

Tri-Weekly Courier
 BY THE COURIER PRINTING CO.
 Founded August 8, 1848.
 Member of the Leo Newspaper Syndicate.
 A. W. LEE, Publisher
 J. S. POWELL, Managing Editor
 J. K. DOUGHERTY, Managing Editor
 Daily Courier, 1 year, by mail, \$3.00
 Tri-Weekly Courier, 1 year, \$1.50
 Office: 117-119 East Second Street.
 Telephone Bell (editorial or business office) No. 44.
 New telephone, business office 44;
 new telephone, editorial office 151.
 Address: The Courier Printing Company, Ottumwa, Iowa.

Entered as second class matter October 17, 1903, at the postoffice, Ottumwa, Iowa, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

THE WATER WORKS PROBLEM.
 The water works proposition that is now before the citizens of Ottumwa, is a matter of as vital importance as any civic problem can be. An efficient waterworks system is an absolute necessity to a city. Therefore any plan looking to the solution of the problem now confronting us, must take into the consideration the fact that we are dealing with a necessity and not with something that we do not need, and that we must have it at a reasonable price and of a quality that can be used.

There are a few men in Ottumwa who have for years given this matter much time and study. The time has now arrived when we must all give our subject the most serious and systematic thought. There is an unusual condition. There is now, the same as there always is upon occasions of this kind, an honest difference of opinion. Some men are in favor of municipal ownership, some are against it, and others who are against the policy of municipal ownership, feel that in this instance there is no other alternative. There is a general desire for information on the subject. People want to know what has been done, what has to be done, and if the city buys it, who is going to manage it.

In 1903, when the present water company was asking for a franchise, the issue was plain—it was an open question for the voter to answer by his vote. He had the opportunity to express his choice—of ownership by the city or by a private corporation. Because at that time a private corporation wanted a franchise.

In the present situation, an entirely different action prevails. No private parties are asking for a franchise. On the contrary, those who have the franchise want to give it up and get out of the water works business; at any rate it is evident that they do not want to keep it up in Ottumwa.

Thus the matter was brought up to the point where the council had to take some definite action. The mayor and aldermen have studied and investigated this subject as fully as they can. They have been working on it for months and now have the proposition ready to submit to the people for ratification or rejection.

The water company has practically accepted the council's offer of \$280,000 for the plant and the property connected with it. This includes a lot of ground along the river and race. If a majority of the citizens vote to buy the water company's property, then the city will take charge of the works, Dec. 1, 1910. The mayor will appoint three trustees, who will have entire supervision. The responsibility of success or failure is then with these trustees. It is plain for anyone to see that much depends on these men. It will be a big task to successfully manage the waterworks of this city. It will require the best business ability, experience and judgment to make it satisfactory and efficient.

A committee was appointed at a meeting of citizens Tuesday evening to review and summarize the work that has been done, with a view to informing the public of the exact situation. This committee will make public its findings when the investigation is concluded.

WHAT WILL BRYAN AND PORTER DO?

There has been speculation as to just why the democrats of Montgomery county cancelled the speaking date that had been arranged for William Jennings Bryan at Red Oak. On the face of things, however, the reason appears plain. The democrats of Montgomery county are more consistent than the democratic state central committee, which arranged for the Bryan speaking tour in Iowa, and more consistent than Mr. Bryan himself. Bryan bolted the Nebraska state democratic ticket because he could not subscribe to the liquor plank of the Nebraska platform. He comes into Iowa however, to support what he condemned in Nebraska.

The attitude Mr. Bryan will take in Iowa on the liquor question is causing some comment. The silence of Mr. Porter, the democratic candidate for governor, also is causing comment.

It has just leaked out, however, that Mr. Porter has not always maintained his present silence. The Des Moines Register and Leader has secured a copy of a letter written by Mr. Porter for the special benefit of the German-American Liberal alliance, Col. Elboeck's organization. This was written during the primary contest for the democratic nomination and was published, so far as the Register and Leader has been able to learn, only in German in the Staats Anzeiger of Des Moines and Der Democrat of Davenport.

The occasion for this letter, the Register and Leader explains, was the activity among the friends of Colonel Elboeck. Mr. Bashor had been commended for his sympathies

with the purposes of the liberal alliance and in view of the fact among the friends of Mr. Porter that he might suffer if it was not made plain that he was not seeking the nomination on the Bryan platform of divorcing the democratic party from the liquor interests.

