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THE SHORT COURSE.

A short course by the extension department of the state agricultural college in every county in the state is suggested as one means of checking the movement of young men from the farm. One writer in endorsing the movement begun by the Des Moines Commercial club to secure from the legislature an appropriation of \$100,000 to give every county a short course, declares there is no doubt that it would pay. With \$32,000 a year, he declares the extension department is able to conduct some twenty agricultural short courses each year, maintain about a dozen or fifteen experimental ten-acre farms in that many counties, conduct several domestic science short courses, provide lecturers and equipment for several dairy, live stock and seed trains, organize some 5,000 boys and girls into clubs and furnish mail instruction. In addition provide speakers, judges, lecturers, etc., for numerous institutes and similar meetings. This \$32,000 does much. It is estimated that it furnishes more or less agricultural and domestic science instruction to something like 75,000 different men and women, boys and girls annually.

More than forty different cities are said to have applied for short courses next year. It will be impossible to comply with but half the requests, because the appropriation is not sufficient. There is no doubt that agricultural education has done much for Iowa. There has been a big loss in rural population. There are fewer farms and fewer men working on the farms, yet Iowa's crop yields have steadily increased. This means that the agricultural standard of the state has been raised by the short course has played a part. Increasing productiveness has resulted in the territory where these short courses have been held. The increased legislative appropriation is asked in order that the campaign of education may be carried into every one of the ninety-nine counties of the state.

DAYS OF SUSPENSE.

"This is the time of the year," says the Davenport Times, "when each house is divided against itself. It is a time when people go about with suspicion in every movement and every glance of the eye. It is the time when one comes upon locked doors. That one has been open all the year before. If one happens to stay upstairs long enough to see what is going on. If one comes home a little earlier than usual there is a scurrying and rattle within as the latchkey turns the lock. The house seems to be haunted. It is a place of mysteries.

"It is also the time of the year when the most solemn pledges are made only to be broken. You agree that you will not give presents to one another and yet, deep in your heart you know there would be disappointment if you kept your part of the pledge, and so you sneak away and make your purchase and plan to declare that it was obtained before the pledge was made. You feel certain that Uncle Henry will send you something and that you will have to give him something just to show that you are not stingy, but you would rather he would not keep on sending you presents now that you are grown, and he wishes the custom had its limitations. But both of you are the happier because of the exchange of gifts.

SENATOR YOUNG'S SPEECH.

Senator Young gave the senate some good advice. He told his colleagues there ought to be an end to the tariff discussion. "I want to say," said the senator, "that it is time that America built on bigger and better lines. Every part of the country is crying for an opportunity to improve. This great legislative body should rest its case with a commission to inquire relative to the tariff, and meantime the ambitious politician, who must be in the limelight, should give the country a rest." Senator Young continued: "I charge any senator to state how at the present time the lowering of tariff duties would make an additional wheel go round. The American people are not living for the sole purpose of revising the tariff; they are living for other and better purposes."

There doesn't seem to be any disagreement regarding the unsettled conditions that arise from tariff discussion. Everybody concedes that the period when the tariff is being revised is a period of unsettlement in business. The country passed through such a period of unsettlement during the first term of the city-first congress. What Senator Young objects to is the continuance of this agitation during the second session of this congress as well. Senator Young brought his arguments home with forcefulness and with apt illustrations to make his position clear. "The farmer," he said, "does not plow forever. He plants

EVENING STORY.

A HOME FOR PUSSYKIN.

By Temple Bailey.

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Miss Mary flew down the path with her cat in her arms. It was very cold and Pusskykin had never slept out of doors. There had always been a basket in a warm corner by the fireplace, and when the snow and sleet had beaten against the windows the little cat and Miss Mary and the old father and mother had basked in calm content, but now the father and mother were dead and Miss Mary's sister-in-law ruled in the household. It was a reign of terror to Miss Mary and Pusskykin. Martha Jenkins did not like cats, and she announced at once that there should be no cushions in her hearthstone corner. For several months Miss Mary had smuggled Pusskykin into her bedroom, only to be discovered at last, and to hear Martha's strident voice announcing that "the place for a cat was out of doors," and that out of doors Pusskykin must go.

It was then that Miss Mary had fled with the cat in her arms, seeking for some place of shelter. The shed where the horses were kept offered little cheer. Miss Mary could not imagine the potted little animal comfortable in such a place. "Oh, Pusskykin, Pusskykin," she said, "what am I going to do with you?" As she stood in the door with her bright hair blowing about her round, troubled face a man came tramping through the snow and stopped in the roadway in front of her.

