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THE UTILITY OF WEALTH.

Elbert Hubbard takes up the cudgels in defense of the millionaire. He believes that the millionaire is the hardest of hard workers and devotes the following paragraph in an article from his pen to set forth his position:

"Money is the measure of power, but money for its own sake is not worth the struggle. Modern millionaires do not hoard—they invest. And they invest that they may use. The successful man now always has the builder's itch—he is always and forever widening, extending, building, improving, and it is all in the line of human service, human betterment. To exploit society is to fail, and wise, successful men know it.

"Nothing is more silly and absurd than the idea that the men who have built up the great modern American fortunes are intent on ease and luxury. As a class they are men of abstemious habits, simple, rapid and direct in their dealings. They work sixteen hours a day. They are in the game and can't get out of it if they would. Their millions are invested in a way that makes use an imperative necessity. To liquidate would be red ruin. 'They say I am rich,' once said James J. Hill to me, 'and the yellows roll off the number of my millions. The fact is, I owe more money than all the men in Minnesota. To make my investments profitable and to keep them from fading away, I am obliged eternally to struggle keeping them active.'"

Mr. Hubbard cites Mr. Hill's case as typical. Other millionaires are as consistent in building and expanding their business interests, constantly employing more labor and thereby distributing more generally the fruits of prosperity. "It is this eternal unrest of business," he adds, "that insures national prosperity."

Many millionaires are only rich when their property is working. If their buildings are vacant or their plants shut down these men have nothing.

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SOME INDUSTRIAL FACTS.

Some interesting facts relative to the specialization of certain cities along industrial lines are given in a newspaper article by William E. Curtis. The following cities and their products are mentioned:

Memphis has become the greatest center of the cotton seed oil industry. In 1909 the total value surpassed eighty millions.

Dallas has become the greatest market for the distribution of farm machinery in the world.

Galveston is the greatest cotton market in the world.

St. Louis handles more shoes than any other city in the world.

Buffalo handles the most grain, and Portland, Oregon, the largest amount of lumber.

More steel rails are made in Pittsburg than in any other city in the world. The daily product would lay twelve or fifteen miles of track.

Fall River produces the greatest amount of cotton cloth.

Detroit makes the largest number of automobiles of any city in the world, having twenty factories which turned out about $12,000,000 worth of machines last year. Detroit is also the home of the "adding machine" and the largest producer of medicines and pharmaceutical preparations in the world. Philadelphia is second.

Dayton leads in the manufacture of cash registers.

South Bend produces the largest number of wagons, Moline the largest number of plows, Quincy, Ill., the largest number of omnibuses; Paterson, N. J., the largest amount of silk fabrics, and Trenton the largest amount of pottery.

Peoria makes more spirits than any other city in the world, and pays between $30,000,000 and $40,000,000 in taxes to the federal government every year—more than twice as much as any other city in the country except New York. Louisville sells more whisky and more tobacco than any other city. Minneapolis makes more flour than any city in the world, an average of 75,000 barrels a day. It requires 5,000,000 acres of land to grow enough wheat to keep the twenty-two Minneapolis mills running for a year.

There are forty-three furniture factories in Grand Rapids, which employ 15,000 skilled workmen, and produce more furniture than any other city in the world.

It will be interesting to watch events in the next ten years and note what changes are made in this list. The improvements of the waterways will make the Mississippi, the Missouri and the Des Moines river valleys greater manufacturing centers. Many of these manufacturing centers may find themselves behind the cities of these valleys in industrial wealth in that time.

IOWA'S LIVE STOCK.

Iowa is shown to be the chief live stock state of the union in an article written for the Chicago Tribune by Philip R. Kellar. Iowa is the first in swine, and second in horses, cattle and milch cows. The total value of the state's live stock is shown to be $392,381,000. Illinois is second, with a total value of $375,421,000, and Texas third, with a total of $338,780,000. The value of the live stock of these three states is shown by figures compiled by the department of agriculture to be one-fifth of the total value of live stock in the entire country. Iowa has more swine than all of Canada, Great Britian, Ireland and Cuba combined. Texas has almost as many cattle as Canada, Illinois has as many horses as all Australia.

"The total value of 42,2779,000 cattle in this country," says Mr. Kellar, "is $917,453,000, of which Texas has about 11 per cent. The total value of all the 47,782,000 hogs in the country is $436,603,000, of which Iowa has nearly 17 per cent. The 3,123,000 mules are worth $494,095,000, of which Texas has about 15 per cent."

