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WHY A FEW MEN SUCCEED.

"Men, especially writing men who have had little experience in practical affairs," says the World's Work, "are constantly wondering why initiative and managing ability cost so much—why so few men own the earth. The following story told by Professor Bronson of the Georgia State Normal school is quoted as throwing some light on this mystery:

"For instance, here is a good man, a tenant farmer, who has lived for years and years upon the same farm. He is industrious, law-abiding, and intensely religious. He is not exactly illiterate, but he lacks the provident foresight that intelligence allows.

"In 1900 the foreign loan company that owned his farm wanted to close out their business in Georgia. They offered to sell the land upon a ten year loan at 6 per cent. This man's boys and neighbors begged and pleaded with him to buy this 150-acre farm upon these comfortable terms. They hardly got his attention at all.

"A Macon business man bought it. He took the money out of his own pocket to make the first payment, one-tenth of the purchase price. The money for the other nine payments he simply took out of the rent money of this tenant farmer. Just a month or so ago the purchaser made the last payment, and now owns the land which this tenant paid for. The tenant paid for the land, but the other man owns it.

"This happens to be a bit of history, but it is the history of ten thousand times ten thousand other similar instances in the south."

Similar instances, the World's Work continues, are found outside of the south—in every land under the sun. Some men have imagination, constructive ability, daring, managing talent—call it what you will; but most men lack it. And, in the fierce discussions that go on all about us of educational methods and matter, we hear little of plans to develop this talent. Circumstances and blind luck play their part in determining whether some men shall lead or be led; but in the main, in our country at least, native quality or training determines it.

A second instance is cited where the same subject presented itself in another form at a summer hotel, where one man at dinner said to his friend:

"Here is a room full of women — some dining, and others serving them. The difference between the two classes is just this: One class shows that somebody behind them saved money; the other class, that nobody behind them did. Most of these women seated at the tables are in the more fortunate class only because of the foresight, prudence and managing ability of their fathers or husbands; and most of these women who serve them are in their class because of a lack of these qualities in their fathers."

It is so hard to save and so easy not to save. The opportunity is given to all of us, but few of us make the sacrifice which the opportunity demands in return for the benefits sure to follow. And yet men are slow to blame themselves when the results of wasting opportunities are forced to their notice.

A movement has been inaugurated for a second river-to-river road in Iowa to follow the Burlington road from Burlington to Council Bluffs. The dragged road across the state in central Iowa has attracted wide attention and has won great praise from touring motorists. It is felt that this section can do as well. The Des Moines Capital, which projected the first river-to-river road in the state, suggests that meetings be held at Ottumwa, Creston, Fairfield and Mt. Pleasant to organize for the work. These roads, it says, do good two ways. They serve the public and they serve as a means of awakening the township trustees to a sense of their duties and responsibilities.

Two automobile accidents have been recorded this week, one in Des Moines and one in Waterloo, both the result of running a motor car past a street car that had stopped to let off passengers, says the Cedar Rapids Republican. In New York they have passed a law to the effect that a motor car approaching a street car which has stopped, must be slowed up and if necessary brought to a complete stop. Persons are in the habit of emerging from behind a street car when it is too late to bring an automobile to a stop. The warnings in the two accidents should be heeded by all, but not only by the chauffeurs, but by the foot passengers. When leaving a street car, look about you before you proceed to rush across the street.

Champ Clark says if he is elected speaker of the next house he will drive a team of Missouri mules down Pennsylvania avenue in Washington. Champ should not be in too much of a hurry to buy the mules.

The Waterloo boosters are an energetic lot. As the Chicago Tribune's philosopher "Hek" would say, "You've gottogiveit to'um." Yesterday the census returns show that city to have a population of [illegible],693, or a gain of 112.2 per cent since 1900. One of the Waterloo papers last night admitted that this figure might have been all right in April, when the census was taken, but that the city had grown at least to 28,000 since then.

Chairman Reed of the democratic state central committee is said to be having a hard time to secure outside speakers to aid in the democratic campaign. Men like Champ Clark, John W. Kern, Senator Gore and Governor Harmon are too busy with their own political troubles to go into other states and take the stump.

