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MANCHESTER IOWA.
CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, $60,000
ESTABLISHED 1885.
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The canning season is at hand.
Do you need anything for your canning this year. If so, WE CAN SUPPLY YOU.
Call and examine our ..
ENAMEL WARE
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OXFORD SALE
Is now on and closes SATURDAY, AUG. 10th. We must close out all our oxfords now as we are determined not to carry any of them over to next season.
Women's Oxfords in side lace or button patents, $3.50 and $3.75 values, - Sale price $2.98
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The first to come get the best selections.
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Phone 361. The Shoe Man.

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The Delaware County State Bank.
MANCHESTER, IOWA.
The DELAWARE COUNTY STATE BANK invites those desireing banking accomodations, to avail themselves of its equipment.
With ample CAPITAL it is able to take care of large or small accounts, and you are respectfully invited to call.
INTEREST paid on TIME and SAVINGS funds at current rates. Harvest is on, and its a good time to start that checking account. No expense to you-(it is some to us)-but we are willing to stand it; WHY NOT DO IT NOW? Its a good and handy thing to have.
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Why Pay 5c per lb. for
.. Calf Meal ..
When you can buy it at the
Franklin Street Feed Store
2 1-2 CENTS.
C. H. BUNKER.
TELEPHONE 113.

Biggest Mistake.

The very biggest mistake that married persons make, philosophizes the editor of the Ladies World, is to think that their friends will help them in their troubles with each other. The man or woman who goes away from home for sympathy finds sorrow and brings back regret.

Pennsylvania's Shame.

The story of the graft and perfidy attending the construction of the new state capitol of Pennsylvania is humiliating to every American. Out of $13,000,000 actually spent on the structure, no less than $5,000,000 was stolen by the grafters, who were in charge of the work. Were it not for the overwhelming republican majorities in Pennsylvania no such wholesale robbery of the people would be possible. No political party can become all powerful without becoming a menace to the people. At least two strong political parties, each to hold a check upon the other, is necessary in a government like ours.

A Wonderful Redord.

Dr. Leora Johnson of the State University of Iowa, College of Homeopathic Medicine, retired last month after fifteen years of constant service for the state

In some respects Dr. Johnson is a remarkable woman. She has a record of 2,500 anaesthetized patients without an accident, a record it is said not attained by any other woman in the world.

She is the only woman who ever gained admittance to the classes of St. Thomas's Hospital in London. She was one of the founders of the University of Iowa Hospital. She has bsen recognized for years in professional circles in both the United States and Europe as a woman of extraordinary talents and attainments.

Soured Imperialists.

[From The New York World.]

Already the faith of some of our imperialists in their own works of benevolence is sadly shaken by the outcome of the Philippine elections. Here are millions of rude and untutored brown men over whom we have set up sovereignty at great cost, and to whom after nine years we have granted the privilege of electing a representative assembly. They were assured that the elections would be entirely free.

Out of sheer gratitude, of course, they should have refused to vote for any candidates of their own liking and consulted only the desires of the insular government and the American colony in Manila. That a candidate was favored by the great body of his own people should have been the best reason for them to defeat him at the polls. But what do we see? Instead an overwhelming majority of native delegates are elected who look forward to the day when the Philippines shall be for the Filipinos and shall attain to national independence.

What better proof can there be that the Filipinos by blood and color of their skins are a base and treacherous race, unfit for free institutions and incapable of self-government? What destiny can Providence possibly contemplate for such a people except the denial of popular rights and the perpetuation of foreign rule? For down-right disloyalty the Filipinos deserve to rank with the voters of Oklahoma, who after being offered the blessings of Statehood delight in being counted a Democratic stronghold.

Ireland Finding Herself.

"One of the most interesting movements in modern times" says the Chicago Examiner, "is that in Ireland for the revival of Irish nationality. It is exemplified in the 'Sim Feine' meaning, 'All for ourselves.'

