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AN INVESTIGATION NEEDED.

There is clearly a demand in all cities for a full investigation of the pawn brokerage houses in order that it may be determined how many of these places are nothing more or less than clearing houses for the disposal of stolen goods.

The question raised then is this: Are there people who make a regular practice of buying goods stolen by murderers and thieves?

Are there places there are in the habit of buying jewelry and other articles of value from men who have just been paroled from the penitentiary accepting their explanation that they "found" such articles? If they are in the habit of doing these things is it reasonable to believe that they would notify the police, as was done in the Junkin case, if there was no reward to be gained by such notification, as there was in this case?

As long as people are permitted to discriminate in the purchase of the booty of thieves, though they may not know it, it is certain that the goods thus purchased were stolen, just so long will there be a premium offered for such crimes as Junkin's.

Brutes of the Junkin type would not commit murder with robbery as the motive unless they were assured there would be no trouble in disposing of their stolen goods. The crime for cocaine and liquor moves such beasts to murder and robbery. This was Junkin's motive as was evidenced by his haste in disposing of the diamond for a few paltry dollars in order that he might satisfy his appetite for the drug.

There is not a reward offered for every crime committed and it is morally certain that the police are not notified in every case of the purchase of stolen goods as they were in this case. There is need, therefore, for the strictest enforcement of the laws prohibiting persons from receiving stolen property and the police of every city should not hesitate to close up every place where there is evidence that such a place is operated as a "fence" for stolen goods.

The Burlington chief of police has cautioned the people in the business section to clean up all rubbish and remove all paper from boxes and barrels before Monday. Underneath many of the sidewalk boxes and barrels, a fire may be easily started in these places by the dropping of a cigar or a fire cracker. There is need for the exercise of this caution the year round, but there is more need for care on the Fourth of July. A heavy fire loss may be avoided by taking precaution to remove all combustible material from the danger zone.

THE "FIGHTING EDGE."

The La Crosse Tribune confesses to a profound interest in an eastern comment on the speech made by Senator Depew when the bill relative to raising the Maine was up for consideration in the senate. Senator Depew expressed the opinion that the Maine was gained by diplomacy. The eastern paper thought the senator's statement timely in the light of Roosevelt's renewed reference to the "necessity of preserving the sterner virtues and the fighting edge."

"Before Senator Depew spoke, very respectable authority had declared that the war with Spain was needless, for we might have obtained by negotiation all that we got by fighting. That the Spanish government, with gentle handling, would have arranged for a peaceful evacuation of Cuba and Porto Rico seems probable. But an excited public opinion swept President McKinley into war whereby we gained not only the surrender of Cuba and Porto Rico, but that detachable possession, the Philippine Islands, to say nothing of many tombs in Arlington and elsewhere.

"This has been declared before, but the senator's statement comes opportunely, because we have been hearing again about the necessity of preserving the sterner virtues and the fighting edge." It may be true that a nation which is unwilling to fight under any circumstances is lost; but against that set the staggering losses, in the last fifteen hundred years, that have arisen through national unwillingness to fight. If the United States traditionally peaceful, rushed into a needless war as recently as 1898 it does not seem that the western world has reached a point where anybody need worry about a decay of national belligerency. The danger is still on the other side. What we really need to cultivate and be instructed about is the milder virtues and national willingness to reason.

And adds the following comment: The "fighting edge" stood this nation, when it was "in the making," in good stead. Indeed, and to its keenness we owe that great institution, the Republican form of government. In the Civil war the "fighting edge" may have been overwhetted in the south, but the interests of liberty would have suffered had not the north drawn and wielded its "fighting edge." We are prepared to do that without hesitation the assertion that, if not actually a mistake, the "fighting edge" was too hastily unsheathed in the case of the Spanish war, an attempt to avert which would not have reflected upon the national honor and might have attained the humane and finally achieved, and we subscribe without reserve to the theory that we have reached that stage of civilization that should afford a means of settling international disputes quite as efficacious as war and less costly and tragic. But that is a condition that can only come by agreement among the powers, and the folly of such a pact leaving out a single nation strong enough in modern armament to whip a self-disarmed world—and it would not take the biggest of them—is apparent. So long as war is the citizen whose allegiance is based upon the theory that government is a source of protection for individual rights within the domain and against hostile invasion from without. Doubtless we were in error in the Spanish war, and it is possible that our attitude in the Mexican war was not above criticism, but had we lacked the "fighting edge" in 1812 and 1813 and '65, the fate of our seventy-five millions of people would no doubt have been less happy and there might not to this day have been instituted that "government of the people, by the people and for the people" established by Washington and preserved by Lincoln.

