

THERE IS NO TIME MORE FAVORABLE TO MAKE MONEY WITH A DE LAVAL CREAM SEPARATOR THAN RIGHT NOW. I HAVE THEM IN VARIOUS SIZES AND IF YOU HAVE A SEPARATOR AND WANT A LARGER AND NEWER ONE I WILL TRADE FOR YOUR OLD ONE OF ANY MAKE. I HAVE REPAIRS FOR AND REPAIR THE DE LAVAL, EMPIRE, UNITED STATES AND TUBULAR.

Old Phone 251-R. New Phone 664. **JAMES H. SHEPHERD** "New Shepherd's Rancho." Ottumwa, Iowa. Nos. 209-211 West Main Street.

Tri-Weekly Courier. BY THE COURIER PRINTING CO. Founded August 8, 1848. Member of the Lee Newspaper Syndicate. A. W. LEE, Founder. JAS. F. POWELL, Publisher. K. DOUGHERTY, Managing Editor.

Office: 117-119 East Second Street, Telephone, Bell (editorial or business office) No. 44. New telephone, business office 44; new telephone, editorial office 167. Address the Courier Printing Company, Ottumwa, Iowa.

Entered as second class matter October 17, 1902, at the postoffice, Ottumwa, Iowa, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

GOVERNMENTAL ECONOMY. Economy has been one of the keynotes of the Taft administration. The annual review of national appropriations and expenditures, by Chairman Tawney of the house appropriations committee, shows the result of this policy. According to Tawney's report the total appropriations for the year ending June 30, 1911, are more than \$28,000,000 less than for the fiscal year 1910. This shows a decrease where an increase might naturally be expected, in view of the fact that the country is constantly growing in size, power and responsibility.

Total appropriations for the year 1910 amounted to \$1,055,663,267.88. While the amount appropriated by the last congress for next year amounted to \$1,028,125,769.58. This sum is in reality reduced to about \$280,000,000 by the fact that \$244,000,000 was appropriated for the postoffice department and nearly all of this sum will flow back into the government through the postal revenues. Other appropriations were made for construction work and will not be done until later years and this money need not be immediately available. In the light of this showing the statements relative to the "billion dollar congress" are misleading. Chairman Tawney shows where economy was used in the twelve regular appropriation acts that provide for the annual expenses of the government. These include the agricultural, army, diplomatic and consular, district of Columbia, fortification, Indian, legislative, navy, military academy, postoffice, pension and sundry civil appropriation acts. The amount included in these appropriations for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1911 was \$319,647,052.02, which is \$8,506,085.44 less than the estimates submitted at the beginning of the session and \$44,914,527.46 less than was appropriated in the corresponding acts for the fiscal year 1910.

The total deficiency appropriation was \$7,587,854.12 less than the preceding year and \$11,825,788.71 less than the average annual deficiency appropriation since 1898, the year of the Spanish-American war. The deficiency appropriation for this year was considerably less than in many fiscal years preceding 1898.

The record made is one that will make good campaign material for the Republican party in the fall elections, as every voter is interested in the revenues and expenses of the government and will uphold the President and congress in their efforts to economically administer the affairs of the government.

A GREAT EPOCH ENDED. The age of the territories, with all its meant of adventure, of romance and of national glory, has closed, says the Chicago Inter-Ocean, in referring to the favorable action taken by congress on the bills admitting Arizona and New Mexico into statehood. The Inter Ocean gives an interesting review of the history of the era that closes with the admission of these two territories as follows:

Consider how different was the map of the United States to him who reaches this year the scriptural three score and ten. When that child was born in 1840 there were only the old thirteen states and thirteen more, Michigan was the last, and but three years old as a state. Florida was still a territory. So was Wisconsin.

West of the Mississippi were the states of Missouri and Arkansas, the latter only four years old, and beyond them "the Indian territory" and the independent republic of Texas. To the northwest was Iowa territory, stretching vaguely westward from the Mississippi.