This movement grows out of what is known as the "Gaelic Renaissance," which has brought about a wide study of the ancient language and literature of the country.

Strange as it may seem, this revival of the almost forgotten tongue of Ireland has had widespread effect in the industrial field. There has been an increased demand for Irish made goods, and home manufactories have thrived in consequence.

Many lovers of Erin declare that this seemingly scholastic and idealistic movement has more of an effect in uniting Irishmen the world arround and reviving the spirit of nationality than all of the political efforts combined.

A country has an individuality just as has a man. That individuality is hightened and brought into clearer expression when the nation finds its soul. In the study of the ancient tongue and writings of Irelend she has found her soul, and the outward revival in all fields of activity is the result.

This purely nonpolitical propaganda England finds it impossible to suppress. To restrict what a man or country shall read is too tyranical for the twentieth century.

Thus England is practically helpless in the face of a movement whose influence for making a united Ireland no man can yet measure."

Attentions Ceased.

"Is Willie still paying attention to Tillie?"

"No."

"Did he jilt her?"

"No; he married her."—Illustrated Bits.

Blessed.

Blest be the tongue that speaks no ill,
Whose words are always true,
That keeps "the law of kindness" still,
Whatever others do.

Blest be the ears that will not hear
Detraction's envious tale;
'Tis only through the listening ear
That falsehood can prevail.

Blest be the heart that knows no guile,
That feels no wish unkind,
Forgetting provocation while
God's deeds are kept in mind.

Blest be the hands that toil to aid,
The great world's ceaseless need—
The hands that never are afraid
To do a friendly deed

Blest be the the thoughtful brain that schemes
A beautiful ideal;
Mankind grows great through noble dreams.
And time will make them real.

Where goodness dwells in heart and mind,
Both words and deeds will be
Like cords that closer draw mankind,
In peace and charity.

High Price for Corn is permanent.

Iowa State Register and Farmer: We have been asked the question, "Will corn ever be cheap again?" In the light of present indications present indications we are of the belief that the days of cheap corn have gone forever. We believe this because consumption is well up to production, and there is a tendency from abroad to buy this cereal as never before. We frankly admit that no man can see very far into the future, but can judge the future by the existing conditions and by past transactions. It has been said frequently that the corn zone is limited, which is true, and yet we see a gradual extention of the corn producing territory, but with such increase of territory there comes a corresponding increase in demand. More acres have been put to grass which have not only cut in on available corn land, but such grass lands have been given up to producing stock which must be finished with corn. Good corn land is steadily going up in value and such land must now put forth greater effort in the production of this staple crop. Instead of growing thirty-five bushels per acre, we should grow eighty.

It is up to the corn growers to immediately incorporate into his management a system that will produce far above the average.

No, we are not looking for low prices of corn in the near future. Times when corn was used for fuel will not soon return. Too many other uses for corn have sprung up to forever preclude the use of corn as fuel.

The writer has grown and sold corn at eleven cents per bushel. He was then competing with millions of other corn growers on cheap land. Those millions have been reduced, and many are now engaged in the production of other crops, and much of the land that frequently produced corn is given over to the meadow and pasture made necessary because the open prairie range was taken up and made into farms. We may see corn as low as 25 cents, but not lower.

Are Our Farms to Large?

Farmers' Review: The American farmer has always had before him the temptation to grasp a large amount of land. This is not surprising when we consider what his education has been. It has been seven or more generations since our ancestors settled in this country, and during all of that time the descendants of the old settlers have had the thirst for land bred into them. This was because in the beginning of the developement of this country, land was very easily obtained, and the most common way for men to enrich themselves was to get possession of large tracts of land.

But today the new conditions are in conflict with the tendency to own land for the mere sense of owning it. Before a man buys more land he should first sit down and consider whether he can use that land. He should also consider more carefully the question of whether he can not more fully use the land he has. Today there are multitudes of families that are made miserable by the possession of too much land.

