

MORE BANK TALK

Did it ever occur to you why all good business men keep a checking account with a bank? We'll tell you. It enables them to keep their funds in a more secure place than the office safe. It gives them a better standing in the business world. It enables them to pay their bills by check, the returned check being an undisputable receipt.

Individuals finding a checking account very convenient and a source of saving. Money in one's pocket is often spent on the spur of the moment, while one is disposed to think twice before drawing on his balance in the bank. Get the Habit. Lay up for a rainy day. Start a bank account with

"The Old Reliable"
The First National
Bank of Manchester,

Misses' and Children's School Shoes.

We have given the school shoe problem our careful attention. Now we can offer you one of the finest selections of Little Folk Shoes on the market today.

Infants' as low as 50c. Children's 5 to 8 per pair 65, 75, 85, 90c.
Children's 8 1/2 to 11 per pair, \$1.15, \$1.35, 1.50.
Misses' 11 1/2 to 2, per pair, \$1.25, \$1.35, \$1.50, \$1.75.

P. F. Madden.

TOWSLEE'S EXCELSIOR OINTMENT

TRIED--SURE--VALUABLE

A reliable application for Cuts, Sores, and Bruises. Made and sold only by

R. A. DENTON.

Phone 107

The Greatest of Household Economizers

STEEL RANGES

Nothing on the market can compare with these stoves in cutting down the expense of your kitchen. Maximum of heat from any grade of coal or wood, and perfect control by improved dampers are salient features. Sizes to meet all requirements.

PRICES \$16 to \$60.

HUTCHINSON & ATWATER

Main St. Manchester

PHONE 129

Time Now to Plant Those Sweet Peas.

Our own mixture contains the new and fine named varieties

Admiration
America
Apple Blossom Spencer
Black Knight
Coquette
Countess Cadogan
Countess Spencer
Catherine Tracy
Miss Willmott
White Wonder
Gladya Unwin
Shazada

These varieties make a well balanced mixture and will be a joy to behold. You know we have never disappointed you in our mixture of sweet peas.

A. E. PETERSON.

PEOPLE THE WORLD NEEDS.

(From the Portland Oregonian.)

The Women.

Women who are gentle, courteous and kind.

Women who have not lost the ancient art of loving.

Women in whom the maternal instinct is not dried up.

Women who believe they have a higher destiny than a life of idleness and luxury.

Women who consider it beneath their dignity to either drink or smoke.

Women who will never speak uncharitably of the less fortunate of their sex.

The Men.

Men who put character above wealth.

Men who will not lose their individuality in a crowd.

Men who will be as honest in small things as in great things.

Men whose ambitions are not confined to their own selfish desires.

Men who are true to their friends through good report and evil report, in adversity as well as in prosperity.

Men who do not believe that shrewdness, sharpness, cunning and long-headedness are the best qualities for winning success.

COMING COMFORT.

(From the Commoner.)

The signs of spring-time are multiplying every hour, and before we hardly realize it, the hot days of a summer will be upon us. Within a very short time, the heater will be taken down and stowed away for the season, and it would be well if the cooking range could follow it. At least out of the house proper. Any rain-proof shed, close up to the kitchen door will serve the purpose of a summer kitchen, but of course, it should be closed in to shut out drafts and wind-storms as well. Then, it should be whitewashed inside, and have plenty of windows in the sides, with a concrete floor. If the man of the family does not know how to lay a concrete floor, let him write to the Secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., asking for literature on the subject of concrete-laying, and he will see how cheaply a first-class, durable floor can be had.

FATHER THOS. CONRY HOME FROM ABROAD.

Father Thos. Conry, whose home was formerly in this county, has returned from a year's sojourn abroad, and has resumed his duties in St. Joseph's college at Dubuque. He is quoted as follows in a recent interview:

"Since I left Dubuque last July, I have seen much of Belgium, Germany, Austria and Italy. I have many pleasant recollections of my sojourn among Germanic peoples.

