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MRS. HETTY GREEN.

Mrs. Hetty Green, the eccentric character who is reputed to be the wealthiest woman in the country, made more or less of a scene in a New York court yesterday when a jury returned a judgment for \$563.25 against her in an action brought by a trust company. It seems that Mrs. Green had rented safe deposit boxes in which to store securities valued at \$17,000,000 and objected to the rental charged. She was angry when leaving the court and stamped her feet and declared it an outrage that a woman couldn't get justice.

It grieves Mrs. Green to the uttermost depths when she has to let go of a dollar. Columns of newspaper space have been written of her eccentricities, which is just an evidence of stinginess in her case. She guards her millions jealously and you can seek in vain for the name of Mrs. Green in any philanthropic or charitable movement.

ROYAL SNOBBISHNESS.

Some of the notables who attended the funeral of King Edward as representatives of their countries are putting up an exhibition that is in exceedingly bad taste in the circumstances. Archduke Franz Ferdinand, heir apparent to the throne of Austria, has left London in anger because he had to ride behind Czar Ferdinand of Bulgaria in the funeral procession. Queen Maud is said to be piqued because Alexandra, the queen mother, instead of riding with her, rode with a Russian grand duchess. The French authorities object because their special envoy had to give precedence to three princesses of the house of Orange and a number of other samples of frayed royalty. Parliament members will register their protest when the house of commons assembles because they were given tickets to a parade ground where seats had not been provided.

Some of the people, evidently, were laboring under the impression that they were attending a royal jubilee of some kind instead of attending a funeral. They didn't have as good a time as they expected to have. Some of us thought that it looked a little odd to see Col. Roosevelt, the representative of the greatest nation in the world, riding in a carriage near the end of the procession and behind a lot of puppet monarchs of insignificant European principalities. It is no one tried to break up the funeral on the part of King Edward in this country. He was admired for his many qualities, and not the titles he held, and the people are not interested as much as to which particular crowned head had precedence in the funeral procession as in the fact that the sorrow felt here over King Edward's passing was given fitting expression.

THE NEW DOCTOR.

"Where," asks the Chicago Tribune, "is the old fashioned doctor?" In the old days, says the Tribune, the profession of medicine was something to be undertaken only by those who had come to that conclusion after much prayer and thought. It involved the gravest responsibilities and something almost like consecration. An old class at Rush would never have celebrated its graduation in anything like the rah-rah spirit of the present day. The Tribune points out other differences between the old and the new doctor. It says:

"Time was, and not so long ago, when a doctor could be told from his appearance. He did not have to wear a uniform to be distinguished from a member of any other profession. You could tell a 'doc' two squares away. He had a professional habit as well as manner, or, if this were lacking, his beard identified him unerringly. It was quite distinct from the legal or any other hirsute adornment. It unmistakably indicated the man of medicine.

"Now your doctor is not distinguished from your broker, your banker, or your insurance agent. He does not consider it necessary to wear a beard, nor, in many instances, to have more than the average gignity. And as for the old professional manner, where is it? It is often difficult to get him to listen to your recital of bodily ills. He laughs and tells you there isn't much the matter with you. Take exercise, he says, and stop worrying. Then he is off in his motor to the golf links.

Col. Theodore Roosevelt is soon to receive an open letter which has been addressed to him by the Humanitarian league, protesting against the African game hunt. One sentence of the letter states that: "At a time when it was immensely more important to the cause of science and morals for mankind to become acquainted with the minds of animals than with their hides, you have done your utmost to retard this thought by the glorification, on a large scale, of the medieval, unintelligent methods of hunter and collector." The letter falls to state, however, just how to go about it to get acquainted with the mind of a hippo, a rhino or a dik dik.

Supposing, says the Des Moines Capital, referring to the confidential information given out by the former stenographer, Kerby, of the interior department, there were strained relations between the United States government and some foreign power, and the secretary of war was conducting a line of correspondence containing propositions, the acceptance or rejection of which was fraught with the gravest consequences to the nations concerned. Supposing some stenographic upstart, who had been entrusted with the dictation, should conceive the thrilling idea that the secretary of war was not carrying on the governmental business along the right lines and should conclude to "expose the war department" to a sensation mongering news syndicate. It is a very safe guess that the presumptuous one would be given such a startling interpretation of the United States laws against treason that his hair would stand for a long time to come. The only difference in the moral obliquity of the two cases, the Capital adds, is the difference in the status of the traitor in military and civil affairs. The traitor in peace may not be as odious as the traitor in war, but his standing before the public will always be precarious and in not much danger of general emulation.