"You will take care," he said to her. "Why, Nathan Crissey?" Miss Mary exclaimed, "when did you get home?" "Last night," he responded, "and I have been busy ever since, opening my new house and settling things." Miss Mary held out her hand. "You look perfectly splendid," she said, "and I am so glad you are back."

He was a big fellow, broad shouldered and handsome, in his corduroy coat and soft hat. What he had gone to seek his fortune he had been a raw country boy, one of the poor white of the neighborhood in which Miss Mary's family were the aristocrats. "It seems good to be back," he said, holding on to Miss Mary's hand a little longer than was necessary. Then he laughed a little. "You're the best thing I've seen since I came. Did you know I was going to be your next door neighbor?"

"Why, no, I didn't. Have you bought the Butler place?" He nodded. "Yes, I am going to fix it over. I always liked it, and when I was a boy I dreamed that I would go away and make my fortune and come back here to make my home, and now my dream has come true. But I mustn't keep you standing here," he added quickly, "it's too cold."

"I'd ask you to come up to the house," Miss Mary said flushing; "but I can't. Martha is cleaning and everything is topsy-turvy. It doesn't seem like home any more, since mother and father—." Her lips trembled. "I know," he said, sympathetically. "When I heard that you were left alone, I hurried back. I wanted to tell you that if there was anything I could do for you you must let me do it."

It suddenly broke sprang up in Miss Mary's breast. "Oh!" she cried "if you would only take Pusskykin. Martha has turned her out and won't let her sleep in the house any more; if you could find a corner for her."

"I will find more than a corner," he said as he took the big gray cat from her. "She shall sit on a cushion and eat cream to the end of her days. She will be a precious treasure because she's yours."

"At first she won't like it," Miss Mary said, "to be separated from me, but I'll try to see her every day; she'll run over here."

DAN WALLER'S HEART.

By Stacy E. Baker.

(Copyright, 1910, by Associated Literary Press.)

After twenty years of harsh battling in the marts of the world, Dan Waller was out to return to the simple life of his early years. Wayville held out no allurements. He did not want to go back. Nevertheless his valet was, even then, packing the careful selection of clothes that he had decided to take with him. All this was in answer to the imperious demand of a frank-spoken physician. "Go back," the specialist had told him, "if you care to live forget that such a place as Wall street exists, and go back to the village."

Dan Waller was thirty-eight years old, but his face was the hard, unexpressive face of the professional stock gambler. He looked older. Save for a pallor Dan Waller did not have the appearance of a sick man. His every movement was pregnant with vitality, and his broad shoulders were carried proudly thrown back, as became the shoulders of one who had conquered in his every tilt with the world.

It was the heart of the man that had at last rebelled—but before this Waller had accumulated over a million dollars. An orphan, brought up with a frugal farmer, who had taken him out of an orphan's home with a calculating eye on the stocky frame of the boy, Waller couldn't look back over the experiences of his youth in Wayville with thrilly little quivers of joy. Martin, his master, had been a master in every sense of the word. He had given the lad whatever the law had compelled him to give in the way of clothes and education, but he had always striven to impress upon the boy a broken-spirited woman, had long since ceased to take interest in any happening, no matter how irregular. Fred, who had been an infant in arms at the time he, Waller, had gone away, would hardly endorse over the coming of his father's runaway boy.

"I will be pleased to accept your kind invitation," came from Waller. The New Yorker had intended to stay at the old tavern. In accepting Ethel at a broken-spirited woman, had long since ceased to take interest in any happening, no matter how irregular. Fred, who had been an infant in arms at the time he, Waller, had gone away, would hardly endorse over the coming of his father's runaway boy.

"How does it happen, Ethel," he asked, "that you are so—different from these other women of your town?" He waved discreet fingers toward a slovenly pair in a nearby yard.

Ethel laughed. "Dad sent me away to school," she said. "The idea of Martin with a listless shake of the hand, and colorless words of welcome or emotion. She, too, had been a slave to the stern man now in his grave."

Waller, explaining that he would be in Mayville for some time, made arrangements for board. His idea of tavern accommodations had faded since he had seen the daughter of the latter's sister Mrs. Lute Whitney and family.

"Ethel," he said one day, "I have been here nearly four months, and now I must return. My work in the city calls me. Will you not go back with me—as my wife?"

"No," answered the girl shortly. "Fingers seemed to grip the heart of the man. The green fields and the scattered trees by the roadside, he came from the man at the desk, "mail this, and by the way, you are not to go with me to Wayville. You will remain here, subject to my orders."

"As the Honorable Waller wishes," came in stilted English from the Japanese. He bowed low and silently left the room.

