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EX-GOV. HOCH'S VIEWS.

The Saturday Evening Post questions the relevancy of great many questions propounded to the applicants for positions as teachers in the country schools. Here is the way the Post puts it:

You can give an account of the Toledo war and describe its importance. You will not find it mentioned in the index of Woodruff Wilson's history of the American people, for example; but the school commissioners want to know. What must be the diameter of a cylindrical tank whose depth is five feet five inches, to hold five hundred fifty-two and a half gallons?

Out of twenty examples in mental arithmetic—such as, one hundred and twelve is eight-fifths of how many times nine?—how many can you do in twenty minutes? Can you illustrate a compound complex declarative sentence?

The above are culled from one hundred and thirty-five questions which candidates for second-grade teachers' certificates are supposed to answer. Any one who answers most of them correctly can get a job teaching youngsters the alphabet and the multiplication table in a country school at thirty-five dollars a month. Obviously, compound complex declarative sentences and finding the diameter of a cylinder are of a certain depth and capacity.

The state food and dairy commissioner has an investigation to do a good work in his investigation of the ice cream cone business in Iowa. The discovery was first made in the east that in many of the cones, in which dealers sell ice cream, compounds are used which are prohibited by the pure food laws.

Physicians believe that many cases of children's complaints come from eating the cones. The dealers who sell these cones are not to blame. They purchase them in good faith from the eastern manufacturers and they are not expected to make a chemical analysis of everything they purchase. It is necessary to reach the manufacturers, however, through the dealers, and for this reason the commissioners are proceeding by this means.

Mayor Hanna of Des Moines believes his city is trying to do too much. Des Moines receives about \$1,000,000 a year from taxes and other sources. The mayor says there are now nearly a million dollars of improvement under way, enough to wipe out the receipts of the city from all sources for a year, leaving nothing for the care of the fire, police and health departments. Inasmuch as these three are the most important departments, Mayor Hanna's point is that they should not be starved for the benefit of improvements that can wait a while.

Des Moines can well afford to make haste slowly. If its present expansion program lasts the expansion movement does not last there is a loud objection when it comes time to pay for the big improvements planned.

Government officials at Washington have been swamped with requests for publications emanating from the various government departments and have sent out a notice to the press explaining "how to get public documents." Inquiries have been addressed to various officials, indicating, as the notice says, that generally speaking, the public has but a very hazy idea of how public documents can be obtained. It explains that any inquiry regarding public documents should be addressed to the superintendent of documents, government printing office, Washington, D. C.

It is beginning to dawn upon the intelligent men, says an exchange, that the president's Winona speech, in which he praised the tariff, was not overdrawn. The only trouble with that speech was that it came at a time when the country was not yet prepared for the truth about the tariff law, at a time when its operations had not been studied and the misrepresentations of the politicians had not been overtaken with the truth.

If you failed to read that short story by George Fitch, the former Iowa humorist, in the Courier last night, you missed something good. Fitch in his story on "A Four Cylinder White Elephant," shows that there are thorns as well as roses in the pathway of the automobilist.

Rev. Father Edward Wells Dies. Iowa City, Aug. 6.—(Special.)—Rev. Father Edward Wells of Richmond, this county, died suddenly at his home there last night. He was prominent and well known in that vicinity. He was 45 years old.

phasize this matter too much. The commission started in that way in Cedar Rapids, says the Republican, and it was during that secret period that "much of the mischief was done under which we have been staggering since." The Republican adds that if "the matter had been discussed in full daylight, there would have been no such foolish transactions as voting commissioners sums of money to spend at their discretion."

IRRELEVANT AND IMMATERIAL.

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The only earthly reason why anybody would wish to know them is that he can't teach a country school unless he does. Having duly qualified himself by storing this dusty rubbish in his brain he—rather she—walks a mile and a half through the snow, builds her fires, empties her ashes, instructs Class B that two times two are four, and for doing that she receives about a dollar per month. Which is more or less like telling a person that he will learn to recite Deuteronomy backwards in the original he shall have a bright new cent at Christmas.

In recent examinations in Iowa it has been found that many who aspire to be teachers are woefully deficient in spelling. The high schools, too, have been criticised for turning out graduates who are badly lacking in the essentials of education. It may be that Iowa is giving too much time and attention to what the Post terms the "dry bones of pedagogy."

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The... SILVER HORDE

By REX BEACH.

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(CHAPTER XII.—Continued.) The enterprise which an hour ago had seemed so certain of success, the enterprise which he had fathered at such cost of labor and suffering, now seemed entirely hopeless. The futility of trying to oppose these men, equipped as they were with limitless means and experience, struck him with such force as to make him almost physically faint and sick. Even had his cunning plan been open and running, he knew that they would never take him in; Wayne Wayland's consistent attitude toward him showed that plainly enough. And with nothing more tangible to offer than a half-born dream, they would laugh him to scorn. Furthermore, they had proclaimed their determination to choke all rivalry.

