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**NO CAUSE FOR WORRY.**

Automobilists are taking issue with the statement of a New York banker that the increased use of automobiles will be the cause of grave financial troubles. They assert that a larger part of the outlay for automobiles is expended for business purposes, while the money spent for pleasure automobiles would be spent for something else. The Chicago Inter-Ocean takes sides with the automobilists.

"A dozen years or so ago," it says, "half of America—masculine and feminine alike—was astride of bicycles but the investment in that luxury did not cause the pillars of the stock exchange to tremble. In a dozen years from now we may all be drawing on our savings bank accounts to buy airplanes, but that fact of itself will have no more bearing on the status of the financial world than a matinee girl's extravagant investments in chewing gum and ice cream."

There are too many people who see in every new popular movement an evidence that the country is going to the dogs. The automobile industry has opened a new avenue of employment to thousands of people. It has brought hoarded money into circulation. There may be individual cases where the cost of purchasing and maintaining an automobile may put a severe crimp in some individual's pocketbook, but this is an individual case, requiring individual treatment, and it is nothing that should worry the neighbors.

The time to worry is when people are too poor to buy automobiles.

Making paper from cotton stalks is a new industry in the south. The manufacturers claim that the supply of stalks is practically inexhaustible as there is a ton of dry stalks for every bale of cotton raised and it would require nearly 1,500 paper mills turning out twenty-five tons of paper a day, to consume the stalks of one cotton crop. In addition to the bearing it would have on the threatened future shortage of pulp wood, the use of the cotton stalks, government experts declare, would have an effect in reducing the loss in the cotton growing states from the boll weevil. Dr. L. O. Howard, chief of the bureau of entomology of the department of agriculture, declares that it is in the dead stalks left in the cotton fields that the weevils breed, and when the young cotton shows itself the next season

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**On The Farm**  
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**Old Dutch Cleanser**  
 Housecleaning has no terrors for the housewife who uses this wonderful, all-round cleanser. It keeps everything in and about the farmhouse in spick and span condition in half the time and with half the labor required by old-fashioned cleansers. This one cleanser

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they are ready for it. Were the stalks dug from the field immediately after the harvest, as would be the case if they were utilized by the paper manufacturers, he believed the pest would be driven out and the \$50,000,000 annual loss sustained by the planters prevented.

**THE SUPREME COURT.**

In view of the vacancies in the supreme court caused by the death of Chief Justice Fuller and Associate Justices Peckham and Brewer, all within the last year, and the further vacancy that will soon be caused by the retirement of Associate Justice Moody, who has been in ill health for some time, a reorganization of the court by President Taft is made necessary. The importance of the task imposed upon the President is apparent when the matters now pending before the court are considered. Some of these important cases are outlined by the Washington correspondent of one of the Chicago papers. They include:

Standard Oil and Tobacco trust cases, involving the scope of the Sherman anti-trust law, and the extent of the federal control over interstate corporations.

The corporation tax case, which will determine the constitutionality of the law authorizing such taxation.

Constitutionality of the second employers' liability law.

The Buck Stove and Range company against the American Federation of Labor. This is a suit to recover damages from the federation for putting the company upon the unfair list.

Contempt cases pending against Gompers, Mitchell and Morrison, labor leaders, arising out of the foregoing cases.

Constitutionality and construction of the law prohibiting the carriage of cattle for more than twenty-eight hours without a rest.

Legality of the indictment against F. Augustus Heinz of the New York Mercantile National bank, charged with the misapplication of the funds of that institution.

Whether the indictments returned against the officials of the sugar trust are legal.

Constitutionality of the pure food law.

Interpretation of the features of the Hepburn act making the initial carriers responsible for damage sustained by shippers.

Constitutionality of the commodities clause of the Hepburn law arising out of a new phase of the question as to whether or not a carrier may transport coal taken from its own mines.

Whether the New York World was justified in reflecting upon former President Roosevelt and others in connection with the acquisition of the title to the Panama canal.