If the grocer or the butcher would start any such game as has been exposed in this sweet scented sugar mess the kick that would go up from the honest housewives could be heard around the world. It is up to the government to be the honest housewife in this case and find out the name and address of the crook that gave the orders for tampering with the scales and the other crooks who had guilty knowledge of the steal and pocketed the profits. If this is done the pardoning of Spitzer will prove to be worth while.

Des Moines Register and Leader: The Iowa undertakers will spend a few days in Des Moines this week, glad, no doubt, to be among a lot of live ones for a change. On the dead, now, don't you think this is rather a grave subject to croak about?

Detroit News: "John D. never loses nerve while motoring," says the headline. Did John D. ever lose anything? Yep. His hair and his appetite.

The c— took second moon last night when the moon got busy. It might be in line to amend this by inserting stenth instead of second, for there were several common old stars that had it on the Halley entry last night.

THE EVENING STORY

CIRCUMVENTING CYNTHIA.

BY NELLIE CRAVEY GILLMORE.

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Davison smothered an ejaculation, snapped his fingers and made a dash for the phone. Exchange refused stubbornly to answer and he jangled the bell peremptorily. At last he got a connection and stood waiting for the low, familiar "1303" to sound back over the line. After several minutes he was advised that 1303 was out of commission, and the receiver clashed ominously against the hook. "Something (readful has happened." Thus had Cynthia expressed herself in the letter left on his desk less than ten minutes ago. Furthermore, she continued, "it is now quite out of the question for us ever to think of marrying. Please do not ask me for explanations, but believe that I am under a great deal of stress in taking this painful step. I know that your confidence in me is sufficient to warrant my asking it of you. Under separate cover I am returning everything, including the engagement ring. Please do not attempt to see me or dissuade me, for it will be useless. I am sailing for Cuba with the Hartreys on Tuesday."

Davison staggered back to his seat and reread the lines in a half stupor. What was it all about? What could it be? Had Cynthia, after the irritating manner of engaged girls, dragged forth some obscure affair from the past? Was the dear girl laboring under a hallucination, or had "disinterested" friends sought to poison her innocent mind with vicious gossip? The questions flew through his mind in lightning panorama, bewildering, dazing, in turn, with their possible answer.

At last he drew up pen, ink and paper, and in sheer desperation, dashed down the following: "Darling Cynthia, I am shocked beyond expression, and I refuse to believe in its seriousness. You are playing a practical joke on me, and perhaps even now are laughing at my plight and writing to make things clear! "If, on the other hand, you are in earnest, then I demand an explanation as my right. Our relations have been too dear, too deep and sacred to allow of any such flippant and summary dismissal. "Please indicate the time and place for an early meeting, and believe me, "As Always, Jack."

waited exactly two hours—for a reply. It came in a single line: "My letter was final. Heart-brokenly, Cynthia."

Davison ground his teeth savagely, turned white as a sheet and picked up his hat. It was just three-thirty, and Saturday. He would go straight to the Haskills' and have it out, face to face. But half way there, he recalled the fact, abruptly, that this was Cynthia's club day and she would not be at home. He recalled at the same instant, with a flash of inspiration, that she had said the meeting would be with Florence Greyson.

Ten minutes later Davison occupied an inconspicuous seat in the corner of the park, seven squares uptown. Five minutes after that Cynthia, radiant in mauve chambray, rustled by, almost within touching distance of him. Her face was devoid of its usual delicate bloom and there were violet shadows under the brown eyes to match the violets drooping about the wide, soft brim of her hat.

Davison rose and, without a word, matched his step with hers. "Let's come to the point at once, Cynthia," he began gravely, ignoring her little exclamation of protest. "If there is anything wrong—"

"You mustn't ask me; indeed you must not." And she shook her head violently, though her lips were trembling beyond control and her eyes were wispy with shadows.

