

**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 a disputable receipt.

Annals of Iowa.

Individuals finding a checking account a 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,

## YOU WILL MISS IT

If you do not figure with the Manchester Lumber company on the West side.

### WHY

because we are the leaders in prices, quality considered.

Boards \$16.00 and up.

The fly will soon be here. Now is the time to purchase screen doors and windows. A full stock on hand.

Cement at Your Own Price.

Drain tile, sewer pipe, wire fence and all kinds of building material, lime and plaster.

MANCHESTER LUMBER COMPANY.

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TRIED--SURE--VALUABLE.

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

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## SCREEN DOORS

Common and Fancy Wire Cloth  
Both Black and Galvanized.

## ADJUSTABLE WINDOW SCREENS AND FLY KILLERS.

For the flies that are in before you put up the Screens.

## Carhart & Nye,

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## Time Now to Plant Those Sweet Peas.

Our own mixture contains the new and fine named varieties

Admiration  
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Apple Blossom Spencer  
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Countess Spencer  
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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.

### THE STORY OF AN ALCOHOL SLAVE.

As Told by Himself.

The following remarkable story is taken from August McClure's.

It was at New Orleans that Lincoln, brought face to face with a black slave market, is said to have remarked to a companion, "If I ever get a chance to hit this damnable business, I'll hit it good and hard."

In my humble way, now, comparable to the immortal Lincoln's, I hope to jolt the alcohol liquor slave business.

At fourteen years of age I developed of statistics, accounts, and keeping. Since I was fifteen, I have kept an accurate account of my expenditures in saloons, covering a period from January 1, 1878, to April 27, 1908. The total debit balance of my personal "saloon account" for thirty years is \$17,364.60. This amount covers alcoholic beverages, mixed or straight, purchased by me in saloons, drug stores, blind pigs, bars, buffets, cafes, restaurants, hotels, dining-cars, steamers, and theatres. It also covers slight losses at playing a'oon slot machines; losses at dice-shaking in saloons for drinks; losses at card playing in saloons for drinks; one gun hold-up in a saloon; three gun hold-ups in saloon districts; and two chloro-hydrate robberies at saloon bars.

### The Time I Have Spent in Bar-rooms.

I estimate that my drink-mates bought fully as much alcoholic liquor for me as I for them. I estimate that saloon keepers and bartenders have given me enough alcoholic drink to offset my losses by the robberies I have mentioned. Therefore my average daily saloon expense was \$1.67 for every calendar day of the thirty-year period named. Reduced to drinks, this is an average of more than ten separate drinks of fifteen cents a drink per calendar day. The reader will comprehend that I must have spent considerable time in saloons to have acquired this drinking average.

My record shows that the total time spent in buying drinks in eighteen hundred and sixty saloons in fifty-eight cities of nineteen States was 32,874 hours—1,369 days—nearly four years.

My experience and observation for a period of twenty-nine years in the United States leads me to believe that saloon drinkers over forty years of age are five per cent of the total number; that drinkers between twenty-one and thirty years of age are thirty five per cent of the total number; and that fifty per cent of the total number of drinkers in saloons are minors.

### When Old Age Comes.

By Burgess Johnson.

If God grant me old age,  
I would see some things finished; some  
outworn:  
Some stone prepared for builders yet  
unborn:  
Nor would I be the sated, weary sage  
Who sees strange new wonder in each  
morn.  
And with me there on what men call  
the shelf  
Crowd memories from which I cull  
the best—  
And live old stripes, old kisses, some  
old jest;  
For if I be no burden to myself  
I shall be less a burden to the rest.

If God grant you old age,  
I'll have the record writ in whitened  
hair,  
I'll read each wrinkle wrought by  
patient care,  
As oft as one would scan a treasured  
page,  
Knowing by heart each sentence grav-  
en there.  
I'd have you know, life's evil and life's  
good,  
And gaze out calmly, sweetly on it  
all—  
Serenely with hope, whatever may be-  
fall;  
As though a love-strong spirit ever  
stood  
With arm about you, waiting any  
call.

If God grant us old age,  
I'd have us very lenient toward our  
kind,  
Letting our waning senses first grow  
blind  
Toward sins that youthful zealots can  
excuse,  
While we hug closer all the good we  
find.  
I'd have us worldly foolish, heaven wise,  
Each lending each fruit succor to  
withstand,  
Unshrinking, ev'ry mortal day's de-  
mand;  
While fear-fed lovers gaze in our old  
eyes,  
And go forth bold and glad and hand  
in hand.  
—From Harper's Magazine for August.