If the Spanish-American war was a mistake, as the writers quoted above seem to view it, it can be set down as one instance where popular clamor was not a safe guide to follow. The statement has been made that when the demand was first made upon President McKinley to declare war there was not enough powder in the navy to have fired all the guns on the American battleships once. The people did not know this. They were not in a position to know it. In the interval before President McKinley was forced to respond to the popular will and day preparing to supply the demand, the "milder virtues and the fighting edge" is always on tap without needing encouragement.

SOME OF THESE DAYS A DELEGATION OF WEST SECOND STREET PEOPLE MAY BE EXPECTED TO WAIT UPON THE CITY COUNCIL TO INQUIRE WHY SOME STEPS SHOULD NOT BE TAKEN TO CLEAN THIS STREET, OR, AT LEAST, TO LAY THE DUST, SECOND STREET, WITH ITS LONG STRIP OF ASPHALT PAVING, WITH ITS IDEAL DRIVE FOR MOTORIST AND THE EVENINGS THERE IS A CONTINUAL STREAM OF CARS PASSING UP AND DOWN THE STREET.

A cloud of dust is stirred up that covers the houses and drives the residents in from the front porches. It is not the fault of the motorists. It is the fault of the city. The same is true as to other streets, but in a lesser degree, for Second street attracts the most automobiles. Second street should be flushed every day.

Gifford Pinchot is being boomed for governor of Pennsylvania as an independent candidate against John K. Tener, the former baseball star and former national officer of the Elks. Pinchot had better not try to beat that combination.

A public bath house on the Des Moines river has been opened at Des Moines. When we get around to it Ottumwa would do well to start an institution for a public bathing beach, properly safe-guarded against accidents.

The Cumberland Telephone and Telegraph company has been fined \$175,000 in Mississippi. The Mississippi people ought to get a few pointers from President Taft. He doesn't fine law violators in many, but puts them in the penitentiary.

"It rained in Iowa yesterday," says the Chicago Evening Post, "and today the regulars and insurgents are probably fighting over the credit for it." It might be mentioned in this regard that there wasn't enough rain in these parts to fight over.

The Burlington Hawk-Eye says that the commission plan of government is not a failure, but it needs good demonstrators. From which it may be understood that Burlington's experiment is not entirely satisfactory.

The variety of talent produced in Iowa, says the Omaha World-Herald, is illustrated by the fact that the administration has come clear out to that state for a lighthouse commissioner.

The Fourth of July comes this year on Monday. This is for the benefit of all persons who may have read the calendar wrong and who imagined they should celebrate on Saturday or Sunday.

THE SECRET OUT.

"What made my lovely complexion? I do not like to tell, for it was medicine, but the nicest a woman ever took. It was Lane's Family Medicine that did it." This is a pleasant hero tea which acts favorably on the stomach and bowels, purifying the blood and cleansing the skin like magic. It cures headache and backache. Druggists and dealers sell it.

are, but, as usual, it revealed in several particulars the inability of the outsider to understand the combination of business trade and profession which to those inside of it seems to have no mysteries at all.

The President repeated, for instance, the long-familiar statement that the newspaper of today differs from those of twenty or thirty or fifty years ago in that while now the news receives most attention, then it was the editorial utterances that made value and reputation.

The right enough, as a mere matter of uninterpreted observation, but as basis for the conclusion drawn by the President and so often reached by other people—that the editors of today are different from, inferior to, and less influential than their predecessors in the Golden Age of Journalism—is without any foundation in fact.

Newspapers always printed all the news their resources and their facilities enabled them to get. The better and more prosperous ones get more of it nowadays, because they can, and that is all there is to the much-lamented change.

The supposed superiority of the old-time editorial articles is a pure illusion with no foundation in fact, or none except the one fact that the old-time news supply was scanty the comment on it attained a comparative importance which it now lacks. The best way to gain freedom from this illusion is to look through the old files of representative papers printed in the era when editorial giants are supposed to have abounded.