Following is a fair translation of the letter from the copy that appeared in Der Democrat of May 19, 1910. Der Democrat says: "We have already published the views of Messrs. Bashor and Moon (on the liquor question). Following we give an explanation of the position of Mr. Porter. It is found in a letter from Centerville under date of May 11 and reads thus:

"Dear Sir: I have your recent letter in which you make inquiry concerning my position on the question of the regulation of the liquor traffic and with pleasure I will make it as clear as I can. In an announcement of mine my candor I declared that I in no wise wished to influence or anticipate the resolutions of the state convention to be held in Ottumwa. Although I still hold fast to this attitude, yet, in view of the fact that the other candidates for the gubernatorial nomination have expressed their positions on the question more or less fully, I may not be considered presumptuous if I also announce my position. I am a democrat and as such I am fully entitled to know my exact position toward any of the questions involved in the campaign before us. I do not suppose you care much for the reasons for my position, or the details of my views, but I would like to be altogether free and frank in the matter so that no misunderstanding will be possible. My first vote that I ever cast was for the ticket at which stood the distinguished Governor Boies.

"When for the first time I was elected to the legislature, the platform of that year (1895) declared in favor of a law permitting the manufacture of liquors within the state." I took part in the democratic legislative caucus in which this matter was considered and I voted for such a law.

"Since that time and until two years ago our platforms have been silent upon this question and then the platform declared: 'We reaffirm the traditional policy of the democratic party with reference to local self-government and home rule.' As the nominated candidate for the United States senate I endorsed this plank and spent more than thirty days of the campaign on the stump. I believed at that time in the righteousness of that principle and I do today.

"As I have already said, I do not wish to anticipate the action of the state convention; I have firm faith in the wisdom and sound judgment of the democratic party to deal with all questions rightly and honorably and when I announced myself as a candidate for the democratic gubernatorial nomination I was with express declaration that I would abide by the principles that might be declared by the convention and that they would have my hearty approval and that I would spare no pains to secure for them the endorsement of the voters in the November election. I am respectfully yours, 'Claude R. Porter.'

It will be admitted, the Register and Leader believes that a most careful reading of this letter leaves much to be desired in the way of explicitness. But it is significant that Colonel Elboeck and his friends have gone upon the theory that they understand what Mr. Porter meant by it.

WILL MR. PORTER PLEASE EXPLAIN?

As Mr. Porter, a man with supposedly temperate inclinations, is the democratic candidate for governor, a platform that declares for a restriction of affairs that, if put into effect, will keep up continuous neighborhood agitation over the liquor question, it is time he is making his views plain.

He has been making speeches in many parts of Iowa, and he talks all the time about national matters. Now Mr. Porter, the state of Iowa is a great and magnificent state and it certainly is worthy of a little attention from you as a candidate for governor. It is expected of you that you will outline your plans for putting into force, if you are elected, the commands of the platform of your party. We know as well as you do that the liquor plank in the democratic state platform that was adopted by the democratic state convention in Ottumwa has created a great deal of dissatisfaction and disappointment and is the source of much discouragement in the party. We do not wonder that you try to cover this sore spot by talking on national matters. But it is time now for you to stop wandering around and make your plain on matters that you are pledged to in your platform.

General Weaver was a delegate in the Ottumwa convention and made a speech against the adoption of the liquor plank. He said: "I am tired of being called a member of the whisky party. If the language of that paragraph is put into this platform, it puts a whisky brand on the democratic party of Iowa. For this convention to adopt that plank will be to make the most serious mistake within the power of this body, and seventy-five thousand democrats in Iowa will stamp it under their sovereign feet."

The OTHER SIDE of the DOOR
 A STORY OF MYSTERY
 By LUCIA CHAMBERLAIN
 Author of THE COAST OF CHANCE
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(CHAPTER VI.—Continued.)
 I was aware of a greater sense of air and sun than I had had since I entered the house, of a farther extent of that shining floor, broken by great opaque oblongs which absorbed light and gave out colors beautiful and dim, of a uniform even interplay of color upon all sides of me, as if the walls were hung with tapestry of one pattern; but all I was really intensely conscious of was a seated figure. She was sitting almost profile to me, with her back to the light, which fell splendidly upon the full length of her hair, hanging quite to the floor. She was wrapped in something silk, of two shifting colors, green and copper, covering the neck and leaving a most beautiful arm bare to the shoulder. A maid was brushing her hair, bending low with every measured stroke. At my appearance she straightened, stopped, and stepped back. It looked really as if she sank away into the shadow; and the Spanish woman rose and came toward me, holding out her hand. The colors in her gown seemed fairly alive, and whether it was really a woven pattern of copper serpents rushing through green water, or only an accident of my fancy and the twisted lights, I couldn't determine. But looking in her face, I thought, "Oh, surely Mr. Dingley is right. It isn't that she is ill, but only that she wants to talk with me alone." Like her hand, her voice was soft and warm.