A sort of panic seized Boyd. If his present scheme fell through, what could he do? Whither could he turn, even for his own livelihood, except back to the hateful isolation of a miner's life. That would mean other years as black as those just ended. There had been a time when he could boldly have taken the bit in his teeth and forced Mr. Wayland to reckon with him, but since his return Mildred herself had withdrawn her consent to a marriage that would mean immediate separation from the life that she loved. That course, therefore, was closed to him, if ever he was to win here he must play this game of desperate chances to the end.

The announcement of dinner interrupted his dismayed reflections, and he walked out in company with Mr. Wayland, who linked arms with him as if to afford Willis Marsh every advantage, fleeing though it might prove.

"He is a wonderful fellow," the old gentleman observed, sotto voce, indicating Marsh—"one of the keenest business men I ever met."

"Indeed, he is. He is a money maker, too; his associates swear by him. If I were you, my boy, I would study him; he is a good man to imitate."

At the dinner table the talk at first was general, and of a character appropriate for the hour, but Miss Wayland, oddly enough, seemed bent upon leading the discussion back into its former course, and displayed such an unusual thirst for information regarding the North American Packers' association that her father was moved to remark upon it.

"What in the world has come over you, Mildred?" he said. "You never cared to hear about my doings before."

"Please don't discourage me," she urged. "I am really in earnest; I should like to know all about this new trust of yours. Perhaps my little universe is growing a bit tiresome to me."

"Miss Mildred is truly your daughter," Marsh observed, admiringly. "But I fear the matter doesn't interest Mr. Emerson?"

"Oh, indeed it does," Mildred smilingly responded. "Doesn't it, Boyd?"

He flushed uncomfortably as he acquiesced.

"Now, please tell me more about it," the girl went on. "You know you are both full of the thing, and there are only we four, so let's be natural; I am dreadfully tired of being conventional."

"Tut, tut!" exclaimed her father. "That comes of association with these untamed westerners." Yet he plainly showed that he was flattered by her unexpected enthusiasm and more than ready to humor her.

little brother of this Constantine you mention." "Constantine has no brother," Marsh answered. "I happen to know, because he worked for me."

"This was a little red headed youngster."

"Ah!" Marsh's ejaculation was sharp. "What was the matter with it?"

"Measles."

"Did it get well?" "It was getting along all right when I left."

"The other fell silent, while Miss Wayland inquired, curiously: 'What is this mysterious woman like?'"

"She is young, refined—thoroughly nice in every way."

"Good looking also, I dare say?" "Very."

She was about to pursue her inquiries further, but the dinner was finished and Mr. Wayland had asked for his favorite cigars, so she rose and staid to smoke.

Marsh remained in such a state of preoccupation, even after their departure, that Mr. Wayland's attempts at conversation elicited only the vaguest and shortest of answers.

In the music room Mildred turned upon Boyd. "Why didn't you tell me about this woman before?"

"I didn't think of her."

"And yet she is young, beautiful, refined, lives a romantic sort of existence, and entertained you—She tossed her head."

"I am so jealous!" he inquired with a smile. "Of such a person? Certainly not."

"I wish you were," he confessed truthfully, "if you would only get really jealous, I should be delighted; I should begin to feel a little sure of you."

Mr. Wayland was busy over some rare first edition, recently received from his English collector, when she sought him out in the library. He looked up to inquire:

"Has Willis gone?" "Yes, he sent you his adieux by me. A moment later she added: 'He asked me to marry him.'"

"Of course," nodded the magnate, "why all that talk. What did you say?"

"What I always say."

"H'm! He puffed his eye-glasses meditatively upon the bridge of his high-arched nose. 'You might do worse. He suits me.'"

"I have no doubt he could hold the millions together. In fact, he is the first one I have seen of whose ability in that line I am quite certain. However—'She made a slight gesture of dismissal."

"I hope you didn't offend him?" "Forgive me, I might have known—"

He stared at the page before him for a moment. "You have a certain finality about you that is almost masculine. They never return to the charge—"

"Oh yes," she demurred. "There is Alton Clyde, for instance—"

Mr. Wayland dismissed Clyde with an inarticulate grunt of contempt which measured that young man's claim to consideration more comprehensively than could a wealth of words.

"I would think it over if I were you," he advised. Then he pondered. "If you would only change your mind, occasionally, like other girls—"

"I have changed my mind tonight—since Mr. Marsh left."

"Good!" he declared, heartily. "Yes, I have decided to go to Kalvik with you."

On that very night, in a little, snow smothered cabin, crouching close against the Kalvik bluff, another girl was seated at a piano. Her slim, white fingers had strayed upon the notes of a song which Boyd Emerson had sung. In her dream-filled eyes was the picture of a rough-garbed, silent man at her shoulder, and in her ears was the sound of his voice. Clear to her melting note she played the air, and then a piteous sob shook her. She bowed her golden head and hid her face in her arms, for a memory was upon her, a forgotten kiss was hot upon her lips, and she was very lonely.