### WHEN OLD AGE COMES.

I came around to their business places on my paper route.

In my sixteenth year I entered a corporation office as an office boy. The back doors of this office and those of a big saloon were only a few feet apart, and certain officers and clerks, including myself, drank in the saloon while on duty.

At this time I came to the conclusion that becoming a drunkard lay entirely with the individual, and that there was no chance of ultimate personal harm in my taking a drink of ale or beer. I knew that no one could make me drink unless I wanted to drink. I knew that no one could make me drink against my will. I was coarsely of my strength of muscle and mind. I became a pool and billiard player, and enjoyed evening saloon life as a patron. The human animation and life in a saloon gave me great pleasure. There was always a delightful uncertainty as to whether it would be fight or frolic from one moment to another in a crowded bar-room. In my seventeenth year I began railroading and in a few years drew a man's salary every month from the pay car. During the next three years I was a favorite customer with saloonkeepers and bartenders. I bought freely; shook dice for drinks; played cards, pool, and billiards for drinks.

### I Influence Twenty of my Friends to Drink.

My high school and gymnasium friends, now working for a living like myself, became drinkers with me. At this time I influenced directly twenty young men, my contemporary associates in beginning saloon drinking. The saloons were open, and all we had to do was to go in and be welcomed. I was good-natured, never quarreled or talked loudly was apparently never influenced by alcoholic drink, was always well-dressed, well-groomed, and well-mannered. I was healthy and athletic earned good wages and spent as much in saloons as I saw fit. The local retail liquor-dealer smiled and flattered me. Life was joyous for me and my friends. We laughed about virtually supporting three different saloons by our patronage. We were minors. "No minors allowed" signs stared impotently in our faces in every saloon. I was never questioned during my minority, by saloonkeeper or bartender as to my legal right to drink intoxicating liquors. I was made welcome in saloons. My patronage was profitable to them.

### I Became a Daily Moderate Drinker

At twenty years of age I believed myself instantly incapable of getting drunk through ordinary drinking, and was proud that I was so constituted. Saloonkeepers and bartenders complimented me because I could drink without showing the ordinary effects of indulgence in intoxicating liquors. Occasionally I felt exhilarated, while drinking, but, having an established reputation for cool-headedness, I managed not to show it.

In my twenty-first year a trip to Europe resulted in my becoming a habitual daily moderate drinker. I fell in with the Continental style, and got to prefer to eat while drinking intoxicating liquors. For a time I detested the American perpendicular gluton-drinking standing at saloon bars, as I perceived that our crude method hastened intoxication. On my return home I noticed that my former intimate friends and associates drank more heavily than I remembered. I was introduced to a younger set of saloon drinkers that had come during my year's absence. My example of drinking helped this younger set to continue drinking, just as the example of drinking business men upheld me in my own drinking habits.

### My First Glass of Beer.

At fourteen years of age I drank my first glass of beer in a saloon in the most natural way. Seeing me hot and perspiring one summer afternoon, a saloonkeeper offered me a glass of bottled beer, saying, "You're big enough to drink beer now." I then comprehended that my school, home, and church teaching of the evils of drinking were inconsistent with licensed liquor saloons. I figured that it was all right for me to drink a glass of beer, if I drank like a gentleman, as I saw sober and sedate business men doing. I was big, physically, and saloonkeepers and bartenders would grin amiably at my beer-drinking, as

### WHEN OLD AGE COMES.

with a moderate amount of drinking. I saw thousands of boys, from seventeen to twenty years of age, drinking in saloons during this period. As I saw but one minor refused alcoholic drink in this five-year period, it has remained in my recollection. A red-headed landlord at the old Knos Hotel in Fremont, Nebraska, Gregory by name, and hailing originally from Iowa, was the law-abiding phenomenon. At the end of five years I was promoted to an official position in Chicago.

I had never kept my drinking habits secret. Saloons were part of my life. I walked in and out, head up, self respecting and self-reliant. I had never been what is termed under the influence of intoxicating liquor. I had always been able to handle myself mentally and physically in a normal manner.