"You are very kind," she said. There was hardly a trace of accent in her speech, only a delicate precision that made it delightful. "You see, I have been sick, and am yet too weak to go out upon the street. It is why I have given you the trouble to come to me." And still keeping my hand she led me to a chair and gently, prettily pushed me into it. There was something pathetic in her touch. Then, taking her seat again, "Marie, prondo!" she cried; and the maid coming forward gathered up the mass of hair, twisted it deftly into a crown around her head, filling it with gold colored hairpins, tucked into its coil a single tuberose; then collecting the combs and brushes went softly out of the room.

The Spanish woman sat there, resting her chin in her hand, looking at me with a pleasant rather smiling expression; and I thought she was a great deal less overwhelming than I had expected, though she was even more beautiful. "You have seen Mr. Montgomery?" she began. I thought it was only a question in form.

"I said, 'Oh, yes, I first saw him several years ago, dancing at a ball.' "She gave me a keen glance. "Yes, and later than that?"

"Then, then," I stammered, for I was at a loss to know whether she knew what my evidence was to be, "then once or twice on the street and yesterday in court."

"Well, and what do you think of him?"

"Why I—I don't know him."

"She made an amused little sound in her throat. "You have seen him three times. Once would have been enough. Surely you can tell me at least one thing—do you think he looks like a murderer?"

"Oh, no!" I murmured.

"Her eyes never left me. "But you do not think well of him; he is perhaps repulsive to you?"

"Oh, no!" I whispered. There was a painful tightness around my heart and my head felt as if it were on fire. The Spanish woman but I who seemed to be telling the story.

"She gave a quick nod, as if my answers thus far had satisfied her. "You do not believe him to be a murderer, you do not even think him unpleasant and yet you will go into the court and swear away his freedom—perhaps his life?"

"I said I thought he did not look like a murderer," I desperately insisted, "but I can't help."

"I know, my child, just what you are going to say," she interrupted. "You are going to say the words they have said to you."

But General Weaver's motion against that plank was voted down, and the liquor plank he objected to is now a part of the Iowa democratic platform and Mrs. Porter, if elected, is pledged by his party to carry out the commands of that plank.

Now Mr. Porter, are you in favor of such a law as your platform calls for? And can Mr. Bryan, if he makes any speeches in this state, support in Iowa what he condemns in Nebraska.

against the wall, covered with gold-colored velvet. I saw her fling back the covering and kneel beside it, fumbling with the lid. I heard the clicking of what seemed a series of locks. At last she turned her head and spoke, "Come here!"

I rose and went slowly over to where she knelt in the shadow. "Sit down."

I seemed involuntarily to obey those imperious words. I took the seat she indicated, a carved stool drawn near the chest, and saw her just lifting out a long string of blue flashing stars. It was like a toy, like one of those strings you hang upon a Christmas tree, only a hundred times more brilliant. "She how pretty!" she said, and ran it through her fingers in a little blue stream; then, with an easy motion of her wrist, she tossed it around my shoulders. She put her hand down into the chest and brought out a long, long dress, a dress of oak balls, and dropped it over my head. I felt the great weight of it upon my neck.

"Look," she said, taking up a velvet case, opened it, and showed me, lying on a crimson satin bed, a necklace like a wreath of light. There was no understanding the preciousness of that. The shock of the realization of who they were sent me back into my face. Her eyes laughed at me with a gleam that seemed devilish. She threw the box into my lap. She took out rings and covered my fingers with them, drops of blood, red, and brilliant green and rainbow colors. I couldn't seem to speak or move. I thought she must be mad.

"Here," she said, and leaning toward me, deftly pulled out the pins and took off my hat. Then in both hands she lifted something from the chest, and before I could stop her she had pressed it down upon my head. Then she rose. Her face was flushed; her lips parted eagerly on her gleaming teeth. She caught my hand and pulled me in front of a great mirror that hung upon the wall.

"I saw reflected there a small, shrinking figure, with a white face, in a white dress, crowned with a circlet of gold and hung with necklaces that made brightness in the shadow. I heard the Spanish woman's voice speaking excitedly close beside my cheek.

"There is not their like in this state, in this country. Some of them have come out of the greatest houses in Spain. They will make you rich, they will make you beautiful. They are nothing to me. I will give them to you, every one, to keep forever! Take them—take them all! And go away! Just for three little days; until the trial is over!"

