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**Tri-Weekly Courier.**

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**BRIBERY IS CHARGED.**  
The Chicago Tribune in its issue this morning printed a statement signed and sworn to by Charles A. White, a Democratic member of the legislature, in which White states that he was given \$1,000 as the price of his vote for William Lorimer in the legislative baiting on the senate and that he secured \$300 as his share of a "corruption fund" that was divided up close of the session.

The Tribune states that it will submit the sworn statement it has in its possession to the governor, the attorney general and the state's attorney at Chicago for proper action.

Here is something that should be probed to the bottom at once. White not only confesses that he accepted a price for his vote, but he says other members of the legislature were bribed. He mentions the names of the others he alleges to have been bribed. He tells how the money was paid to him and by whom and recites other incidents connected with the unsavory affair which should be easily proved or disproved.

The state of the public mind today will not brook any delay in a matter as serious as this. The day when bribery in legislative halls was accepted as a matter of course happily is past and that day will not come again. Proceedings should be instituted at once to sift the White charges to the bottom.

**MOTHER'S DAY.**

Commenting on the refusal of Governor Willson of Kentucky to issue a "mother's day" proclamation, the Chicago Inter Ocean says:

Governor Willson of Kentucky has declined to set apart a special day to be celebrated and known as "Mother's day."

In his letter to Miss Anna Jarvis of Philadelphia, the lady who asked him to do it, he says that every day is "mother's day" with right thinking men and women.

Good for Governor Willson! He speaks words of soberness and truth. And at the same time he voices the sentiment of millions who feel that there are some relations peculiarly unfitted for public exploitation.

The sentiments and thoughts which the word "mother" inspires are, as a rule, purely, keenly personal. She is an individual associated in fact or recollection with the beautiful intimacies of domestic life. She is one of the geniuses of home.

The sociologist may regard her as a public institution, the theorist as an idea which is capable, like the idea of "labor," of being emphasized and exalted by a day of special observance, the shallow sentimentalist as the fit and moving general theme for a day of universal melting.

But a man or a woman thinks of her differently. Each thinks of her simply as "mother." They understand that the incense she prefers is not public incense. They realize that she needs no sanctions beyond those of nature and religion to magnify her office.

It is well enough to have special days to remind us of the special virtues and services of great public individuals. We are too likely to forget them. They have seldom sustained the remotest personal relation to us. They are pale and shadowy beings. A blast is needed to rouse us to thought and imitation.

But who needs this official recall to the thought or memory of his mother? Rather, who needs it would pay the slightest heed to it? As well rely on a holiday devoted to the celebration of "Justice," "Beauty," "Honor," "Reverence," "Love" and "Awe" to bring them back to one who has forsworn them.

It is like suggesting a circus parade in honor of "Love" or a baseball game to celebrate "Humanity."

A great many will share the Inter Ocean's view that there is much of unconscious disrespect in the suggestion. The mothers would be the last to make such a request.

**OTHER STATES AND ROADS.**

The Marshalltown Times-Republican declares that nowhere else do men work so hard or make as much money in the corn country, and no other section owes more to itself or has earned a better right to improvements of all kinds. Yet the corn country, the richest section and the one best able to have the best roads, is farthest behind in the procession of improvements. The Times-Republican

shows in the following paragraphs what some of the other states are doing for their roads:

In Georgia 4,700 convicts and jail-birds are working on the public highway in 110 counties of the state with 3,500 mules. An aggregate of nearly \$500,000 is invested by the counties in road making machinery. Last year these counties issued \$2,110,000 of road bonds.

Louisiana—Louisiana, mind—road bonds issued to the amount of nearly \$300,000.

Virginia appropriated \$100,000 for state and to better roads and the appropriation stimulated the counties of the state to an aggregate issue of \$1,196,000 in road bonds last year.

Washington, the state, spent \$640,000 on state roads and levied a tax of one mill to raise \$900,000 annually. The state of New Jersey built \$820,549 worth of good roads last year and paid out a little over a million for maintenance.

Pennsylvania has \$900,000 to spend and \$1,000,000 available for maintenance.

Indiana has a law for state and which covers an expenditure of five millions.

New York state's system controls the expenditure of about \$7,500,000 annually.

Eleven counties in Tennessee have issued more than \$4,000,000 in road bonds.

Why, asks the Times-Republican, is Iowa behind such states as Tennessee and Georgia?