A Chicago physician says that mince pie is bringing about a race deterioration. Such a warning as this if given in the summer when one did not feel a hankering for mince pie, might receive some consideration. But right now, as the coal bins are being filled, mince pie, oyster fries and buckwheat cakes come to our minds to remind us that winter has some compensating features. If we must deteriorate, as the Chicago doctor fears, let's be about it. Come on with the mince pie.

HE TOLD THE TRUTH.

Senator Curtis of Kansas tells the following story about a young man who some times drank more whisky than was good for him.

He had been making a night of it, but had forsaken his companions. He was acquainted with an undertaker named George, and got the crazy notion at 3 o'clock in the morning that he must see this particular man. Accordingly, he found George's undertaking establishment over which George had his sleeping apartments.

The intoxicated young man rang and rang George's bell, and at last awoke him. The undertaker put his head out of the third story window, expecting to find that his funeral services were required immediately. Instead, he recognized his friend Frank.

"Well, Frank," he exclaimed crossly, "what do you want?"

"I just want to tell you, George," said Frank, "that you're the lash man in the world I wan' to do business with."—The Popular Magazine.

WHAT STALLED HIS MOTOR.

A small, quiet, but sorrowful, if not disgusted man, sat by the side of a medium sized automobile drawn out of the road as a large touring car came along, driven by a man with an interrogatory aspect. The man in the touring car had seen that auto every time he passed that day, so he slowed up and leaned over.

"How long have you been out here?"

"Several hours."

"Can't you find out what the matter is?"

"No."

"Inlet valve all right?"

"Yes."

"Trouble with spark plug?"

"Think not."

"How are your batteries?"

"O. K."

"How about your commutator?"

"Great."

"Perhaps your worm gear is clogged?"

"No; not at all."

"Got any gasoline in your tank?"

"Plenty."

"How about your circulation? Cylinder isn't bound, is it."

"No, sir."

"Tires seem all right?"

"Never better."

"Well, maybe your vibrator isn't adjusted."

"That's all right."

"Have you looked at your carburator?"

"Yes."

"How about the cam shaft?"

"Grand."

"Have you tightened your connecting rod, examined your clutches, and gone over the differentials?"

"Yes, sir."

The man in the touring car paused a moment, and then, looking at the stranger by the roadside, said at last:

"What's the matter with that machine of yours?"

"There isn't anything the matter with this machine; but since noon my wife has been in that house over there kissing her sister's first baby goodbye. When she gets through, if you are not more than a thousand miles away and will leave your address, I will telegraph or cable you the glad news."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

WHITE WORK.

The Milwaukee Journal has evidence that even Theodore Roosevelt can occasionally gather in some new information. It tells the following story relating to the colonel's recent visit to Milwaukee:

The colonel was making the rounds of the girls' trades school on Wells street.

One of the instructors had shown him a lot of work done by beginners.

"And when they leave this work," she explained, "they take up white work."

"White work?" asked the colonel. "What is white work?"

"Well—a; well, white work," she replied, as she blushed; "white work is underwear."

"Oh! by George, yes!" said the colonel with a vigorous grin; "underwear!"

THE EVENING STORY.

THE GIRL WHO WOULD, BUT DIDN'T.

By E. M. Wickes.

(Copyright, 1910, by the Associated Literary Press).

Irene Havil would not have been disturbed if she had not sung at the village entertainment and unfortunately met a third class actor who, for the lack of something better to say, told her that if she cultivated her vocal powers she had a bright future before her as a prima donna.

The thespian disappeared the following day, but his careless talk left her dreaming of operatic tours through America and Europe.

When the idea became rooted in her brain no amount of argument could convince her that she was not destined to be a theatrical celebrity.

The result was that she returned her engagement ring with a note to Clyde Grendon, her fiance, informing him that the engagement was broken and that she was going to New York to seek fame and fortune.

Clyde received her message on the morning of the day set for their wedding and spent the ensuing two hours scheming how to circumvent her plan.

At 1 o'clock he called at the house where she lived with her aunt and uncle, and persuaded her to accompany him for a walk to discuss the matter.

Very little was said after leaving the house, from where they traveled to the shore of a lake that had been the scene of many happy hours.

"Do you know," he began, as she listlessly sat down on a bench, "that you are about to take a step which you will probably regret for the remainder of your life?"