It is fortunate that President Taft, upon whose shoulders will fall the work of reorganizing the supreme court, is equal to the task. President Taft was called from the bench by President Roosevelt to take up the work that led him to the presidency. It has been said that it was his great ambition to reach a place on the supreme bench. He knows the problems and the kind of men that are needed to work out these problems. The country can rest safe in the belief that the reorganization of its highest court is in his hands.

Chicago society leaders who have been puzzled to know just how the board of review, in fixing the personal property assessments, had secured such reliable information concerning their diamond tiaras, pearl dog collars and necklaces. Now it develops that the tax reviewers have been reading the society columns of the newspapers and the society leaders have found that it is some times expensive to be singled out in a crowd with the statement that "Mrs. So-and-so was conspicuous in pale blue satin with diamond tiara."

A man named Finnegan, who claims to have fought in every war that has occurred in the last twenty years, including the rebellions in South and Central America, was in police court yesterday morning. He went through all the lines till he ran up against the Ottumwa police. They got him.

Once more we call Mr. Corbett's attention to an elegant opportunity he has to make a reputation. He was so anxious to have Johnson whipped that he was going to do it himself if Jeff didn't want the job. Jeff did want the job but he doesn't now. It is up to Mr. Corbett to make good.

The Courier today publishes the first of a series of interurban letters from J. C. Carmichael, city editor of the Davenport Times, who has gone to Indianapolis to secure first hand information on the interurban. Mr. Carmichael will make a study of interurban conditions as he finds them and his letters will contain much to interest Courier readers.

"Colonel Roosevelt has returned," says the Kansas City Journal, "but can be come back?"

It is not well to say too soon that there were no accidents on the Fourth. It takes several days for lockjaw to develop.

With the automobile races, the golf tournament at the Country club, the bulletins of the fight, and the launches on the river, Ottumwa's people were well entertained during the Fourth.

Now we are ready for a good, hard all-night rain.

Just keep up the agitation—that's what it will take to get an interurban. Don't get impatient—it is a big job.

Most anyone will put about 8¢ per cent of their energy in the work they are doing, but the man who puts in 90 or 95 per cent is the one who gets a better job.

Clean your backyards and alleys. Do not let rubbish accumulate. Be careful of fire. Everything is very dry now. See that your store and fac-

tory are safe every evening before you leave.

This is the month the Democratic state convention is to be held in Ottumwa.

Reno is now forgotten again.

Wide tires help keep the roads good.

Buy Ottumwa made goods. They are the best.

The Fourth is past now. Get down to business and make this month better than July of last year.

**THE EVENING STORY.**

**ANGIE'S AMBITION.**

BY GERALD PRIME.

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They were talking it over—Angie and her pretty mother.

"It certainly must have been gratifying in a way," said Mrs. Calhoun in her leisurely Southern monotone.

Her daughter was buttering a piece of toast, an occupation which seemed to demand her utmost concentration.

Mrs. Calhoun slipped her cup and saucer and letting her hands fall listlessly into her lap.

This was a direct question, and as such demanded an answer—even though it came from her mother, who, Angie knew perfectly well, would have been neither hurt nor resentful had her daughter elected to remain silent.

"No," she said, with a little laugh which did not ring right—a fact which did not escape the attention of her mother, and added greatly to her disquietude—"it wasn't at all gratifying, and I'm not a bit pleased with it. I just hate it—the whole business, from beginning to end."

"Oh, Angie!" the girl interrupted recklessly. "I was determined to do it, and nothing could have prevented me when the chance came. I wouldn't have accepted a kingdom in exchange for my opportunity to come to New York and be an actress. An actress, indeed!"

"You certainly have talent, Angie, a heap of it," her mother affirmed loyally.

"Not a little bit," declared her daughter positively. "I'm Angela Calhoun first, last and all the time and I never lose my hateful identity for a single minute. It makes no difference whether the part is Queen Elizabeth or Little Eva—I'm Angela Calhoun all the time."