Robert George Dyrenforth, a 12-year-old Chicago boy, is bound to be one of the busiest characters in history if he attempts to meet the conditions imposed in a will in which he is made heir to a quarter of a million dollars. The boy must graduate from high school at the age of 14, receive a degree from Harvard at 18, secure entrance to and graduate from West Point, spend his vacations abroad; he must be guarded against women and "be informed of the artful and parasitical nature of most of the sex" and must not marry beneath him. He must do all these things before he is 28 and if he is alive at that time the money is his. Certainly it must be admitted that if the boy carries out that program he will earn his quarter of a million.

Pacific American diplomacy settled the Oregon question. American enterprise found El Dorado, where Spanish sloth could not find it in a hundred years, and created in a year a state such as the earth had never before seen—a state of whose population at least three-quarters were men under 50.

Hear the roll call of the territories and the states as they filed before Abraham Lincoln entered the White House to save the union:

Florida and Texas in 1845; Iowa in 1846; Wisconsin in 1848; Oregon in 1848 and 1859; Minnesota in 1849 and 1858; California in 1850; New Mexico and Utah in 1850; Washington in 1853; Kansas and Nebraska in 1854 and Kansas in 1861; Colorado, Nevada and Dakota in 1861. Ten new territories organized, three of them and three older territories becoming states; the gigantic Lone Star added to the American constellation; a national domain which congress had no time formally to organize as a territory, it grew so fast into a state.

That was the great age of expansion of the American republic—the age in which war, pioneering adventure, commercial enterprise and religious zeal combined to overrun and possess the western half of our continent. It was an age whose achievements have been deprecated and derided, but still it towers as the colossus of modern history.

But during that time the American people not only extended their empire to the Pacific. They also organized their new dominions and laid the foundations of the marvelous development that has come, since it was settled at Appomattox that this republic was neither to continue half slave and half free nor to be divided but was to be one country with one flag from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and between northern and southern boundaries whose final situation it would be unwise at this time to predict.

With the signature of the President on June 20 to the act enabling New Mexico and Arizona territories to become states the age of the territories has closed. There are still territories and doubtless future states, but they are more or less cutters from the continental block now soon to be filled with forty-eight indestructible states of this indissoluble union.

The old states, the Inter-Ocean adds, will be missed. They were the visible signs of national achievement of all kinds and not of one or two kinds only. To find emblems like them we must now look to our islands beyond the seas.

Col. Roosevelt has agreed to make a speech in behalf of Senator Beveridge's candidacy for reelection in Indiana. No fault will be found with this decision by any Republican. Beveridge is the nominee of his party and is making a campaign against James W. Kern, the Democratic candidate for the vice presidency two years ago. Col. Roosevelt denies, however, that he has made any statement that might be construed as an endorsement of Poindexter's candidacy for the nomination for senator in the state of Washington. Roosevelt had been quoted as endorsing Poindexter and taking a slap at Ballinger. He has hastened to say that he declines to be responsible for any statements except those which he himself makes. The people may expect some irresponsible newspaper stories from Oyster Bay these days. News is dull, the silly season is on and the correspondents must turn out the copy.

Our old friend Walter Wellman now moves forth into the limelight. Wellman announces that he will attempt to cross the Atlantic ocean in the dirigible balloon built for his polar expedition, a balloon, by the way, that never showed many symptoms of flying when Walter was discovering the pole on paper. It will be remembered that while Wellman was seated beside the stove in his winter quarters writing daily stories of his plans for finding the pole, Peary came back with a few splinters of the pole and Cook led the lecture platform. Wellman should this time do all his flying first and his writing afterwards, or some of the bird men who are now saying nothing, may beat him to it.

Many citizens object to the practice of closing up City park on nights when band concerts are held in the park. The seats in the park, roped off from the public on concert nights, look inviting to the crowds seated about the curbing and on the court

house and library steps. Why not make the experiment of throwing open the park one night to see just what damage the crowds would do? It is doubtful if any serious injury would result and perhaps no harm at all would be done. The success or failure of this experiment could determine the future action to be taken.

John Temple Graves says it is just as natural for Democrats to make mistakes as it is for sparks to fly upward.

"The men who have achieved success are the men who have worked, read, thought more than was absolutely necessary, who have not been content with knowledge sufficient for the present need, but who have sought additional knowledge and stored it away for the emergency reserve. It is the superfluous labor that equips a man for everything that counts most in life."—Cushman K. Davis.