One newspaper declares that the man who willfully allows the census enumerators to pass him by is not a patriot. This is hardly strong enough. He is not only not a patriot, but he is an undesirable citizen and deserving of ostracism in his home community.

Iowa wants to put its best foot forward in this census matter. The cities of Iowa want to be given credit for their full count. This cannot be done unless every individual interests himself to the extent of seeing that he is enrolled. When he has done that he should see that those about him have been seen by the enumerators. A little extra effort once in ten years is not too much to ask of any citizen.

A Chicago paper calls attention to the increasing pessimism noted in the speeches of some of our public citizens. Formerly, it says, a public speaker was expected to make himself the mouthpiece of the most vehement optimism. He couldn't praise the country too much to suit his audience.

"But now," the Chicago paper goes on to say, "all is different. From California to Maine and from Michigan to Texas the public platforms resound with lamentation and woe. Speakers fascinate audiences by intimating that we are just on the point of joining the republics of Greece and Rome. They nourish patriotism by suggesting that we are so corrupt as to be almost hopeless."

An opportunity is seen for some public speaker to make a great sensation by proclaiming that we are a great people and that we will overcome our present troubles as we have overcome others that were much greater.

If that Danville elephant had been a human it would not have been so easy to declare him lunatic and order his execution. There would have been the alienists to show that he might have been crazy when he ran amuck but had recovered.

Fearing that some of its readers might not remember Mr. Kern, the gentleman who has just been indorsed for senator in Indiana, a Chicago paper explains that he is the man who insisted on Bryan in holding the sack while Roger Sullivan, Tom Taggart, and others went on a political snipe hunt year before last.

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**LIBERTYVILLE.**  
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Ed Macnell who is working in Ottumwa spent Sunday with his parents.

Andrew Yost is very ill at the home of his son Harlow.

Jessie Linder of Linbu visited several days last week at the W. V. Linder home near Libertyville.

Russell Hague of Oklahoma is visiting relatives and friends here.

Rev. W. B. Macnell spent last week in Canada. A pastor from Kirkville filled his place Sunday morning at the Presbyterian church.

D. B. Coop of Perlee was transacting business here Saturday.

Mrs. Frank Fell visited last week with relatives in Birmingham.

Mrs. Hiatt Thompson was called to Birmingham Friday by the serious illness of her mother-in-law.

School closed Friday. There were two in the primary room that were neither absent nor tardy, Harold Swanson and Kenneth Ashmead.

Mrs. George Payne of Eldon is visiting at the S. C. Ross home.

**ASK IOWANS TO HONOR VETERIANS**

DEPARTMENT COMMANDER M. McDONALD ISSUES ANNUAL PROCLAMATION.

Des Moines, April 30.—M. McDonald commander-in-chief of the Iowa department of the Grand Army, has issued his general orders respecting the observance of Memorial day and Flag day. The orders are as follows:

"Des Moines, Ia., April 29, 1910. General order No. 5, series 1909-10.

"Memorial day—The commander-in-chief has in fitting terms called attention to the observance of Memorial day and Flag day. Memorial day is a solemn day to the members of the Grand Army of the Republic; it commemorates the sacrifices of the men who passed the number of graves is increasing while the number to observe the day are decreasing. At this time, let us remember that as we stand before some grave, we not only strew flowers there, but that in the act there is a symbolism of our love, our tender remembrance, and our fraternal appreciation for all the sacrifices made and patriotism shown by all the defenders of our flag and nation. It has become so universally a custom for posts to attend service in a body on the Sunday preceding Memorial day that it hardly seems necessary to recommend it. Lincoln's Gettysburg address should be read at Memorial day exercises, and a souvenir copy is enclosed. To the veterans outside our ranks I would say that for over forty years this organization has been true to its trust, to the memory of our comrades and to you. We have ministered to the widow and orphan, as well as to all needy comrades. May I not appeal to you, in the name of that comradeship, which, whether you will or not, must bind us together in a bond nothing but death can sever. I appeal to you to join us and properly wear the badge acknowledged the world over to be one of honor. There is not a community in this department in which a post exists but has left the quickening influence of that loyalty to home and country which saved the union and made this republic a world power among the nations of the earth. Just proud of the achievement of the past, devoutly thankful for the blessings vouchsafed to us during these four decades, we turn to our comrades of the old line, who still are not of our membership and urgently remind them of duties long neglected, privileges and associations not highly prized, and press upon their attention the honor of worthily wearing the badge of our order.

