what worries us just now is how to get together that $2,300 that we need to finish paying the legitimate bills of the campaign."

WHAT THE BOOKS SHOW.

Walter H. Butler confimed the statement of Chairman Miller as to the amount paid to Mr. Richards and his assistants by the democratic state committee. He said that the books now show that they were paid $1,145.94.

"I give you my word of honor," said Mr. Butler, "that until the election was over I did not know that they were engaged with us in the campaign or that we were financially interested in the fight they were making for our ticket. The bills came in afterward and show that they got $1,145.94. If they got more than this sum from any source I do not know it, and the books of the democratic state committee, which are in my charge, do not show it."

Crowe Philosophizes

Pat Crowe, the reformer; redeemer of bad boys and Sunday School leader:

It does sound strange, indeed, but Pat says it's so. The man who became famous the world over as one of the most daring criminals in the country by kidnaping the young son of Edward Cudahy, the packer millionare of Omaha, has turned "good." He is coming to Denver to spread his gospel.

He is going to tell Judge Lindsey how to really make good boys out of bad ones. Crowe is taking the greatest interest in juvenile reform.

There is something pathetic in this once bad man's life. There is some good in every person. Crowe is no exception. He has been a criminal and he does not deny it. But perhaps he didn't have as good a chance in life as some who are all too willing to condemn him. He says he didn't have a chance to be good; that he was put among hardened crimnals when he was a boy and they fired his heart and ambitions with crime and wicked deeds. He knew no other life.

Now this man whose very name was a terror in the years gone by; this man whose name was used to frighten little children into obedience by telling them "Pat Crowe will get you, if you run away from home;" this famous kidnapper wants to save other boys from the dreadful fate he suffered. For Crowe realizes now that the way of the transgressor is hard and he has decided to live a simple life, spending his last days doing good for others.

Here is a sample of Pat Crowe's new philosophy:

"If you deprive a flower or plant of rain and sunshine, it is silly to hope that it will thrive. There's nothing left for it to do but degenerate and die. So if you take away ennobling elements of society from a boy, he will follow the example of the neglected flower and will surely degenerate and die to all good things."

When Pat Crowe ran away with Cudahy's little boy and demanded a ransom of $25,000, the world was shocked and the fame of Pat Crowe spread everywhere. For years his name was spoken with a whisper, for the police respected his reputation as a bad man. He was a nervy fellow and knew how to use a gun.

And now Crowe is a mild-mannered man, with the brutality and fierceness of his nature removed, for Crowe is trying to follow in the footsteps of the Master, and do with gentleness and sympathy what cannot be done with force and strictness. And why shouldn't Crowe have all the more credit for his change in life? His environments have been bad always and the siren song of sin was ever trying to seduce him. And now the former bad man says that environment is everything to the growing boy. He doesn't believe in the system of sending boys who are just mischievous to penal institutions where they must mingle with boys steeped in crime and past redemption.

"You cannot better one boy by placing him in company of another boy who is more wicked than himself," says the reformed one. "If you put one rotten apple among one dozen good, solid ones, there will soon be thirteen rotten apples. Well the same rule applies to boys. Put twelve who have done some simple little act with a boy who is really bad and he will ruin all of them. You've got to train a boy right and make a friend of him, if you would elevate his nature. As soon as you make a prisoner of a boy you harden his nature and rouse his obstinacy and hatred.

"If the policemen on their beats would be friendly to the boys and show them friendly attention and encouragement, the criminal instincts of the boys would soon be cured and entirely eradicated in most instances

"I know how it was in my case," said Crowe a few days ago. "I had bad surroundings. They tried to make me better by putting me with criminals. It hardened my sensibilities and made me hate the world. Finally this evil association made a a criminal of me, while I might have become a good man, had any prudence been used in reforming me."—Denver Times

Municipal Ownership a Success.