Whoever does so will find some good editorial writing, and some that is strong, but he will also find that its average merit is below rather than above the editorial writing of the present, and that a little of it will now excite only derisive laughter.

The modern editor addresses a public larger, better educated, and vastly less prejudiced, especially in matters political, than did his professional forbears.

He cannot as safely speak to his readers "from high to low" as the French say, and he must keep in mind their habit of reading more than one newspaper and their consequent possession of the means for convicting him of misrepresentation if he be inclined to indulge in it.

WHAT FATHER SAID.

A young lady who taught a class of small boys in the Sunday school desired to impress upon them the meaning of returning thanks before a meal. Turning to one of the class, whose father was a deacon in the church, she asked him:

"Will you what is the first thing your father says when he sits down to the table?"

"He says: 'Go slow with the butter, kids; it's 40 cents a pound,'" replied the youngster.—Everybody's Magazine.

REAL BUSINESS.

The real business man is one who furnishes some commodity that the community needs. Dollar-making is not necessarily business. The man who stands in a broker's office, for instance, and watches the tape, is not a business man, but a gambler. What is speculation anyway, but a parasite fastened upon the labor of all real business men? It creates nothing. It is the counterfeit of true business.—Andrew Carnegie.

A FORTUNATE TEXAN.

E. W. Goodloe, Dallas, Texas, found a sure cure for malaria and biliousness in Dr. King's New Life Pills. 25c. J. B. Clark.

GREAT IS BASEBALL.

Chicago Inter Ocean.—The Hon. John K. Tener, representative in congress of the Twenty-fourth Pennsylvania district, has been nominated for governor by the Republicans of that state.

Owing to well-known conditions of Pennsylvania politics it is not an impropriety—if it is not letting enthusiasm outrun discretion—to speak of Mr. Tener as they are already speaking of him in Pennsylvania—and in the most matter of fact way—to speak of him as "Governor Tener."

This case of political promotion in Pennsylvania has more than a Pennsylvania interest, because of its illustration in a way to which we do not remember to have seen attention called before, of the true greatness of our national game of baseball, of its value as a former of character fit for all tasks and of the fact that it does not warp or stunt men as do other highly specialized occupations, especially on the side of public entertainment.

The Hon. John K. Tener, now representative in congress and soon to be governor of Pennsylvania, virtually started in life as a professional baseball player.

Born in Ireland in 1863, but coming to America as a child, as a schoolboy he took to the national game and developed such skill at it that soon after leaving high school he was invited into the professional ranks. In the season of 1888 he was one of the pitchers for the old Chicago White Stockings and accompanied the team on its tour around the world.

We do not state these facts for the purpose of excusing the usual jokes about how former Pitcher Tener may be able to put "policies over the plate" with such skill that his opponents will "fan the air" in vain criticism, or that his success in running for office is a natural result of his proved aptitude in running bases, or that he may appropriately publish his personal memoirs under the title "From the Diamond to the Statehouse." We decline to intrude upon the province of the Pink Sheet.

We call attention to Mr. Tener's baseball career merely because it illustrates the difference of our national game from other games, in that a man may become a specialist of high rank in it without crippling his powers as an all round man.

We are beginning to learn the curse of the specialist, and how he pays, and often the community pays—when it is so ill advised as to let him rule and govern—for his eminence is his specialty. And that men who specialize along lines of public entertainment with success usually become unfit for any other task in life has been a tragedy for generations.

The man who becomes a success as an actor can rarely afterwards succeed at anything else. There are exceptions, but that is the rule. With public singers it is the same. Most public entertainers, it is notorious, are children, and spoiled children, in the practical affairs of everyday life.

But our national game, it is evident,

has not this warping and stunting effect upon human character. A man may attain to the specialist's rank in it, and still be fitted for other tasks and be able to exercise ordinary common sense in his dealings with his fellow men.

He may become a successful manufacturer and merchant, as A. G. Spalding did. He may become a successful and effective preacher of the gospel, as did "Billy," now the Rev. William A. Sunday. He may leave the players' bench for the banker's desk and succeed there, and also in public life, as John K. Tener has. Illustrations might be multiplied, but let these suffice.