"They say that poets like to get their first glimpse of Venice by moonlight. Although I had no desire to emulate the poets, it was my fortune, or rather misfortune, to enter the silent city in the dead of night. But I had none of those exalted emotions that only poets feel. Who could see this spectacular city for the first time and not picture to himself that glorious Venice of the past, with its doges, its galleys, its commerce and its art? I frankly confess that I performed such an unusual feat. To travel superfluous half the night in a frigid coach, is not the best preparation for sights that are new and strange. My trip from Trieste to Venice might have been quite as agreeable if I had taken a refrigerator car instead of the ordinary second class. When at last we reached Venice, three hours late, my imagination was paralyzed, and my only ambition was to win a hot macaroni and a cozy bed.

"It was awakened next day by a clamorous demonstration at my door. The maid who spoke English, informed me in a somewhat threatening voice that she wanted to 'fix' my room. I hastened to get up at the same time promising myself that I would seek a hotel where one might have a little sleep in the morning if he so desired. I started out, intending to say Mass in the basilica of St. Mark, but when I went down stairs the big clock in the office told me that it was ten in the afternoon. Such was my singular experience in that city, the most unique on earth.

Visits the Holy Father.

Referring to his visit to Rome, Father Conry said:

"If Rome is the soul of Italy, St. Peter's is the soul of Rome; and the soul of St. Peter's is the Pope. When one arrives in Rome he likes to go at once to the heart of things. For some that heart is the Forum. For others the Palatine; but for the Catholic it is the white shepherd of the Vatican. To see the Holy Father and receive his blessing is the first desire of every loyal Catholic who comes to Rome. We knew that we would have to wait a while to see His Holiness, but St. Peter's stood ready to invite our wonder and devotion. A single visit would be but a scant tribute to this shrine of shrines. We have been going there ever since we came to Rome. It is one of those delights that never pall. On the feast of St. Thomas as I had the happiness to offer the Holy Sacrifice in the crypt of St. Peter's over the Apostle's tomb. My guide book says that of late years such a permission is not easily obtained. I went there without any introduction, and yet my request was promptly granted. More than that, I was invited to come again next day and say Mass on the same altar, a privilege of which I gladly availed myself.

THEY MIGHT BE WORSE.

If all the flies had stingers and if all the dogs were cross.

If all our plans should fail and our every gain was lost.

If every day were rainy or if every day were dry.

Then would there be some slight excuse for one to sit and cry.

If all the trees were winter-killed and all the eggs were stale.

If all the prunes were wormy and if all our plans should fail.

If all the roads were muddy and if all the hills were steep.

You would not be so soundly blamed when you sit down and weep.

But houseflies are not hornets and most dogs are not bits.

Two-thirds of what we undertake turns out exactly right.

The weather's mostly wholesome, half the eggs we buy are recent.

Things might be quite a whole lot worse than fully half way decent.

—Judge.

AN AFRICAN POEM.

The serpents are asleep among the poppies.

The fireflies light the soundless paths.

To tangled paths where shy gazelles are straying.

And parrot-plumes outline the dying day.

O soft! the lotus-buds upon the stream.

Are stirring like sweet maidens when they dream.

A cate-mark on the azure brows of Heaven.

The golden moon burns sacred, solemn, bright.

The winds are dancing in the forest-temple.

And swooning at the holy feet of Night.

Hush! in the silence mystic voices sing.

And make the gods their incense offering.

To teach for filthy lucre.

Not to have higher aims.

Is to miss the path of duty.

Is to tread the path of blame.

Let each pedagogue remember

That to train a human mind

Is to train what is immortal.

What approaches the Divine.

Then let those who work as teachers

Look beyond their monthly pay.

Strive to fit themselves and others

For the truer, better way.

—

"We did not have to wait long to see the Holy Father. Thanks to the kindness of Bishop Kennedy, rector of the American College, that rare pleasure was ours before we had been in Rome a week. About thirty other persons were received with us. A private audience with the Pope is a very special luxury and one for which we did not ask.

"One hears much about the etiquette of the Vatican. There is very little formality in one of these receptions. The clergy must wear the strict ecclesiastical dress, laymen the Prince Albert, and ladies must be in black, with veils to match. An old gentleman from Dublin, who knelt at my side, whispered in my ear as the Holy Father approached, that he wished the 'ordal' were over. Why anyone should regard this simple ceremony as an ordeal it is not easy to understand. No one need speak a word unless he chooses to, and the very presence of Pius X. would make one feel at ease. He is simplicity itself.