Davison bit his lip angrily. His voice was several shades deeper than Cynthia had ever heard it, when he spoke. "I was determined to see you and drag the truth from you," he said, "deeming it my right to know, but—"

He paused and looked at her long and earnestly. "I've reached the conclusion that it is really better for me to go on in ignorance. I shall re-enlist in the army and sail on the next transport for Manila."

"Jack!" The girl stopped short, every atom of color gone from her cheeks. "I won't—I won't hear of it!" The words choked in her throat and her eyes filled. Then, all at once she pulled herself together and said, resolutely: "I shall tell you the whole truth, Jack. I had made up my mind to keep silent—from pride, with a great, big P. But—but—of course, I cannot let you go, believing me—I hardly know what, or what not. Last night I went into Martin's for supper with Fred Humphrey. At the table just behind me were a party of four—the Elwoods and the Thorpes. They were discussing our engagement, and one of the ladies screechingly observed that it was well that the Davisons knew nothing of the fact that Mrs. Haskill's great-uncle was a barber."

"Is that all?" Davison heaved a prodigious sigh of relief. "Isn't it sufficient?" "Hardly."

"You don't understand, Jack. It seems an insignificant thing but it is the keynote to an ever-widening circle in this narrow little social world of ours, and I—well, I did what I thought was best."

Davison made a gesture of disgust. "What kind of love do you call that?" he demanded curtly. "You give me up for good and all just because—"

"I loved you too much to bring anything disagreeable into your life," interposed Cynthia, gently. "You are a Quixotic little idiot, Cynthia. Here is your destination, by the way. Shall I wait around a couple of hours or come to the house at the usual time tonight?"

"Neither. I'll call you up at 6." And with a backward smile she disappeared between the flaming beds of flowers.

Davison returned to his office in a rejuvenated frame of mind. The entire day's work had been ruthlessly neglected and he applied himself diligently to the stack of mail on his desk. Six o'clock came even sooner than he expected, and when the bell over his shoulder gave a prolonged, imperative ring he jumped up eagerly.

The girl's first words stunned him. "Good-by," she said. "I'm leaving in fifteen minutes for New Orleans. The Hartreys sail from there on Tuesday, as I told you, and my passage is already engaged."

"And this is all the farewell I'm to have, Cynthia?" "My mind was made up, dear, and I didn't dare run the risk of letting you see me again. It—it is for the best, believe me."

Without comment Davison calmly hung up the receiver. He jammed his hat over his eyes and ran down three flights of steps to the street. His runabout stood at the curb. He stepped in and whizzed off at speed limit toward the station.

Seven minutes later he was elbowing his way through the scurrying crowds toward the ladies' waiting room. He found her at a news stand, gazing idly through a periodical. "What do you mean by running away from me in this fashion?" "Oh, Jack," she said reproachfully, "why did you?"

"Because you are mine, and I've a perfect right—" "I should have written to you and explained everything." The girl sat down weakly on the bench nearest her, her face ablaze with scarlet. "You can have no conception of the mortification I was forced to endure—should have had to endure always—"

"This doesn't sound like your old, practical, broad-minded self, Cynthia."

"It is a new side to me, the proud side, dear, which you've never had an opportunity of observing before."

"Pride," he dashed. And—"you'll never get aboard this train, Cynthia."

"Indeed?" Her black brows went up with a touch of challenge. "Indeed, I'm going to prove to you how utterly ridiculous your theory is. Would you send me away if you knew my ancestors were plain people?"

"Certainly not—believing me of the burden of yourself—"

"Oh! But the way they said it, Jack—a barber!" Under cover of the dusk Davison slipped a surreptitious arm about her waist. "My grandfather was a butcher!" he said happily.

And Cynthia tore up her ticket.

NEIGHBORS.

By Joanna Single.

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The whole neighborhood held its breath when the three-room cottage, vacant for a year, was bought by one Reuben Farr. The place could not be rented because of the Jones family. Every Jones in the house made their beaus. Sophie, red-headed and his quiet grave for his widow used his name perpetually as a reason why a "poor widow woman and her young ones had ought to be let alone."