"Flag day—June 14 has been adopted by the Grand Army of the Republic as Flag day. Let every comrade who is the possessor of a flag, display it on that day, and request his friends and neighbors to do the same. It should be an object lesson to those coming after us, and no harm can come from inculcating in the minds of the young a spirit of devotion for the flag that represents all that we are as a nation, and what it has cost to maintain it.

"Hats off!  
Along the street there comes  
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,  
A flash of color beneath the sky!  
Hats off!  
The flag is passing by!"

M. McDonald,  
Department Commander,  
George A. Newman,  
Assistant Adjutant General."

Moines and Omaha respectively. Turner is a boiler inspector and has been in Clarion occasionally on business connected with the Hartford Casualty company. His friend Curtis of Omaha is ready to help finance the undertaking. These gentlemen have made an offer to take over the lighting plant for the sum of twenty-five year franchise. They agree to furnish lights at the same cost the city has been charging and light the streets for \$1,500 annually. The rate for metres is now 15 cents per kilowatt with 2 1/2 cents reduction if the bill is paid by the 15th of each month. The plant has been just about self-sustaining but the sentiment seems to be to sell to some one if suitable terms can be agreed upon. The sentiment of the meeting was to advertise the plant for sale for sixty days thus giving other buyers an opportunity besides Messrs. Turner and Curtis. The plant has been run for several years by O. P. Strickler.

**THE SON DISSATISFIED.**

F. B. Sherlock of Marshalltown contests Will of Mother—Objects to Executor.

Marshalltown, April 30.—The first step in what will probably prove a vigorous contest for the estate of Mrs. Mary E. Sherlock of this city, valued at approximately \$100,000, was taken in the district court, when an effort was made to secure the appointment of a special administrator. The contest has been brought by Frank B. Sherlock, an only son, and one of the principal beneficiaries under the will.

Through his attorney Sherlock objected in court to the probating of the will, and his lawyer suggested that W. M. Sherlock, the husband of Mrs. Sherlock, who is named executor and also trustee in the will, be appointed by the court.

Seventeen nieces and nephews of Mrs. Sherlock, who are indirect heirs under the will, and who, to protect their interests, are insisting that the will be probated, have retained a lawyer. He suggested to the court that W. M. Sherlock, the husband, would not be satisfactory as special administrator to them, because he was an interested party. It is because he and his father, William M. Sherlock, were given only a life interest in the greater part of the estate and not actual ownership of it that the contest is brought.

**TRUXTON KING**

*A Story of Graustark*  
BY GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

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(CHAPTER XVII—Continued.)  
"No," she said in a low voice.  
"What was it, then? I must know, Loraine."  
"I am very, oh, so very unhappy. Truxton," she murmured.  
"I came near spoiling everything just now," he whispered hoarsely.  
"What?"  
"I almost kissed you, Loraine. I swear it was hard to keep from it. That would have spoiled everything."  
"Yes, it would," she agreed quickly.  
"I'm not going to kiss you until you have told me you love Vos Engo."  
"I—I don't understand!" she cried, drawing back and looking up into his face with bewildered eyes.  
"Because then I'll be sure that you love me."  
"Be sensible, Truxton."  
"I'll know that you promised to love him if he'd save me. It's as clear as day to me. You did tell him you'd marry him if he got me to a place of safety."  
"No, I refused to marry him if he did not save you. Oh, Truxton, I am so miserable! What is to become of all of us? What is to become of John and Bobby and you?"  
"I—I think I'll kiss you now, Loraine," he whispered almost tremulously. "God, how I love you, little darling! You must make me a promise."  
"Oh, Truxton, don't ask me to say that I'll be your!" she stopped, painfully embarrassed.  
"That will come later," he said consolingly. "I want you to promise, on your sacred word of honor, that you'll kiss no man until you've kissed me."  
"Oh," she murmured. "I—I cannot promise that! I am not sure that I'll ever—ever kiss anybody. What is it you really want me to say?"  
She asked, looking up with sudden shyness in her starry eyes.  
"That you love me—and me only, Loraine," he whispered.  
"I will not say it!" she cried, breaking away from him. "But," as she

wells north to Balak on condition that Russia be given the right to use the line in connection with her own roads to the orient. You may see the advantage in this to Russia. Mr. King, if I send word to the Grand Duke Paulus, agreeing to his terms, which still remain open to us, signaling away a most valuable right in what we had hoped would be our own individual property, we have every reason to believe that he will send armed forces to our relief on the pretext that Russia is defending properties of her own. That is one way in which we may oust Count Marlanx. The other lies in the ability of John Tullis to give battle to him with our own people carrying the guns. Lieutenant Hadden has told us quite lately of a remark you made which he happened to overhear. If I quote him correctly, you said to the Englishman Hobbs that you could get away with it, meaning, as I take it, that you could succeed in reaching John Tullis. May I not implore you to tell us how you would go about it?"