A man known to the writer had eighty acres of land located within a few miles of a thriving town. He had only himself and wife to provide for, and he found it hard to get even help to take care of the eighty acres. But he had always owned a farm of from half to a square mile in area, and he was miserable on his little piece of eighty acres. His wife wanted to stay there, for she had been overworked on the big farm. But he insisted on selling the nice little farm, and then moved to the city, while waiting to get hold of a big farm.

What the country needs is a large number of well-tilled small farms. That means more independent farmers and fewer hired men. It means a solution of the hired help problem. It means more families in a township, and that too of families that own the land on which they are located. They are a help to the communities. Their children do not have to rush to the cities to make a living. More farms mean better schools. It means more electric lines running here and there over the country; for the electric lines go where populations are sufficiently dense to insure them patronage. If the American farmer does not get down to this idea the foreigner will take his land. The foreigner comes in from his little piece of land in Europe. He has been accustomed there to farm intensively a little piece of territory. He takes a small piece here and is contented with it. He works and his family works. They have no hired help problem. They soon own the land on which the American farmer was lord, but on which he had a mortgage. The thirst can no longer be gratified without the danger of losing even the land necessary for the support of the farmer's family.

Senior Reminiscences.

The chapel clock peeled the hour for us, and we ate it with epicurean enjoyment. We were walking together, the senior and I, and I listened with baited breath while he told me a fish story. Arm in arm we walked, but suddenly he stopped and drew his hands across his eyes. It was a good likeness, but obscured his vision a bit. Then he resumed:

"We sure were a bunch of hummers in our freshman year. In our snowball fight with the sophs on Washington's birthday three of us gained the fence and began to chop it up into small pieces for souvenirs. Suddenly a seven foot soph grabbed the smallest of my assistants, but with a well aimed snowball between the eyes I laid him low, while scarlet streams rolled down his face and made intricate arabesques on his collar."

The senior paused and fetched a sigh, goodness knows where from.

"But whence the scarlet streams?" I interrogated. "Was it blood?"

"No," he palpitated; "there was a tomato in the snowball."

Then silence fell, but we sustained it between us.—Yale Record.

A Fighting "Super."

The following little gem was one of the experiences of Mr. Benson, the Shakespearean actor:

Mr. Benson made a professional visit to Dublin, and the rehearsals included the due training of a body of stage assistants to represent the hurriedly retracting supporters of Richard "Crookback," when that monarch succumbed to the onslaught of Richmond on the field of Bosworth. On the night of the first performance of the tragedy the army that was to fly stubbornly refused to leave the field or to acknowledge being vanquished, but turning upon the forces of Richmond gave them a severe drubbing. Nothing could be found to tame them to a proper submission till one of the "rank and file" said:

"Look here, Mr. Benson, if you want us to be beaten, you must put O'Connor" (the leading "bruiser" of the party) "in Richmond's army!"—Pearson's Weekly.

Silence and Science.

Before it was determined scientifically that smoke is waste, smoke was fixed as the final indication and proof of prosperity. Today a smokeless chimney means nothing less than thrift and good management. Similarly we now hear that noise is proof of urban life, progress and activity. We may answer that noise is loss as surely as smoke is waste. Decreased comfort is loss and noise decreases comfort. Disturbed minds are loss through a reduction of mental force. But these and similar consequences are indirect loss. There is direct loss also. A rattling car means worn bearings and a short lived vehicle. Otherwise railroads would not spend so much on their roadbeds, and they would run trains at higher speed.—Detroit Free Press.

Never Loses His Head.

Many years ago, when William J. Stillman of New York city was reporting a disturbance in Greece for the London Times, a report was sent out that he had been beheaded. One of his friends, hearing the report, telegraphed to the correspondent this message: "Rumor here that your head has been taken off. Is it true?" It was not until the message had been sent that it occurred to the sender that if the rumor were true Stillman would be the last man in the world to speak about it. But the message reached Stillman, and this was his reply: "My dear boy, a newspaper man never loses his head."