Mrs. Jones talked as fast as she worked, which speaks well for her industry, and defended her chicks impartially. Mame was really pretty, with the courage of that prettiness, and kept the girlhood of the little street in a ferment by her wholesome and conscienceless annexation of their beaus. Sophie, red-headed and gawky, and eleven, teased smaller children and caused feuds and fights among them. George, eight, cried if anything or anybody looked at him, and ran to his mother, who forthwith sallied forth to protect her offspring. At such times rovs were rife, and the probation officers, the police and the Humane society had all been called upon to arbitrate during the two years since the demise of the husband and father.

But the head and front of the neighborhood offerings had been Joseph Jones, aged twelve and one-half, the owner of pigeons and rabbits and guinea hens, all nuisances and trespassers. Worse than that, Joe kept chickens. That is, the neighbors kept them. They were ostensibly kept in, and the widow was so neat and clean and industrious, so valiant a mother, that officers were inclined to think the neighbors were simply down on the Joneses, and unwilling to condone an occasional accidental escape of a small boy's pets. Also, the widow had a fine eye and a plump red cheek, not to mention an Irish tongue in her head. The neighbors always came off second best, but they lived in hope of some day seeing Joe Jones "get what was comin' to him."

The Jones family owned and had to live in their place. When Reuben Farr bought the place next door, in spite of fears and hints, the public breath was held. It was well he had the Joneses, especially Joe?

The day the new householder took possession the neighbors were hidden behind curtains, or openly out in yards and porches. Reuben Farr was a year or two younger than Mrs. Jones, tall and silent and gaunt, a carpenter by trade, his own cook and housekeeper. He nodded to everybody, said good-night or morning when he met them, but talked with no one. He minded his own business. It was bleak March when he moved in, and at night he tried to warm his hands about his little house, and got his affairs in order. In April he appeared one night with horse and plow and broke up his entire and generous back yard. He was questioned.

"Garden," was his laconic response. The next night he harrowed the ground. Then he methodically made beds and planted things, vegetables and flowers, and set out bushes and little trees. A few ones tried to war with him, but he was too strong for them. He had his guinea hens and, worst of all, his chickens. But gossip, aimed at him, seemed to die on the lip. The neighbors finally decided to let him get his own experience. But they admired him. Moreover, he was rather fine-looking, and not a day older than forty.

Mame Jones tried to lure him into a flirtation. But, to the joy of the interested, she did not succeed. He was polite, that was all. As for Joe, he found no fault with the boy. But one fine morning in May when he found the pet rabbits had eaten the tender tops from his upgrowing vegetables, he stood thoughtfully. That night he fenced his place in high and tight with chicken wire of the finest and closest variety.

And the next morning as he went to work, after getting his own breakfast, Joe, safe on his own porch, called at him and made a gesture of scorn. It was awful to be ignored. Used to raising trouble, Joe would have preferred an open row to silence—and a fence.

It was not long thereafter that, in some indescribable manner, the Jones' chickens got over the fence—miraculously, since they were clumsy, heavy fowls without power of flight. They uprooted several flowerbeds and gobbled off the tops of the peas, now well above ground. Reuben Farr sowed more peas, and lifted the hens over the fence.

That night he called on the widow, casually as if in passing. She welcomed him on the porch and bade him smoke if he liked. He did not talk more than a word or two, but Mame came out in white and impudently washed her face much excited. She wished her mother could learn to know when she was not wanted. But Mrs. Jones stayed, rocking interminably. When he rose to go she stammeringly mentioned the matter of the chickens and the rabbits. It was a new thing to have a neighbor who did not resent things. She was so sorry, but it was accidental, and children must have pets, and so forth.

After a voluminous discourse in her pleasant Irish voice, Mary Jones, nee Ryan, finished with her favorite bit of wisdom, "Boys," she said, "will be boys."