Truxton had turned a brick red. Shame and mortification surged within him. He was cruelly conscious of an undercurrent of irony in the premier's courteous request. For an instant he was sorely crushed. A low laugh from the opposite side of the room sent a shaft to his soul. He looked up. Vos Engo was still smiling. In an instant the American's blood boiled.

"I did say I could get to John Tullis. I'll start tonight."  
His words created a profound impression, they came so abruptly.  
"Send for Mr. Hobbs, please," said Truxton. "There should be three of us," addressing the men about him. "One of us is sure to get away."  
"There is not a man here—or in the service—who will not gladly accompany you, Mr. King," cried General Braze quickly.

"Count Vos Engo is the man I would choose, if I may be permitted the honor of naming my companion," said Truxton, grinning inwardly with a malicious yellowish green. His eyes bulged.

"I—I am in command of the person of his royal highness," he stammered, suddenly going very red.

"I had forgotten your present occupation," said Truxton quietly. "Pray pardon the embarrassment I may have caused you. After all, I think Hobbs will do. He knows the country like a book."

Mr. Hobbs came. That is to say, he was produced. It is doubtful if Mr. Hobbs ever fully recovered from the malady commonly known as stage fright. He had never been called Mr. Hobbs by a prime minister before, nor had he ever been asked in person by a minister of war if he had a family at home. Afterward Truxton King was obliged to tell him that he had unwaveringly volunteered to accompany him on the perilous trip to the hills. Be sure of it, Mr. Hobbs was not in a mental condition for many hours to even remotely comprehend what had taken place.

But Mr. Hobbs was not the kind to falter once he had given his word. "We'll be off at midnight, Hobbs," said Truxton.

"As you say, Mr. King, just as you say," said Hobbs, with fine indifference.

As Truxton was leaving the castle ten minutes later a brisk, eager faced young attendant hurried up to him.

"I bear a message from his royal highness," said the attendant, detaching him. "Prince Robin has asked for you, sir."

"I'll see him," said King promptly, as if he were granting the audience.

CHAPTER XVIII.  
BY THE WATER GATE.

IT was a vast, lofty apartment, regal in its subdued lights. An enormous golden bed with gorgeous hangings stood far down the room. So huge was this royal couch that Truxton at first overlooked the figure sitting bolt upright in the middle of it.

An old woman advanced from the head of the couch and motioned Truxton to approach.

"I am deeply honored, your highness," said the visitor, bowing very low.

The prince's legs were now hanging over the edge of the bed. His eyes were dancing with excitement.

"I want you to find Uncle Jack, Mr. King," said Bobby eagerly. "And tell him I didn't mean it when I banished him the other day. I really and truly didn't." He was having difficulty in keeping back the tears.

"I shall deliver the message, your highness," said Truxton, his heart going out to the unhappy youngster.

"Americans always do what they will," said the boy, his eyes sparkling.



"THEN GOODBYE, AND GOD BLESS YOU," SAID TRUXTON.

"Here's something for you to take with you, Mr. King. It's my lucky stone. It always gives good luck."

He unclasped his small fingers. In the damp palm lay one of those peculiarly milky, half-transparent pebbles common the world over and of value only to small, impressionable boys. Truxton accepted it with profound gravity.

"And when you come back, Mr. King, I'm going to knight you. I'd do it now, only Aunt Loraine says you'd be worrying about your title all the time and might be 'stranded from your mission. I'm going to make a baron of you. That's higher than a count in Graustark. Vos Engo is only a count."

Truxton started.

"I shall be overwhelmed," he said. Then his hand went to his mouth in the vain effort to cover the smile that played there.

"My mother used to say that American girls liked titles," said the prince, with ingenuous candor.

"Prince Robin, may I"—he glanced uneasily at the distant nurse—"may I ask how your Aunt Loraine is feeling?"

"She acted very funny when I sent for you. I'm worried about her."

"What did she do, your highness?" "She rushed off to her room. I think Mr. King, she was getting ready to cry or something. You see, she's in trouble."

"She's worried about her brother, of course, and you."

"I just wish I could tell you—No, I won't. It wouldn't be fair," Bobby said, checking himself resolutely.