R. D. B. THORPE WRITES LETTER FROM CALIFORNIA.

We were considerably disappointed Wednesday morning when we wakened to the dreary music of "The rain upon the roof," for we had chosen that morning for our journey to famous Catalina Island. I was for giving up the trip, but as my friend was soon to return to her school in Iowa it was "now or never" with her so I got into my wraps, while the folks fixed up my lunch in a hurry and armed with rubbers and umbrellas, we were soon on our way to Los Angeles, where we took the car for San Pedro, the seaport, where the Cabrillo was waiting for three cars full of people all bound for the great island about thirty miles away. The ocean was smooth and the boat clean, so we sped along followed by the screaming gulls, who watched closely for anything eatable that might be thrown out to them. My friend thought she had rather feed them than to eat, so she opened her lunch box and enjoyed seeing the birds dash after the bits of bread she threw out to them. We were content to reach the third terrace. We were told, too, that there had been land slides on the higher road. There were many cracks along the terrace where parts of the road were breaking off, warning us to "keep close in," which we did, not wishing to join in any mixup with the yellow clay and the waters of the Pacific ocean far beneath us. Having walked as far as we wished up on the side of the island we found a place where we could get down to a road on the edge of the bay and in spite of various signs reading "danger from falling rocks," we walked back to Avalon, sitting on the rocks sometimes to rest and watch the black shags diving and the seals poking their ugly heads out of the water. I think the island must be wasting away for there were immense bodies of rock which had fallen from the heights and far over head were other great rocks looking as if they were ready to fall and crush whatever might be in their way. An unusual amount of

DR. PRICE'S Cream Baking Powder

is the most efficient and perfect of leavening agents.

MADE FROM PURE CREAM OF TARTAR

No alum, lime or ammonia.

whose love she thought worth more than life. If they would only be patient and wait a few months they might say with some writers of love ago:

"First love is a pretty romance. It is not quite so lasting as reckoned. And when one is awake from its trance, there's a great deal of bliss in the second; and even should the second aside, a lover should never despair. For the world is uncommonly wide, and sweethearts forever are fair. Then poets their raptures may tell, Who never were put to the test, A 'first love' is all very well, But believe me the last love is best."

—Ardie Bee.

DIGNITY OF OWNERSHIP.

The Feeling of Pride That is Born of Paying Taxes.

"Many a time," said a policeman in the southern part of the city, "when arresting men, especially intoxicated men, I have been told by my prisoner that he was a taxpayer and that he helped pay my wages."

"I always regarded this sort of talk as merely drunken insolence and never paid much attention to it until about a year ago, when I bought a house and lot and became myself a taxpayer. I had always felt before and never gave a thought to before, but as soon as I moved into my own house I began to appreciate the feelings of men who resented arrest because they paid taxes."

"There is certainly a considerable addition to the dignity of the man who helps support the government. He feels a degree of responsibility that a renter or roomer never understands, and my idea is that every man in the country ought to become a taxpayer as soon as he can. And the more that he does help support the government and bears his share of the expense makes him a better citizen. Habitual criminals are rarely taxpayers. They know they may have to run any day and perhaps never come back so they do not buy real estate, but are roomers and lodgers all their lives."

—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A WHISTLER DINNER.

Sealing Wax Played an Important Part at the Banquet.

In the Pennell's "Life of James MacNeill Whistler" is the story of a dinner given by the eccentric artist in which he was assisted by Mr. Luke Tomlinson, who described the banquet:

"I remember calling one evening after noon, when Jimmy was busy putting things straight. He asked me if I had any money. I told him I had 12 shillings. He said that was enough. We went out together, and he bought three chairs at two and sixpence each and three bottles of claret at eighteenpence each and three sticks of sealing wax of different colors at twopenny each. On our return he filled the top of each bottle with a different colored wax. He then told me to expect a possible buyer to dinner and two other friends. When we had taken our seats at the table he very solemnly told the maid to go down and bring up a bottle of wine, one of those with the red seal. The maid could hardly suppress a grin, but I alone saw it. Then, after the meat, he told her to fetch a bottle with the blue seal, and with dessert the one with the yellow seal was brought, and all were drunk in perfect composure and delight. He sold his picture, and he said he was sure the sealing wax had done it."