"Yes, 'Boys will be—boys,' he said, dryly. Then he went away uptown. The next evening he added an extra foot to the height of his fence. The neighbors grinned, knowing Joseph would simply consider himself challenged. Natural history tells us that the rabbit will bore its way under almost anything on earth. It also teaches us that like most useless things, it multiplies very rapidly. There had been originally some seven or eight rabbits. Now there were, it seemed, dozens of them. One night they worked steadily, having somehow escaped from their alleged hutches, and the morning found them in Reuben's garden. They were keen

and hungry, and the young cabbages and cauliflowerers suffered. The presumably irate, but outwardly calm gardener let Mrs. Jones come over and, with the aid of her offspring, remove the offenders, still nibbling. She was flustered, and for once her volubility failed her. Something in the tall bachelor's attitude shamed her to a partial silence. She broke previous records by offering to pay for the damage. She would buy new plants for him. He said it would be too late now—and he would use the space for something else.

Joe was fascinated into decency for a week or two. He did not understand. And now, every few evenings, Reuben would saunter over to the widow's porch and sit on the steps and smoke. He got to exchanging dry jokes with Mame, who was so excited about this way new specimen cited that she forgot to berate Sadie Dugan, four doors on, of her latest beau.

It was Reuben Farr's custom each night to padlock his front gate—also made of wire like the fence. One dawn, early in May, he arose to find the gate wide open. The Jones' Jersey was peacefully browsing on the last of the young sweet corn stalks; the Jones' hens were scratching in the beds, the rabbits were busy with the clover planted to protect the newly sprung up lawn grass. It was pretty bad.

Farr called Joe over and sternly helped him to get the creatures out. His eye was blazing, and his lips close set. Old Dugan, who came along, said he heard the outraged gardener swear, but Dugan had a fine imagination.

This time, Mrs. Jones dared not even apologize. To do her justice, she was stiff with fear. And the mischief was not all intentional. Piqued by the padlock, Joe, like all boys, had tried all the keys which he could find. He had a large assortment. One of them did fit the padlock, which opened with difficulty—but which would not lock again. He had shut the gate, but the cow, pulling up her hay stake, had pushed it wide. The boy was frightened, and his under-exercised conscience was working. He kept himself out of the way the following evening, being sure that something would happen.

It did; but it was not the expected. Reuben Farr, after his supper, came over to the Jones' house dressed in his best, newly shaven and smiling.

Mame began something and got the surprise of her life. He simply asked Mrs. Jones if she would send the children away while he spoke to her a moment. Angry and surprised, they went, standing out of earshot, but anxious as to what was going on. The man talked, and the widow, from a showing of fear at first, began to protest, then to laugh, and protest again. Finally he showed her a paper and Mame held her breath. Had it something to do with the law? They continued to talk. Then the widow went down.

Mame followed, eagerly, but got no word of an answer to her inquiries, save a command to help her mother get into her best dress. The girl had an idea that her mother wished to make a good impression on some magistrate and did as she was bidden. Joe had sneaked up behind the house, peeping around to see what had happened.

It was still broad light when the widow and Reuben Farr went together down the street. Sophie, at a safe distance, trailed them—and came back to report that they had gone to the pastor's a few blocks off. It seemed that the church was to intervene! The whole neighborhood, in shirt sleeves and dressing sashes came out on the porch, and into the yard. What had happened? Even Joe regained his impudence, and in a half hour, or less, when in the first dusk the two came slowly back, he walked boldly in the front yard as one who stood on his native heath.

As the boy's mother and Reuben Farr stepped into her yard, with the eyes of the world upon them, young Joe indulged in a gesture of defiance and contempt. Then Fate descended upon him. Reuben Farr caught the unsuspecting youth by the arm, sat down on the bottom step, laid him over his gaunt knees, and gave him the spanking of his lifetime. Joe yelled in rage and grief, but the punishment proceeded until even the neighbors were fully satisfied. He kept on spanking and the mother did not interfere!

"What right you got?" yelled the boy. "The rights of a good, able-bodied steppather who knows that boys will be boys! Tomorrow we'll see about selling off some superfluous animals about this place."