"In Monday's Record-Herald you doubtless notice an account of the manner in which Monroe, Louisana, is governed and managed," said Postmaster Gilbert Cooley yesterday who has just returned from a trip through the south. "I was in Monroe two days last week visiting my nephew, Gilbert Cooley, who lives there and can vouch for the full truth of the Record-Herald's article. My nephew is a close friend of the founder and present mayor of the municipality and I saw and heard enough to know that the people of the city are thoroughly satisfied with the co-operative or municipal management of public utilities. It is a splendid little city." The foregoing is from the Strawberry Point Press. The article in the Chicago Record-Herald referred to is as follows:

"Municipal ownership of street railways; and of many other activities as well, has proven successful in this city of 5,000 residents. Light, power, transportation, education, medical attention, sewerage, household supplies, and even amusements are furnished by the municipality.

The citizens of Monroe enter a theater directed by the mayor and his assistants, witness a ball game in a park owned by the city; ride on trolley cars whose crews are paid by the people; take electric light and power from plants wrested from a private monopoly; cross the Ouachita river on a municipal bridge without paying toll; purchase household supplies in a city market house; are taken to a municipal hospital when they get hurt, and when they die they are given final attention by a municipal undertaker.

All this has been accomplished since the election of Mayor A. A. Forsythe six years ago. He has succeeded himself year after year, standing for municipal ownership to the limit, having behind him a city council which believes in the theory as devoutly as himself.

The municipal electric railway was built without the necessity of a bond issue. The people had already paid out the tax levied to establish sewerage, water, light and power systems, a market house, a city hall, a free traffic bridge, free wharves and ware-house, and the city council took the liberty of using $100,000 of the reserve fund for the purpose of building and equipping a street railway. The city officials are looking forward to a profit of 10 per cent at the end of the fiscal year.

The street railway system has recently been extended eight miles to a suburban park owned and operated by the city. The park embraces 125 acres, skirting a lake where free bathing and boating is afforded. A summer theatre on the lake shore was erected by the city council, all profits reverting to the city treasury.

The same arrangement applies to a base-ball diamond and grandstand, and a half-mile racing track.

Plans for the interurban extension of the electric railway inlcude a complete belt seventy-five miles in diameter, the intention being to throw the population in that territory, into direct touch with the city."

A Bright Recruit.

Lieutenant (examining soldier)—What should you do if you met an enemy on the field of battle?

Soldier—Shoot him dead, sir.

Lieutenant—Right. And what should you do if you met a whole battalion of the enemy?

Soldier—Shoot them dead, sir.

Lieutenant—You couldn't by yourself. You should fall back and give warning. What should you do if you met a cow belonging to the enemy?

Soldier—Shoot it dead, sir.

Lieutenant—Wrong.

Soldier—Fall back and give warning, sir.

Lieutenant—Wrong again. You should catch hold of it by the horns and bring it into camp. Now tell me what you should do if you met me in the field.

Soldier—Shoot you dead, sir.

Lieutenant—Rubbish! I'm not an enemy! I wear the same uniform as you do.

Soldier—Fall back and give warning.

Lieutenant—Wrong, stupid! I'm not a battalion of the enemy.

Soldier—Well, then, I'd catch hold of you by the horns and lead you into camp.

Lieutenant—You—

"The Force of Little Things."

How easy it is to spoil a day!
The thoughtless words of a cherished friend,
The selfish act of a child at play,
The strength of a will that will not bend,
The slight of a comrade, the scorn of a foe,
The smile that is full of bitter things—
They can all tarnish its golden glow,
Can brush the grace from its airy wings.

And easy it is to spoil a day
By the force of a thought we did not check;
Little by little we mold the clay,
And little flaws may the vessel wreck;
The careless waste of a precious hour
That held the blessing we long had sought,
The sudden failure of wealth or power,
And lo! the day is with ill in-wrought.

How easy it is to spoil a life—
And many are spoilt ere well begun—
The home-light darkened by sin and strife
Or downward course of a cherished one;
By toil that robs the form of grace,
And undermines till health gives way—
By the peevish temper, the frowning face,
The hopes that go and the cares that stay,

A day is too long to be spent in vain:
Some good should come as the hours go by;
Some tangled maze may be made more plain;
Some lower glance may be raised on high.
And life is too short to be spoiled like this—
If only a prelude, it should be sweet:
Let us bind together its threads of bliss,
And nourish the flowers around our feet.
—Selected.