I shrank from her in mere amazement. In the first moment I did not take in what she meant.

"No, but listen," she cried, catching at me. "I can make it easy for you to go. I have influence—I will help you—I will hide you! We will arrange the story."

"I raised my hands to my head. Now I was choking with anger, with tears. "Do you think I would do for these what I would not do for him?" I lifted the circlet off my head, but my hands shook so that it fell and rolled on the floor between us, and I believe we both forgot it. Do you suppose I don't care as much as you do? I would do anything in the world to clear him of this charge. But you don't understand—clear him; I can't hush it and hide it. It wouldn't make it come right and I don't believe he wants me, I don't believe that is what he meant. I know he would hate me if I saved him with such a lie!"

She grew white. A small, sharp shadow came on each side of her mouth. Her lips parted with a sort of gasp. "What do you know about saving or dying; what do you know about hating or loving? You would not lie—oh, no! You would save him—he were innocent! Why, you child, I would save him the same if he had killed fifty! You are so precious of your little self, and your little virtue. Virtue! I love him—and that is my virtue."

Something in the triumphant ring of her voice, in the very strength of her passion itself, for the moment made her noble. Beside her I felt myself small, mean and wretched.

It seemed to me I was in a nightmare and never should awake. I pulled the necklaces, the bracelets, the rings, off me, struggling with the tangled chains and stubborn clasps. I shook my hands free of the last jewel, snatching up my turban, slipped it off with trembling fingers, and all the while she stood looking silently at me. But when, at last, I had taken up the little ball of my gloves and stood before her, she spoke in a very soft voice:

"Pardon me, I have lost my wits. But you are made of a material—I do not know it—but it is not flesh and blood. Nevertheless we must not part bad friends."

She turned to the table and, pushing aside the jewels as if they had been colored glass, pulled toward her a tray, and took up a glass decanter. She poured two glasses of wine, and taking one, gracefully held it out to me. "Will you not drink to his acquittal?" she asked.

"Forgive me," I said "if I do not drink to it, will you wish for it with all my heart? That will be the same."

"But it is not," she said, advancing, with her bright eyes fixed upon me. "To drink—that is a deed which shows the good will. The rest is but words. Come, you have spoken of great things you would do for him if only you could. Well, here is one small thing. Let me see you make good your words!" Her voice was so sweetly coaxing, my hand tilted toward the glass. Then, as she thought I was going to take it, something in the expectant, intense look of her caught me; and a dreadful thought flashed into my mind.

I shrank back. "No," I said, "I can not!"

"You shall never go out of my house," she said.

"My ears wouldn't believe, my senses rejected the meaning of those words. "You would not do such a thing—you would not dare!"

She threw back her head until I could see the great column of her white throat swell, and laughed. "I tell you, my pretty little girl, I would fling away a dozen such as you for only the chance of saving him!"

I saw that she meant it—I understood how well—I felt like a little dry stick in a river, like a leaf in the wind. I looked behind me. The windows did not open into the outer air but into a tightly closed conservatory. The sound that was struggling in my throat was a scream, but suppose I would only call in some of her creatures before Mr. Dingley should hear! I looked squarely into her face, and I am sure, in that moment, that I understood what death might mean. "I am going," I said, very quietly, and walked across the room toward the curtain.

She did not try to stop me and every unobstructed step I took forward, I thought, with increasing terror. "What is it she means to do?" When I reached the closed curtain the grasp of her hands, which I had dreaded, was the least of my fears. The anteroom was empty, but as I passed its threshold I heard her move across the inner room, and then a bell rang, away down in the lower part of the house. There is no describing the feeling that was in me when, with the sound of that bell, a signal in my ears, opened the door into the grizzly maze of passageways.

I remembered that I had turned to the right in coming in, so now I turned to the left, and hurried down that narrow, unlighted way that led me directly to another door. But I remembered that and opened it and stepped through into another hall. Here were three branching ways, and it was only one of them, of course, which would bring me to the sala door. The others might plunge me into Heaven knew what places of the house or what hands! There was no time to hesitate, I must choose and chance it! There was not one thing—window, furniture or color—to distinguish them.

Yet in my agony of mind I gave a glance down one and two of them; and on the floor of the second, a few yards from me some small, light colored object was lying. I ran forward and stooped. It was the blue bow that had fallen from my hair.

I picked it up with a rush of thankfulness. This was an incident in a fairy tale! It seemed an omen of safety and as I held it in my hand I fairly ran along the passage and came at last triumphantly out into the hall, which I remembered, broad and carpeted with red.