"I don't believe it," she answered, without the semblance of a smile that usually played around her mouth. "You just said that to make me change my mind, but I shall not. Other girls have succeeded, so why shouldn't I?"

"So they have," he admitted, "but they have spent years in study under the best masters. Even then it has been a hard, uphill fight filled with discouragement and disappointment."

She was silent for a moment as she plucked the petals of a rose and the overhanging branches caressed her chestnut hair.

"I don't expect my pathway to be strewn with roses," she replied. "I anticipate some hard knocks, but I am willing to endure them rather than throw away a career and settle down to married life."

"Yes, but you have not the slightest idea with what you will have to contend," he persisted. "You will require years of training and will have to work very hard to pay for the same. As a novice you will wander from manager to manager, only to be met with smiles and promises that will evaporate in the freeze that follows you out the door. Like thousands of others, you will be forced into office work as a means of a livelihood, as you will be too proud to return and admit failure.

The girl sat with bowed head, seemingly drinking in every word.

Clyde produced a small plush box containing the engagement ring, and holding it in his outstretched palm, continued:

"When I gave you this I thought it sealed our happiness. But now little you must have regarded it when the silly babble of a thoughtless stranger could induce you to send it back and renounce the love you once appeared so happy to possess."

He paused for a while, affording her an opportunity to reply. But as she showed no inclination to do so he resumed:

"Is this wild dream of yours preferable to my love? Will anybody strive more than I have to make you happy? Haven't I wealth and position to offer you? And don't you know that when you go you will leave me miserable? Irene, I can hardly believe that you are serious. Tell me, sweetheart," he pleaded, catching her hand, "tell me that you will be my bride tonight."

She threw away the multilated flower and slowly raised her eyes.

"Clyde," she spoke in a tremulous tone, "I know how dearly you love me, and I appreciate the pains that you have taken to make me happy; and, although I am going away, it is not because I do not care for you, but for the reason that I have my mind set on a career. I am awfully sorry that I had to return the ring, but under the circumstances it was inevitable. Perhaps you will meet in time a girl who will teach you to forget me."

"But don't you—" he abruptly ended hearing approaching footsteps.

Clyde released Irene's hand as a ragged tramp with a stubby beard hove in view and, on coming abreast of the lovers, faced them and said:

Excuse me, pal, for butting in, but can you help a poor hungry man to get something to eat? I haven't tasted a bite in two days."

"I am sorry, my good fellow, returned Clyde after searching his pockets, "but I haven't any change. Here, take this," he added, as if struck with a sudden thought, offering the box to the wanderer. "I haven't any further use for it and you can probably sell it for a tidy sum."

As the stranger accepted the gift, Irene sat motionless calmly watching the proceedings.

The tramp cautiously opened the box as if fearing a trick and when his eyes fell upon the glittering stone his head bobbed back with surprise.

"Gee, but this looks like the real stuff!" he exclaimed. "Say, boss, do you mean to say that I can have this?"

"Yes," Clyde assured him with a careless nod. "The girl for whom it was purchased doesn't want it, neither do I."

The tramp's features broke into a smile as he remarked:

"I suppose it was meant for some girl, who doesn't know a good fellow when she meets one and you don't want to give your friend any second-hand goods. Well, that's right, and I don't blame her for wanting one bought especially for herself."

"It does not concern you for whom it was bought," responded Clyde. "It is now yours and you can do as you like with it."

"I'm not trying to butt into your business, partner," laughed the tramp, "but I had to say something, as I know what it is to get the cold shoulder. You see, I wasn't always a tramp. I once had a good business and loved a girl, and we would have been married only she got a notion in her head that she was born to be an actress and left me. I never heard of her until five years later, when I was called to New York to save her from the potter's field. That's why I'm a tramp and have lost faith in women. I think the lady by your side is an exception, for she doesn't look like one who would fool with a man's heart. But, shucks, I won't bother you any more with my past. I'm obliged for the ring," he finished, turning to go.

"Please stop a moment!" cried Irene, springing to her feet.

The tramp swung around and waited.

"Will you kindly give me the ring?" she asked. "It was bought for me and I am anxious to wear it."

"Well, you see, lady," the tramp replied, "the gentleman gave it to me, but if he wants you to have it all he has to do is say so."

Irene cast an appealing glance as much as to say: "Tell him to give it to me."