I lost a Job through my First Case of Drunkenness.

After several months in a Chicago business district, two of my business colleagues warned me that in drinking I was setting a bad example to employees. I felt humiliated that my personal habits should be criticized and condemned by business friends, and resented the warning as coming from an inconsistent source, both men being circumpect drinkers at preferred saloons.

I had never tried to stop drinking from the time I began, for I knew I could stop at any time I desired. I now made the attempt to stop drinking entirely, purely as a business measure. It was successful in not drinking for a week, then naturally gravitated into evening saloon life with drink-mates again. In a few months a downtown drunken affair with a party of friends from the country brought me into some publicity; and I was "let out" for drunkenness. I was more disheartened at finding conclusively that my boasted moderate drinking for twelve years had made me a drunkard, than I was at losing my reputation in the railway world, and my salary of two hundred dollars a month.

### Five of my Friends Become Alcoholic Slaves.

In 1890 Robert Gliddens, one of my friends of my minor drinking days, one of the twenty young men influenced by my drinking habits to join me in drinking, shot himself at a saloon bar. He was a successful business man of fine character and ability. The retail liquor trade suffered a financial loss at a minimum of sixty dollars a month by the suicide of alcoholic liquor slave Bob. Bob began drinking at seventeen years of age; he lasted ten years in saloons.

In 1893 William Jacques, one of the friends of my minor drinking days, one of the twenty young men influenced by my drinking habits to join me in drinking, cut his throat at a saloon bar. He was a successful business man of fine character and ability. The retail liquor trade suffered a financial loss estimated at a minimum of forty dollars a month by the suicide of alcoholic liquor slave Billy. Billy began drinking at sixteen years of age and lasted thirteen years in saloons. Immediately after Billy's death I was excessively annoyed by a persistent hallucination of Billy's presence with me when drinking at saloon bars. Once Billy appeared to have "jumped" my body and got a drink for himself. I was standing at a saloon bar talking with a friend, but conscious of Billy's presence. Suddenly the "I and I" part of me was several feet from my body, attached to it by a tenuous cord at the solar plexus. Then I was jerked back into my body, and my friend was asking me, "Don't you think so, Jack?" I replied, "I don't know." He insisted, "You do. Say, come out of it!" There was an expression on your face just now, when you took your drink, like Billy's. Poor old Billy! I bet he would like a good drink about now." I then noticed that I had drunk my liquor without knowing I had done so. Perhaps being in the same saloon where William killed himself aided in this hallucination. It gradually faded, and in a year entirely disappeared.

### In Nineteen Years I am Discharged from Twenty-four Jobs.

From 1889 to 1908 I have been variously employed by different individuals, firms, and corporations, in factories, yards, and offices. In this period of nineteen years I have held twenty-eight different jobs, and been discharged from twenty-four of them, mainly because I remained away from duty while under the influence of intoxicating liquors. I found it easier to get work in the larger cities, and the twenty-eight jobs were in eighteen cities of the metropolitan class. The character of my work ranged from shoveling snow for a week, at twenty cents an hour, to the chief clerkship of a railway office employing one hundred and twenty-five men.

In the saloons of the eighteen larger cities, in this period, liquor-drinking conditions were the same as in my own minority. Fifty per cent of the saloon drinkers were minors. In Kansas City, Missouri, in 1887, in my thirty-fifth year, I was shocked to have a seventeen-year-old drinker say "Daddy, what'll you have?" Since then hundreds of minor saloon drinkers have joyously and generously asked me the same question.

### I am Imprisoned for Drunkenness.

The first time and every time I was arrested for drunkenness and put behind the bars like a caged animal, I lost my self-respect, and became temporarily disheartened as to the prospect of ultimately freeing myself from alcoholic liquor slavery. The police-court system of arrest and fining drunkards is perfectly logical on the assumption that a slave should not be allowed his physical liberty when he becomes a public nuisance. My own experience of being jailed for drunkenness in 1890, 1896, 1898, 1904, 1905 twice and 1907 leads me to believe that jailing for drunkenness either disheartens or makes desperate the liquor slave. Six of the seven times I was jailed by the police judge, six of the seven times that I was jailed, I was

### with a moderate amount of drinking.

Concluded on Page Eight.

### with a moderate amount of drinking.

Concluded on Page Eight.

## 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.

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

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.

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