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DEMOCRATIC TROUBLES.

Can the best democrats in the house be chosen for the committee on committees, and if they are, can they appoint themselves chairmen of the best committees? This is a bit of information the Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune has been seeking. He has found this one of the problems confronting the future majority.

If membership on the committee on committees is to preclude men from appointing themselves to the best places, then no one of the men who have seen long service wants any such membership. On the other hand, if the committee on committees is to be made up of the younger men, and especially of those newly elected, what guarantee have the older men, who their long service will be recognized? Is long service in the house to be regarded as entitling men to committee preference, or, in view of the fact that those who have seen long service have at the same time been drawing at least comfortable salaries, have the men who time after time have made hopeless contests in republican districts and who have only now come in for their reward the best claims for preference?

To contribute to the discomfort of the democratic leaders, the Tribune correspondent says:

Asher Hinds, the republican parliamentarian, has been showing them a book written by Gov.-elect Woodrow Wilson, in which he devotes a chapter to "congressional government." He relates how the first congress adopted the committee on committees scheme, how completely it failed and how it was abandoned and appointment by the speaker substituted immediately following that congress, the plan which has been retained ever since.

The experiments of the democratic majority in the next congress with this plan will be awaited with interest. It will be interesting to see whether the old leaders of the democracy in the house, the men who have been fighting the battles of the minority and who are the best equipped in legislative experience, will be very keen for appointment on this committee of committees. It would place them in the delicate position of voting important committee chairmanships to themselves or going without committees.

On the other hand, if some of the new congressmen are placed on this committee of committees what assurance is there that they will not refuse to recognize the old leaders, and, casting modesty aside, assume a commanding position in house leadership by the power given them of making the committee assignments?

THE NEW APPORTIONMENT.

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The Hay figure, dividing the total population, would give a house of 433 members—an increase of 42. On that basis of apportionment New York would gain 6, California and Oklahoma 3 each; Illinois, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Texas and Washington 2 each and 1 each would be gained by Alabama, Colorado, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Michigan, Mississippi, North Dakota, Ohio, Pennsylvania, South Dakota and Utah. One each would be lost by Iowa, Maine, Missouri and Nebraska.

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Some people may believe that this does not make it altogether clear, but these doubting Thomases can find further proof by looking up the almanac. Winter begins on Dec. 21, all other outward signs and symbols of earlier appearances to the contrary notwithstanding.

THEIR BRIDAL COTTAGE.

By Donald Allen.
 (Copyright, 1910, by Associated Literary Press.)

Arthur Hope and Prue Glanning were engaged, but the world was revolving just the same. Even in the suburban village of Pelham Manor there was no great excitement. The only two persons seriously affected by the announcement, aside from the principals, were Mr. James Hepburn and Miss Helen Dix.

Mr. Hepburn had been paying attention to Miss Glanning and had failed to capture her heart. Miss Dix had been making herself as attractive to Mr. Hope as possible, but his love had gone elsewhere. Mr. Hope and Mr. Hepburn were fellow-employees in the bank and Miss Glanning and Miss Dix lived on the same block and were chums. Mr. Hepburn congratulated and Miss Dix congratulated, and that seemed to be the end of the affair.

The father of the happy maiden was not rich, but he presented her with a very fine building site. The father of the happy young man was not rich, but his son was to have a certain sum of money to build the bridal cottage. All things had gone well up to this point. The only difference that had arisen between the loving couple was that Arthur preferred hollyhocks to plinks, and Prue held to the contrary.

After the engagement has been announced the lovers are free to plan the wedding trip, the new house, and all that, and this couple was not long in getting at it. It was to be a wood-bine cottage. That much was settled in twenty words. It was to have a front porch to it, and the happy wife was to sit behind the woodbine and dream the happy summer days away. That was settled in forty words. Then the trouble came. Miss Dix advised calling in the architect who had planned the steeple of the Methodist church. Mr. Hepburn had said his choice was the architect who had planned the railroad depot. It was a good natured argument for a few minutes, and then came a little tinge of acidity.