"I'm mighty glad you are," said her mother, with a sudden assumption of spirit that almost transformed her. "I hope nothing will ever happen to change you into anybody else. That is—unless—"

"Just so—unless," Angie came to the rescue.

"How they did applaud you last night," said Mrs. Calhoun, returning tactfully to the matter in hand. "All those people must have enjoyed it, if you didn't. I thought they never would get enough of that last song. I don't see how you can feel that it wasn't a success. Everybody in the house was delighted. Mr. Goldsmith was charmed. He came into the box to congratulate me, you know."

"What did he say?"

"He was too excited to say much of anything. 'Our little girl's a big winner' was one thing. Really, Angie, when I saw how those people liked it and were carrying on, I couldn't help feeling—well, proud of you."

"You dear! I wish for your sake that I might do something really worth while, said Angie in a voice that was passing beyond her control. "Never mind, dear," becoming at once the tender maternal consoler: "you have but to say the word and we will go south at once. We can go back to Talladega in a blaze of glory. Your success last night has made that possible. Shall I begin to pack up, Angie?"

That was all that was required to bring about instant reaction. The girl abandoned her sensational lapse with a dexterity that would have served her admirably on the stage.

"Don't let us be sentimental, mosey," she said. "We really can't afford it. No, we won't go back to Talladega. There isn't a soul in the town that I ever want to set eyes on again."

Mrs. Calhoun sighed faintly. "I used to think that you and Geoff Martin," she began, but Angie would not permit her.

"Mr. Martin and I are mere acquaintances—nothing more," she said with an air of finality. Then she continued: "I shall go right on as I have begun. I am not an actress and I know it, but as long as the public wants me it can have me—and welcome. Goldsmith wants me to sign with him for three years, and I shall probably do it. Of course, I don't expect to keep up the delusion that long; somebody is

sure to find me out before very long."

"Mr. Goldsmith is very pleasant—for a foreigner," hazarded Mrs. Calhoun, because she did not agree with her daughter in her low estimate of his histrionic ability and knew that Angie was not in the mood to be combated successfully.

"He's perfectly horrid!" declared the girl with an emphasis that made her mother shiver. "They all are!"

"Then why don't we go back to Alabama by the first train?" wailed the perplexed woman helplessly.

As if in immediate answer to her question Mr. Geoffrey Martin was announced.

"Are you going to see him?" Mrs. Calhoun asked in a whisper.

"Certainly not. Say that we are at breakfast."

"Nobody ever breakfasts at this hour in Talladega. He'll think it mighty strange."

"I don't see why we should be responsible for that. He might have difficulty by remaining in Talladega."

"You may be sure that it's something unusual that's brought him to New York," said Mrs. Calhoun, with a puzzled look on her fair face.

"Oh, if you have the slightest curiosity to know what brings him, better have him come up. That breakfast jacket of yours is altogether becoming. At least some of us see it will disappear into my room. Tell him I'm well, dressing for rehearsal."

The girl rose and with a few deft touches piled the breakfast things on a tray, her mother half protesting, half acquiescing. Almost coincidentally with her exit, tray in hand, from one door, was the entrance of Mr. Geoffrey Martin at another.

He was in receipt with Mrs. Calhoun, and his reception was most cordial. The little woman made no attempt to conceal her delight at seeing some one from home, and had so many questions to ask him concerning local happenings that the young fellow, who essayed courteously to answer them, had little room for constraint. At the first opportunity he asked after Angie. Because she would have preferred to speak openly, and even more especially because she knew that from her room, only separated from them by a drawn curtain, her daughter was a more or less interested listener. Mrs. Calhoun assured him that Angela was as ever.

"I saw her last night—at the theatre," he said soberly. "And I—fancied—"

"And you were there?" she interrupted eagerly. "Tell me what you thought of her. Isn't she splendid?"

He hesitated so long that she mistook his silence for disagreement. The possibility almost angered her and she drew herself up prepared to defend her opinion to the very last.