CHAPTER XIII. In Which Cherry Malotte Becomes Suspicious.

At the hotel Emerson found Clyde and Fraser in Balt's room awaiting him. They were noisy and excited at the prospect of immediate action.

professional caller in town a few days ago. Mrs. Dora Noble and daughter and Miss Mary Lewis who visited in Libertyville and vicinity a couple of weeks have returned home.

The funeral of Steven Starr occurred Tuesday conducted by Rev. J. C. Coughlin, pastor of the M. E. church. Mrs. Spencer and children of Grinnell are visiting friends in town and in Clay township.

A. B. Crew is spending a few weeks in Olwehn. Mrs. Johnson and daughter of Fairfield were in the city Tuesday calling on friends.

Mrs. Allis Sellers and Mrs. Jesse Smith went to Roanoke, S. D., Tuesday night to visit the John Greeson family. There returning home they will attend the Friends yearling meeting in Indianapolis, Ind.

Thursday forenoon occurred the sudden and unexpected death of Karl Hamilton, 23 years of age. He came here Saturday from Oklahoma to visit his parents and Monday was taken sick. A physician was called Thursday morning the cause was supposed to be better, but death came about 9 o'clock.

The Misses Lucille and Louise Brady are at home from their visit in Colorado and Kansas.

WEST POINT. Rev. J. F. Kemper of Davenport arrived Wednesday for a visit with relatives.

John Adda Beckler returned to her home in Hillsboro Tuesday after a week's visit with her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brockway of Denmark died Sunday July 31, 1910 of scarlet fever. The sympathy of their many friends goes out to them as their little girl, six years of age, is making their sorrow all the harder to bear. Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Conley attended the funeral service held Tuesday.

Miss Jeannette Jensen left Friday for St. Louis where she expects to remain for some time.

Contractor T. H. Ossenbrink and Paul Hecker left Monday for Sedalia, Mo. where they will build a house and barn for Henry Rotzger.

Mrs. Elizabeth Stole and children of Burlington are visiting Mrs. Stole's parents Mr. and Mrs. Herman Poltner.

Henry Boeding left Monday for a trip through North and South Dakotas. Mrs. George Orth of Ottumwa is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. John Rummy.

Mr. and Mrs. George Lohman of Ft. Madison are visiting at the home of Mrs. Catherine Lohman and family.

Mrs. Mary Jones and Mrs. Maria Green of Keokuk spent Thursday at the Erickson home.

Martin Rehner of Boulder, Colo. was in Sigourney a couple of days this week renewing old acquaintances. He left here for New York City and from there he will sail for Europe, going to Germany where his parents live. He expects to be gone several months.

H. G. Brown, wife and children left Tuesday for Mackinac where they went to spend several weeks at the lakes.

Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Utterback former residents of Sigourney, but now living at Pasadena, Calif., arrived in the city Tuesday for an extended visit at the home of Mrs. Utterback.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hahn returned home from Wisconsin where they have been visiting their son Walter.

Mr. and Mrs. Louie Kracht and a party of ladies drove overland to Hedrick Thursday evening to attend chaquetauqua at that place.

Mrs. White of Washington and Mrs. Hoz Tracy of Richland, sisters of Mrs. L. A. Funk were in Sigourney for the fore part of the week visiting with Mrs. Funk and family.

Henry Densing of Boynton, Okla., arrived in Sigourney Monday for a visit with his parents. Mr. Densing owns a good farm in Oklahoma and likes the country fine.

Dr. and Mrs. C. W. Brown of Grand Junction, Colo., are in the city this week visiting with the S. T. Brown family.

Mrs. T. O. Foley left for Keokuk on Wednesday after having spent a couple of weeks at the home of her father Capt. J. T. Parker.

S. B. Dewey of Washington arrived in Sigourney Wednesday.

W. M. Painter of New York City arrived in Sigourney Tuesday for a visit with his son Boss Painter.

Mrs. Eva Ogden drove across the country to what Cheer Thursday on a business trip.

ORMANVILLE. Mr. Flynn and daughters Irene and May and son Michael spent Saturday evening at the Rime home.

Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Stetson of Ottumwa spent Sunday at the parental M. V. Orman home.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Belgard are the parents of a son born Aug. 1.

George H. East and son Ralph and Ira Berry spent Sunday at the E. S. Berry home.

Harry Stephenson is spending a few days with his parents Mr. and Mrs. Richard Stephenson.

Edna Berry is spending a two weeks' vacation at the parental E. S. Berry home.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Spangler were the guests of the former's sister Mrs. Jessie Dunlavy near Belknap recently.

E. S. Berry and daughter Edna were the guests of the former's sister Mrs. D. C. Thompson Tuesday.