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**PROFITS IN IOWA SOIL.**  
 The Courier in its news columns yesterday told of a man near Hampton who sold \$6,000 worth of potatoes this year that were produced on sixty acres. Two brothers at Fort Dodge were shown to have made an even better showing by selling \$4,000 worth of onions that were raised on six acres. The plum went to a gardener of Belle Plaine, however, who sold \$400 worth of tomatoes which he produced on one-half of an acre garden patch. This yield was possible because he had drilled an artesian well on his land and was able to irrigate the crop during the dry season. This is at the rate of \$2,400 gross for one acre of Iowa soil.

The success achieved by these men shows the wonderful results that can be obtained by intensified farming in Iowa. In the last ten years hundreds of Iowa farmers have been induced to purchase irrigated farms in much the same land in Iowa would cost. They have been attracted by just such showings as were made by these Iowa farmers, although they never stopped to consider that they could raise just as big crops in Iowa on small farms by using the same methods of intensified farming by irrigation that are used in the west.

And they never stopped to think that in Iowa they had a much better and bigger market than they had in Iowa in the west, and that in Iowa, with its rich soil and heavy rainfall, irrigation would be but a supplemental and not a primary factor in intensified farming.

Iowans must be shown that they have their "acre of diamonds" right at their back door. Intensified farming must be encouraged. Publicity must be given to the profits made by men who make the most of their opportunities here at home. When Iowans learn that their own soil and their own climate are unsurpassed and capable of growing better crops and bigger crops than is possible on the best farms of the less favored states, there will be a gain and not a loss in the rural population of the state.

**A RECORD TO BE PROUD OF.**  
 President Taft has outlined some of the accomplishments of the present congress. Here is the list:

The powers of the interstate commerce commission were enlarged. The commission was empowered to suspend any proposed increase of rates until the shipper shall have a chance to be heard as to its reasonableness. Interstate telegraph and telephone companies were brought within the regulation of the commission.

A new code of commerce was provided, in order that shippers and railroads might secure prompt decisions. Railway employees were protected by a new safety appliance law.

The employers' liability act was perfected. An inquiry into workmen's compensation for injuries received was instituted.

An inquiry into the issuance of railway stocks and bonds was inaugurated.

A new customs court was established.

A postal savings bank system was authorized.

A corporation tax was adopted, which is an important source of revenue and a new and effective method of assisting the government in supervising corporations.

Two battleships were added to the navy.

A bureau of mines was established. Seventy million acres of the public domain were legally withdrawn from entry.

Twenty million dollars in bonds were authorized to complete reclamation projects, after a board of army engineers now at work should complete its investigation of existing projects.

Enlarged appropriations were made to survey public lands.

A definite commitment was made against the "piecemeal" or "pork barrel" system of river and harbor improvement.

A peace commission was authorized. An investigation into business methods of conducting the government was begun.

The appropriations for the current year were cut \$26,000,000 below the appropriations of the year before.

The tariff was revised without the usual disturbance of business. Because of its reduction of tariff rates, its maximum provisions, the free trade act secures for the Philippines, its fine revenue producing qualities, the Payne law is coming generally to be recognized as a most creditable bill.

The first session of the present con-

gress made a record of accomplishments that never has been equaled in a similar period.

**REPUBLICAN COUNTY TICKET.**  
 For Senator, **C. W. WHITMORE.**  
 For Representative, **FRANK SHANE.**  
 For Auditor, **GEO. A. WILSON.**  
 For Treasurer, **E. L. PETERSON.**  
 For Clerk District Court, **F. T. LYNGH.**  
 For Sheriff, **J. H. CREMER.**  
 For Recorder, **L. L. SWENSON.**  
 For County Attorney, **LOYD L. DUKE.**  
 For County Superintendent, **WINIFRED HUGHES.**  
 For Surveyor, **W. C. WYMAN.**  
 For County Coroner, **A. W. SLAUGHT.**  
 For County Supervisor, 1911, **A. W. ROBERTS.**  
 For County Supervisor, 1912, **J. R. STODGHILL.**  
 For County Supervisor to fill Vacancy, **S. D. BAKER.**

With the election but little more than a month away, it is time that the voters of Wapello county give some attention to the county officers they will elect at the polls in November. The republican party in Wapello county has placed a ticket in the field of which it will be proud. A glance at the ticket, given at the head of this article, will show that the candidates were chosen because of special fitness for the office which they were nominated.

