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Lasting Satisfaction

Is what we guarantee you on every garment : : : :

You can pay fancy prices for clothes if you wish, but you can't buy any more style, service or satisfaction than you will secure in our garments at popular prices:

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You can readily realize we must give extra good values to make such a broad statement. Everything new.



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"Would—next week some time be too soon?"

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EDUCATORS END ANNUAL MEETING

TEACHERS OPPOSE APPROPRIATIONS BY CONGRESS FOR PRIVATE INSTITUTIONS

Des Moines, Nov. 8.—The teachers of Iowa have bitterly opposed to the national school funds being turned over to private educational institutions in the District of Columbia for the promotion of education in agriculture and mechanical arts.

The teachers of the state in their closing session Saturday afternoon at the Y. M. C. A. auditorium placed themselves on record against the bills of legislation now before congress which assign to private institutions funds from the federal treasury to establish departments of education along these lines. Such an act on the part of congress would be in direct violation of the spirit of the constitution, say these teachers. Under the Morrill acts of congress a portion of the public school fund can be set aside for the purpose of advancing national education in agricultural and mechanical arts. The bills now under consideration would extend the benefits of the Morrill acts by assigning to certain private institutions appropriations from the public school fund to do the work which the teachers claim rightly belongs to the department of education. To aid private educational institutions from the federal treasury would establish a dangerous precedent and by a unanimous vote registered themselves in opposition to any division of the public school funds among private and sectarian schools.

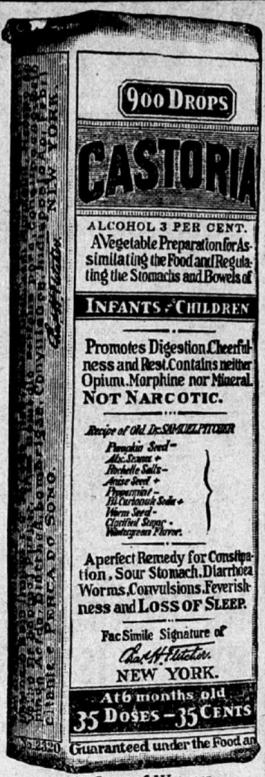
The educators approved of the request of E. E. Brown, commissioner of the national department of education for an additional appropriation of \$75,000 for the purpose of employing competent specialists to investigate the subjects of the construction of school buildings, school administration, accounting and statistics, industrial education, education for housekeeping, school hygiene, agriculture and mechanical colleges and the wider uses of the school plant.

Work Against Bills.

The state association will do all in its power to defeat the congressional enactments calling for federal aid for private institutions and to assist Commissioner Brown in his request for a larger appropriation to extend the activities of his department.

The recommendation of the council for legislative enactment for compulsory medical inspection in the public schools met the hearty indorsement of the general association. It also urged the extension of high school training in the rural districts.

A surprise in the resolution recommendations and which met no opposition was that of the recommendation of not only more normal schools in Iowa, but the extension of the high school curriculum to include a normal course.



CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

Dr. J. C. Hathorn

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

THE EVENING STORY.

HOW CRAKER CAME HOME.

By Stacy E. Baker.

(Copyright, 1910, by Associated Literary Press.)

The city-cut clothes and Van Dyke beard of Craker effectively disguised him as he strode carelessly along in the rear of Piodville's two most substantial citizens. Shreds of their conversation came back to him.

Craker had no particular reason for remaining incognito, except for a livid memory, the unhealed bruises of which even now smarted to the sneers and comments of the same two, now before him, on his simple statement, years before, that he wished to become a lawyer.

Craker's father had been a fairly prosperous farmer on a tract of land bordering Piodville. Craker's grandfather had preceded his father on this same plot—and there had been others before him bearing the same name and with the same blood in their veins. That the last of the clan had ambitions above that of tilling the soil had amused Piodville. Piodville, slumbering in a village that it was, reeked not of stress and the fighting gone in a man's blood.

The harsh voice of Enoch Sneedman broke in on the reverie of the youth.

"Emma died this morning," came from the lips of the old man. Lymman Tollman strode stolidly along beside his fellow townman for some seconds before he ventured a reply.

"Good thing," came in a harsh voice at last. "She was an expensive critter, Emma was."

The nails of the man behind bit into the palms of his hands as he listened.

"Oh, she was all right," chattered old Enoch, reminiscently, "but pesky unreliable, and as finicky as a lady's lapdog."

Craker at these words took a sudden step forward, and then came to a stop with a contemptuous shrug of his shoulders. "I can't assauld old men," he grumbled, half aloud. "I should know more anyway than to expect sentiment from such—cattle. Still—her own father!—what brutes there are in this world."

Although Craker had long since assured himself that he had put thoughts of the timid-eyed, golden-haired little maid from him, the dull beat of his heart now told him of the secret crypt that had long been kept for her.

Emma! No other woman of his acquaintance before or since his college days could compare with her. And then a word had cut into his sensitive, town-taunted soul and ruined it all.

Embittered with a town that could not or would not understand the ambition of a courageous son striving to rise above his environments, Craker had made just one visit back to Piodville since the death of his mother had made it possible for him to sever all ties except one and take his long-suffered-of college course.

This one tie had been Emma Sneedman. He had come back to her, and into his conversation he had subtly woven a question that would decide whether she was above the narrow prejudice of the town, or hopelessly permeated with the views of her father and his neighbors.

"Emma," he had said, "I have finished college. Where would you advise me to locate?"

"Here," Emma had replied, simply, and Craker, heavy of heart, had gone away and never, until now, came back.

Craker had gone to the far city, been admitted to the bar, and prospered. He had never intended to come back for the girl. Business had called him here, and now—she was dead!

She was dead! The heart long subdued, bravely threw off its shackles to tell Craker the truth.

"I must go to the house," ruminated Craker. There was a noticeable droop to the broad shoulders. "What a beast of a man that Sneedman is to talk in such a heartless manner of his own daughter who has just died. Let me see. Emma was nineteen years of age when I left here. I have been in the city eight years. She was

twenty-seven when she died. I—I wonder if she ever married! Craker turned his feet toward the old Sneedman homestead.

There was little in the town that had changed. Craker noticed, with listless eyes, the well-remembered crack in the tavern window, a scar given it in the old days through a rock propelled at him by "Billy" Henderson. The town pump still squeaked dimly as the antiquated Hobbs drew the water for the wife's weekly wash.

No one recognized Craker. His smart attire, the nose glasses and his heavy dark beard, gave him an appearance of prosperity that not one of them would have credited to the queer boy who had left town years before.

Craker strode sorrowfully up the long walk leading through the Sneedman yard. His eyes sight the old-fashioned knocker of the front door. It was crumpled!

"Beast," reiterated Craker. His hand stopped as he reached forth to sound his arrival. A gasp quivered on his lips. Some one inside the house was singing! Singing, at that, a catchy little melody of last season's musical comedy; a bit sadly amiss in this house of sorrow. His hand again found the knocker. The singing suddenly ceased, and hurrying steps told him that some one was on the way to the door.

"I—I am on old—acquaintance of the family," came from Craker as a pretty girl suddenly flung open the door. "I have come to view the remains."

The girl stared at him a moment in speechless silence. "The remains," she gasped, and then, with alarming rapidity, she rasped, "Oh, you are here to see—Emma."

"Come in," giggled the girl. She led him speedily into the well-remembered parlor, and murmuring something that escaped him, she disappeared through the door into the hall. A tinkle of holdenish laughter came echoing back to him.

"I wish I had married Emma," groaned Craker. "She must have endured a dog's life with these unfeeling people."

"Why—it is Frank Craker!"

The man raised startled eyes, and fairly flung himself out of his chair, "You," he gasped.

Before him, an all of the dainty beauty that he had known of old, and poised and carriage that he could not define, stood—Emma Sneedman!

"Why, yes—me! Why not, Frank? Is there anything so very wonderful about it?"

"But—but I thought you were dead."

"Me—dead?" wondered the girl, and then she suddenly broke into a ripple of laughter. "Oh, I see it now," she explained. "Some one has told you that Emma is dead, and you instantly thought that it was I. Listen! Emma was papa's carriage horse. He bought her while I was away at college, and he named her after me."

"Away at college?"

"Why, yes, Frank. After you went away it was lonesome here, and I persuaded papa to let me go to college. It was an old chum of mine who is now visiting me who admitted you to the house. I—I thought—when I went away—that you would come back, and—and I wanted to have an education, too."

The girl's face was crimson. She had come impulsively forward to shake hands, and now Craker was holding her close. Gradually she ceased to struggle and raised her eyes fearlessly to his own. The man saw in them the answer to his unspoken question.

"I have come for you now," he whispered.

Madge snapped her irritation.

"Emily, you're enough to vex a saint, and I'm not one, as you know! Here, in ten minutes past closing time, the others all gone, and here you work away as if you enjoyed it—not that I believe you really enjoy anything!"

Emily, who must have been nearly thirty, rose deliberately, closed her desk, and reaching for her hat, season or two out of style, began putting it on without even a pat at her unadorned, abundant dark hair.

Madge continued her plaint. "You act a hundred, Emily. If I didn't adore you I would give you up to go your way! But I won't be snubbed, as you manage to snub the other girls, though you're perfectly sweet in manner! I intend to pull you out of your hole and show the world what a wonder you are!"

"Cut out your hero worship, child, and go to supper with me. I'm getting it in my rooms now—it's more convenient and cosy—"

"And shuts you away from other people more than ever," interrupted the other. "How you stand this dead level you live on, I don't see! You never go anywhere, nor see anybody; if you have any friends, you shun them. You wouldn't ask me to supper if you thought you could get rid of me some other way—would you?"

Emily flushed and laughed a little. "I do—like you, Madge, but I'm not very friendly, I suppose. Won't you come with me and see whether I mean my invitation?"

"I can't tonight—I'm going out with Bobby Peters to supper, and after that to the theater. And after that—some months after—I'm going to marry Bobby! I'm awfully in love with him, and I'm glad to say so to you right out, even if you are not human enough to care what love means! No, I'm not a bit afraid of you—somebody ought to tell you that you ought to be ashamed of the way you treat John Trenton! I know the whole story."

Emily stared. Nobody had ever talked in this way to her, but the girl went on after they had reached the street.

"He's been eating his heart out for you for eight years, and now here's your junior partner and has a home and everything, but you've crushed the courage out of him for so long that I suppose he has even stopped asking you to marry him. It would seem you exactly right if Sadie Morgan succeeds in getting him, the minx! She's trying, I assure you. Did you notice her get-up this morning? Won't she make him a lovely wife? She's about fourteen years younger than he—just the right age to appeal to a man who's tired of the dead level of business and looking every day at a woman he can't get. What have you got against him? Well, here's where I turn off. Good-bye."

The little imp left the older woman shocked and dazed. Was all this true? Had it been eight years? Was she heartless? Had John asked her to marry him for the last time, and she had refused? Was the office becoming a habit? And was she selfish? She went home, got into a neat house dress and began to prepare her lonely supper.

As she ate her meal with little appetite, she wondered what made her depressed, uncomfortable, vaguely miserable.

She sat thinking, her tea cooling. Could it be possible that that little goose of a Sadie—why, Sadie would make him miserable enough to flippancy mercenary rosebud of a thing! And then she knew that she was jealous—actually jealous! The wonder and the hurt of it swept across her heart. She remembered that almost a year had passed since he had come to see her. She had been lost in a sort of apathy, so used to his steady affection that she had ceased to know when it probably had ceased.

She tried to think just why it was that she had not married him years ago, oh, yes, at first it was that his old mother lived with him, and she would not live with a mother-in-law. She had seen other families made miserable that way. And then he had taken to smoking, which she detested, and they had disagreed even on politics—and especially on religion. That is, she had found fault with his ideas. Dispirited enough she washed her few pretty blue dishes, and thought

what a fool she was. Dark had fallen, and the lamp was lit; she drew the curtains, and moved things about to homelike coziness. What for? She laughed bitterly at herself. Here she was twenty-nine past acting like a girl expecting a boy lover! Well, John certainly was not coming. Probably he was taking that little nothing of a Sadie somewhere. She went into the bedroom, lighted the gas over the mirror and looked at herself as she put on the soft but rather worn and old-fashioned rose-colored dress he had once liked so much.

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FUNERALS.

The last sad rites over the remains of Oscar E. Lager, who passed away Saturday night, were held this afternoon from the residence at 2 o'clock and from the Swedish Lutheran church at 2:30 o'clock. Rev. Oscar A. Henry, pastor of the Swedish Lutheran church, assisted by Rev. W. H. Hornel of the East End Presbyterian church conducted the services. Many friends attended the funeral. The floral tributes were beautiful, among them being a fine set piece from the Journeymen Barbers' local of this city, of which the deceased was a member. The remains were interred in the Ottumwa cemetery.

The ballbearers were Amos Carlson, Axel Sandstrom, Emil Brown, William Johnson, Oscar Anderson and William Carlson. Misses Ruth Freed, Alvera Carlson, Clara Kendall and Victoria Darall were the flower girls.

MARS HILL.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Shank, Mr. and Mrs. John White and family and Mrs. Mowery and family attended the birthday dinner of Mrs. Buchanan on Monday when all of her friends and neighbors gathered at her home with well filled baskets and surprised her. Rev. Hornel of Ottumwa was present. All had an enjoyable time.

Mrs. Croft was an Ottumwa caller Saturday.

Miss Addie Deiters returned home from Milo where she has been visiting with relatives.

Mrs. Croft was in Ottumwa on Friday.

BIDWELL.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Harlan of South Ottumwa visited Wednesday at the Scott Johnson home.

Noyes Canfield was a business visitor in Blakesburg Tuesday.

Miss Lillie Brough and mother of Pulaski visited at the Harvey Grooms home recently.

A social will be given at the Center

DRAKESVILLE.

The public sale at the Finis Jones farm was well attended last Thursday.

Mrs. Claudia Williams of a Des Moines came Wednesday for a visit with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Perry Ralston.

Miss Kate Wise and Miss Christie of Bloomfield were visitors at the Harvey Boles home Thursday.

The W. C. T. U. gave a very pleasant social at the home of Mrs. J. C. Millsack last Thursday.

Mrs. Jennie Le Baugh of Mystic, was called here by the illness of her mother W. F. Sigle.

W. C. Jones attended the district conference held at Moravia this week.

Prof. Dunham took dinner Thursday evening with Mayor Thompson and family.

John Swartzendruber and family and Joe Baughman and family of Pulaski made a short stop in our town last Monday when they were enroute to Ottumwa in their auto.

Roy Bell and Miss Garnet Downing attended the teachers' meeting in Des Moines last week.

STOLE HARNESS.

Someone Takes a Fancy to Leather Goods and Fly Net in W. W. Jackson's Barn.

Not objecting so seriously to the theft of his harness and the entering of a fly net into his barn, W. W. Jackson does, however, raise a hue and cry because the fly net was stolen. Just what a fellow wants with a fly net at this time of year Mr. Jackson could not figure out. The trouble was caused by a thief entering the barn at the rear of the jail and taking therefrom a set of single harness and fly net, neither of which the said purloiner of the goods has seen fit to return. Mr. Jackson is on the lookout for the thief and means to get his property back if possible.

BIRMINGHAM.

G. W. Leeter went to Ottumwa Saturday and entered the hospital for medical treatment. His right eye has been bothering him for several years and the other eye was becoming affected so the right eye had to be removed. He is recovering nicely from the operation.

Miss Bertha Hall, north of town has gone to Oskaloosa to visit with relatives.

Jesse Bonnett of Marshalltown, Ia., visited several days last week with his parents.

B. P. Ford and wife and daughter Louella Bonnett went to Muscatine on Tuesday morning and from there go to Chicago to visit relatives.

A son of Samuel Swartz, west of town, was thrown from a horse Saturday and the result was a broken arm.

Link Carson, wife and children visited last week with her brother John Gould at Sterling, Kans.

W. E. Widger went to Unionville,

DR. BULL'S
Cough
SYRUP

PRICE, 25 CTS.

THE PEOPLE'S REMEDY FOR Coughs, Colds, Whooping-Cough, Bronchitis, Grippe-Cough, Hoarseness, etc. It is safe and sure.

TRIAL BOTTLE FREE.

Write for it and mention this paper. Address A. C. MEYER & CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

An Instructive Show

You will enjoy a visit to the magnificent and elaborate display to be seen at the

United States Land and Irrigation Exposition

at the

Coliseum in Chicago From November 19 to December 4

You can leave Ottumwa on Burlington No. 2, at 11:20 p. m., get a good night's rest on the train, arrive in Chicago at 7 a. m., spend the day in the city, leaving Chicago at 11 p. m., arrive in Ottumwa at 7:30 a. m., taking you from business only one day.

If you want to know the best route for any trip, any place, any time, ask



W. S. PARKER, AGENT
C. B. & Q. R. R.
UNION DEPOT.

Has a lot of overstock
tailor made suits

\$15

Stern & Stern

New Era Tailors
125 East Second Street.

la., and will remain there for some time with his sister.

Birmingham and Fairfield played a very interesting game of football on Saturday.

BOOSTING BIG MEETING.

Good Road Enthusiasts Want All Ottumwa Auto Owners to go to Blakesburg.

The meeting at Blakesburg Thursday in the interest of the Blue Grass roads will be attended by practically every auto owner in Ottumwa if the wishes of the good roads committee of the Ottumwa Commercial association are granted. The local enthusiasts for better highways are particularly anxious that this proposed road from the Nebraska state line to the Mississippi river become a reality, and they urge every Ottumwa automobilist to attend the meeting at Blakesburg on Thursday.

MASHES FINGER.

Employe at Burlington Roundhouse Injured at Work Yesterday Morning.

While shaking grates in an engine at the Burlington roundhouse yesterday morning, W. H. Crable, an employe of the Burlington, mashed a finger. The injury was sustained by the third finger of the left hand. Mr. Crable will be off duty a few days as a result of the accident.

Don't use inferior spices when the same price will buy quality

TOPE BROS SPICES

CANNON BRAND

Tope's pepper, ginger, cinnamon, etc., are fresher, stronger, clearer. In packages, 10c., at grocers.

TOPE BROS., Des Moines, Ia.