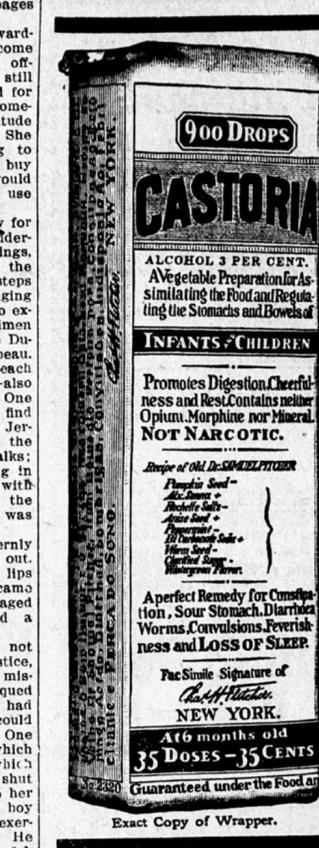
There was nothing more to be said.

BURLINGTON CENSUS.

Burlington Hawk-Eye.—What will happen to the present city administration should it turn out that, by one census, Burlington has not a total of 25,000 inhabitants?

This is a question over which some of Burlington's lawyers are divided in opinion. It appears to be quite certain now that the new federal census will not give Burlington 25,000 people. The best estimate possible from the census of the Commercial Exchange and what can be learned from the federal census that Burlington will do well if it can scare up a round 24,800. The total number is likely to go even below this. The federal census ten years ago gave Burlington but 23,201 inhabitants. The state census of five years ago gave the city 25,318. But the present federal census will only give five years' records show that the federal census is below that of the state census.

The question has been asked what if anything will happen to the present city government should the forecast of the present census prove correct. It will mean that Burlington has elected five commissioners on a false basis of population, which, in fact, gives it the right only to elect three commissioners. One legal light expressed the opinion that should the case of legality of the election of the present city government be taken to the courts, that under a claim of padding of the last census the court might direct the last



DEBOLT'S POPULATION.

Odebolt Chronicle.—We have reason to believe that the census will not show an increase in the population of Odebolt and it is not improbable that the figures will fall below the state census of 1905. This will doubtless seem incredible to those who know there are more houses—and all of them occupied—than ever before more voters than were ever within the corporate limits when a census was taken and a substantial growth in area and business. But when one goes over the town, street by street he finds families of two or three where once were seven or eight; elderly couples living alone in homes once full of children. The young folks have gone; the old remain. There are more than seventy widows in town and they have few children living with them. Other towns in Iowa are in the same condition. They have grown in wealth and area but not in population.

The general opinion is, however, that no such action will be taken. The present city government, having been elected under the census adopted officially by the state, giving Burlington over 25,000 inhabitants, it will be considered legal and binding. The elections of the next five years will be held under the provisions of the state census of 1905, entitling Burlington to five commissioners. Under the law, it is held, no change in the number of commissioners to be elected can be made until after the next census is taken, when, if the population is shown to have fallen below 25,000, only three commissioners may be elected.

The falling off in the population is explained by some to have been caused by the fact that the state census of 1905 in Burlington was considerably padded. It has been found that in some wards there is a lack of several hundred names over the showing of 1905.

On the other hand it is pointed out that with the large amount of new building in Burlington and the awake living in business life shown, Burlington's population certainly ought to have increased very considerably. The reply to this is that by the estimate showing the present federal census will show 24,800 for Burlington, indicated an increase of over 1,500 people in ten years, the census of 1900 having shown 23,201 population. An increase of 1,500 population in ten years is going some for a city of Burlington's class.

Refuge for girls? Refuge from what? Refuge from the "roaring lion," lust in the "under world" men (?) who claim that "God made the abnormal, low, earthly, sensual, devilish" corrupt nature in them. Why charge God foolishly? God does not make libertines, prostitutes, liars, murderers, imbeciles, etc.? Who does. Stop and think—"underworld man"?

Search the Bible and I think you will find that the "low, earthly, sensual, devilish" nature emanated from the devil when he seduced Eve in the Garden of Eden. Say, "the sin of the world" isn't stealing apples, and just as long as some ignorant enough to believe the devil's lie about the "apple stealing" in the Garden of Eden, just so long we will have to build Refuge Homes for girls.

May we not soon have such a Refuge Home for these girls? I will give the first \$5 toward it, and that means a good deal for me, but I will gladly give it, and more, if I can. Will someone take the lead in this matter? I am glad I can be an agitator to help "boost Ottumwa" anyway, by pleading for these two, greatly needed, homes.