A Story of Whewell.

Sydney Smith said of the great Dr. Whewell, master of Trinity college, that "science was his forte and omniscience his foible." On one occasion two fellows of the college, thinking to get beyond his range, read up the subject of Chinese metaphysics and then disputed about it in the doctor's presence. He listened in silence for a time and then observed, "Ah, I see you have been reading a paper which I wrote for an encyclopedia of science."

The "Book of Sports."

The "Book of Sports" was a proclamation by James I., who in this publication in 1618 signified to his people the royal pleasure with regard to what sports, games and amusements might be practiced on Sunday. The king intimated that "no lawful recreation should be barred on that day to his good people." The sports forbidden on Sundays were bear and bull fighting, bowling and interludes. Those who did not attend church were not allowed to join in the sports, and no one could go out of his parish. The amusements allowed were dancing, archery, leaping, vaulting, May games, Whitsun ales and the setting up of May poles.

Striking a Fish.

The secret of striking a fish, especially a trout, which bites quickly, whether in brook, river or lake, is to give a sharp upturn of the wrist. This will move the rod or bait only two or three inches and will not jerk it from the water. If you miss the fish will follow the few inches, not being frightened, and in the majority of cases will be hooked at once. The quick jerking of the bait from the water almost invariably scares a trout—result, a dark streak disappearing down the stream.

If Glasses Get Stuck.

When two glasses get stuck, one inside the other, an unfailing remedy for separating them is to plunge them upright into some hot water for a quarter of a minute or thereabouts. Care must be taken that no water gets into either glass. The explanation is that the heat expands the outer glass before it has time to penetrate and expand the one inside.

Street Names In City of Mexico.

The street nomenclature in the City of Mexico is even more puzzling than that in New Orleans. Each block has a different name. Following the same street, you successively go through the streets of St. Augustine, of the Angel, of the Holy Ghost, of St. Joseph, etc. From the street of the Rats you pass to the street of the Crosses; from the street of the Gate of Heaven to that of the Love of God. Every shop also has a special name, as was the custom formerly in Europe. I regret that I did not jot down many curious ones. I only remember a "pulque" drinking shop called Los Perros (the Dogs), thus plainly telling the frequenters what they are going to. Another "pulqueria," directly opposite a church, calls itself boldly El Castillo del Diablo (the Castle of the Devil). Another is San Lunes (St. Monday). The Mexican workman always celebrates Monday as a day of rest and dissipation. He will work on Sunday, but not on Monday.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Tin Filled Teeth.

"Do you know that tooth is filled with tin?" asked the dentist, tapping one of his patient's molars with his little pick.

"Indeed I do. That was filled years ago by a country dentist, and it is the best filling I have ever had put in a tooth."

"Of course it is. It is a pity more people do not know that fact. The only trouble is that tin is so hard to manipulate it costs more than gold filling, and people will not pay the price for anything which sounds so cheap as tin. I have one customer, though, who is educated. He is a Wall street broker, and he will not let me put any other kind of filling into his teeth except tin. He pays me $20 an hour and lets me take all the time that is necessary. It is not so expensive as it seems at first, however, for once in a tin filling never has to be renewed, whereas gold often does."—New York Press.

The Boat For the Missouri.

The eccentric and variable Missouri river has "a personal friend" in George Fitch, who declares in the American Magazine that the stream is navigable enough if only the steamboats would conform to its peculiarities. "The Missouri river steamboat," says Mr. Fitch, "should be shallow, lithe, deep chested and exceedingly strong in the stern wheel. It should be hinged in the middle and should be fitted with a suction dredge, so that when it cannot climb over a sand bar it can assimilate it. The Missouri river steamboat should be able to make use of a channel, but should not have to depend upon it. A steamer that cannot on occasion climb a steep clay bank, go across a cornfield and corner a river that is trying to get away has little excuse for trying to navigate the Missouri."