The value of the live stock in the three leading states is shown to be made up as follows:

Iowa.

Kind—	No.	Value.	Total.
Horses	1,477,000	$120.00	$173,640,000
Mules	47,000	123.00	5,781,000
Cows	1,570,000	36.00	56,520,000
Cattle	3,611,000	22.20	80,164,000
Sheep	754,000	5.30	3,996,000
Swine	6,485,000	11.30	73,280,000
Total			$392,381,000

Illinois.

Horses	1,655,000	$124.00	$205,220,000
Mules	152,000	131.00	19,912,000
Cows	1,232,000	42.80	52,730,000
Cattle	1,974,000	26.40	52,114,000
Sheep	817,000	5.30	4,330,000
Swine	3,772,000	10.90	41,115,000
Total			$375,421,000

Texas.

Horses	1,369,000	$ 73.00	$ 99,937,000
Mules	702,000	99.00	69,498,000
Cows	1,137,000	29.00	33,542,000
Cattle	7,131,000	15.30	109,104,000
Sheep	1,909,000	2.90	5,536,000
Swine	3,305,000	6.60	21,153,000
Total			$338,780,000

Mr. Kellar gives a table to show that nineteen states have 75 per cent of the total live stock of the country. The table follows:

Iowa	$ 392,381,000
Illinois	375,421,000
Texas	338,780,000
Missouri	271,222,000
Kansas	270,057,000
Nebraska	255,709,000
Ohio	232,979,000
Indiana	200,495,000
New York	189,716,000
Wisconsin	178,507,000
Michigan	171,464,000
Pennsylvania	164,191,000
Minnesota	154,300,000
Oklahoma	138,172,000
South Dakota	128,200,000
North Dakota	107,959,000
California	106,356,000
Kentucky	104,244,000
Tennessee	97,950,000
Total	$3,877,950,000

Other interesting information given Mr. Kellar relative to the distribution of live stock follows:

New York has more milk cows than any other state, with $69,954,000 worth. Iowa is second, but Wisconsin is close to Iowa, having $55,120,000.

Wyoming is the first sheep state, having $32,190,000 worth. Montana is second with $24,137,000 and Idaho is third with $19,966,000. Ohio is fourth with $15,374,000.

The 21,040,000 horses in the country have an average value of $108.19, an increase since 1909 of 1,000,000 head and $12 in value. The highest priced horses are in New Jersey, where the average is $134, while the cheapest horses are in New Mexico, where they are valued at $47 each.

There are 47,279,000 head of cattle of an average value of $19.41 each, a decrease in number since 1909 of 2,100,000 head and an increase in price of 92 cents. Cattle are most valuable in Montana, where they average $27.40 and cheapest in Mississippi at $8.40 each.

The milk cows number 21,801,000 of an average value of $35.79, an increase since 1909 of 81,000 head and of $3.43 in value. Cows cost the most in New Jersey, where they average $47.50 and the least in Arkansas, where they are $22 a head.

The 47,782,000 swine in the country are 6,365,000 fewer than in 1909, but they are worth $2.59 a head more—the aggregate increase being more than $80,000,000. Hogs are most valuable in New Jersey and Connecticut, where they average $12.50 a head, and least valuable in Arkansas at $4.80.

Our 57,216,000 sheep average $4.08 each; this is an increase since last year of 1,132,000 in number and 65 cents a head. Iowa and Illinois have the most valuable sheep, where they average $5.30, while the cheapest are in Mississippi and Louisiana at $1.90.

The 4,123,000 mules are worth $119.84 each, or $12 more than last year, when there were 70,000 fewer head. Mules cost the most in South Carolina, where they are valued at $157 each, while in Nevada and New Mexico they are worth only $79 each.

One-third of all the hogs in the world are in the United States and more than half the mules. This country has about one-tenth of the world's supply of sheep, being passed in total number by Australia with 88,000,000 head and Argentina with 67,000,000.

We have one-sixth of the world's supply of all kinds of milk, beef and work cattle, with a total of about 70,000,000. British India has 91,000,000 in which are counted some 15,000,000 buffaloes. Russia is the third cattle country with 36,000,000 head; Argentina and Brazil are fourth and fifth with about 30,000,000 each.

The United States and Russia together have about one-half the horses in the world, with about 21,000,000 each. Argentina is third with 8,000,000 head.

A newspaper paragrapher who is something of a philosopher submits that:

"There is no economy in spending a dollar's worth of time in trying to cheat somebody out of a dime."