"A church steeple is not a cottage, my dear," observed Mr. Hope.

"Neither is a railroad depot" was the answer.

"But the depot has the look of a Swiss chalet."

"And the church spire has symmetry."

"But my father gives me the money to build the cottage."

Mr. Hepburn and Miss Dix realized that the architect question would be settled without serious trouble, and they had something at hand when it was. Miss Dix advised a bay window on the front; Mr. Hepburn advised two French windows instead.

"Of course we shall have a front bay window to make our cottage chic," said Prue, when plans were next talked of.

"What's the matter with French windows?" was asked. "They have style and refinement at the same time."

And thereupon ensued a discussion lasting an hour, and it wasn't settled even then. They had agreed to employ the architect who had built an ice house for one of the local millionaires and made it look like a castle, but the window question had not yet been decided when the bride-to-be innocently remarked:

"Helen and I were figuring on the parlor today."

"And so were Hepburn and I," her fiancé replied.

"Helen and I don't like a square room. We think there should be niches in it. In that way you break up what may be called the monotony of it."

"Hepburn has been in the finest houses in New York, and he says all the rooms are square. We want to be in style, don't we?"

"Arthur, I am surprised at your perversity."

"And I at yours, my dear."

"A parlor with two alcoves in it will look cute. They will surprise as you come upon them."

"Make it all alcoves and have more surprises."

There was almost a quarrel that evening with nothing decided. It was to be a wood-bine cottage and the way house architect was to draw the plans but there were many other things to be decided. Mr. Hepburn and Miss Dix didn't fail to tender their advice daily. It was three evenings after the "alcove argument" that the matter was renewed.

"Arthur," began Prue, "Helen and I have been figuring on the dining room today. How long do you suppose it must be to seat twenty-four people at table?"

"Hadn't you better hire a hall?" Arthur replied, sarcastically.

"There must be two feet of room for every person, and two feet of spare room at the ends of the table. That makes fifty-two feet, though we'd better call it fifty-four. We might have twenty-five to dinner some time, you know."

"Why, there isn't a house in town over sixty-five feet in depth, and here you want fifty-four feet of our cottage for a dining room alone."

"But Miss Dix was in several houses in London when she was abroad, and she says—"

"And Mr. Hepburn was in five to her one. All the dining rooms in Europe are small."

"Arthur, I must have this dining room as I want it!"

"Then your father will have to give you two more lots to build on!"

"The decorations of the dining room are to be left solely to me. There will be six stained-glass windows. There will be a parquet floor. There will be plush seats in all the windows. The border at the ceiling will be two feet deep, and represent a procession of peacocks. The fireplace—"

"And where is the money to come from?" demanded Mr. Hope.

"The money? Arthur, you cannot love me or you would not mention money. You talk as if any old barn were good enough for me to live in Oh, and I want a tiled floor in the

EVENING STORY.

litchen, too, Helen says that all the best houses in Chicago—

"Don't you want the cellar bottom paved with rubies?"

"Mr. Hope, I did not expect to find such traits of character in you. I am disappointed, sir. You suggested a woodbine cottage, and—"

"And you fire a palace at me!"

Everybody remarked that they thought it would end that way, and Miss Dix and Mr. Hepburn felt themselves square with the world. And then the old mule came in and took the center of the stage for a few minutes. He had come from no one knew where. He was going no one knew where. He was idling his time away on the streets when Miss Prue Glanning left home to match some ribbon at one of the village stores. She was jaunty. She looked sweet. She carried a red parasol, and it was long before the hobble skirt had appeared. She met scores of people, and at last she met the mule. He came galloping to meet her, and his brays of welcome were terrific.

It was the red parasol that brought the mule. He may have taken it for some new breakfast food. Something would have happened in a moment more had not Arthur Hope been at hand to make a hero of himself by rescuing a maiden all forlorn. The mule was kicked and cuffed and cussed, and as the half-fainting girl reclined in the strong arms of her former fiancé he thought he heard her murmur:

"You can have any architect you wish, Arthur!"