Unquestionably our national game is the best sport ever invented. It is the most interesting for the spectators. It is the most popular and fairest. It rewards exactly according to the merits of those who receive them. It is wholesome and clean and honest. And it does not warp and stunt in body and mind those who engage in it, and so make them unfit for their other and serious tasks of life.

Great is our national game!

THE EVENING STORY.

IN THE LABORATORY.

By June Osborn.

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Romance in a chemistry laboratory seems, on the face of it, absurd, but then Burke Langton was a most unusual professor—young, good looking, self-possessed, good natured and not a bit conceited. And Midge Walton, at least so Burke thought from the first, was quite unlike the usual run of chemistry students.

She was always letting acids burn her pretty fingers, accidentally blowing test tubes and beakers and keeping the chemistry class in general, and Prof. Burke Langton in particular, in a state of perpetual excitement.

The task of wooing Midge had been anything but easy; not because Midge herself was unwilling to be wooed, but because it wasn't wise to arouse college gossip and never would be until there was an actual engagement. To call on her at the dormitory was much too obvious, to chance to encounter her in the campus was well enough, but hard to arrange. Once or twice when Midge had "let things happen" in the laboratory, Burke had a chance to help her and show her how great was his concern. On several occasions he had requested an interview with her after hours, apparently to help her with her work, but really with quite different intentions.

Finally, when the school year was almost over, he took the final step to the theater. "I have something I want to talk over with you," he told her, trying to make his purpose clear, "and of course it is impossible anywhere around the old college. We'll just make the theater a sort of an excuse."

Apparently Midge was delighted.

DR. BONHAM



SPECIALIST IN CHRONIC DISEASES.

Dr. Bonham has been located in Ottumwa eighteen years; Has an increased business each year, because he has maintained that no doctor can advertise his business year after year unless he has for his motto: "Honesty is the Best Policy."

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN

To Chronic and Surgical Diseases, Mental and Nervous Diseases, Catarrh of Nose, Throat and Lungs; Catarrh of the Stomach and Bowels.

RUPTURE CURED.

He cures Rupture, hernia incurable. He cured H. M. Childster of near Abbia of a rupture he had for forty years. He has been cured for seven years and is in perfect condition. Cured Chas. Steele, a blacksmith of Richland, Ia., and eight or ten other people from Richland.

PILE, FISTULA, RECTAL DISEASES

cured in a very short time. No use to suffer from Piles when you can be cured in a few days. He cured Mr. Kibb at John Danover and John Leaveling of West Point, Ia., in a week's time and many here at home. No question about the cure if he takes your case.

DISEASES OF WOMEN.

Medical and Surgical Diseases of Women. Displacements, Ulceration and all diseases peculiar to women treated with uniform success. Surgical operation when necessary. Electro-Thermal Bath, for Rheumatism and Chronic Troubles.

WEAK AND NERVOUS MEN.

Men who suffer from Bladder and Kidney Troubles, Nervous, Debility, Wasting Troubles, Varicocele, Stricture, should call and receive the best treatment offered for such private troubles.

SKIN AND BLOOD DISEASES CURED.

Eczema and Lufus Cancer, all Chronic Skin Diseases cured by the X-ray and Violet rays.

PATIENTS FROM A DISTANCE

furnished with pleasant accommodations. Write your symptoms if you cannot call at once.

Address: DR. J. C. BONHAM, Elk Building, OTTUMWA, IOWA.

She blushed, and then blushed all the more to think that he had noticed her blush. He was to get the tickets for "something Shakespearean," and they were to meet in town where none of the college people could see them. Midge was to spend the night in town with friends, and he was to return to college, perfectly happy.

The great day had come, and Burke was sitting before his desk in a state of blissful reflection on Midge's eyes, and Midge's voice, and Midge's amusing ways when some one stepped timidly up to his desk.

"Prof. Langton!" It was indeed Midge who was talking; she seemed very grave and constrained. "Prof. Langton, I—I won't be able to meet you to-night."

"Why, Midge, why, Miss Walton," he said, looking in vain for her usual smile. "Of course you will. It's all planned, I can't let you off." He looked intently into her face to discover the cause of her sudden change of heart. "What do you mean?" he demanded.

She avoided his glance. "I—I hoped you would understand," she said. "I can't explain."