And that:

"Expecting a free advertisement to pay is like hoping the burglar will lose something in the house."

He asks:

"What have you got when you get even with an enemy?"

And adds this suggestion:

"Let your tale of woe be a short one, even if you have to tie a knot in it."

The lecture by Mr. Kepford, the state lecturer on tuberculosis, brought out in a forceful manner some truths that the people should know regarding this disease.

Mr. Kepford has been lecturing in all parts of the state for some time and has succeeded in arousing the people to the necessity of adopting preventative measures against tuberculosis. More air in the living rooms and sleeping rooms, more sunshine, avoidance of public drinking cup—these are anti-tuberculosis rules for the strong and healthy as well as the sick and ailing. They are easy to follow and will be beneficial to all.

Commenting on the high executive ability of R. W. Patterson, editor-in-chief of the Chicago Tribune, who died recently, the Tribune refers to his ability as an organizer. "He was constantly on the search for new talent," the Tribune says, "but always in filling vacancies he gave preference to men already in his service." Too often the mistake is made of searching outside to fill the big vacancies,—the best way in the world to break an employe's spirit. "If they're not good enough to trust," was a saying of Mr. Patterson's, "they're not good enough to keep.

Under the heading, "Tariff a Revenue Getter," the Chicago Tribune yesterday had the following: "Assistant Secretary Newlin in a statement calling attention to the increase in the treasury balance of about $7,000,000 during the last ten days of March, says it is evident the Aldrich tariff law is an excellent producer of revenue." The fact that the new tariff law is such an "excellent producer of revenue" as to increase the treasury balance is a distinct point in its favor.

Our old friend the box score makes its first appearance in the Courier tonight. Here is the first real sign of spring in Ottumwa. We know now that winter's past, no matter what dire forecasts the weather man may make.

A sub-committee of the house has reported favorably on a bill making tipgiving or tip-taking in hotels and restaurants in Washington a misdemeanor. Why not let us all in on a good thing like that?

Dr. Cook's friends are said to have raised a fund of $175,000 to help Dr. Cook prove his claim to the discovery of the north pole. They had better spend a little of that in discovering Cook's whereabouts before going further.

It is not an indication of greatness to envy a man because he is making a success of the thing he is trying to build up.

PEOPLE'S PULPIT

The Courier Will Publish Signed or Unsigned Expressions From Its Readers Upon Receipt; Name of Writer Must Be Known to the Publisher, However.

A FAREWELL TO SENEX.

Editor Courier:

Please allow me a little space in your columns to recapitulate the matter between Senex and myself and to clear up some of the debris that has been left along the way.

In the first place I advocated the taxation of church property equally with other forms of property; that to exempt church property from taxation was a step toward state support of religion because it made the taxes higher on other property. I have shown that to compel one class of people to support a religion they don't believe, is morally wrong and unjust; that U. S. Grant when president advised equal taxation. Garfield was of the same opinion.

This matter of one class forcing their opinions on another class brought us to a discussion of the church persecution of men who had made discoveries in science because their discoveries plainly conflicted with the texts in the Bible, consequently the faith of the people in their religion was destroyed.

The only other disagreement was the antiquity of man on the earth, and that was settled by my opponent admitting that there appeared to be reasons for thinking that man existed on this globe 15,000 to 20,000 years ago.

No person should be blamed for his or her religion. It is mainly a matter of environment; a child educated a Protestant or Catholic, a Buddhist or a Hebrew, will usually be a man or woman of that belief. We have good and bad people of all religions or of no religion. The church people of today should not be blamed for the tortures and burnings that were inflicted upon the heretics of the middle or dark ages. But they should at least have the decency to be ashamed of such horrible work and not be found apologizing for or excusing such practices; but this is done even to the falsifying of history.

Both Catholics and Protestants equally fought the promulgation of the heliocentric theory of astronomy. Luther, Melanchthon, and other prominent Protestants vied wtih the Catholics in the use of ridicule and invective and physical torture to put down the new science. Calvin burned Servetus at Geneva and Rome burned Bruno. Descartes was persecuted by Protestants in Holland and Catholic theologians of France thwarted him during his life and prevented any honors due him after his death.

Yes, De Cusa did write or speak of the new system before Copernicus, in the same way that Coperincus did in his earlier years, but it was only as a scientific curiosity or paradox, and not as a demonstrated science. When taugh by Copernicus in earnest as an actual fact, a science, is when the venomous persecution commenced. Then it began to be feared it would destroy the faith of the ignorant people in the holy scriptures.