It would appear that Mr. J. Jeffries and Mr. J. Johnson display wisdom when they took their share of the proceeds of the fight pictures.

THE EVENING STORY.

IN A SUMMER HOUSE.

By Mabel Clair Smith. Copyright 1910 by Associated Literary Press.

Burton Kuhl shrugged his shoulders with amiable surprise when he realized what a storm of objections he had brought down on his head by the simple announcement of an important happening.

"What a fuss you are making Grace!" he interposed, hastily taking advantage of a momentary pause in the flow of eloquence. "Really, one would think I had committed a crime in daring to engage myself to the dearest girl in the world. Your only objection to Miss Floyd, as I understand you, is her profession. Well, what's the matter with that? A doctor is a handy person to have around, I think. I'd trust my life in Esther's hands a good deal quicker than in the hands of some masculine practitioners I could name."

Mrs. Trevelyn sighed expressively and elevated her eyebrows. "Can't you understand?" she cried vehemently. "That's just why you should not marry her! Just think what sort of a home you'd have with a wife riding around the country at all hours of the day and night, at the call of anybody and everybody! She can't be a true woman when she deliberately chooses a profession like that. I'll warrant she hasn't a spark of taste in dress, either! I can't understand your choice, I'm sure. It's hard to be disappointed in an only brother," she mourned.

"Oh, nonsense!" frowned Burton. "Esther wouldn't keep up her practice after we were married, of course. At least, not to the extent of answering night calls. I wish you'd look at the matter in an unprejudiced light, Grace. I never had anything to do with you and George, though I knew all the time that he was as poor as poets usually are and never would amount to a row of beans. You've had time enough to find that there's plenty of truth in that, I reckon. If it were not for the little dowsy you brought him I fancy life would be a work-a-day job for George instead of his present easy, rhyme-making existence. Why can't you show the same generous spirit toward me?"

"The two cases are quite unlike Burton," flashed his sister, with an indignant toss of her head. "George and I get on beautifully, together, and we are both home-lovers. He likes to write poetry and I like him to do it. If so little of it is published it isn't because it lacks merit, I'm sure, for all the rejection slips as it isn't. I'm thankful that George doesn't have to go away from home every day and slave in some hot, stuffy office."

"Well, each for his or her hearthstone," answered Burton, gathering up his reins and lightly feeling the bit. "I wish you would call on Miss Floyd, though. Grace. She would like to know you, I'm sure. Perhaps she could prove to you better than I that a lady does not have to relinquish feminine graces and accomplishments to become a member of the business world."

"When I do it'll be a red-letter day, Burton Kuhl!" claimed Mrs. Trevelyn. "I suppose you're riding over to call on her this afternoon?"

"Yes I'm going to take Esther to look over Woodlawn this afternoon. If she likes the place I mean to buy it for our future home. We shall be near neighbors of yours then, Grace, and taking a slap at Ballinger. He has hastened to say that he declines to be responsible for any statements except those which he himself makes. The people may expect some irresponsible newspaper stories from Oyster Bay these days. News is dull, the silly season is on and the correspondents must turn out the copy."

Left alone, the little lady returned to her fancy work in the hammock at one end of the cool porch and pondered the disturbing news Burton had brought. She sighed restlessly, and finally bundled up her fancy work and stared thoughtfully at the tips of her white-slipped feet.

"I wonder whether the girl has small feet and hands?" she mused, with a dubious shake of her head. "Suppose she is a big, awkward creature with a wide smile and a grip like a man's! Suppose she has a loud, hearty voice and a compelling manner which nobody dares resist! Just suppose poor Burton has been fascinated by a muscular Amazon and means to make her my sister-in-law! Horrors! If George wasn't busy composing a new poem I'd run up and ask him if he knows what sort of person this Dr. Esther Floyd is. George hates to be bothered when he's writing, so I recon I'd better not interrupt him. Oh, dear! I wish I knew how she'd look! I shan't have a bit of peace until I find out. I know I'd go call on her this very afternoon if Burton hadn't made such a me to me. It's just the sort of house Burton likes, though," she added, as Everything looks seedy and milky door down of a pale yellow shade,

with hat, parasol and belt to match. Then, popping her head in at the door of her husband's den, she informed him that she was going for a walk. Having received an irritated grunt by way of response, she softly closed the door and ran down the stairs and out to the road.