"Do you really want it, Irene" questioned Clyde, rising to his feet. "Have you changed your mind about going away? And will you carry out what we had planned for tonight"

"Yes, Clyde, I do want it, and I am sorry that I ever thought of going away. I am glad that I saw my mistake in time."

Clyde took a five dollars bill from his pocket, and, offering it to the tramp, said:

"My good fellow, there has been a misunderstanding between us which has been smoothed over, and if you will give me the ring your can have this money."

The tramp readily agreed to the exchange, and, after wishing them luck, went on his way.

That night, at the wedding, Irene never dreamed that Arthur Rankin, the best man, who was an old college chum of Clyde's, had that afternoon impersonated the tramp.

LARGE CROWDS AT BLOOMFIELD

DRIZZLING RAIN DID NOT HURT DAVIS. CO. FAIR'S BIG DAY.

Bloomfield, Sept. 16.—(Special.)—In spite of the drizzling rain all morning, there was an exceptionally large crowd—as large or larger than ever before. The racing Thursday was not as close and exciting as the races of Wednesday, but better time was made. The free-for-all pace did not fill, and as an attraction, Chas. Simmons, owned by Rube Wray of Milton, went an exhibition mile with an auto pacemaker, in 2:13. This was extra fast, considering how heavy the track was. This horse has a record of better than 2:09 and if the track had been in good condition, he would probably have equaled that record.

The auto race was made in bettter time, but was not so close.

2:35 Trot.

Tree O. Billups, s g	1	1	1
Rusticwood Jr., b g	2	4	2
Senator S, b g	3	2	3
Harry Hillwood, s g	4	3	4

Time: 2:27½, 2:28¼, 2:29.

Two Mile Auto Race.

Beauchamp	1	1
Hayes	2	2
Jackson	3	3

Time: 3:27½, 3.34.

Running; ⅜ Mile Dash.

M. Smarty, b h	1
Elsie Custume, ch m	2
Bason Friend, s m	3

Time: 1:21.

The airship made the best flight so far made during the fair. While landing after the first flight, the propellor was broken. After repairing it, the machine rose to a considerable height and then sailed nearly all over the fair grounds. It was a grand sight to see and the large crowd appreciated it greatly.

BABE IN SATCHEL BENEATH BRIDGE

CORONER AND CHIEF OF POLICE MADE GRUESOME FIND YESTERDAY AFTERNOON.

Shrouded in an ordinary linen table napkin with a cheap hand satchel for a casket, the lifeless body of a baby boy was found beneath the south end of the Vine street bridge yesterday afternoon by Coroner A. W. Slaught and Chief of Police Pete Gallagher. The information was given the officers by Charles Chilton who operates a stone quarry near the south approach of the bridge.

The officers immediately left for scene upon receiving the information and the satchel was found on the bank of the river beneath the bridge. The satchel had apparently been dropped through a hole in the bridge directly above where the find was made, and it is supposed by the officers that the person or persons dropping the improvised casket through the bridge thought they were over the water. The place where the body was found, however, was two rods from the stream on the bank.

No clue to the perpetrators has thus far been found and the motive apparently was that of concealment of a birth. The remains indicated a still born child and was in the opinion of the coroner more than a day previous to the time it was left beneath the bridge.

The person or persons who left the satchel and its gruesome contents under the bridge apparently approached the structure from the south side. A man from the stone quarry was on guard at the north end of the bridge with a light to prevent horses from taking fright at a scraping machine belonging to Chilton, which lay near the north bank of the river, and he stated that no one passed him carrying such a satchel. The police are investigating the mystery. Coroner Slaught ordered a decent burial of the body.

Case is Not Finished.

Although in progress for most of the present week, but four witnesses have thus far been examined in the case brought by Blair & Jackson against the Wells Fargo Express Co. for $2,000 damages due to the loss of two stallions through the alleged fault of the express company. The court did not finish with the testimony of Levi Jackson until about 4 p. m., yesterday and since that time George Blair, the other plaintiff has been on the stand. The plaintiff has not finished its side of the case and it is thought that before the hearing is through, another week will elapse.

Claiming incompatability as grounds for action, Mattie A. Fleener has filed suit for a divorce with the clerk of the district court from L. R. Fleener. The papers in the case have been taken by the attorney for the plaintiff.