Dutch Farmers and Cows.

Cows in Holland, to a certain extent are a part of the farmers family, for one member of the family always sleeps in the stable to watch, and quite often the place is made a sort of family sitting room. The cow stable is usually a large building paved with brick, upon which the cows lie, straw being scarce. There is a brick-paved passage in the center, at one end of which is a fireplace, and the windows are covered by curtains as white and dainty as those used in the house proper. Sometimes the farmer and his entire family will gather in the stable in the evening, enjoying the heat of the fire and exchanging the talk of the day, while the cattle, always placed with their heads facing the central passage, chew their cud and almost seem to enjoy the human companions. These cows are seldom brown, most of them being black or white, or both colors mixed, and because of the fertility of the pasturage and the care taken in their keep, they are capable of giving large yields of rich milk. In no place in the world are cows made as much of, and from the annual yield of butter it seems that the care is not bestowed in vain.

Farm Items.

Good manure will not take the place of good tillage.

If a farm is left to run itself, it will not run, it will walk.

Cement posts have passed beyond the experimental stage.

An over-stocked farm seldom overstocks the pocketbook.

Civilization follows the plow, but seldom goes in advance of it.

Farming is a profession in which the farm is the workshop, the office and the home.

Runts and scrubs eat up the profits as well as the feed. The moral is that some other owner should feed them.

No, horses are not going out of fashion. The great trouble with some is to find a horse of the right fashion to suit them.

It has been a matter of note that the price of wheat will go up and down, but the price of bread is seldom unchanged.

It is real inspiring to have an ear of corn when it strikes the "bat board," make a noise like eighty bushels per acre.

The cow that fattens easily is seldom a good milker. The value of a cow will rest on her ability to convert feed into milk, not meat.

Keeping the appetite of a horse keen does not mean starving him The good horseman knows the difference, and he also knows how essential it is to keep a keen appetite.

It is a mistake to believe that when a calf gets its regular allowance of milk that it does not need water. Give the calf water. Every animal has an appetite for water.

Heifers intended for the dairy should be bred so as to come in with their first calves at about two years old. The milking function, carried to the extent which good dairy practice requires, is a highly artificial one, and early breeding is one of the steps necessary to the intensification of the milking habit. If the heifer be not bred early, she is likely to acquire the habit of using the liberal though not fattening food she should have for the purpose of making flesh. This, if a habit, is quite fatal to the usefulness of the heifer intended for dairying.

If you feel that your profits are not sufficient in the dairy, what have you done to convince yourself? Have you made a careful and reliable test of the herd, collectively and individually? If you have not, There is no question but what a test will enable you to cut out from your herd those that are bringing a loss to your operations. Unprofitable cows are to be found in abundance, and it is not unusual for the owner to be ignorant of the production of any animal. Looks, supposition, guessing and "think so's" are all unreliable tests, and if you are not making as much profit as you think you should, you ought to lose no time in having a test made. Make it thorough and have it conducted by intelligent parties.—Register and Farmer.

The Wreckers of Scilly.

As far back as the time of Henry I. there were royal grants of "the islands and their wrecks," and frequent was the phrase in centuries following. With royal encouragement, why should they not be wreckers? One Sunday, long ago, in Scilly, service was in progress when there came the cry of "Wreck!" The men started from their seats. In a moment there would have been a stampede, but they cowered back as the minister sternly thundered a warning. He strode to the door. Again his voice arose. "Let's all start fair!" he shouted, throwing off impeding cassock as he ran, while his congregation labored at his heels. Most curious of all wrecks was that of a bark, with a cargo of beads, that went ashore 200 years ago. So generous has been the ocean with this treasure that throughout these two centuries it has intermittently been tossing beads ashore, yet so frugally that the supply is not yet exhausted, for in a few minutes' search I found that some had been thrown there since the last search of the islanders.—Robert Shackleton in Harper's.

An Old Meat Bill.