"And you can have a bay window or a French," he found himself saying.

"I—I think a square parlor is all right."

"But if you want two, three or four alcoves you shall have them!"

"I said a dining room fifty-four feet long, but I now see—"

"I will buy the race track to build on!"

"We'll never have twenty-four people to dinner!"

"Never! Let them go to a chop house!"

"And that tiled kitchen floor, Arthur—I don't want it. They say they draw moths."

"You shall have a piano in place of it."

The cottage was built.

DECEMBER 21 IN HISTORY.

1705—Catherine, queen of Charles II of Portugal, died. Her life was saddened by her husband's abusive treatment, which was a national scandal.

1807—Embargo act, forbidding the departure of any vessel from the United States to a foreign port, passed.

1815—Lavalette, one of Bonaparte's ministers, escaped prison by dressing in his wife's clothes, she having been permitted to visit him.

1854—Armed collision in Eastern Kansas between two political parties, those favoring slavery and those against it.

1862—Gen. Carter left Kentucky for the purpose of destroying two important railroad bridges in East Tennessee. The expedition was successful.

1864—Gen. Sherman entered the city of Savannah, capturing a large amount of munitions of war.

1868—The ambassadors of the Western Powers declined protection to the Greek residents in Constantinople.

1879—Another attempt to assassinate the Czar of Russia by blowing up the cars near Moscow. The baggage train by mistake, was destroyed, the royal family in the rear train escaping.

1879—In Paris the Waddington ministry resigned in a body during the session of the Corps Legislatif, which met in Paris in November 27, for the first time since 1870.

1884—England stirred up over reported plot to dynamite Windsor Castle and kill the queen.

1904—Reported Carina of Russia on verge of being shot down as result of strain of Russo-Japanese war.

1909—Reported King of Bulgaria intended abdicating in favor of youngest son.

TERSE TALES FROM GOTHAM.

New York, Dec. 21.—Every year the newspaper offices of New York City are flooded with letters from youthful readers, addressed to Santa Claus, in care of the particular journal that happens to be the family favorite. As a rule these childish appeals serve only as an inspiration for editorials on the righteousness of philanthropy, but one letter this year has struck a note of sympathy that entitles it to nationwide interest. It runs:

My Dear Santa Claus.—Christmas is almost here and it has been a long time since I have seen my dear little Sister. I know you Grant all little children wishes for you have given Helen and me lots of nice things other years and I am asking you to be very good this year and send me my dear little Sister Helen for Christmas. I don't want no toys or dolls or anything but my sister my brothers by Dear mother and Father and we will be waiting for her Christmas morning and we will all love you very much more if you will send her back to us. Love and kisses for sister Helen from her sister, Lolo Sullivan.

Little Helen Sullivan was kidnapped from her father's doorstep on her way home from school last June and though a fortune has been spent in trying to find her, all efforts have failed.

Society was taken to living in hotels for the past few years. Even when one owns a palatial residence on Fifth Avenue or Riverside Drive it is the correct thing to spend a few months of the year at one of the leading hotels. This happened at an ultramodern hostelry this week: Mrs. Blank went to call upon Mrs. Dash, who is a famous singer. Mrs. Blank carried a little "papiilon" mostly white, and while she was waiting to be announced doggie grew restless.

"Does darling wish to walk upon the counter?" said Doggie's mistress. "Then him shall there!"

"The room clerk looked on apprehensively, but his not to make a reply and he held his peace. Doggie made straight for a big ink well and poked his slender, aristocratic nose into its dark, mysterious depths. He spluttered, yelped and turned toward his owner a very black face. Those about gulped down their feelings and tried to look concerned. It will take weeks for that ink to disappear, and the owner of the doggie is the more disappointed because her lawyer has informed her that she has no case against the hotel management for damages.

TAFT PLAYS SANTA CLAUS.