"I've just got to get a glimpse of that girl this very day, fair or not fair," she murmured, defiantly. "If I can get to Woodlawn before they do, I'll hide in the old summer-house and peek all I please without anybody being the wiser."

She took a short cut through a field and another through an orchard. "Gracious!" she panted, some minutes later, as, tired and flushed from her unwonted speed, she neared the unoccupied frame house set among stately old shade trees. "It's a spooky, lonely place! I'll wager this lawn hasn't been mowed since the owner went away, three years ago. Grass about it, and if he wouldn't find it out, why couldn't he have taken her to Woodlawn some other time?"

Suddenly Mrs. Trevelyn sprang to her feet, a mischievous sparkle in her eyes. Whisking indoors, she ran blithely upstairs and hurriedly changed her house dress for an outdoor dress to a rustic summer-house half way between the house and the entrance gates. "The always did want to get as near nature as possible," she croaked to herself.

The summer house was overgrown with vines and its interior was far from inviting; but there was a rustic seat just inside the door, and Mrs. Trevelyn was very tired. With carefully clutched skirts and fearful eyes she entered the retreat and seated herself on the mossy bench.

The day was unusually warm for that time of year and Mrs. Trevelyn was not accustomed to so much excitement. Consequently, before she had been seated in the cool place five minutes, her eyes closed and she slumbered peacefully.

Fifteen minutes later she came to herself with a terrified start. Something sinuous and horrible was gliding away from her across the floor of the old summer house and there was a queer numb feeling in the fingers of her left hand. With a gasp of terror she raised her hand and took the wide-eyed newcomers, Mrs. Trevelyn sprang to her feet and dashed from the summer house just as two people came up the walk from the gates.

"Oh, thank goodness for somebody to help me!" gasped Mrs. Trevelyn, thinking of nothing save her extremity. "Do something for me, won't you please?" she wailed, appealingly holding out the wounded fingers to the wide-eyed newcomers. "I've been bitten by a snake—ah, an awful thing! I know I'm going to die—my finger feels so queer! Do something for me!"

"Ye gods and little fishes!" gulped Burton, hopelessly patting her back. "Grace, poor girl, how'd you do it? You're sure it was a snake?"

"Let me see the bite, please," said a quiet, low-toned voice from the trimly clad young woman at Burton's back. She stepped quickly forward and took Mrs. Trevelyn's shaking fingers. "Ah, yes, I see the two tiny punctures quite plainly," she observed, after a brief scrutiny of the injured finger. Her brows drew together as though something puzzled her and she looked uncertainly toward the summer house. "Is the snake still in there?" she asked, expectantly.

"Oh, I suppose so," shuddered Mrs. Trevelyn, feeling cold and ill. "Do you think it's a deadly bite? Will I die? Oh, for goodness sake tell me how long I have to live!"

The girl's lips twitched nervously, but her voice was gravely reassuring as she made response. "Many years, I trust," she said, gently. Then, turning to the equally concerned Burton, she asked him to enter the summer house and see if the snake was still in there.

Burton grabbed a stick and went boldly within the retreat. After a few moments of brisk rummaging he returned bearing on the point of the brook near West Point July 6, 1910 a snake with two pins sticking in one end. "This is the only snake I can find," he declared, with much gravity. "From appearances, I should take it to be a summer house serpent of a nonpoisonous kind."

Grace stared at the ribbon while the blood slowly returned to her cheeks and fingers. "Gracious me! It was just my belt!" she twittered joyfully. "I might have died if I hadn't thought of introducing my rescuer!"

And Burton, with twinkling eyes, cheerfully complied.

YOU NEEDN'T BELIEVE THIS.

Exchange.—Census Enumerator Conklin of this place reports a curious incident on Silver mountain, where people live to be quite old. Finding an aged man sitting on the porch and weeping bitterly, the enumerator inquired the trouble, whereupon the man, between sobs, exclaimed: "My dad licked me." "How old are you?" asked Conklin. "Eighty-nine," was the reply. "Where is your father?" "He's behind the house, spitting wood."

BE CALM.

Harper's Weekly.—Let us make a careful distinction between the colonel and the extraordinary expectations that have grown up in some minds as to what he can do and how he can save the country.