And fitness for the office is the test by which the worth of the candidates should be measured. Every citizen in Wapello county is vitally interested in the officers chosen to administer the affairs of the county. To get the best results in the conduct of the business affairs of the county, to see that every dollar expended by the county officials brings a dollar's worth of service—this should be the aim of every county officer, and this should be demanded by the voters of the county. The ticket chosen by the republicans of the county measures up to the standard in every way, and the people of Wapello county are assured an able, conscientious and economical administration by the election of this ticket.

**FREE TRADE IN ENGLAND.**

J. Ellis Barker, an English tariff expert and writer upon economic subjects in a New York for some time for the purpose, as he explains, of "studying economics here at short range." His investigations have shown him that the protective tariff has raised the American worker far above the level of the worker in free trade Britain.

"The condition of the American workman is far above that of his British brother," says Mr. Barker in an interview in which he compares the conditions here and abroad. Owing largely to unemployment and extremely low wages, British workers live from hand to mouth. Few have tangible property, while a large percentage of American workmen have land and homes of their own. Besides American workmen have almost \$4,000,000,000 in savings banks, while British workers have only \$1,000,000,000.

"The aspect of commercial and industrial England resembles most closely that of the state of New York. New York state alone has more money in the savings banks than the whole of the united kingdom, while per head of population there is in the savings banks of Great Britain only \$25, as compared with \$200 in New York.

"The average wage of all wage earners for full employment in the cotton trade in England is \$4.50 a week. In the woolen trade it is \$3.50, in the clothing trade it is less than \$3. Agricultural laborers receive from \$2 to \$4.50 the week. These are scarcely living wages.

"Free trade England has the proud distinction of being the largest importer of the world, and curiously enough, the bulk of these come from the three great protection countries—the United States, Germany and France. Cobden prophesied that England would always remain the workshop of the world. Free trade has made her the rag shop of the world and the rag picker of the universe rake over dust heaps for rags to sell to free trade Britain to be manufactured into cheap clothes."

One of the largest manufacturers of printers' rollers in the country, the Samuel Bingham's Son Mfg. Co., has announced that to better accommodate the trade west of the Mississippi it has opened a completely equipped up-to-date factory in Des Moines. This firm now has factories in Chicago, St. Louis, Atlanta, Pittsburgh, Indianapolis, Dallas, Kansas City, Milwaukee and Minneapolis, but it has opened a factory in Iowa to save time and freight charges in filling orders from points in Iowa and in the nearby points in adjoining states. Des Moines is to be congratulated on securing this new factory. The Courier wants to see new factories brought to every city in the state, believing that anything that benefits any of the cities of Iowa benefits all Iowa. Ottumwa has always secured her share of new factories and is confident that it will maintain its position as one of the leading industrial centers of the state, and Ottumwa wants to see other manufacturing centers continue to grow and add to Iowa's industrial wealth.

**Idols do get broken.**  
 No one will envy King Manuel of Portugal. Placed on the throne, a mere boy, by the assassination of his father, the young king has been harassed on every hand since that tragic day and now finds himself at the mercy of the revolutionists.

**For More Than Three Decades**  
 Foley's Honey and Tar has been a household favorite for coughs, colds, and ailments of the throat, chest and lungs. Contains no opiates.—Clark's Drug Store; Swenson's Drug Store.