President Will Give Turkey to Each White House Employee This Year.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 22.—President Taft will play Santa Claus as usual, this year in giving away turkeys to all married employees of the White House and executive offices. It will require 102 fowls to fill all the baskets and the money outlay will be about \$350. It is a time honored custom of presidents to distribute turkeys at Christmas time.

Dr. E. J. Lambert

Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat
 Leighton Block Ottumwa, Iowa

Side. Crowds pushing like cattle for spots of vantage, with policemen fighting them back. Young Man has a spirited conversation with one of the cops, who shoos him away in most insignificant fashion. "See what they try to do to me as fire badges," says the policeman. He holds in his hand four pieces of battered tin and a celluloid button. "That happens at every fire," he went on. "They show you all kinds of junk and think that you won't know it from the real thing. This one with the red point on it is the best I have ever seen, and if I hadn't been under a gas lamp I might have let it go through. Most of the counterfeits, though, are just pieces of tin which have been picked up somewhere. Some times I get a badge of some society which doesn't lock the least bit like a fire line badge, but the dopes don't seem to realize that. We confiscate the whole lot of them and tell the owners that they'll be arrested the next time they try it."

THE "PUDD'NHEAD MAXIMS."

These maxims are for the luring of youth toward high moral attitudes. The author did not gather them from practice, but from observation. To be good is noble, but to show others how to be good is nobler and no trouble.—Mark Twain.

October. This is one of the peculiarly dangerous months to speculate in stocks in. The others are July, January, September, April, November, May, March, June, December, August and February.

The old saw says, "Let a sleeping dog lie." Right. Still, when there is much at stake, it is better to get a newspaper to do it.

It is often the case that the man who can't tell a lie thinks he is the best judge of one.

Few of us can stand prosperity. Another man's I mean, not always what they seem. The common Welsh name Bzylliclop, is pronounced Jackson.

Often the surest way to convey misinformation is to tell the strict truth. Remarks of Dr. Baldwin's concerning upstarts: We don't care to eat toaststools that think they are truffles. Let us endeavor so to live that when we come to die even the undertaker will be sorry.

NOTES OF FAMOUS PEOPLE.

Enrico Caruso, the famous Italian tenor, who has just added to his fame by his presentation of the part of the Sheriff in the new Puccini opera "The Girl of the Golden West," has a brother who looks exactly like him. Giovanni is his name, and he also sings.

Herbert Putnam, librarian of congress, gets \$6,000 a year salary, but he says it is inadequate for his needs. He says congress ought to give him \$7,500 in order that he might support his position with propriety dignity.

Representative Sereno Payne declares that he wants the light turned on by tariff investigation, so that the country may get at the truth. He adds, however, that it will never be possible to eliminate partisanship from tariff investigations.

Lord Decies, whose engagement to Miss Vivian Gould, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Jay Gould, is announced, is forty-four years old, while his fiancée is only seventeen. Miss Gould is a niece of the Princess de Sagan, whose matrimonial troubles with her first husband, the Count de Castellane created a sensation in Europe and America. Miss Vivian is strikingly beautiful and very clever.

The estate of the late George Crocker will pay to the state of California as an inheritance tax \$86,666, unless the four heirs are successful in an appeal to the supreme court. Mr. Crocker, before his death, left \$1,500,000 to be used as a fund in conducting a research into the cause and prevention of cancer.

Dr. Koch of Philadelphia, vice president of the Pennsylvania Board of Pharmacy, has testified before the house committee on ways and means

OBITUARY.

Samuel Lasley. Samuel Lasley departed this life December 16, 1910 at the home of his son Frank Lasley, six miles north-west of Batavia. He was born in the state of Ohio, March 5, 1835. He moved to the state of Iowa when he was about fifteen years old and was

A Roosevelt Book Free!

To all persons who will send \$3 in advance for one year's subscription to the Daily Courier by mail we will send without any further expense, the Daily Courier for one year, and "Roosevelt's Thrilling Experiences in the Wilds of Africa."