Prof. Langton would have insisted upon a more complete explanation had it not been for the inevitable approach of other members of the class to the ever-present class. He stumbled through his lecture somehow, experiencing all the tortures of uncertainty. When he had finished and had entered the sanctum of his inner laboratory he felt as if he had endured years of aging. "I hoped you would understand," she had told him. "I can't explain."

He recalled the words and saw again the look of anxiety on her face. Yes, she understood how he felt and only wanted to save his feelings.

Then the vision of her as he had last seen her came to his mind. She had left the room with two of those tall, overbearing, all-important seniors. Just how he did not understand, but somehow, he was sure, those seniors were responsible for the change. She had been with them continually, he remembered. They were making her another of that self-sufficient, fireproof type of college girl. And yet there again that Midge really and truly liked him.

When the afternoon had dragged away and the monotony of dinner he thought of the tickets in his pocket and was inclined at first to invite a fellow professor to share the evening's entertainment with him, but the thought of going without her was impossible.

So it was that Burke sought consolation in the laboratory, to go on with an important experiment and try to work himself into a state of scientific indifference. It was about 7:30 when he reached the building. It was, as usual, closed for the day, but with the use of his "key" he gained admission. He groped his way through the main hall, up the stairs, along the corridor toward the laboratory. Suddenly he stopped short.

"Great heavens!" he said aloud, and then a sickening dread came upon him as he realized that he had stumbled in the dark upon something soft and human. In the deep shadow he could see the graceful figure of a girl, covered with black, lying motionless upon the stone floor.

"It's one of those poor, over-worked students who's fainted from fatigue," he thought with a touch of annoyance as he bent down over her, and then he realized that students couldn't be in the building at this time of night, as their work there was over at sundown.

To call for assistance was useless, as there was no one within call of his voice. He hurriedly lifted the limp form in his arms and carried it up the stairs into the laboratory. There he laid it down on the floor while he reached to snap on the electric lights.

It was Midge—Midge enveloped in an academic gown, with a black cloth drawn over her eyes. Almost faint with dread, he felt her pulse and listened for her breathing. Everything was perfectly normal, but still he could not rouse her. In a second he had the bandage from her eyes and was throwing water into her face, when he perceived a faint smile.

Still her eyes were closed and she was apparently unconscious. "Midge, Midge!" he said in a voice that did not sound like his own. "Don't you hear me?"

He clasped her hands frantically in his ho recalled having heard of all sorts of curious manias brought on by over work, and yet he had never thought of Midge as having studied much. Certainly she didn't spend much thought on chemistry. He hurriedly reached to his experiment table for some strong ammonia in the last hope of rousing her.



At the day's end Let work and worry end Consider the joy of the Rambler owner who, when evening comes, deserts tired horses and tedious tasks, joins his family and is off to town, to friends, theater or library. Strangely enthused by the stir and speed of the journey, he returns refreshed at leaving familiar things behind. The Rambler takes the hills lightly on high speed, because of offset crankshaft. No fear of mud because of Rambler's power. Hubs and stones cannot bother with 36-inch wheels and Rambler clearance. The trouble can cause no worry with the Rambler Spare Wheel. Besides, there is a certain pride in the ownership of a car of quality, for the Rambler is superior in all efficiency and better than any in dignity, silence and comfort. These features are essential in a car for use on country roads. Experience will show you that they are not mere talking points.

Snow Automobile Co. 121-123 South Main St. Albia, Iowa

break their engagements. I thought you would understand when I told you.

The professor was sitting on his desk looking curiously at the girl who had been taken from him and now had been strangely brought back again. "See here, Midge," he said, looking at his watch. "We'll only miss the first act if you go with me now. Do you want to or would you rather go back to and join that fool society?"

"I think," said Midge, "I would rather go with you."

This time the professor understood.

A Horrible Death

results from decaying lungs. Cure Coughs and Weak Sore Lungs with Dr. King's New Discovery. 50c and \$1.00. F. B. Clark.

DOLLIVER'S PLIGHT.