Board Out on Bridge Matters.

After a continued session since Monday, the board of supervisors took an out door trip today on committee work in the bridge department. The board left this morning for Eddyville, where a meeting with the supervisors of Monroe county is being held. County line bridges is the subject under discussion at the joint meeting. But little more time will be devoted by the board to the September session and the only thing of much import remaining to be done at this sitting is that of the county jail proposition that must be submitted to the voters this fall if the jail is to be ordered built this year. The county attorney is busy preparing the matter in its legal phase for action by the board, and it may be acted upon tomorrow.

AUTO SPEEDING CASE IS NOW ON

ARGUMENTS IN SUIT AGAINST PHILIP PHILLIPS BEING HEARD BY COURT.

The case of the city vs. Philip Phillips for exceeding the speed limit occupied the attention of the police court this morning. Mr. Phillips, driver of the car and M. P. Parker, who was an occupant of the car testified that the machine was not running over eight miles an hour. Officer Gerschon Llewellyn who swore out the information against Mr. Phillips, testified that when he saw the car go whizzing by, he pulled out his watch and that the car went over 1,604 feet in forty-one and one-fourth seconds. A motorman and conductor on the West Loop car testified that in their belief the car was exceeding the speed limit. City Solicitor Clyde G. Sparks appeared for the city in the case and F. G. Orelup was the attorney for Mr. Phillips. After hearing the evidence, Police Judge Morrissey postponed the case until 3:30 o'clock this afternoon when he will hear the arguments of the attorneys and render his decision.

FAIRFIELD.

Because the jury in the former trial reached what is known as a "quotient verdict" a new trial has been granted in the case of J. W. Crosby vs. Gilbert McKee and the case was taken up yesterday in district court. Crosby claims pay for caring for McKee during a sickness, and in the first trial was awarded $478.85.

After working all day to complete the jury, the case of H. D. Wetmore & Co., vs. George D. Henry, in which the Fairfield National bank appears as intervenor, was settled, the bank taking an assignment of the old judgment of $900.

The grand jury has ignored the case of Isidore Mariciento, who has been in jail all summer on a burglary charge.

Councilmen C. E. Ward and L. J. Marcy will be delegates from Fairfield to the annual meeting of the League of Iowa Municipalities, which will commence at Waterloo Tuesday.

After an examination of food from the stomach of a horse belonging to Grant Edwards of Glasgow, which was supposed to have been poisoned, Prof. S. R. Macy of Des Moines has reported to Sheriff Neiber that the animal did not die from poison. It was believed that the horse had been poisoned.

EDDYVILLE.

Mrs. R. D. Hall left today for Boone, Ia., to visit her son Jack Hall and wife.

Mrs. Grant Cowley of Los Angeles, Calif., after spending a few days in Eddyville visiting old friends left today for the western part of the state for a visit with relatives.

Wm. Long is erecting a new house on his property.

Mrs. Wm. Jordon, Sr., is very ill this week. Mrs. Frank Whitsel is also very ill with fever.

Mr. and Mrs. John McIntire went to Moravia today to attend a reunion.

The board of supervisors of Monroe county were in Eddyville Friday conferring with John Lafferty in regard to improvements on roads.

Mrs. Wm. Staley died of paralysis at her home northwest of Eddyville on Friday morning. The body will be taken to their old home in Illinos for burial. Mrs. Staley has lived in this community for some time and is well known.

Mrs. Margaret Bescoe who has been seriously ill for some time has given up housekeeping and gone to live with her daughter Mrs. Moore.

Mrs. Wm. Cook is in Lucas this week visiting relatives.

Mrs. Mater and daughter Goldie spent Thursday with Mrs. Al Mater at Coalfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Emanuel who moved from Eddyville to Charles City last spring have returned for a short visit with relatives.

Savings Deposits And Extravagance

THE EXTRAVAGANCE OF THE RICH.

If there is extravagance going on in this country it is almost exclusively among the rich, who can afford to indulge in it. In fact, it is a good thing, for it brings a great deal of their money into circulation. The toiling masses are not extravagant as the great increases in the deposits of the savings banks show.

The statistics of our imports in the government's last fiscal year, which ended June 30, 1910, show to some extent, the extravagance among the rich.