The Oldest Book.

The oldest book in the world to which a positive date can be assigned is an assortment of proverbs somewhat after the style of the proverbs collected by Solomon. The work is accredited to Ptah-hotep, an Egyptian king, and Egyptologists assign to it an antiquity of at least 300 B. C. Abraham was called to leave his home in Ur of the Chaldees 1921 B. C., so that this volume was written 1,100 years before the beginning of Jewish history. The deluge is placed by most chronologists at B. C. 2348, so the book, if its dating is correct, must have been written before the flood. Methuselah was born B. C. 3317, so that this papyrus was prepared and these proverbs were collected when the oldest man on record was a lively young fellow of 300 years.

She Got Wise.

A Laramie woman went to the theater the other night with some friends, but when they were seated she was separated from her friends by a man and woman who seemed to pay no attention to each other. The woman figured out that if the two people would sit over a seat she could sit with her friends. Bracing up her nerve, she said sweetly to the man, "Beg pardon, are you here alone?" The man stared at the curtain as if he were drawing a salary for it. "I beg pardon," the woman said a little louder, "are you alone?" "Get wise," whispered the man hoarsely through the extreme corner of his mouth; "this is my wife."—Laramie Boomerang.

South American Oil Birds.

One of the animal curiosities of South America is the "oil bird," or guacharo. It breeds in rocky caves on the mainland, and one of its favorite haunts is the island of Trinidad. It lays its eggs in a nest made of mud, and the young birds are prodigiously fat. The natives melt the fat down in clay pots and produce from it a kind of butter. The caves inhabited by the birds are usually accessible only from the sea, and the hunting of them is sometimes an exciting sport.

Poor Bird!

The foolish man approached the wonderful goose that laid the golden eggs.

"Old bird," ejaculated the foolish man, "I think your time has come. Golden eggs are no longer popular. Why can't you lay gold bricks?"

"Because, master," replied the goose, "I don't belong to the bricklayers' union."

And then the ax fell.—Chicago News.

When She Listens.

"Poor Henpeck! Every time he starts to say anything his wife stops him."

"Not always. He has a habit of talking in his sleep, and when he does that she just listens breathlessly."—Philadelphia Press.

A Little In Doubt.

Hostess—I hope we shall see you again next Wednesday. I'm giving a dance. Mr. Young—I'm awfully sorry, but I'm going to a wedding. Hostess—Oh, indeed! I'm sure you'll enjoy yourself far more. Mr. Young—I'm not so sure. You see, it's my own wedding.

Recipe For Happiness.

To watch the corn grow or the blossoms set, to draw hard breath over plowshare or spade, to read, to think, to love, to pray—these are the things that make men happy.—John Ruskin.

GO CARTS
We have a good line of go carts and propose to make such prices on them that will move them quickly.

For Instance
Folding Go Cart with steel wheels, steel spokes and rubber tires Wheel slips on with patent fastener All steel frame including handle and handle rods. A very neat and strong go cart. Can be folded into a very small space for carrying in buggies, on trains, etc. Cheaper to buy this than for a tired mother to carry a baby around in her arms
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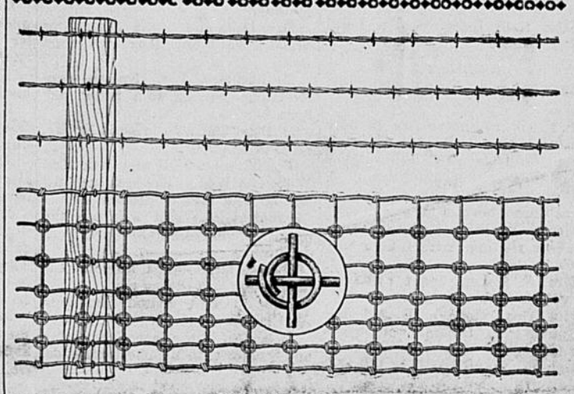
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