"Oh, perhaps," she began loftily. "Pardon me, dear Mrs. Calhoun," he interrupted hastily. "The is indeed splendid. Under any circumstances whatever she is that. That I would have admitted before you left Alabama. I saw her act last night and now I am ready to pronounce her magnificent. Did she tell you that our unfortunate—ah—disagreement came from my absurd unbelief in her dramatic ability? Think of it, I, Geoffrey Martin, tried to convince her that she could not act. Do you wonder that she broke with me?"

"Did she—just for that?"

"How could she help it, dear little girl!" he went on, passionately. "I was an idiot and I shall never go back to Talladega until I have the chance to call myself an idiot in her presence. I have lost her, but I don't intend to deny myself that final pleasure. When shall I have the opportunity?"

When Mrs. Calhoun could frame a reply Angie emerged suddenly and stood against the crimson background of the curtain. Her face was flushed and tear-stained, but she was smiling radiantly.

"You shall never have the opportunity if I can prevent it," she said.

The bell interrupted noisily and Mr. Goldsmith was announced.

"Please attend to him, mosey," said Angie, with admirable presence of mind, and tell him there will be no contract."

**THE NET.**  
 By Joanna Single.  
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As the young foreman heard the shriek of the 5 o'clock whistle he saw that the employes left things in proper order, and as they filed out into the hot spring evening, came himself into the dirty, smoky factory yard, his cap far back on his curly dark head and his blue shirt sleeves rolled to his muscular shoulders.

He smiled, and a quick smile, as the men passed him each had a word, a jest, a loving sort of recognition for him. He was fair and square, quick to take up their interests although no alarmist. He could have been their leader anywhere. Off to one corner a fat, gross-looking man stood smoking and watching him—a man who was no stranger. But young Willis, the foreman, had not yet observed the "polish."

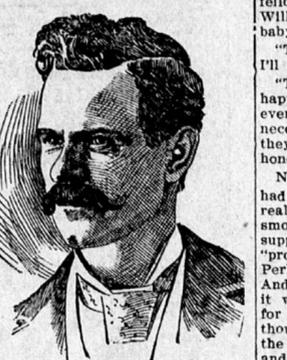
Jerry Willis had pulled down his sleeves and remarked forty times on the unseasonable heat of this early April when Bill Dugan and a half dozen others stopped him. The city elections were due for next week, and candidates were "in the hands of their friends."

"Whose yours for mayor, Willis?" Dugan asked the question carelessly enough, but he really wanted to know. He had no initiative of his own, and the others were much like him.

"John Preston for me—a clean town, tight shut and the 'machine' out of commission. 'Int' that the ticket for a workin' man? This town is getting so a poor girl hasn't a chance—if she keeps decent, and the 'machine' has spread like a net over the workin' men," replied Willis. "I know a dozen—no, a hundred—fellows who can't vote as they like because they are under some obligation to some of the city hall gang. Not for me!"

"Guess you're right," agreed the others, but Dugan finished heartily:

**DR. BONHAM**



**SPECIALIST 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 afford to be 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 that seems incurable. He cured E. M. Chidester of near Albia 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.

**PILES, 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. Jacob and 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-Thermic Baths for Rheumatism and Chronic Troubles.**  
**WEAK AND NERVOUS MEN.**  
 Men who suffer from Blindness and Ear Troubles, Nervous Exhaustion, Wasting Troubles, Varicose 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 Electric Rays.

**PATIENTS FROM A DISTANCE**  
 furnished with pleasant accommodations. Write your symptoms if you cannot call at once.

**DR. J. C. BONHAM,**  
 Elks Building, OTTUMWA, IOWA.

"I'm caught in the net, but I'll be blessed if I don't break loose if you do, Jerry. The South end, being wide open, is getting something fierce, and Mame, my girl, has to go through there to get to her work twice a day. It ain't safe—you're right."