"She's awful proud of you. I'm sure she likes you, Mr. King."

"I'm very, very glad to hear that." Truxton bent his knee. "Your highness, as it seems I am not to see her and as you seem to be the very best friend I have, I should very much like to ask a great favor of you. Will you take this old ring of mine and wish it on her finger just as soon as I have left your presence?"

"How did you know she was coming in again?" in wide eyed wonder.

"Excuse me. I shouldn't ask questions. What shall I wish?" It was the old ring that had come from Spantz's shop. The prince promptly hid it beneath the pillow.

"I'll leave that to you, my best of friends."

"I bet it'll be a good wish, all right. I know what to wish."

"Then, goodbye and God bless you," said Truxton. "I must be off. Your Uncle Jack is waiting for me up there in the hills."

Truxton found Mr. Hobbs in a state bordering on collapse with Colonel Quinnox and Hadden.

"I say, Mr. King, there's no more chance of getting out of the—"

"Listen, Hobbs, we're going to swim out," said Truxton.

for breath, standing in water to their necks, Quinnox and Hadden passed the equipment through the barred openings. There were whispered good-bys and then two invisible heads bobbed off in the night, wading in the swift flowing canal up to their chins. Swimming would have been dangerous on account of the noise.

Holding their belongings high above their heads, with their hearts in their mouths, King and the Englishman felt their way carefully along the bed of the stream.

A hundred yards from the gate they crawled ashore and made their way up over the steep bank into the thick wild underbrush.

They stealthily stripped themselves of the wet garments and after a good deal of trouble succeeded in getting into the dry substitutes. Then they loosened the wet bundles into the water and quietly stole off through the brush to the king's highway, a mile or two above town.

"We take this path, because the upper road," finally said Hobbs, "is a good two hours' walk up the mountain to Rabot's, where we get the horses."

At 4 o'clock, as the sun was setting up with its long, languid fingers behind the Monastery mountains, Prince King and Hadden, accompanied by Rabot's cottage high in the hills, refreshed and sound of heart, Rabot's son rode with them, a sturdy, well-led, who had leaped joyously at the chance to serve his prince.

Now let us turn to John Tullis and his quest in the hills. It goes without saying that he found no trace of his sister or her abductors. On the fifth day a large force of Danubian soldiers, led by Prince Danton himself, found the ragged, dispirited American and his half-starved men encamped in a rocky dell in the heart of the wilderness.

That same night a Graustark mountaineer passed the sentinels and brought news of the disturbance in Edelweiss.

In a flash it occurred to John Tullis that Marlanx was at the bottom of this delvity. The abduction of Loraine was a part of his plan. Prince Danton advised a speedy return to the city. His men were at the command of the American. Moreover, the prince himself decided to accompany the troops.

Before sunrise the command, now five or six hundred strong, was picking its way down the dangerous mountain roads toward the main highway. Fifteen miles below Edelweiss they came upon the company of soldiers sent out to preserve order in the railroad camps, which was, of course, a further reinforcement.

The sound of shooting in the distance struck their ears. Instantly the entire force was alert. A dozen shots were fired in rapid succession, then single reports far apart. The steady beat of horses' feet was now plain to the attentive company. There was a quick, indistinct call to arms. A squad stood ready for action.

A small group of horsemen came thundering down the dells. Three minutes after the firing was first heard sentries heard their riders to their shoulders and blocked the approach of the riders.

A wild, glad shout went up from the foremost horseman. He had pulled his beast to its haunches almost at the muzzle of the guns.

"Tullis!" he shouted, waving his hat.

John Tullis ran toward the excited group in the road. He saw three men, one of whom was shouting his name with all the power in his lungs.

"Thank God, we've found you!" cried the horseman.

"King!" exclaimed Tullis, suddenly recognizing him. A moment later they were clasping hands.

"What has happened, King? Where have you been? We looked for you after your disappearance!"

"That's ancient history," interrupted the other. "How soon can you get these troops on the march? There's not a moment to be lost."

(To be Continued.)

**FORT DODGE VICTOR IN DEBATE.**

Iowa City, April 30.—Fort Dodge high school won the state championship debate here last night, defeating Sigourney. Fort Dodge opposed the commission plan of government.

Factory Week at Waterloo. Waterloo, April 30.—(Special)—Factory week opened today with the city decorated with banners and the band playing on the streets. This is traveling men's day and four hundred traveling salesmen were taken in automobiles in a visitation to the factories.