This book tells of Roosevelt's experiences on the Western Plains of America, of his trip in Africa and Europe. It also tells of Stanley and Livingston in Africa, and is altogether an excellent book for every home.

The Daily Courier for one year and this book will be sent postage paid, upon receipt of \$3.00 in advance on subscription, or upon payment of \$1.50 in advance and fifteen cents to help pay for postage and packing, we will send the Roosevelt book and the Daily Courier for six months or the Tri-Weekly for one year. Address

The Daily Courier, - - Ottumwa, Iowa.

Dr. E. J. Lambert
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Nobody is Too Old to learn that the sure way to cure a cough or cold is with Dr. King's New Discovery. 50c and 1.00. F. B. Clark.

FARMINGTON.

Miss Lula Sherrick who has been attending business college in Burlington arrived home Saturday for a two weeks' vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Rees of Rock Island, Ill. are visiting Mrs. Rees' parents Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pyle.

Miss Etta Paisley visited over Sunday with relatives in Burlington.

The choir of the M. E. church under the leadership of G. W. Neafie gave the cantata "Belshazzar" before a crowded house Saturday evening at the opera house. It was so successfully given that Mr. Neafie has been asked to repeat it.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Brady have returned from a trip to Chicago.

R. S. Merrick has gone to Hannibal, Mo., where he has accepted a position as nightwatch in the railway yards.

Mrs. Emilie was recently called to Cleveland, Ohio, by the death of her brother.

Rev. H. W. Tuttle of Grinnell occupied the pulpit of the Congregational church Sunday evening.

Get the Genuine Always. A substitute is a dangerous makeshift, especially in medicine. The genuine Foley's Honey and Tar cures coughs and colds quickly and is in a yellow package. Accept no substitutes.—Clark's Drug Store; Owl Drug Store.

Fire Destroys Corn Meal Mill. Ft. Dodge, Dec. 22.—(Special).—Fire which caused a loss of \$50,000 dollars last night destroyed the recently constructed corn meal mill and package department of the Great Western Cereal plant.

To Dissolve the Union. of stomach, liver and kidney troubles and cure biliousness and malaria, take Electric Bitters, Guaranteed, 50c. F. B. Clark.

Dog Bite May Prove Fatal. Boone, Dec. 22.—(Special).—Myrtle Swanson, 8 years old, is dying of hydrophobia as the result of being bitten by a dog on October 5. The dog died the next morning and its head was sent to Iowa City where examination was made and rabies were found.

Foley Kidney Pills are tonic in action, quick in results, and restore the natural action of the kidneys and bladder. They correct irregularities.—Clark's Drug Store; Owl Drug Store.

Don't be a Mummer

The good friend of the newspaper man says:

"The small town man who labors under the mistaken idea that he must emulate the proverbial Egyptian mummy when a purveyor of news hovers in sight would be a great ornament to an institution for mutes, but there is only a small place reserved for him in a wide-awake town like Ottumwa. And that small place is entirely too large for old man Rettenace. When I got my paper at night, I look first for the manner in which the news I give is handled, and then I compare the material that I had a hand in furnishing to the vast army of newspaper readers with the other matter given by my fellows in this world of give and take. In my mind the newspaper man is human, just like a majority of the rest of us, and it is a pleasure to me to tip something of it to him and see appreciation come out of every pore in his cheerful face. And if the dope I peddle is not right for publication instantly, I just give him the word to hold for release and I never escapes his lips nor is transferred from his fingers to the typewriter until the lid is lifted by yours truly. He has a conscience that is working overtime every twenty-four hours, and before he'd violate a confidence, he'd forget the Christmas Stocking club on Christmas. The best friend a newspaper man has is the geek who talks and talks sense, and this disposition on our part to share our knowledge with the world's educator, the newspaper man, is appreciated beyond the ability of cold type to adequately express it. I'm mighty glad I belong to that liberal family of givers and I sure will give my end seat to the small colony of mummies in Mayor Hartman's town —if they'd reform."

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