**The OTHER SIDE of the DOOR**  
**A STORY OF MYSTERY**  
 By **LUCIA CHAMBERLAIN**  
 Author of **THE COAST OF CHANCE**  
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(CHAPTER II.—Continued.)  
 "He apologized for frightening me," I answered.  
 Still smiling, as if he were coaxing a child, "Exactly what words did he use, Miss Fenwick?"  
 I could have repeated them exactly, but I hesitated, for the last words he had said had sounded oddly in my mind—"If I had known you were there I should have managed it differently." He seemed to make himself so absolutely responsible for what had happened. And when I thought how Mr. Dingley had twisted my words about I was afraid—afraid that if I repeated the ones that this man had spoken they would somehow get twisted into a meaning—perhaps not the true one—that would be bad for him. I was so upset, I said, and so startled by the man's speaking to me at all I hardly thought I could repeat them word for word.

Father put my coat around me and said, "I hope that is all," very coldly.  
 "Yes," the chief said, "except that this young lady must understand that she is not to speak of what she saw this morning."  
 "Remember, Ellie," father said, "if your friends talk to you about it, you have heard and seen nothing."  
 I murmured, "Of course," and followed father out of the prison with a very strong conviction that nothing was real.

As we walked home again all the familiar surroundings seemed dreamlike to me—the Plaza, with its high iron railing, and the shops facing upon it, and our own green palm farther up the street, fluttering in the sky. Father himself, so silent and walking on without ever turning his head to look at me, seemed quite a different person from the father who had gone with me the day before, merrily, to buy my bracelet. The thought of the man with the dark eyes and the chain between his wrists filled my mind. Who could he be? The sense of what that had come to me, and that very curious sensation I had had when he had come up close to the bar and spoken to me, were with me yet. His voice had been pleading and deferential, surely nothing in it to resent. The memory of his face made me forget the chain between his wrists; as if he himself had been greater than any of the people around him.

"We had reached our own door, but before father could put his key in the lock, the door opened from within and there in the hall stood Halle-Ferguson, her new blue bonnet on one side, her face crimson with haste and excitement.  
 "Oh, Ellie," she gasped, "have you heard? I've been waiting the longest time for you. Isn't it awful? Johnny Montgomery has shot Martin Rood, and they say it's about the Spanish woman."

**CHAPTER III.**  
**The Rumors.**  
 Halle's facts dashed so coldly and so suddenly upon the warm fancies which had been taking possession of my mind, that for the moment I could hardly stammer a word. Then, without any reason that I could account for, I burst into tears.  
 I cried all the while father carried me upstairs. I cried convulsively while Abby was getting me to bed, and, wound up in the sheets, with my face hidden in the pillow, I cried inconsolably for a long time. That aching sensation in my throat would not wash away with tears. Vaguely I heard the doctor explaining to father how my present condition was due "to severe nervous strain, and the subconscious effort of the constitution to combat it." I knew it was nothing of the sort, but just the plain fact that Johnny Montgomery, seen once dancing at a ball, and ever after to me the model of all romantic heroes, was a murderer. It was dreadful to think that I was through me he had been taken, because I remembered so well his beautiful black eyebrows, and the lithe white scar near his mouth; but nothing that had followed had been so terrible as that first sight of him, when he rushed out of the door, with all the horror of what had just happened, in his face; or so cruel as the thought that he could have done such a thing. But why did he look, both then and later, come back to me as accusing and reproaching? He had helped me, and I had done for him. He had told the truth, and surely he must know that nothing but good ever comes of that, no matter how hard it seems. I agonized through the early evening hours, and fell asleep not with a sense of being drifted deliciously away, but of sinking down under deep exhaustion.

When I awakened the next morning I was astonished to find myself feeling quite differently—a little tired, and languid—but the aching misery, the black hopelessness, that had fallen on me the night before, had quite evaporated, left perhaps in that bottomless pit of sleep into which I had sunk.

It seemed now, in the broad daylight, as if I had made too much of everything that had happened; as if Halle must be mistaken. It could not have been Johnny Montgomery who had shot a man, or, if he had, it must have been an accident. And, even supposing he had meant to kill him, what possible difference could it make to me?