They passed on, still arguing that and other matters. Some of them went straight for the nearest saloon; others hurried to wives and children. The politician, casting an eye after them, decided to let them alone for the present. This Willis was a better capture just now—he could easily swing the workin' man's vote in his precinct. And a man with a wife and two babies, and a little home not yet half paid for on the installment plan, has an eye open to "bettering his—"

He came forward and hailed the young foreman, who was now aware of him for the first time.

"How're ye, Willis? Goin' home? Let me drive you—got my mare tied out here. Have a smoke?" Willis nodded and took the cigar, following the man, wondering what had brought him to the factory.

"Fine mare, Ryan," he remarked, climbing in. The politician followed him heavily.

When Ryan "approached" Willis, in the manner of his kind, and with infinite skill. He had overheard, he saw, Willis's remarks on the mayoralty, and while it was none of his business, he was on the inside and knew a thing or two. He hated to see a bright young fellow like Willis make such a mistake. "He would 'put him wise.'"

"This he proceeded to do, putting the 'machine' in the light of a heaven-sent necessity, and its parts as the protectors of the city, and of the especial angels of the working man. He did it well. He knew better than to offer this young man more than a casual stein of beer—he was no drinker. But he hit the sensitive spot when he spoke of the family and the little house. He asked Willis if he was working for his health, or whether he would 'know a good thing when he saw it?'"

By the time they reached the little cottage and the young mother with the baby in her arms came to the door to see who was bringing her husband home in such style Ryan had made the foreman a proposition. It was flattering—and advantageous. Jerry was to swing the labor vote the "right way"—not for Preston and decency—and, as return favor, the machine would give him a "soft job."

Ryan knew of a position where Willis could double his present salary—with a bonus on the side sufficient to pay off the remaining payments on the house. It was a perfectly fair thing. The interests had to be protected; those workmen were like sheep; not knowing what was good for them, and Willis, a natural leader, could bring them into the fold. It was the best for the city and everybody, and so long as human nature was as it was, it was no use of nipping the lid on too tight. Nobody wanted an explosion. Decency was a personal matter and so forth. This would swing Willis up out of the sweating crowd with no future but

slavery. It was his chance. The man was clever enough not to ask for a decision then. As he let the young fellow down and complimented Mrs. Willis, who had come out with her baby, he remarked:

"Think it over a day or two and I'll come over and fix things up."

"Then he drove away, and the little happy family went into its simple evening meal. They had little save necessities, but they owed no man; they had health and love—and honesty."

Never so much as on this night had the young head of the family realized his blessings. And as he smoked on the porch a while after supper he did a lot of thinking. The "proposition" seemed square enough. Perhaps Ryan was right, politically. And if he, Willis, did political work it was surely no bribery to be paid for in favor and influence. He thought of the little place debt-free, the chance of a fuller life for Molly, and a better prospect for educating the babies, and a better position for himself. Perhaps this was indeed his chance. He would think about it.

But the night brought little sleep. Willis was restless, and the restlessness spread to the others. Four-year-old Bobbie fretted and wanted frequent drinks, and the baby was wakeful. Jerry wanted to talk things over with Molly, but a queer something held him back. It was a doubt of knowledge that she would not think about it at all. She would promptly call it dishonest, and there would be an end to it. He knew what women folks in general thought—that anything political could not be pure and undefiled, and that explanations would make no difference. What he did want was to talk with some one who would assure him that it was all right. Resolving to "be fair and square," he managed to go to sleep toward morning.

Next day at his work, the thinking went on. When asked about the election he was less sure about his choice. But he avoided questions. If he was to "swing" his vote he must keep still until he knew exactly what position to take. His face was worried, and at night when he was ready to start for home Ryan and the little mare were again waiting for him. The politician had been to Jerry's home, he said, and told Mrs. Willis her husband would not be home for supper—he wanted him to look over some property he, Ryan, had to sell. He told Jerry he had "made it right" with her. Then he took him to his home in the suburbs, and they had a dinner of quality. He reassured him, made him see things in a new light. It was all really so plausible that Willis would have fallen in line at once, but he finally, rather late in the evening, and over a glass of extremely good wine, he promised to let him "see the next evening 'for good.'" Ryan said he would drive over to Willis's house in the evening. He hated a delay, but dared not urge the young man further.