Any one who denies that Galileo was hounded till his death and denied decent respect after his death on account of his discovery, falsifies history.

These men were not persecuted on account of their belief or non-belief of the church tenets. They were members of the church. But their offense was in their advocacy of discoveries which conflicted with the plain words of holy writ. For instance Roger Bacon thought out the true theory of the rainbow—that there was a scientific cause for it: the rain and sunshine. But the plain words of the Bible taught that it was put in the heavens as a sign or covenant that the world would not again be destroyed by water, and the universal belief was that there was no rainbow before the flood. Roger Bacon was one of the greatest men of his time and the human family has been deprived of much good he would have done in science if theology had not prevented his work. He was confined for fourteen years at the last end of his life on the charge that he was too dangerous to be at large. He was too dangerous because he taught sciences which contradicted the plain teaching of the Bible. At the end of his life he pathetically exclaimed "would that I had not taken so much trouble in the cause of science." Many men who could not help seeing the falsity of the childish ideas of geography, astronomy, meteorology and geology were pursued with imprisonment, torture, and sometimes death.

But it is a good sign of the progress made in religious thought that the church is becoming ashamed of the work of the past centuries. Joan of Arc burned as a witch a few hundred years ago is now made a saint, and apologies are made for many wrongs done to free thought. Cardinal Gibbons has said he is sorry for the doings of the past—yet the pope issues his mandates against modernism, or the higher criticism.

O. C. Graves.

"A MORE IMPORTANT QUESTION"

Editor Courier:

Being a constant reader of your paper, I have been somewhat interested in the articles appearing for the last few weeks from O. C. Graves, "Senex," Madison Warder and others on those great questions that have agitated the minds of mankind since reason began to take the place of brute force. I have been interested, first, because they contain valuable information; second, because they disclose to the fact that there is a growing desire to know the difference between the real and the imaginary; to distinguish between authentic history and mythology.

For instance there is a strong conviction in the minds of lots of people today that the Bible story of the creation is nothing but a fable. That God made Adam without a mate, afterwards seeing his mistake, hypnotized him, took a rib from him and made a woman, could not be he act of an all wise being. That Lucifer's fight and expulsion from heaven, later appearing on earth as Satan; God's regret that he ever made man, culminating in the flood and all these kind of stories which are so hard to believe or understand; are they true or false? We would all like to know.

While admitting that some good might accrue from this controversy, there is another subject under discussion today in our city of greater importance, for it can be solved, and that is the labor problem.

I take this position, that if the laborer, wage earner or employe received an equitable share of the product of his or her labor it would naturally result in the dissemination of more knowledge, stimulate morality and reduce intemperence; there would be less divorce and more bright and happy homes. And right here I want you to stick a pin—when this condition of society does prevail millions more of mankind will enter the pearly gates than do now, if there really is such a place, and if not, there is no harm done.

Don't you know that if Andrew Carnegie had been more liberal to those who helped him to make his wealth they would be better off, and he admits it is now a burden to him. Modern civilization has discovered the secret of making money, the next step in the path of progress is to learn how to fairly distribute it. This is one of the objects of the trades union movement.

The revival meetings now being held in this city are open to all. We hope Madison Warder and "Senex" will attend some of these meetings. O. C. Graves needs no special invitation, for he attends them.

Meetings every night this week up to Friday at the Assembly hall.

J. W. Kitto.

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THE EVENING STORY

IN A PROPER PLACE.

BY JOANNA SINGLE.

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Rushing lunchward with the healthy ardor of youth, Stephen Carr turned a corner and ran, head on, into the girl. She nearly lost her balance, and her packages and purse flew from her hands. With a grasp of her arm he restored her equilibrium. Then, inwardly cursing his headlong awkwardness, he restored the belongings and apologized profusely. As he did so, he noticed that she hardly heard him, that her deep gray eyes were wide with a sort of fear, that she was refined, but shabbily dressed, and extremely young. She was the sort of girl that brings to men the instantaneous thought that this is a hard world for women. As she took her purse she assured him that she was quite unhurt. Her voice was most satisfactory. Then there was nothing for him to do but to lift his hat and take himself off. Her manner told him the episode was closed. Five minutes later he drank to the memory of her eyes in a cup of excellent coffee and—forgot her.