Here Abby knocked at the door, and showing a rather forbidding face around it, said that Halle was down stairs; but that if I was going to have any more conviction fits I would better stay where I was. She left a glass of milk and a clean tucker and steves on my chair. I swallowed the milk and buried into my clothes, but I descended rather slowly to the hall. I had always confided in Halle, and I knew she would probably expect to hear all

about it from the moment I had seen him. I hated to think of the questions I would have to answer; yet I would have to face them sometime, and it was better to get it over at once.  
 When I reached the sitting room I was decidedly dashed at sight of Estrella Mendez's red pelisse behind Halle's blue hair ribbons. Two of them were tilted too much for me, and I was all ready for flight when Halle pounced upon me. She is such an imposing person, wears so many tucks and ruffles in her clothes, such bows on her hats, and can spread her skirts about and rustle so, that I always feel like the meek little beside her.  
 "You poor little Ellie," she began, "how pale you look still! I am afraid I frightened you to death yesterday." I murmured something about being much upset.

"Yes, your father said you were not at all well. He gave me such a scolding for pouncing out on you like that!" She laughed her deep throaty chuckle. "But I supposed of course you had heard, it happened so close to you. Didn't you even hear the shot?"  
 I must have gaped at her. Could it be she didn't know that I had seen it? Didn't she know what I had been through? I recalled confusedly the warning of the chief of police and father not to say anything of what I had seen. This was what they meant; this was the meaning of the carriage; the alley and the back door of the prison! All my part in the business had been kept secret. I wondered what in the world Halle could have thought of my behavior last night, but I was greatly relieved to think of the fusillade of question I had escaped. I managed to get out something about father's having heard a shot.

"Of course I know that," Halle said, pulling me down on the sofa beside her. She was too full of her subject to notice how oddly I must have looked. "It's all in the paper, how they found him, and how they shot him."  
 "It's here," Estrella said, sitting down on the other side of me and unfolding the crumpled sheet she had been carrying rolled up in her hand. She and Halle held it stretched out in front of me.  
 The sight of Johnny Montgomery's name staring at me from the page, made my heart beat a little. But when I began reading down the column, I couldn't seem to make sense out of it. The only thing that stood out in the jumble was a name nearly at the bottom of the sheet, Carlotta Valencia. It gave me a queer little stir of feeling, merely seeing that name under his. Keeping my finger on it, "Who is that?" I asked.  
 "Oh, don't you know?" Halle demanded, looking surprised, but delighted that I was giving more information. "That is the Spanish woman," Estrella crossed her arms on her waist, and drew herself up, exactly as her mother does when she thinks some one is beneath her. "You see," Halle went on, explaining a little more to me, "she was—well, a sort of friend of Mr. Rood's, and the paper says she feels dreadfully about him." Estrella sniffed.  
 "But," I cried, "you said last night that the shooting had been over her."  
 "Yes, I know!" Halle leaned forward impressively and seized a hand of each of us. "It's perfectly true—at least it's what my father said when the news came. He said, 'That confounded Valencia woman is at the bottom of this, depend upon it.' But your father was very angry that I had spoken of her, so of course I'm telling you the least of such a valuable citizen."  
 But Estrella Mendez seemed not to hear him, and went on explaining to me the difference between honiton and thread, and showing me how beautiful embroidered net looked over pale blue silk, until I felt quite cheerful just through listening to her and looking at the pretty things. She wound up by buying me a lovely pair of thread lace sleeves, and swept me out in the way of her train feeling almost happy again.