"Most any one would like this room, wouldn't they? It is a dream." Mary said, "I am sure she'll like it." Nathan smiled. He had discovered long ago that Miss Mary thought she was getting the house ready for some other woman. He had discovered too that she was unhappy, and he meant to make her happy. Since living in the west, he had learned that men get things when they go after them with steadfast purpose, and he meant to get Miss Mary.

Martha had many things to say of Mary's wasting her time. "You'd better stay at home and help me clean house," she said. "This is my last day over there," Mary stated. "The silver and ivory things for the dress—came this morning, and I want to arrange them in place."

When Miss Mary crossed the lawn she felt a sense of desolation. After today, what? Pusskykin met her at the door of the new house. Within a bright fire was burning, and two big chairs were drawn up to face the flames. Nathan put Miss Mary in one and sat down in the other. Pusskykin curled herself up on her rose colored cushion. On the table beside Miss Mary was a great bunch of pink roses, and their fragrance filled the room.

"This is at it should be," Nathan said. "This is as I have dreamed of it, of you in front of my fire, with the roses matching your cheeks." "But the other woman?" Mary faltered, and her startled eyes met his. "There is no other woman," Nathan said. "It is you I want, Mary, and it is for you I have made the house beautiful."

When Miss Mary went back Martha said sharply, "I hope after this you will stay at home, Mary." Miss Mary looked at her quickly. "I shall stay at home," she said, "but it will not be in this house. I am going to marry, Nathan Crissey, Martha, and Pusskykin and I are going to live there happily to the end of our days."

Waller remembered Ethel Martin as an earnest-eyed little girl with stiff, tawny braids sticking out on each side of her head, and in prim starched dresses on Sunday, and worn pinafores on week days. He had been a good ten years older than she. Waller found himself puzzling as to why a plain white duck dress could make a maid appear so positively beautiful.

"Yes, I am Ethel," the girl was saying. "We received your letter, but—your papa is dead. He died seven years ago. Fred, the baby, you will remember—mother, and myself are living in the old home, and—and we would like to, have you stop with us while you are in town."

In this invitation Waller detected the personal wish of Ethel. He knew well enough that the mother of the girl, a broken-spirited woman, had long since ceased to take interest in any happening, no matter how irregular. Fred, who had been an infant in arms at the time he, Waller, had gone away, would hardly endorse over the coming of his father's runaway boy.

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HILLSBORO.

J. W. Mickelwait transacted business in Eldon and Ottumwa, Wednesday. Will Morris of Mount Pleasant was a visitor in town Tuesday. Mrs. Rae Kock of Unionville came Tuesday to assist in the revival meetings here. The meetings will close on Sunday. The Misses Daisy and Phoebe Hixson have returned to their school work in Wayland.

Miss Emma Cook is visiting at the Mrs. J. A. Watson home. Mrs. Laura Spray and Mrs. Louisa McCoy visited at the Mrs. Spray home near Salem part of this week. Mrs. Orr Davids was an over Sunday visitor at the Ottumwa hospital. Mr. Davidson remained until today, when they hope to bring their daughter Kelsa, who has been ill at that place, home with them.

Ed Williamson of Eldon is visiting his daughter Mrs. Wm. Buffington. Matthew Harlan is spending the week in Mt. Pleasant with the O. A. Collins family. Mrs. Belle Swink of Linneus, Mo., came in for a visit with her son Frank and wife.

Mrs. Cooper of near Burlington is here to spend the holidays with her daughter Mrs. Lizzie Sprot and family. Mrs. Nannie Cox went to Des Moines to visit her sister and other relatives during the holidays before returning to her home at Lake Andes, S. D.

Noah Buckles died at the home of his niece Mrs. Levi Moxley Thursday morning. Funeral services were held at the residence conducted by Rev. Carroll. The remains were interred in the cemetery south of town. Mrs. Maud Berryhill is visiting her sister Miss Hattie Mogul this week. Mrs. Mabel Holliday left Saturday for Waterloo, to visit her sister Mrs. Weaver and attend the Sunday meetings.

Mrs. Will Rohkar of Ft. Madison arrived Wednesday to celebrate her birthday at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Moxley. DRAGGED MILE OVER THE TIES. Railroad Man Terribly Hurt By Odd Accident on Illinois Central at Rode.

Council Bluffs, Dec. 17.—W. H. Wightman, the Illinois Central station agent at Rode, who was brought to Mercy hospital Wednesday, suffering from broken bones and countless bruises and cuts, the result of having been dragged a mile at the tail of a passenger train, is reported by the Sisters to be resting as well as one in his condition might be expected to do. Wightman had a collar bone broken, leg broken in two places and a number of ribs fractured. In attempting to swing himself aboard a train at Rode, he slipped down until he was dragged along the track for a distance of almost a mile, being fearfully beaten and cut by thumping upon the ties and road ballast. How he managed to maintain his grip on the handrails is a mystery to those who discovered his plight and caused the train to be stopped. It was at first thought Wightman could not live, but since his injuries have been attended there is hope that they may not prove fatal.