Two hundred and fifty million dollars' worth of articles classed as luxuries were imported into the United States during the fiscal year 1910, exceeding by more than $25,000,000 the figures of 1907, and being more than double those of 1900, according to statistics of the department of commerce and labor. The 1910 importation is the largest in the history of American commerce.

The figures show the importation in 1910 of $48,000,000 worth of diamonds and other precious stones, $46,000,000 worth of laces and embroideries, $37,000,000 tobacco and cigars and $23,000,000 wines and liquors.

Wines, spirits and malt liquors imported last year aggregated $23,500,000 against $22,000,000 in 1907 and $12,750,000 in 1900. Automobiles and parts thereof imported last year aggregated in value $3,800,000, as compared with $4,800,000 in 1907.

RECORD BREAKING SAVINGS DEPOSITS.

The most recent statements of the savings banks in all parts of the country show record breaking savings deposits. At the close of business August 1 the combined deposits of the 19 savings banks in Boston were $237,510,000, the largest in their history, and $5,385,000 above what the former statement has shown. The one hundred and forty-two savings banks in the state of New York showed July 1, 1910, aggregate resources of $1,676,416,322, an increase during the year of $88,488,767; there has been an increase of 100,396 in the number of open accounts, while the amount of money deposited during the year was $29,577,767 in excess of the amount deposited during the year 1908-09; and the amount of money deposited during the past year was $28,147,795 more than the withdrawals for the same period.

Similar conditions prevail in all other states. Our people are working and saving. These statements refute the claim that our people live extravagantly or squander their incomes. They also reveal the fact that the masses have not been hit hard by the high cost of living. They further indicate a constantly increasing purchasing power of the masses and contain a lesson for advertisers.

FARMINGTON.

Mrs. Matilda Sharp visited over Sunday in Centerville with her sister, Mrs. Nellie Chapman.

Born—To Dr. and Mrs. C. L. Paisley, a son.

Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Baker of Ottumwa visited over Sunday with Mrs. Myra Hessler.

Mrs. A .O. Boyer has returned from Hannibal, where she was the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Claude Cary.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. House have returned from a visit with their son, Glenn House, and family, in Greely, Colo.

Mrs. M. E. Reynolds and children of Oklahoma City, who have been visiting Mrs. Reynolds' parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Sherrick, returned home on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Noske left Saturday for Charles City, Ill., where they will be the guests of Mrs. Noskee's sister, Mrs. Frank Modine.

Mrs. George Musgrave of Clarence, Mo., is visiting at the home of Dr. C. L. Paisley.

Mr. and Mrs. Elbert Shafer of Norfolk, Neb., are visiting relatives here.

ALBIA.

Out of the eight applications for naturalization papers, only three were granted yesterday in the district court. Attorney Richwood, representing the United States, was very technical and full requirements of the federal law were exacted from the applicants.

The Hocking and Hiteman interurbans are being connected this week by the company. The two lines meet at the northeast corner of the public square. The new cars for the line have arrived and will soon be placed for service.

Sheriff Clark of Centerville passed through Albia yesterday on his way home from Knoxville where he had accompanied a patient to the inebriate hospital.

Hubert Morgan of Hiteman and Anna Milburn of Albia, were granted a permit to wed yesterday by the clrek of the court.

Herbert Rice left this morning to resume his work in Auburn seminary in New York. He will spend Sunday with his sister, Miss Helen Rice at Worcester, Ohio.

Miss Edna Gantz returned yesterday from a visit in Ottumwa and will take the place made vacant by the resignation of Miss Eunice Miller of the corps of teachers of the Grant school.

Miss Emma Mitchem of Marshalltown is the guest of her mother Mrs. Mary A. Riley this week.

George Darby of Foster was a business visitor at Albia yesterday.

FUNERALS.

The last sad rites over the remains of Mrs. Timothy O'Connor, who passed away at her home, six miles southeast of the city Tuesday afternoon, were held from the Sacred Heart church yesterday. Requiem mass was celebrated at 9 o'clock by Rev. Father James Foley. The funeral was largely attended. The floral tributes were beautiful. The remains were interred in Calvary cemetery.