The state historian of New York in compiling some records brought to light some amendments to laws confirmed at "ye General Court of assizes held in New Yorke, beginning on ye 5th & ending on ye 8th day of October, 1670." The following catches the eye:

"Whereas, divers Complaints have been made of the great abuse of bringing dead hoggs & Porke into this city & it not being discernible how long they have been Kill'd by reason they are too often brought frozen, so not capable of being preserved by Salt which tends much to ye disreputacon of that Commodity when sent abroad, and ye Merchants who Export it into Warmer Climates, for ye reasons aforesaid it is Ordered, That henceforth no hogg or hoggs shall be brought dead to this place either for sale or payment of debts, except it shall be in cask well Salted & Packt according to ye Law, otherwise smoak't or dryed of which all persons are to take Notice, as they will answer ye contrary at their Perrills."

History on a Watch Face.

Almost the last work of the Belgian astronomer Houzeau was an article in which, while arguing in favor of a decimal division of time, he pointed out the origin of the double set of twelve hours represented on our watch and clock faces. The ancient inhabitants of Mesopotamia chose the number 12 as an arithmetical base because it has four divisors—viz, 2, 3, 4 and 6, while 10 has only two divisors—viz, 2 and 5. They counted twelve hours in the day and twelve in the night, measuring the day by the progress of the sun and the night by the progress of the stars across the sky. This system, prevailing over all others, has come down to us, and so our watches bear on their faces a souvenir of those ancient days when the sun served for a clock hand half of the time and the stars the other half.

Bankes and His Horse.

Animal trainers of the old days led adventurous lives. In 1600 all London was talking of a man named Bankes, servant to the Earl of Essex, who had taught his horse to count and perform a number of feats, including mounting to the top of St. Paul's cathedral, while "a number of asses," as the historian puts it, "brayed below." Sir Walter Raleigh in his history says of Bankes that he "would have shamed all the enchanters of the world, for whatsoever was most famous among them could never master or instruct any beast as he did his horse." When Bankes took his horse to Rome both were burned for witchcraft.

A Possible Exception.

A high schoolteacher was examining the physiology class.

"How many ribs have you, Charles?" he asked.

"Why—er—I don't know," said Charles.

"Didn't the text books state?" he then queried somewhat sharply.

"Yes—oh, yes—of course, but, you see, I'm long waisted."

Ben Butler's Retort.

An old lawyer in speaking about General Ben Butler said: "Ben Butler was a terror and a torment to the judges. On one occasion Judge Sanger, having been bullied and badgered out of all patience, petulantly asked, 'What does the counsel suppose I am on this bench for?' Scratching his head a minute, Butler replied, 'Well, I guess your honor's got me there.'"

Easy Answer.

A Liverpool paper tells the pathetic story of one A., who is compelled to grow a beard to ward off pneumonia and other ills. The woman with whom he has fallen in love, however, declines to marry him unless he will shave. "What," asks our contemporary, "should A. do?" The answer seems easy: Keep the beard and cut the woman.

Friendship.

There is a certain development of love in which the covetous longing of two people for one another has yielded to a higher mutual thirst for an ideal above them both. But who has found such love, who has experienced it? Its true name is friendship.

On the Safe Side.

Schroeder (to his neighbor, a widower)—Why did you send your housekeeper away, since she was such a good cook? The Widower—She made such splendid puddings I was afraid I should marry her.—Fliegende Blatter.

A cubic foot of distilled water weighs very nearly 1,000 ounces.

They Knew Him.

Knox—It seems that Graphter's acquaintances are all very shrewd people. Jenks—Did he tell you that? Knox—He implied as much. He announced the other day that he doesn't owe anybody a dollar.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Feminine Amenities.

"Yes, dear, I was married last month. I'd like you to call on me and see the pretty little flat I have."

"I've seen him, my dear!"—Life.

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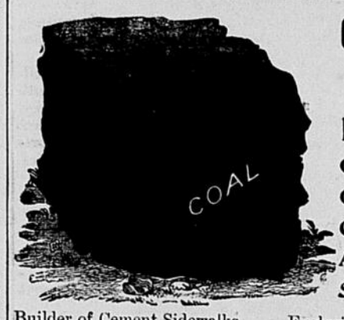

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