Just as we had got into the carriage two gentlemen with silk hats, very elegant indeed, came up and talked over the carriage door with her. The one with yellow gloves said, "This is a bad business. It's a good thing poor old lady Montgomery never lived to see this day." And the other said, "I wonder what the effect on the city will be."  
 Estrella Mendez said she hoped the effect would be a law requiring our young men to settle disputes with their fists instead of firearms, and that it was a shame nice boys would brawl in gambling houses. She smiled and looked most easy and pleasant over it, and all the way up the street she chattered right along as if nothing serious had ever happened. But when we stopped at the house, just as I was leaving the carriage, she quickly took my hand between her hands and kissed me hard on the forehead. "You poor little motherless duck," she said, and left me with the impression there had been tears in her eyes.  
 I wondered why she should feel so suddenly sorry for me; nevertheless I felt cheered and consoled—hadn't she spoken kindly of Johnny Montgomery as a nice boy? But it was the last good word I would hear of him for a week, needed the memory of that cheer and consolation through the next hard days.  
 But now that I was recovered from the shock of the first day I began to realize that the shooting of Martin Rood was not at all an ordinary shooting. It had stirred up great excitement. Only one month had passed since the president's assassination; the feeling against the southerners was still very bitter, and not only were all the Montgomerys dyed-in-the-wool Alabamians, but some of the relatives

had fought on the southern side. Rumors flew about the city of a mob at the prison. There was a guard of soldiers around it the first night, and when they took him from there to the jail on Broadway, it was in the middle of an armed escort. All sorts of stories as to what had caused the shooting were abroad, but the one thing the reports agreed upon was the fact that the quarrel had been of long standing. This was very exciting to hear of, yet I didn't enjoy talking of it as the other girls did.

Only when I was alone, with hot cheeks and anxious eyes, I read through the long accounts that filled the papers, hoping to find some word in his favor. It seemed to me that the whole city was against Johnny Montgomery. The Bulletin had stories of another shooting down south, though it appeared that that time he had been the one who was shot at; and of how he had lost his money in land speculations of a doubtful character. The Alta California called him a rebel, and said that his career had been "a demoralizing influence on the youth of the city." Though, on the other hand, it called Mr. Rood our esteemed and lamented citizen, which was puzzling to me, for he was only a gambling house keeper whom none of the best men in town was friendly with. But the papers spoke very warmly of him; called Mrs. Rood, senior, his sorrowing mother, and then they mentioned the Spanish woman. They said she had been in love with Rood, and that he had expected to marry her. That recalled a memory of what father had told me when he first asked him about the Spanish woman—that she had money and influence in high places—and I wondered what that influence could do to Johnny Montgomery's case. Altogether I was much disturbed. I hated to ask question of father, he had been so distressed over my part in the affair; and besides he had been very busy that week, so many men interviewing him when he was at home. Mr. Dingley, and others who were not elegant, but very business-like—that I hardly saw him except at meals. Once or twice I had caught him, when he thought I wasn't looking, watching me with an anxious and harassed expression; but most of the time he was preoccupied.

On the morning of the fourth day after the shooting, as I sat at breakfast, I took up the paper and read that the trial of the People versus John Montgomery was set for the last week of May. I glanced down the column and a sentence caught my eye. "It is said the prosecution is in possession of sensational evidence which will materially affect the aspect of the case." I sat for some minutes with the paper in my hand, listening to it rustle, gathering my courage, and saying to myself, "Father! finally said, 'do you think that Mr. Montgomery is really wicked?'"  
 He looked over at me with that smile which is most serious. "My dear child, I am not God Almighty."  
 "But you know what I mean," I protested. "The papers have been saying such nice things about Mr. Rood, but you yourself once said he was an 'idiot' and that he had no influence in the community; and the papers are printing such dreadful things about Johnny Montgomery! They are telling all sorts of stories about him—that he has been in shooting scrapes and dishonorable business deals, and—horrible things." I ended rather uncertainly.

"Oh, no doubt he hasn't been such a bad fellow," father said, passing his cup for coffee. "As far as his land operations are concerned, I know for a fact that the 'dishonorable dealing' the Bulletin talks about was all on the side of the men who got his money. But you see he would go into the deal in spite of the advice of the executor of the estate, antagonized all his father's friends—plucked the Roman senators by the beard as it were—so of course they are ready to believe the worst of him. Then he went bawling into the court and accumulated too many creditors to be popular. But Rood, you see, always had money, always kept his escapades quiet, and was very liberal to the city. He has given a deal to different public institutions. They can't do otherwise than praise him."