—:o:—

Funeral services over the remains of Thomas J. Sellers, who died suddenly at 229 West Main street Tuesday morning, were held this morning at 10 o'clock from the residence of his son, Edward Sellers, six miles north of the city. Rev. Mr. Decker of Kirkville conducted the services. The remains were interred in the McCormick cemetery near Highland Center.

—:o:—

The funeral of J. N. Anderson, who died Wednesday afternoon at his home, 109 North Ash street, was held this afternoon at 2:30 o'clock from the residence, Rev. O. A. Henry, pastor of the Swedish Lutheran church, conducted the services. Interment was made in the Ottumwa cemetery.

—:o:—

Services over the remains of the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Chris Hansen of Riverview were conducted by Miss Lenora McGinnis. The remains were taken to the Ottumwa cemetery in an automobile. Relatives followed the casket in another automobile. The services were held today.

Western Chemical Burns.

Omaha, Neb., Sept. 17.—The Western Chemical Reduction Co., plant burned today with a hundred thousand dollar loss.

COUSINS MEET AFTER 58 YEARS

SAMUEL KITTERMAN OF OTTUMWA MEETS RELATIVE WHO FORMERLY LIVED HERE.

MET LAST SATURDAY

Knowledge of Whereabouts of Each Was Found Through W. S. Russell While at Poultry Show in Indiana.

The happy reunion of two cousins, one of them an Ottumwan and the other a former resident of Wapello county, took place Saturday at Bradford, Ill., when Samuel Kitterman, 1147 East Main street, called at the home of his cousin, and the lapse of fifty-eight years was spanned by reminiscences and many years that had passed since the two were boys together. Incidentally, the bringing of the two together was in a large measure due to another Ottumwan, W. S. Russell, 102 South Willard street. The story of the meeting is told in the following from the Bradford, Ill., Republican:

On Saturday evening, when Samuel Kitterman of Ottumwa, Iowa, and Jasper N. Kitterman of this place, clasped each other by the hand, it was the first time they had met since 58 years ago.

The gentlemen are cousins, and when boys six and eight years old, respectively, they last saw one another. At that time the fathers of the boys resided with their families in Wapello county, Iowa, and the separation of the two households took place when the father of our townsman returned to make his home in Bureau county, Illinois. Strange as it may seem, yet there are isolated cases of like nature, the two families lost trace of one another until the existence of either had practically been lost sight of.

Russell Finds Way.

In a remarkable manner the thread of consanguinity was picked up by Samuel Kitterman. In his city of Ottumwa resides W. S. Russell, who is an expert judge of poultry, and one of the places where he had an engagement was at North Manchester, Ind. There he noticed an exhibitor by the name of Kitterman, and incidentally remarked to the gentleman that in Ottumwa he well knew a man of similar name who was a breeder of Barred Rocks. From the very fact that in Indiana everybody by the name of Kitterman is alert to discover some one else of like name, that he may be corresponded with to ascertain his lineage, the North Manchester man made inquiry of Mr. Russell concerning the Ottumwa man and took the address also. This led to an interchange of letters with the result that when the time arrived for the holding of the next reunion of the Kitterman family in Indiana, Samuel Kitterman was there. He had no difficulty in establishing his identity, and his name was engrossed in the great family record.

Visits Uncle.

It was then that he carefully examined the record for his own information and saw thereon the name of our townsman. This led to a series of letters between these two men and revealed to each his long lost relative. When Mr. and Mrs. Philip Schember went to Iowa several months ago, one of the points at which they were located several weeks was Ottumwa. They sought her father's cousin and were cordially received. When Mrs. Schember and her little daughter decided to make her parents a visit, Samuel Kitterman came also, and they arrived Saturday evening.

Both are Veterans.

The cousins have certainly been enjoying one another's company. Scraps of boyhood experiences and incidents have been recalled and verified. And "notes" of after life have been compared. Each was astonished to learn that during the civil war they had made the Atlanta campaign under the same commander, John A. Logan, who was in charge of the fifteenth corps, Samuel being a member of Co. F of the 7th Iowa infantry and Jasper doing duty as a member of Co. I in the 93d Illinois infantry.

It was in 1848 that John Kitterman, father of J. N., and Henry Kitterman, father of Samuel, left Tiskilwa and drove to their new home in Iowa. John Kitterman after several years, moved back to Tiskilwa.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher