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THE WATERWORKS TRUSTEES.

Mayor Hartman is to be congratulated on the sound judgment he displayed in the selection of H. L. Waterman, D. F. Morey and Henry Williams as members of the first board of waterworks trustees. Mr. Waterman and Mr. Morey are men of large affairs. They are at the head of large enterprises and his Williams is a practical man, and his knowledge of mechanics and his experience in city affairs will make his services valuable. It is a strong commission and one that assures Ottumwa of an able management of its new business enterprise.

The new board of trustees will have a heavier burden on their shoulders than the men who may be selected to occupy positions on the board in the future. They are entering an untried field, so far as Ottumwa's experience goes, and the duty will devolve upon them of forming a business organization that will mean the success or failure of an enterprise in which Ottumwa has heavily invested. This being true, it is a matter of great importance to Ottumwa that men of such caliber have been named for this board. The first move taken in the management of the municipally owned water plant is a wise move. The affairs of the plant are now in the hands of men in whose business judgment the people have the greatest confidence.

THE SPEAKER AND COMMITTEES.

There are indications that would make it appear that Champ Clark and some of the other democratic leaders are not so keen to take from the speaker the appointment of the house committees as they were a few months ago. When the republicans controlled the house and Mr. Cannon was speaker the democrats were loud in their denunciation of the rules that gave so much power to the speaker. With the democrats in control of the next house, however, Mr. Clark, who seems to have little opposition for the speakership, does not display any great enthusiasm in the plan for taking everything from the presiding officer of the house except his title.

Much of the opposition that arose in the past against giving the house the power of appointing its own committees was due to the fear that this would permit the big states to wield too much power. Asher C. Hinds, member elect from Maine and the best parliamentary man in the country, has very pronounced views on this subject and asserts that the selection of committees by the house will mean that New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Texas, Missouri and perhaps half a dozen other states can grasp and hold all the important committee places, and as a consequence these states will get the best of it in legislation, and especially in appropriations. He insists that selfishness will govern in such matters and there will be little, but crumbs for the small states.

The new census returns show that some of the more populous states will gain several new members of congress, while some of the smaller states show a loss. This may bring about further inequalities and make it easier for the big states to combine their interests and gain a big advantage in the matter of committee appointments. If pure patriotism alone governed in matters of this kind there would be no grounds for this fear, but it has been demonstrated that human nature is human nature, even in the halls of congress.

DEMOCRATIC HARMONY.

The New York World is waxing hysterical over the recent democratic victories in congressional and state

elections, says the Sioux City Tribune. It says:

"Not in Tilden's time or in Cleveland's was the democratic party so united as it is now. Never before since the civil war has there been so general an agreement about leaders and issues and opportunities."

"All of which is fol-de-rol. The democratic party is united, neither on leaders or on issues. It is united, of course, on opportunities. That is, all shades of democrats are beginning to chirk up and feel that there is an opportunity to grab the offices."

"The conservative, not to say reactionary, wing of the party, for which the world speaks, favors the nomination of Governor Harmon, of Ohio, for president. If he should be named, 2,000,000 Bryan men who voted against Alton B. Parker in 1904 will be against him. If a Bryan man is nominated, the conservatives will bolt him on mass. There is not now in the public eye a single democratic leader who can hope to unite the party, unless it be Woodrow Wilson, and an inspection of his record may reveal facts that will make him unavailable as a democratic candidate."

A NEWSPAPER INVESTMENT.

Some people look upon a daily newspaper as an expense, but they never take time to consider it in the light of an investment. The man on the farm has long considered the newspaper as an investment, because he has learned that it means dollars in his pockets to get the daily market news. One Iowa farmer brought this out forcibly when he replied to a neighbor who asked how he could afford to take a daily newspaper. This was his reply: "My paper is not costing me a cent. I raised 2,200 bushels of oats this year, so I had oats to sell. I always take time to notice the market page of my daily, no matter how busy I am. I watched the oats market, saw it begin to go down. Didn't see anything in the reports that would lead me to believe that the price would come back. I hurried to town and sold my oats. Then the market dropped again and I was glad I sold. My market report saved me \$40 that time, maybe more. That will pay for my paper a good many years. I can't see that a good daily paper costs anything at all in reality. The market report pays the bill and the news is thrown in without charge."

The man who has something to sell is not the only one who can save money by taking a daily newspaper. The man who buys can save considerably, too. If he reads the advertisements regularly he will find many opportunities given him to scale down his expenditures.

PROPOSED LEGISLATION.

Iowa legislators who have been interviewed by Des Moines political reporters, declare there will be a big legislative program brought before the thirty-fourth general assembly when it convenes in January. From the extensive program of proposed legislation has been outlined:

The creation of a state publicity bureau.

The creation of a temporary tax commission to completely revise the state taxing system.

The creation of a public utilities commission.

A provision giving cities of 25,000 or over the right to use the commission plan of government in school management.

Giving women the right to vote.

The redistricting of all the judicial districts of Iowa.

The repealing of the tax on moneys and credits. This may be dovetailed in with the temporary tax commission plan.

The creation of five water storage basins to take care of the flood waters of the Des Moines and its tributaries.

Amending the drainage law so as to make the tax payable one-quarter when levied, one-quarter when the engineer certifies that work is half completed and the balance upon completion of the work.

A provision for women factory inspectors.

The transfer of the banking department from the auditor's office to the state treasurer's office.

Abolishing the offices of state printer and state binder and giving state institutions the work.

An amendment to the primary law. It is possible that a special primary law to choose a United States senator will come up.

Improvement in the present good roads law.

Stricter regulation of Sunday amusements.

Re-submission of constitutional prohibition question.

Increasing salaries of county treasurers.

Now much of this program is carried out depends a great deal upon the manner in which the legislature tackles the job of electing a United States senator to succeed Senator Young, the

governor's appointee. If a legislative deadlock ensues, the legislature may find that the program as outlined above will need considerable scaling down.

Mr. Bryan says Roosevelt is eliminated. Since when, says the Cleveland Leader, has Mr. Bryan decided that one defeat eliminated a man? The Chicago Tribune ventures this reply: "With the clearer vision that comes from years of experience and an occasional season of meditation, Mr. Bryan may have arrived at the conclusion that a certain first defeat administered to a certain Boy Orator of the Platte really eliminated that picturesque personage."

When rich men invest money, poor men get work and therefore the opportunity to make a living and get something themselves to invest.

If every one had his way there would be one way and that the easiest.

Here's betting that that was a lively little scrap in Cork while it lasted.

Speaker Cannon is a candidate for minority leader of the next house. It is now up to Uncle Joe to show if he can "come back."

Bat Nelson couldn't.

THE EVENING STORY.

AUNT ELLEN'S MATCHMAKING.

BY DONALD ALLEN.

(Copyright, 1910, by Associated Literary Press.)

Aunt Ellen Henderson, who was a widow, had arrived at the farmhouse of her sister, Mrs. George Taylor, on a visit. The family of the sister consisted only of herself, husband and daughter, Minnie, the latter having arrived at the age of twenty-one years. Aunt Ellen called it a visit, but in reality it was a plot. She wouldn't have owned even to herself that it was, for she was a very conscientious woman, but it was a plot, none the less.

Besides being a very conscientious woman, Aunt Ellen was a born matchmaker. There were at least thirty happy marriages in Warren county that she had brought about by being on hand and interfering at the critical moment. In her home, forty miles away, she had heard that her services were needed at her sister's house, and she had put off making her fall soft soap to offer to her.

Miss Minnie had two beaux. They had been calling for two years, and neither one of them had proposed. They had taken up hours and hours of time that she might have devoted to cutting and sewing carpet rags or trying to play "Old Dog Tray" on the cottage organ, and it was time they were made to declare themselves. Of course, poor Minnie couldn't say anything, and, of course, her mother lacked moral courage, and of course George Taylor was a stick of a man and a father. A strong hand was what was needed in that family for a few days and Aunt Ellen had brought it along with her.

On the third night of Aunt Ellen's stay Mr. Graves called. He was a farmer's son and a nice young man; he seemed to be honest and ambitious, but not quite the man Minnie ought to have. She was holly-tolly and he was rather serious. There would be a clash.

Two nights later Mr. Spinner called. He also was a farmer's son, and very good natured. He was very frank, and was known to be industrious and saving. He was the man for Minnie! Two years and he hadn't proposed, but Aunt Ellen hadn't been around. She had arrived now.

A successful matchmaker does not work in the open. That is, she never lets the young lady in the case know that she is the least bit interested. She pretends total indifference, or hints that old maids are after all the happiest. If the young man in the case happens to be mentioned, she carelessly observes that he is low-legged or looking in character, and then changes the subject to Sunday school picnics. It's the young man she drops hints to. She keeps dropping and dropping until she gets him all steamed up and the first thing he knows he rushes off and is hooked.

Aunt Ellen had nothing to say to her sister. She just watched and waited for the time for her to step in and weld two more happy souls together, making sixty-two, more or less.

The time came in about ten days, or when the rather serious Mr. Graves made his second call. She was watching and she saw the love-light in Minnie's eyes and the admiration in his. When he left she murmured something about fresh air and threw a shawl over her head and walked out to the gate with him. There she said:

"Mr. Graves, I'm a plain woman."

"Yes?"

"There should be no long delay in these matters. Have you spoken yet?"

"We-I-I no."

"You love her?"

"Surely."

"Then speak. I am sure she loves you and will say yes."

"I—I think I will."

"I had sized you up to be that kind of a man. Good night."

The matchmaker had begun but only half her work had been accomplished. Minnie couldn't marry the two men, of course, and now that Mr. Graves was going to ask for her heart and hand, and was sure to get them, it was only common decency that Mr. Spinner should make himself scarce.

It was quite a little time before he called again, as he had to go on a journey, but the evening came at last. Aunt Ellen was on the watch for the love-light, but she failed to detect it. Her sister and husband went off to bed at an early hour, and she pretended to follow them, but she was a deceiver. She went out to wait at the gate instead.

It was a long, long wait, but Aunt Ellen remained. Whenever she had anything to say she waited until she could get it off her mind. It was a long wait, but she could say

to the young man who came blinking down the path:

"Mr. Spinner, I should like a few words with you."

"Oh, Lord, but I thought you were a cow!" he exclaimed in reply.

"No, Mr. Spinner, I am not. I am only a plain woman. I say what I think."

"I see."

"Though I don't want to hurt any one's feelings."

"That's kind of you."

"Mr. Spinner, you have been calling here off and on for about two years."

"While my niece has enjoyed your company, you must be aware that she has arrived at the age when—when—Well, she has arrived at the age when the average young woman is looking forward to marriage and a home of her own."

"I think I understand."

"And Mr. Graves has confessed his love for Minnie to me, and as I know that she loves him, and as he will most surely ask her to be his wife next time he calls—"

"That's rather funny," said Mr. Graves as she hesitated.

"I don't see where the levity comes in, sir. Love is a very solemn thing, and marriage is still more solemn."

"Granted. What you were going to suggest, I presume, was that I cease to call here?"

"Exactly."

"You are sure about their loving each other?"

"Sir?"

"Because it is news to me, you know, I thought that Mr. Graves—"

"Sir, I took you for a gentleman."

"Yes, yes—all right. I see things your way, and this shall be my last call."

"Now you are the gentleman I thought you. You can call, you know, but it must be as a brother."

"Yes, as a brother—a real nice brother. Gracious, but why didn't I catch on before? I thank you from the bottom of my heart and wish you good night."

"With that he was gone and as she ran into the house to go to bed Aunt Ellen fetched a long sigh and muttered:

"Thank heaven, but that is off my mind and my thirty-first match is as good as clinched. Minnie Taylor can never be thankful enough to me."

A week passed. Neither Mr. Graves nor Mr. Spinner called. It was seen that Minnie—well, at least, uneasy. Finally she made bold to ask of the aunt:

"Did you say anything to Mr. Graves at the gate that night?"

"I told him he ought to propose, for I was sure you loved him."

"My gracious, but it's Nancy Bush that loves him, and he went right off and asked her, and they are engaged!"

"You haven't said anything to Mr. Spinner, I hope?"

"I told him that if he was a gentleman he would keep away."

"But we have been engaged for two months."

"It took two weeks to straighten things out, and then, as she departed for home, Aunt Ellen turned her reproachful eyes on the girl and said:

"Minnie Taylor, I'll never try to make another match while I live—never! None of them have the least bit of gratitude."

MONDAY'S CHILD.

By Temple Bailey.

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Everybody had spoiled Grace. She had been such a pretty little girl. "But what could you expect," her silly little mother had said, "she is Monday's child, and fair of face."

It seemed as if that struck the keynote of Grace's existence. Her fairness, which developed as she grew older into radiant beauty, was the excuse for everything. Bad temper, intolerance, were overlooked, because Grace had golden hair and brown eyes.

As she grew to womanhood, men and women bowed before her. At school boys fluttered after her like butterflies about a rose. The girls adored her while they envied her, and so Grace went on, a little queen surrounded by her subjects.

It was not until she met Jack Martin that she began to realize that beauty is not everything. It took her a long time to come to this decision. She wondered why she could not subjugate Jack. He was never among the circle of her admirers.

The time came at a dance at the Country club. Jack Martin was the only man with an automobile in the little suburb where they both resided. Grace, as the acknowledged belle of the community, felt that it was beneath her dignity to go in a hired car or carriage when she might have the use of the Martin motor.

Therefore she smiled her sweetest at Jack Martin every time she met him, and was rewarded by having him take little Lillie Lane, whose straight hair and shallow skin gave her no claims to loveliness.

As the days went on, Jack Martin was seen often with Lillie Lane. Grace could not understand it. She wore pale blue gowns, and lavender gowns, and pink ones, and was complemented aware that her beauty bloomed delicately in all of them, yet Jack Martin paid no more attention to her than to the goldenrod which grew at the roadside. She concluded that she must make some effort to swim, him away from his indifference. She studied his habits, and found that he took long walks in the early morning. The object of these walks, Lillie Lane said, was the sight of the sea at dawn. He was painting a picture, and he carried his easel and palette to a blue that overlooked the beach.

It was not easy for Grace to get up early, but one October morning she sallied forth in the gray light. She wore a gray sweater and a gray skirt, and around her head was a veil of rosy chiffon. She was a spirit of the dawn personified. She came upon Jack Martin silently, and as he turned and saw her he gave a start of surprise.

"I wanted to see your picture," she told him confidently.

"How did you know I was painting it?" he asked.

"Lillie Lane told me."

His face brightened. "Oh, Lillie!" he said eagerly. "She paints beautifully herself; have you ever seen her miniatures?"

"No," Grace answered coldly.

"She is a wonder," Jack stated. "Some day she is going to be great, and we'll be proud to know her."

"I don't see anything very wonderful about Lillie," Grace remarked, "and she certainly isn't pretty."

"Oh, beauty," Jack shrugged his shoulders, "doesn't count much in these days."

Grace looked at him startled. That was a new point of view.

"What does count?" she demanded. "Oh, brains, personality, charm."

"Lillie Lane has all of these. I think she is not appreciated in our town, however."

"Perhaps not," Grace admitted. "She felt miserable. She did not know what the matter with her except that her world was upside down."

Jack continued to work in silence, and presently Grace said: "Perhaps I had better go away; you're busy."

"Perhaps you had," was his discouraging statement.

She stood up disconsolately. "I see," she said somewhat timidly. "I wish that there was something I could do that was worth while."

For the first time he turned and looked at her with interest. "There are lots of things," he said, briskly. "You ought to be able to take up music or singing. It seems to me that you have some talent in that line."

Some talent! Grace had prided herself on her nice voice. It was not a big voice, but she had been able to charm her followers, and that was all she cared.

But this man demanded something more of her. She said good-by, and went away slowly, unaware that his eyes followed her, and that a little smile lingered in them.

The next day she sought out Lillie Lane.

"Lillie," she said, "you seem to make life worth living—tell me what I can do."

Lillie was enthusiastic and while she talked of her painting Grace was forced to admit that the dark little girl had much of charm in manner and face.

"No wonder Jack Martin loves her," she thought. "She is just sweet."

Lillie was a good help to Grace. She showed her splendid beauty that there were other things in the world besides admiration and adulation.

"It was Jack Martin who has made me see the beauty of doing my best," Lillie confided to her friend on one occasion. "I can never thank him enough."

"It was Jack Martin who made me see it," Grace faltered, "but he isn't my friend as he is yours, Lillie."

"Why, he is," Lillie said. "He thinks you are perfectly lovely."

Grace looked at her, bewildered.

"I don't believe, he ever, thinks of me."

"Well, he talks about you a lot," Lillie stated, but Grace wouldn't be convinced. For so many months she had suffered from his indifference and criticism that she had no vanity left, and—was Lillie be cared for. Therefore, when Lillie came to her with a ring on her third finger and said, "I have a secret to tell you," Grace felt her heart grow cold within her, but she answered calmly:

"I think I know your secret," you're going to be married."

"But how did you know?" Lillie asked.

"Oh, I thought no one had heard of it but Jack Martin."

"Of course he knew it," said Grace.

"Yes," said Lillie, "I told him first, he was a chum of Bob's at college."

"Bob?" Grace's voice expressed astonishment. "Why—I thought you were engaged to Jack!"

"Oh! you silly. Jack was nice to me because of Bob, and because we both paint, that's all."

It seemed to Grace that the world took on a new radiance. Perhaps she had made him like her a little.

The next morning, she saw him at dawn. His picture was almost finished, and as she came up to him, he said:

"Let me show it to you."

It was just an expanse of sea lighted up by the rosiest of the rising sun.

"How lovely it is," Grace said, softly. "How beautiful."

"Then she looked up at him. "Yet you said that beauty didn't count much."

"I said in a woman," Jack corrected.

Then as he looked down at her he spoke with some hesitation, "But your beauty does count, Grace."

"Oh!" she said breathlessly, "do you really think so?"

"I know it," he said, "but there is a new quality to it of late; you seem sweeter and more of late; you badly crushed. It is reported that Mr. Evans was run into by another driver and



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Some Suggestive Questions on the Sunday School Lesson For Dec. 3

FOR THE INTERNATIONAL NEWSPAPER BIBLE STUDY CLUB. [Copyright, 1910, by Rev. T. S. Linscott, D. D.]

Dec. 4, 1910. (Copyright, 1910 by Rev. T. S. Linscott, D. D.)

Peter's Denial. Matt. xxvi:31-35, 68-75.

Golden Text—Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall. I Cor. x:12.

Verse 31—Is it, or not, usual for a company, or a cause, to be scattered when the leader is taken away? Give some examples.

Did the write in Jac. xiii:7, from which Jesus quotes here, Jesus in mind at the time he wrote, and does Jesus mean to imply that he did? Give your reasons.

Verses 32-35—Why would it have been better or worse for Peter, or the cause of God, if in view of subsequent events, he had not made this strong declaration of loyalty to Jesus? Regardless of what the future may develop, ought we, in the present, with unshaken confidence, to make an eternal covenant of loyalty to God, with full expectation of keeping it? Give your reasons.

In the obtaining of technical, or intellectual knowledge, mistakes are absolutely unavoidable, why therefore does not the same rule obtain in acquiring moral courage, knowledge, or conduct?

Which man is more likely to be true to God, and why, one who is confident from his warm love to God that he will

be faithful to him in the future, or the one who is timid and fearful that he will