KEOSAUQUA.

Mrs. Miller of Fairfield has been in guest of her parents Mr. and Mrs. Robert Forbes the past few days. Mrs. George W. Davidson of this place is visiting her daughter Miss Dorothy Davidson of Iowa City, and Mrs. H. Phillips of Ottumwa.

Mrs. Eliza Prall has returned home from a two months' visit with her sister at Hale Mo. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Craig are the parents of a son, born Tuesday, Dec. 13. Ed McBride returned Thursday from a two weeks visit in St. Louis.

Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Manning of Ottumwa and daughter Mrs. Trotter and little son of Pueblo, Colo., visited in Keosauqua the past week at the Nannin B. Manning home. The newly elected officers of the Keosauqua Woodmen lodge are: H. H. Marrott, V. C.; W. S. Elerick, V. C.; O. N. Jamison, W. A.; Boss Beggs, banker; J. N. Hendrixson, clerk; Fred Sloan, escort; J. B. Higginbotham, watchman; E. E. Prall, secretary; Harvey Brewster, manager; Dr. Sherman, physician; Dr. Craig, assistant physician.

Mrs. L. O. Hill departed Tuesday for Council Bluffs where she was called by the illness of her daughter Mrs. Mayne. Mr. and Mrs. Will Strickling of Ottumwa are in the city, the guests of the latter's sister Mrs. Lute Whitney and family.

Mrs. Brown McDonald and little son of Des Moines are guests of Keosauqua relatives. Mr. and Mrs. B. Stong and son Penton spent Monday in Keosauqua with relatives. Messrs. Aaron Brown, Geo. Strickling, James Pickey were Ottumwa visitors Tuesday.

Mrs. M. Corbett and two children of Waterloo arrived Saturday for a visit with Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Sherman. Mrs. Wayne Brown has returned from her extended visit with her son John Brown and family of Council Bluffs. Elmer Bishop aged about 20 years, son of Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Bishop of near Lebanon, was killed by being thrown from a horse. He was working on a farm near Mediapolis. The body arrived at Cantril Wednesday and the funeral was held at the Bethel church Thursday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

John Kreiss who has been in the hospital at Des Moines for the loss of an eye, returned home Tuesday evening. Lieut. Muman of the Iowa State university has selected Ellis Williams as one of the university rifle team for the inter-collegiate contests. Ellis is the son of Prof. David Williams of Keosauqua and is teacher of history in the Iowa City high school. It is reported that a letter has been received here from Congressman Kennedy that he has recommended Oscar McCrary for postmaster for Keosauqua. Mr. McCrary has served as chairman for the republican county committee and this office probably comes as a reward for his very active and efficient service to the party.

Plan Huge Christmas Tree.

Denison, Dec. 17.—The Current Events club made up of the leading women of the city has decided to arrange a Christmas tree for the children of homes where Christmas cheer will be appreciated. A fund of over \$100 has been made up for the use of the women. The tree will be placed in the assembly room of the Carnegie library building.

SIGOURNEY.

J. M. Van Kirk, former cashier of the Kinross Savings bank was in Sigourney the fore part of the week. Mr. Van Kirk is now running a newspaper in Scott City, Kansas. He says he likes the western country fine.

Donald Stockman, oldest son of Atterney D. T. Stockman, left this week for Norfolk for enlistment in the United States navy. His mother accompanied him as far as Cedar Rapids.

F. H. Hellman and wife from near Richland were in Sigourney Wednesday on business matters and inspected the new court house. This was their first visit to the county seat since the new building was erected.

Dr. R. H. Stevenson was a passenger for Marion Wednesday where he went on business matters. Des Moines Wednesday morning on business matters.

Mr. B. Baty from Glasford, Ill., arrived in the city the fore part of the week for a visit with his brother John Baty. W. D. Beatty and wife returned to Ainsworth Thursday morning after having spent several days at their home in Sigourney. The Beattys are closing out a large stock of goods at Ainsworth.

W. T. Emmons, Nathaniel Heald and John Hampton from Gibson were Sigourney business callers Thursday. F. L. Stolte and Nick Sunday from Harper were in Sigourney Wednesday in attendance at the district court. Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Veatch from Grinnell arrived in Sigourney Tuesday and have rented the E. G. Yahneke home in Sigourney. They will make their future home in Sigourney.

J. R. Wallace from North English was a Sigourney business caller here.