Down the stairs I hastened, my heart going quick with the alarms of my escape, opened the door at the foot of it and came into the little entry. As I entered it I fancied a sound. It was like a step, very soft, so soft as to be hardly audible, not behind me, not on the other side of the door in front of me, but somewhere beyond that entry partition to my right. It was there I reckoned, that one of those dark anterooms through which we had approached the sala, must be. The flesh of my back was prickling, but I was almost safe. Once let me reach Mr. Dingley and I knew that somehow he would get us out. With a great effort I pulled open the heavy door into the sala.

"Oh, I—" I began; but then I stopped. The room was so large that it took me some moments to make sure it was empty. Mr. Dingley was not there.

I stood perfectly still in that stupendous place. Everything in me seemed to have stopped moving, too—my blood and my heart. And in the listening pause, there came again unmistakably, soft, stealthily, footsteps, sounding beyond the heavy curtain of the door—sounding as if creatures were gathering in those dark rooms that lay between me and the outer hall.

I didn't scream, I didn't want to. I walked quietly across the roof to one of the heavily curtained windows at the back and pulled the hangings aside.

In front of me, not three feet from the window was the blank face of the convent wall rising straight up, higher than I could see. I looked downward. The stone pavement, which I could just make out in the gloom, must have been ten feet below. Nevertheless I had a wild thought that, if the worst came, I could at least fling myself down the narrow cleft; and in that mind I took hold of the window frame. I had no hope that it could support me, even after I had stirred the heavy weight against it, slowly the two sides of the casement opened out. As the dusty panes of glass swung away from before me my eye caught a singular irregularity in the surface of the wall. About on a level with the window-sill was a niche in the masonry, perhaps three feet square, and looking to be the depth of the wall itself. The back of it seemed to be made of dark substance—darker than the bricks—through which shone twinkling glimpses of daylight.

I climbed upon the window-sill, and, taking hold of the upper edge of one of the casements, swung myself by this. I felt myself hovering an instant in mid-air. Then my feet had found the niche. I crouched, and, groping forward with one hand, I grasped a metal ledge of vines. Releasing the casement I half-dragged, half-swung myself into the opening in the wall. I clung there a moment trembling, catching my breath, before I realized that the dark mass at the back of the niche was merely ivy, some of which I had grasped, tearing quite a little opening, and through this I could see a blessed glimpse of blue sky.

Putting my eyes close to this peephole I looked downward and saw below me the grass plots of the convent garden. A great tangle of bushes was at the foot of the wall, but in spite of that I looked as dreadful a drop. I glanced over my shoulder into the room behind me and thought I saw a shadow moving down the floor. I do not know how I turned myself in the cramped space where I knelt. All I could remember afterward was the feel of the edge of the rough masonry under my fingers; the tearing of the ivy

as my body crushed through it; the straining of my arms as I swung downward. I gave one horrified glance into the depths of the garden; then closed my eyes and let go.

(To be Continued.)
STATE TICKET.
 For Governor
 E. F. CARROLL
 For Lieutenant Governor
 GEO. W. CLARKE
 For Secretary of State
 W. C. HAYWARD
 For Auditor of State
 J. L. BLEAKLEY
 For Treasurer of State
 W. W. MORROW
 For Attorney General
 GEO. COSSON
 For Supt. Public Instruction
 A. M. DE YOE
 For Clerk of Supreme Court
 B. W. GARRETT
 For Reporter of Supreme Court
 W. W. CORNWALL
 For Railroad Commissioner
 D. J. PALMER
 CLIF. THORNE.

CONGRESSIONAL TICKET.

Rep. in Congress Sixth District,
 N. E. KENDALL.

JUDICIAL TICKET.
 Second District
 F. M. HUNTER
 For County Supervisor
 C. W. WILSON
 F. W. EICHELBERGER
 D. M. ANDERSON

COUNTY TICKET.
 For Senator
 C. W. SWINMORE
 For Representative
 FRANK SHANE
 For Auditor
 GEO. A. WILSON
 For Treasurer
 E. L. PETERSON
 For Clerk District Court
 F. L. LNCH
 For Recorder
 J. H. CREMER
 For Recorder
 L. L. SWENSON
 For County Attorney
 LLOYD L. DUKE
 For County Superintendent
 WINNIFRED 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.

CENTER TOWNSHIP.
 Justice of the Peace
 W. J. BERRY
 ED. JOHNSON
 Constable
 CLARENCE A. CRAWLEY
 W. A. DERBY
 Trustee
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