The next morning, going to his office earlier than usual to do some reading on a troublesome case, he suddenly observed in the elevator that she stood facing him. Their eyes met, and at the recognition in her own, slight though it was, he lifted his hat gravely. She got off at the fifth floor—he continued to the seventh. Again, for all her gallant bearing of high head and well-held shoulders, he was impressed with the strange look of fear in the depths of her straightforward eyes. He had this morning noted the extreme beauty of her fine brown hair, arranged with Madonna-like simplicity. Who could she be?

It was several days after this that the elevator refused to work, and returning from lunch, young Carr, unwilling to wait, climbed the stairs. As he turned the corner of the dark hall on the fifth floor he came suddenly upon her. She did not see him, but stood near a window overlooking the dingy court. Her small hands were crushing and tearing at a bunch of fresh, perfect violets. With a shudder she flung them out. Then she turned and saw Carr. At his intense gaze, another girl might have blushed, or simpered, but she only turned a shade paler, and with perfect composure gave him a grave and very small bow of recognition. She passed him, and just then he saw Simeon Herbert looking out of his office door.

"Oh, there you are, Miss Everett! Ready for some dictation? Eh, Carr," he said in his oily, joking manner, "are you responsible for keeping my pretty stenographer out in the hall? I won't have a handsome young chap like you about her—take that from me!" He chuckled at his own wit. The girl could not pass her employer, who filled the door. She waited quietly.

"I went to the window for a breath—I was choking with the smoke in here," she said steadily, in that low voice, and not looking at Carr. Then Herbert stepped aside, let her pass, and followed her.

Carr gasped a little. This man's office was not the proper place for any young girl. And this one, this Miss Everett, was not the sort to have to look after herself. He had an impatient wonder that she would stay there. She should leave—immediately—and find a safer berth if she must earn her living. He wondered what cursed combination of circumstances should have sent a girl like this out into the wage-earning world. And on the spot he resolved to keep his eyes open for her. Chivalry, despite public opinion, is yet far from being dead. The protector of women is still at work. But he is no longer spectacular—spectacular rescue, in this age, lands the rescued lady in the front pages of yellow journals.

That night Stephen Carr went home to the spinster sister who gave him a share in her comfortable home, a home given her by an old aunt, and told her about the girl. Unworldly, and yet worldly wise, she shared his interest and attention, and still gave him some wise advice.

It seemed now that they were always meeting and she progressed to giving him a faint smile with her nod of recognition. The look of him would have told any discerning girl that he would not trespass on mere acquaintance. Several times he held back the heavy swinging doors of the building as she entered or went out, and always she thanked him. Once she said it was a beautiful morning, but it was absently, and as if beautiful mornings had sadly little to do with her life. The perplexed, fearing expression persisted in the deep, long-lashed eyes.

The young man began to long to see a smile in her eyes—now her smile touched the edges of her lips and stirred a dimple in her white cheek. He thought that at eighteen— she could not be more than that—a young girl should be rosy, confident, alive. And in May she should be radiant, wearing violets—not throwing them into dark corners with a shiver. What could be done about it? Thus far he had done no more than discover her first name—that name of names — Mary. It was on the fly-leaf of a book he had picked up for her in the elevator. And the book was a little "Marcus Aurelius" in brown leather. Surely not the book for the average stenographer.

That evening, thinking of her, Stephen Carr grew restless and took himself off for a long walk. Sunset was brilliant in the sky as he started, and led him toward the river. As he reached the North Bridge and began crossing it absently, he saw before him a girl leaning over the parapet, gazing into the water. And as he watcher, a rough fellow passing, stopped and spoke to her. She drew back, but the man persisted. This was Carr's moment. He stepped up quickly.

"Get out of here!"

The girl shrank toward him gratefully, as the fellow with an impudent word or two, betook himself off. Then he turned to her.

"You must let me take you home. Where do you live?" But she shook her head and stood stubbornly by the railing.

"You are good—but you must—go away."

"I shall not. You do not know the risk you take—being here. Why did you come?" His tone was masterful, and she weakened a little, then with a queer look of determination she answered him.

"I came to—to jump in. It's really nobody's business. And it's not a new story to tell. Everybody I had died—suddenly—and there was only money enough to get me through business school. I am in my first place—and I've no money left and I—can't stay there any longer. I am—afraid. He—Mr. Herbert—told me to come back and work tonight. I won't go there at night—and he'll discharge me if I don't. That's all—but it's enough. I thank—and thank you, for sending off that man who spoke to me, but he's only one. Men are always speaking to me—not men like you, for you seem different—but the kind that come into the office. I can't manage them as other girls seem to. I don't know how. I never had to—and I can't—seem to learn." She paused and he came to her side and took her arm in his.

"You're going straight home to my sister till I, or some one, gets you a proper place to work in, if you have to work. You needn't be afraid of me, and nothing could be worse than — this. Come."

She tried for a moment to resist but he had the mastery. He called a taximeter and took her home.

Fate works according to unknown laws. The next morning the girl lay in a delirious fever. Miss Jane Carr called Herbert & Co. by 'phone and told them Miss Everett was ill and would not work for them longer. They did not believe the woman, and simply thought the girl had somehow escaped them. Meantime, the girl went into the valley of the shadow, came slowly out, began to remember, then to recover.

It was a month later—well into June—when one soft summer-warm evening, Stephen Carr brought his little phaeton to the door and carefully helped Mary Everett down the steps and out for a drive. Miss Jane solicitously tucked the dust robe about the girl. Then the two rode away. She was long silent, but at length she spoke.

"Heaven—does not last," she said, "and now I am well and in the real world again, you must help me a little further by finding me a proper place to work—" He had turned and was looking steadfastly into her deep eyes. A smile leaped up for him. She blushed. It was a blush that devoured her. Her eyes drooped.

The man turned his horse down a side street, and presently drew up before a very pretty and very new little cottage. He got out, tied his horse and then came and held up his arms to the girl.

"I have built this place—I thought it was for a friend of mine, but I would rather give it to—my wife. Won't you have it? Don't you think it would be a proper place for you to work in—all your life? Won't you—Mary?"

She rubbed her hand across her eyes to be sure she saw aright. He held up his arms for her.

"I'm waiting—I shall always be waiting! Will you?" With a sudden glad movement she rose and leaned over that he might lift her down. And, man and girl, they walked together into their future home. Home, she thought, was the proper place for any woman.

PACKWOOD.

Taylor Whitson, a highly respected and honored pioneer of Keokuk county passed away Monday after a lingering illness at his home in Ioka four miles north of here. Mr. Whitson was born in Pike county, Tenn., in 1828 and was 81 years 8 months and 13 days old at the time of his death. He came to this state when a youth of fifteen years and has since made his home near where he died, until recently he lived on his farm, but his health failing, he went to town. He was twice married. Three daughters were born to each union, four of whom are living: Mrs. F. M. Stephenson of Packwood, Mrs. Carey McPherson, Richland; Mrs. Thomas Miller of Ollie and Mrs. Oscar Hardin of Ioka. Rev. Byrum, Baptist minister of Sigourney conducted the funeral services after which the body was laid to rest in Rock Creek cemetery. Mr. Whitson was a man of great integrity of character and possessed more than ordinary intelligence. His kindness of heart and genial manner endeared him to all. His memory will long be cherished by those who knew him best.

The Misses Davis and Miss Blanche Mowery of Abingdon were guests recently of Mrs. C. T. Moorman.

The following town officers were elected: Mayor, I. N. Loomis; assessor, J. H. Murphy; treasurer, E. E. Phelps; councilmen, P. T. Mitchell, J. O. Caviness, H. W. Loughary, J. A. Moorman.

Miss Lucy Bowman of Ottumwa is visiting her parents this week.

A merry crowd of young folks had a masquerade party at O. G. Hayes' Saturday night.

The "Deestrict Skule" given under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid society was greeted by a crowded house Friday and was mirth provoking from start to finish. The play will be repeated at Abingdon Friday night.

RUSSELL.

Rev. and Mrs. D. J. Shenton left on Tuesday evening for Atlantic, Ia., to visit with home folks.

Little Delman Curtis is very ill at this time.

Otis Canfield spent Monday in Chariton.

John Davis returned home Monday evening from Harlan, Ia., where he has been visiting with his daughter, Mrs. Black.

Albert Werts spent Sunday in Creston.

Mrs. John Latham is very ill at this time.

Rev. Soxe left Monday evening for Wellsville, Mo., on a business trip.

A wrestling match was held in the M. W. A. hall on Monday evening. It was a draw between Harold La Favare and Warren Andrews.

Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester Coles spent Sunday in Chariton with their son Bert.

A. L. Latham on the people's ticket was elected mayor over A. H. Wright on the Citizen's ticket by 64 majority. E. G. Latham was elected treasurer and J. L. Ewald was elected assessor. The following councilmen, all on the people's ticket was chosen: A. J. Wertz, Howard Plotts, M. E. Cobb, W. A. Hanks and Geo. Thompson.