Respectfully, Mrs. Margaret Tullis Minnick.

DECLINE OF THE MUCKRAKER.

Washington Post: Attorney General Wickersham, like his colleague, Secretary Ballinger, has no intention of retiring from office in the immediate future. Increasingly arduous as his duties have grown since taking office, he yet finishes today's task with pleasurable anticipation of tomorrow's. For him public office has compensations outweighing its burdens and the added infliction of muckraking. Approached in New York by a news writer who put the almost invariable questions the cabinet officer has thrust at him every time he ventures out of Washington—"Are you about to resign, as stated?"—the attorney general denied the impeachment and later declared in a public address that he liked his job, notwithstanding the increasing rain of imprecations his official acts invoked.

As a matter of fact, the muckraker has seen his most prosperous days. The readjusting public is inclined to yawn over what used to give it a thrill, and throw down in disgust, or read with amusement, what once had the force of a revelation. The remnant, it is true, is dying hard, but the muckrakers of great note who gave the rake its vogue are all out of the game while but few of the many publications which once made it a specialty now exploit it as "hot stuff."

Nowadays warfare of this sort seldom is waged on men because of their wealth as formerly, but finds its prey among public officials, preferably those chosen to high station from private life, and hence to be attacked with more impunity and success than men long in the public eye. The attitude of Wickersham and Ballinger serve to bring appreciably closer the day when muckraking shall have been frowned down to the irreducible minimum.

PEOPLE'S PULPIT.

The Courier opens its columns for the discussion of topics of greatest import to the public weal. Communications of 250 words or thereabouts will be printed in this column. All communications should be typewritten or in plain hand on one side of the paper only.

PLEADS FOR HOMES.

Editor Courier: Please permit me to talk with my pen just a little bit, from your "People's Pulpit" to the many readers of the Courier. In reading the Daily Courier of May 13 my heart was stirred when I read "Woman Is Old and Helpless." I am aware that this is only one of the many sad cases of old ladies who are old and homeless right here in the city of Ottumwa. I have wondered and wondered when reading in the Courier about what Ottumwa needed to "Boost It", why some one did not mention the building of an Old Ladies' Rest Home in Ottumwa, to help boost it.

The writer of this is a widow, but thank God I have my own home. I am pleading for homeless mothers. I will give the first \$10 towards getting such a home in Ottumwa. Come on! We can have it. Let us hear from the dear loving hearts who are always ready to help in



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The general opinion is, however, that no such action will be taken. The present city government, having been elected under the census adopted officially by the state, giving Burlington over 25,000 inhabitants, it will be considered legal and binding. The elections of the next five years will be held under the provisions of the state census of 1905, entitling Burlington to five commissioners. Under the law, it is held, no change in the number of commissioners to be elected can be made until after the next census is taken, when, if the population is shown to have fallen below 25,000, only three commissioners may be elected.

The falling off in the population is explained by some to have been caused by the fact that the state census of 1905 in Burlington was considerably padded. It has been found that in some wards there is a lack of several hundred names over the showing of 1905.

On the other hand it is pointed out that with the large amount of new building in Burlington and the awake living in business life shown, Burlington's population certainly ought to have increased very considerably. The reply to this is that by the estimate showing the present federal census will show 24,800 for Burlington, indicated an increase of over 1,500 people in ten years, the census of 1900 having shown 23,201 population. An increase of 1,500 population in ten years is going some for a city of Burlington's class.

Refuge for girls? Refuge from what? Refuge from the "roaring lion," lust in the "under world" men (?) who claim that "God made the abnormal, low, earthly, sensual, devilish" corrupt nature in them. Why charge God foolishly? God does not make libertines, prostitutes, liars, murderers, imbeciles, etc.? Who does. Stop and think—"underworld man"?

Search the Bible and I think you will find that the "low, earthly, sensual, devilish" nature emanated from the devil when he seduced Eve in the Garden of Eden. Say, "the sin of the world" isn't stealing apples, and just as long as some ignorant enough to believe the devil's lie about the "apple stealing" in the Garden of Eden, just so long we will have to build Refuge Homes for girls.