When Jerry reached home the babies were asleep. He hoped Molly would be, too, but she sat waiting, bright as usual. But there was a trace of anxiety in her tone as she asked him what he had been doing. She asked for real interests, for she was not the woman to distrust her man in his goings and comings.

"Talking politics," he answered. Then he thought he would tell her all about it, but finally decided that she would not understand and that he had better keep still and do his own thinking.

Again he lay awake most of the night and by morning had Ryan's answer ready for him. He thought he would make it all a surprise for Molly. She would, of course, be wild with delight at cleaning the place, and especially with better work, better paid, for him. It would be best as a surprise, for he had a strange reluctance about consulting her. He was after all, the head of the house, and what he said had to "go."

He went to work, and all day was silent and busy. No one could get an unnecessary word with him. And the moment closing time came he started for home and supper—and Molly. Molly regarded him with a wise and wifely eye, as he ate, and after she had put the children to bed followed him out to the little garden, which

had just been ploughed up for planting. She began without preface.

"What does that Mr. Ryan want I don't like him."

"Jerry laughed. How like a woman that was! But, little by little, she got all out of him—All but his decision. Still talking they walked back to the house, she catching his hand in hers and holding it tight.

"His impudence—to think he'd try to pull the father of my boy into that net! If we ain't got much for Bobbie, we've at least got an honest name—and square folks to stand behind him. The idea! Did he think you would sell yourself just to get the place paid off? I wonder at your patience, Jerry, boy! He must think all men can be bought just because he—why, Jerry, there he is now driving up in front!"

This time it was the man who took the woman's hand and held it close drawing her along with him. They went to the gate, and Ryan greeted them gaily enough. Would Willis take a bit of a drive with him? No, Willis thought he would go to bed. There was a hard day before him tomorrow.

"And about the proposition? We've got to get busy tomorrow if we do anything."

Jerry interrupted the man's veiled impatience.

"No, I'll just jog along as I'm doin' now. The woman here has put in her vote, and that carries the day in the Willis precinct. I'm much obliged to you, Ryan—but W. no use. The closed town for mine."

Ryan touched his hat to Molly Willis—who was pretty and a woman. He touched his mare with the whip and as he drove off he bit hard into his cigar, and swore.

Bring discomfort and misery to many people but Foley's Honey and Tar gives ease and comfort to the suffering ones. It relieves the congestion in the head and throat and is soothing and healing. None genuine but Foley's Honey and Tar in the yellow package. Clark's Drug Store; The Swenson Drug Store.

**CHARITON.**

Miss Nellie Beatty of Ottumwa, has returned home after a three weeks' visit with her aunt Mrs. J. H. Carroll.

Mrs. Levi Fluke and niece Miss Guselle Thompson went to Osceola to visit her son Everett Lingle and other relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. John Frazier and brother Carl Caviness visited friends in Woodburn and attended the celebration at that place.

Miss Ethel Musselman of Des Moines formerly of this city, spent the Fourth at Chariton a guest of Miss Daisy Duke.

The Four of July passed off very quietly in Chariton. There was no celebration at this place. A number of picnics were had, and many went to Lacona, Woodburn, Oakley and Lucas, where celebrations were held.

Mrs. F. E. Frazier of Washington township, Ia., returned from a visit in Calnsville, Mo., with her daughter, Mrs. Lena Harrell.

O. L. Mace and step-daughter, Cora Wright of Warren township returned from a visit with relatives in Des Moines.

Mrs. D. A. Lynch and sister Miss Katherine Garvin are spending a few days with relatives in Ottumwa.

Mrs. Bery Storking, who had been spending a few weeks with relatives in Emerson returned home yesterday.