The country does not need saving just now. It is pounding along pretty well on the present tack, notwithstanding some difficulties of navigation. The colonel has given no intimation that he is going to save it, or that he thinks it needs saving. He bought a new straw hat the day after he got ashore, but there is no reason to believe it was not the same sized hat he has been used to wear. He is bland, fervent and busy, but gives no signs of undue excitement. In public he wears a shirt and keeps it on. Will your neighbors all please keep on your shirts, too! Much more! Persepe freely if the weather continues hot, but avoid excitement.

DEATHS.

CARR—Friday, July 8, 1910 at 1 p. m., at the family residence, corner of Cooper and Grant streets, Charles E. Carr, aged 34 years.

The deceased was well known in the city. He is survived by his wife, mother and four sisters.

Funeral services will be held tomorrow at 2 o'clock from the residence conducted by Rev. W. H. Hornell, pastor of the East End Presbyterian church. Interment will be made in Ottumwa cemetery.

WOOD—Friday, July 8, 1910, at 5:50 p. m., at the family residence, 1523 Bertha street, Mrs. Mary E. Wood, widow of the late Levl Wood, aged 53 years.

The deceased is survived by five sons, John Wood of Fairbault, Minn., Charles Oren, Walter and Herman Wood of Ottumwa.

Funeral services tomorrow at 10 o'clock from the residence, conducted by the Rev. Mr. McNair. Burial will be made in the Ormanville cemetery.

BIRTH NOTICES.

BORN—Friday, July 8, 1910, to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Eaton who reside on the corner of Jefferson and Pomeroy streets, a son.

BLOOMFIELD.

The Gopher club gave a dance at the Homestead hall Thursday evening. Born to Mr. and Mrs. Oris Kinney, east of town, a son.

John R. Davis of Chicago, is expected to visit next week to visit a few months with his son County Attorney C. F. Davis.

Mrs. A. B. Holliday and daughter Margaret returned Wednesday from a visit with relatives in Illinois.

Will Barber left Thursday for Wilson, S. D., where he will spend the summer.

J. D. McConnell of Drakeville is visiting with sister Mrs. M. Reynolds.

W. J. Steckel was in Moulton on business Thursday.

Mrs. A. Reynolds left Thursday on her trip through the west.

Mr. A. Reynolds left Thursday to spend the summer in Wilson, S. D.

Mrs. Gertrude Daugherty visited with friends in Ottumwa Thursday.

Miss Vera and Hazel Ornduff of Ottumwa passed through this city on Thursday on their way to visit their uncle Bert Ornduff, east of town.

Mrs. C. C. Dalrymple spent Thursday in Ottumwa.

The special meeting of the Davis County Holiness association began on Wednesday at the Universalist church under the direction of the evangelists Mr. and Mrs. Harris.

Mr. and Mrs. McIntosh of Cantril who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. John Lewis returned home Thursday.

Mrs. Mary Stober who has been visiting relatives in this city returned to Ottumwa on Sunday.

Miss Lina Pinell of Milton returned home Thursday from a week's visit with La Rue Anderson.

WEST POINT.

Miss Florence Sheets is spending a few days at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Cantril and daughter Leatha spent Wednesday at Ft. Madison.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Merch-brook near West Point July 6, 1910 a son.

Facts And Figures Show How Interurbans Boost All Business

The third of the series of letters on the influence of the interurban railways on the business of communities where they operate lends much to the cause of the electric roads as a factor in business building. J. C. Carmichael has obtained valuable information for the interurbans who would know what the interurbans do for a community in making values of property. The letter published below contains information gleaned from those who have made the interurban a success as well as from the small or country town merchant whose business has been aided instead of injured by the advent of the interurban line. The third letter by Mr. Carmichael of the Davenport Times, follows:

Indianapolis has a population of about 250,000, within the city limits, but for purposes of retail trade it has about 500,000. From figures furnished us by retail merchants, I should say that about half the retail trade of the city is with customers living outside of the city, the greater part of them coming over interurbans.—Joseph A. McGowan, secretary and treasurer of the Terre Haute, Indianapolis & Eastern Traction Company.