Washington correspondence of the New York Tribune.—There is one man in the senate who enjoys the sincere sympathy of most of his colleagues. That is Senator Dolliver. Only a few years ago the heir apparent to the leadership of the regular Republicans of his state, he led and won the campaign for the re-election to the senate of Iowa's "grand old man," thereby winning the unqualified loyalty of every friend of Senator Allison. And came the death of Mr. Allison, and the senate who enjoys the sincere sympathy of most of his colleagues. That is Senator Dolliver. Only a few years ago the heir apparent to the leadership of the regular Republicans of his state, he led and won the campaign for the re-election to the senate of Iowa's "grand old man," thereby winning the unqualified loyalty of every friend of Senator Allison. And came the death of Mr. Allison, and the senate who enjoys the sincere sympathy of most of his colleagues. That is Senator Dolliver. Only a few years ago the heir apparent to the leadership of the regular Republicans of his state, he led and won the campaign for the re-election to the senate of Iowa's "grand old man," thereby winning the unqualified loyalty of every friend of Senator Allison.

SIGOURNEY.

S. G. Wilson, chairman of the Republican county central committee was a Sigourney business visitor on Wednesday.

Attorney Frank Beatty of Hedrick was in Sigourney Wednesday. As he passed through Spencer, Ia., arrived in the city Monday on his way to Richland to see his brother Stephen who is seriously ill. Mr. Starr is a former resident of this county.

Miss Willie Brown who has spent the past six weeks visiting with her parents returned to her duties as trained nurse at Chicago Tuesday.

Rev. W. R. Houghton left Monday for Boone, Ia., where he is in attendance at the state convention of the Christian church.

Can. E. Miller, agent of the Sigourney schools, left Monday for Madison, Wis., to do special work during the summer in the state university. Joseph Geiger who has been visiting for a couple of months at the John McKay home left Wednesday for his home in Pennsylvania.

S. W. Mahan left Tuesday for Enid, Okla., in response to a telegram from his wife who is visiting her parents there. The Mahan baby who is with her mother in that city is dangerously ill.

Mrs. Eva H. Ogden was in Okaloosa Tuesday on business matters.

Mrs. W. L. Beinke was a passenger from Thornburg Tuesday to be present at the Draeger-Mahler wedding.

Wm. Stuber, Mr. Waugaman expects to move his family to Oregon in the near future.

Quite a number from Eddyville attended the social at the Hense Stump home near Hayden Chapel. The proceeds, \$14, will be used for church purposes.

Tr. Bradford and Wm. Hankins took their Sunday school classes to the Sherm Oldham farm yesterday for a picnic.

Mrs. Addie Caldwell who has been taking treatments for her eyes in Iowa City returned home yesterday, much improved.

Train Load Valued at \$50,000. Burlington, June 30.—A train consisting of twenty-six cars loaded with cattle and hogs was shipped from Roscoe, Des Moines county, for Chicago. The cargo is worth \$50,000.

Sheriffs at Cedar Rapids in July. Cedar Rapids, June 30.—The sheriffs have decided to hold their annual state convention here July 20 and 21. The auditor, treasurer and supervisors will meet here on August 17, 18 and 19.

Good Bread Day is Tomorrow Tomorrow, at the dealers named below, is Good Bread Day—that is, it is Good Bread Day for those housewives who haven't yet treated their families to the delicious goodness of baking produced by the famous Zephyr Flour. But to the housewives who already have this wonderful flour, Every Day Good Bread Day!

So make tomorrow your Good Bread Day by ordering a sack of Zephyr Flour—the only guaranteed flour in the world! Every household prides itself on her baking. With good flour, too. But the best flour in the world is found to make your baking better!

Get a sack of Zephyr Flour—use half of it. If it has not given perfect satisfaction, if it has not made equal the number of loaves of any flour you ever used, return the remaining half of the sack and get all your money back!

We couldn't make that offer if any other flour in the world was better than ours—we would be swamped with returned sacks and money losses.

But Zephyr Flour is the Best in the World That's why we make this wonderful offer—get a sack today—you'll be glad you know Zephyr Flour! Take advantage of Good Bread Day. Get your flour of the following:

Stuber & Waugaman, Eddyville, Ia.; Henry Fritz, Blakesburg, Ia.; J. F. Dings, Ottumwa, Ia.; W. J. Peck, Ottumwa, Ia.; A. J. Reynolds, Agency, Ia.; E. E. Hillen, Eldon, Ia.; B. L. Denny & Co., Highland Center, Ia.; D. H. Thompson & Son, Farnson, Ia.; C. G. Peterson, Ottumwa, Ia.

Bowersock Mills and Power Co. Lawrence, Kansas