He took up his letters and began to open them with a paper knife.  
 "But," I said, "they say Mr. Montgomery has been engaged to a girl for her money."  
 Father threw back his head and laughed—I can never tell when I am going to amuse him.  
 "Engaged to a girl for her money? That's the worst thing on his list, I suppose, eh, Ellie?" Before he finished the sentence he was almost grave again. "I know where you got that information." He shook the paper knife at me. "The women's gossip is an invention of the devil! Don't listen to it! The poor fellow has enough real life to count on. He is engaged to a girl."  
 He said the last words with such an emphasis as did away with all the comfort his explanation had brought me. I did not dare to press him further; I was afraid I might hear worse.

He sat for a moment frowning down at the table cloth; then, "How would you like to go down to the ranch for a week or so?" he inquired.  
 "Where?" I asked.  
 "Well, I will go down with you, and stay as long as I can. Abby, of course, will be there all the while. The colts are to be broken in next week—that will be worth seeing; and no doubt the flowers will be beautiful."  
 I said I would like to—though indeed I did not care at all. I was not thinking of flowers. After father had left the house I went upstairs to my room, and first locking the door and drawing the curtains close because I did not want even my climbing white rose to see me, I took out my new bracelet, and clasped it—one gold band around each wrist with its chain swinging between—and closed my eyes and, holding my wrists out, drew them apart until the chain jerked and stopped them, to see just how it felt!

**CHAPTER IV.**  
**The First Day in Court.**  
 As father had said, the breaking of the colts was well worth seeing. The first day I arrived at the ranch, clinging to the top rail of the corral, I watched the glossy, huddled flanks and shoulders and tossing heads of the youngsters crowding together in the middle of the inclosure, quivering with apprehension of the man approaching with the rope; until, the man being un-

derably near, one and another would break and wheel, and trot with high head, whinnying, around the corral close to the fence. Then, when Perez had one fast, one end of his rope around the glossy neck, and slowly working toward him, hand over hand, finally touched the velvety head, how the creature started, swerved, tried to back, and felt the jerk of the halter. It made me think of the way the prisoner had started when the policeman touched his arm. At first their nervous, proud, restive airs reminded me constantly of that strange person; and not only the colts, but some times it was some drifting shadow of cloud, some color or some sound, that inexplicably brought him up to mind; and I would plague myself with wondering what was going on in the city, and what was to become of him. But as the days passed and no newspapers came from the city—at least I saw none—and no letters to remind me of what was happening there, I recalled him less and less distinctly. He remained in my mind but as a sort of dream; things about me reminded me only of themselves, and I began to pick out a new saddle horse, and searching the meadows over to see if the Mariposa lilies were coming up this year in their accustomed places.

Splendid fields in early spring filled with wild flowers, stretched down toward the bay, but close around the house were the somber and, to me, more beautiful groves of oaks. To wander away until I had lost sight of the house, and then to return, and see nothing around me but dark trunks, crooked elbows of boughs and sweeping leaves, was my delight. I loved to crown myself with their white beads of moss, and fancy I was walking through a cathedral aisle, a princess going to be married. But, whereas I had never needed to imagine a bridegroom before—myself and the crown had been enough—now my imagination insistently placed a figure walking beside me, or coming to meet me under the solemn roof of branches. I had to abandon my crown, and run races with myself before I could leave the figure behind.

On the whole, it was safer, I found, just now not to imagine too much, but instead, while father was there to take long rides with him into the SAU Mateo hills, and after a few more shorter excursions in the vicinity of the town, or else to walk with Abby in the morning down the broad Embarradero Road to the little wharf on the bay. It was charming enough there when all was wild, with white adobe huts, and dark faces sleeping in the sun, and the lap of the tide on the breakwater. But when a ship was coming in, or was leading to get to the Embarradero, filled the air with shorter excursions in the vicinity of the town. Or else to walk with Abby in the morning down the broad Embarradero Road to the little wharf on the bay. It was charming enough there when all was wild, with white adobe huts, and dark faces sleeping in the sun, and the lap of the tide on the breakwater. 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