[BY JOE CARMICHAEL] Indianapolis, July 9.—From these figures verified by local retailers whom I have interviewed during the past few days, it would appear that the interurbans centering in Indianapolis are responsible for about one-half of the retail business of Indianapolis. The indirect effect on other classes of business can readily be imagined. Its effect on the values of real estate within the city, upon the hotel and restaurant business, the jobbing and wholesale trade, and the manufacturing, can be figured out.

If an Iowa city's retail trade were suddenly doubled, or increased by one-half even, one can see without much trouble where practically every person having any kind of business interest in the city would profit. "Do interurbans pay their stockholders?" was a question put to J. A. McGowan of the T. H. I. and E. T., one of the principal interurban companies, which has a trunk line running clear across Indiana.

"They do, if properly built and based on a solid financial foundation," said Mr. McGowan. "There have been instances where they have not, but this was because the territory through which the lines passed was not so densely populated to warrant an interurban line, or because the territory was already served by interurbans.

"I may state as an instance of the value of our property and its solid financial standing that a recent issue of bonds of the Terre Haute, Indianapolis and Eastern Traction company, amounting to \$5,500,000, was sold by Drexel & Co., of New York, Estabrook & Co., of Boston, bond houses which have the reputation of taking nothing but gilt edged paper.

"Most of the roads in Indiana are on a good solid financial basis and are paying on their investments."

Mr. McGowan is a busy office man, and his desk as I sat opposite him was piled high with papers, waiting his signatures, while office boys and stenographers, were at his elbow almost constantly for instructions and with messages.

However, he told me to fire away with my questions, and when once started needed no prompting to talk of interurbans.

"Interurbans have revolutionized modern business in this state," said McGowan. "Almost one might try to get along without the telephone as without electric railway lines. The day of the cussing traveling man is past. When he runs down the street to the depot just in time to see his train pulling out of the station a block ahead of him, he no longer finds occasion to make the air blue with his profanity. He merely lights his cigar and goes over to the interurban station, catches the train for the same place and has ten chances to one catches it with his train before he has gone many miles.

"Why there are traveling auditors and representatives of steam roads who habitually use our interurban lines to go back and forth between towns on their own lines, because they can travel with less loss of time. When their business is completed, they do not have to wait half a day to get back home again.

"To traveling men the advantages of the interurban cannot be estimated. It simply means that they can cover twice or three times as much territory as they could formerly. They do not have to stay half a day in a town to transact business which would take them but an hour. They can leave for the next town at any hour. It cuts down the livery expense, as well as the time. Where formerly they had to hire drivers and teams to go from one town to another, now the interurban takes them more quickly and vastly cheaper.

"Farmers and people in small towns no longer need refrain from sending their younger children to the advanced city schools, and business colleges because of the evil influences of the city. The boys and girls can be packed off to school in the city in the morning on the interurbans with their lunch baskets under their arms and return in time to milk the cows before supper. Hundreds of children from distances of ten to thirty miles come to school in Indianapolis every day and return in the evening. In this way the city schools benefit, as well as the farmer.

"Another instance of mutual benefit is that of the theaters, all kinds of amusement places and concerts. Every evening one may see hundreds of people returning to their homes in the country after the theaters close. A good concert is advertised. After supper the farmer and his wife, the country merchant and their families, get on an interurban at their door, come to town, enjoy the evening, and return home, instead of being obliged to spend the long monotonous evenings about the family fire sides. You can readily see the educational advantages of the interurban, not only in these instances but also in the facility for sending children from the farm to their own country schools.

"The interurban has dealt a blow to the country newspaper. The farmer now has his morning or evening paper dropped at his door as soon as his city brother. He may keep as closely in touch with the cattle, hog, grain and produce markets as though he lived in an urban center.

FUNERALS.

The remains of Mrs. Mary Irwin who died Thursday at her home west of the city, were shipped this morning to Keosauqua over the Rock Island where the interment will be made tomorrow. The remains were accompanied by her husband R. Irwin and son Ray, sister Mrs. J. H. Helwig and daughters Mrs. Charles McKeel, G. Schriber and Mrs. Maude Bennett.

The funeral services were held yesterday afternoon at 4 o'clock at Kirkville by Rev. Lee Vincent.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Peterson*