A Queer Trunk Problem.

One of the minor problems that present themselves to managers of houses for the elderly persons is the accumulation of trunks. Each new arrival brings one or more trunks, often several, and it is not expected that these ever will be taken away, as the inmates are to remain permanently. It is not, however, considered safe to sell the trunks or give them away, as they are the private property of the inmates, and there is a possibility that the trunks may be needed again through some change in affairs or fortunes. The trunks therefore pile up until they become the despair of managers, and it is a relief when some of the older or least substantial boxes break apart from mere decrepitude and the contents are consigned to the scrap heap.—New York Press.

One Thing He Knew.

Hewitt—You know that heat expands?

Jewitt—No.

Hewitt—Well, you know that cold contracts?

Jewitt—Sure. I've contracted one.—Pittsburg Post.

The Difference.

My neighbor catches lobsters. He catches rabbit, too.

He loveth brie and omelet.

He loveth them from dawn.

My neighbor wakes at midnight.

And shrieks with sudden peen.

Quick comes the costly medic.

And treats him for stomitis.

I eat my humble dinner.

My chop and beans and pie.

Perhaps with indigestion.

I suffer by and by.

The good old family doctor.

My case is plain as day.

And as he speaks the plaster.

He calls it stomitis acute.

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE STEARNS & FOSTER MATTRESS

Facts you should know about a mattress before you buy one

Mattresses look very much alike, but there is the greatest difference between them.

The softness, elasticity and durability of cotton-felt mattresses depend on the length and quality of the fibres of the cotton used and the way they are laid.

Many mattresses sold as the best cotton-felt, are made from short-fibre cotton that has no life at all.

It is the quality of the cotton, the long, strong fibres, and the special "web-process" of laying them, that give Stearns & Foster Mattresses their perfect comfort and wonderful life—the reason why there are more sold than any other made.

They never lump; never need remaking. They are made in four grades—a mattress to suit every purse.

Come in. Let us show them to you; let us unlace this

Open Closed
You can see the inside

opening at the end of the mattress,—show you exactly what is inside. We'll be glad to do it, whether you are ready to buy or not.

This mattress is just another example of the excellence of our stock throughout. New goods are arriving daily.

BROWN, The Furniture Man

New Feed and Coal Store.

We have opened a Feed and Coal establishment in the Boardway building on lower Franklin street. We have purchased the coal business of C. H. Parker, and are prepared to supply your wants with all kinds of

HARD AND SOFT COAL

at lowest possible prices. We also carry a full line of Mill Feed, Chicken Feed, Lime, Cement and Plaster. Try some of our "BEN HUR" FLOUR. Every sack guaranteed. Call and see us. We solicit a share of your patronage.

GEO. E. PACKER
TELEPHONE 171

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Progressive—Conservative

We can accommodate you on accounts and loans.
We invite your business.

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NOW IS THE TIME TO BUILD.

White Lumber is Cheap.

2x4 and 2x6; 8 to 16 ft long at \$18.00 per thousand.
Red Cedar Shingles 5 to 2 at \$2.75 per thousand.
Lath \$2.00 per thousand.

I will build a good barn holding 100 head of cattle and 100 tons of hay for less than \$1000.00.

Come and see us.

The Hockaday Lumber Company
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A fresh car of that famous flour "THE SEAL MINNESOTA" Every Sack is Guaranteed to give satisfaction or your money will be refunded. I also have on hand a full line of flour midds, Corno hen feed, germ midds, mica grit, bran, oyster shells, rye midds, little chick feed, low grade lime, corn and oat chops, cement, rock salt, wood fibre plaster, barrel salt, cement plaster, lubricating oils, roofing, roofing paints, etc. "UNIVERSAL" THE STANDARD PORTLAND CEMENT at Wholesale Price in CAR LOTS.

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