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REFORMING THE COURT.

The New York Evening Post is inclined to be puzzled by the announcement that the supreme court of the United States has decided to reform the federal courts more speedy and less costly. The way in which this reform has been brought about makes the Post very suspicious of it. It is not the way the people have been told from the stump the reforms in the judiciary should be brought about. For instance the Post finds that judges have been given a great deal of private labor to do. They have conferred with each other and with legal experts; have had a large mass of legal evidence before them, which they have painstakingly sifted, and have carefully studied the various proposals for improvement laid before them. They have taken their time about it, too, and have been cautious. The Post with a touch of irony says: "But the country knows very well that judicial reform cannot be brought about in any such pussy footed way. The thing to do, as we have been told over and over again, is to let loose a hurricane upon the courts, to get the crowd to teach the judges how to decide, and to make an end at once of the law's delays by taking a popular vote in every case which is tried in the citizen's mind, he will know what to think of the pretense that by study and patience and trained intelligence a reform in judicial procedure has been accomplished."

Perhaps, though, the people will be willing to allow trained minds to work out the reform in the courts, since there is likely to be little more heard of the recall of judges and the recall of judicial decisions since they failed as campaign issues.

THIS YEAR'S CROP.

Disregarding the results of the election Tuesday the Taft administration preserves its equanimity and continues to preach good cheer. An evidence of this is given by Secretary Wilson's November crop report. The crop looked big to the department of agriculture in the October report, but is looks bigger in November. The corn crop is given at the record figure of 3,169,137,000 bushels, 637,649,000 bushels bigger than last year's corn crop and 242,000,000 bushels greater than the record crop of 1908. The five leading grains show an aggregate crop of 5,566,683,000 bushels, a gain of 1,298,200,000 or 30 per cent over that of 1911. The crops for the year and increases over 1911 are shown in the following table:

Table with 3 columns: Crops, Bushels, Increase over 1911. Rows include Corn, Wheat, Oats, Barley, Rye, Potatoes, Hay, and Tons.

The big 1912 crop already has had its effect on the business of the country. The railroads moved more cars during October than ever before in their history. The strain on the output of the railroads is making the steel mills work overtime. Steel mills are working at their fullest capacity now and have their output sold for the first six months of 1912. The American farmer did yeoman service in 1912 in contributing to the prosperity of the country.

WILSON GOT ONLY MINORITY.

Enough figures are in to show that Woodrow Wilson's popular vote will fall far short of that of Bryan in 1908. In the four largest states, Illinois, New York, Ohio and Pennsylvania, complete returns show Wilson ran 155,489 behind Bryan in 1908. It is also brought out that Wilson, although receiving a record electoral vote, has the smallest percentage of the popular vote since 1860. The popular vote and percentages of the total vote since Jackson's time, with Wilson's vote estimated shows:

Table with 3 columns: President, Vote of total, Popular Per Cent. Rows include Jackson, Van Buren, Harrison, Polk, Taylor, Pierce, Buchanan, Lincoln, Grant, Hayes, Grant, McKinley, Roosevelt, Taft, and Wilson.

Sidewalk Sketches

By Howard L. Rann

TEETH. Teeth are an affliction in the form of small, light-colored pegs which are set in the human mouth by an unscrupulous providence. These pegs are of a nervous and excitable disposition, and have to be operated upon several times a year by a cold-blooded mechanic known as a dentist.



Teeth are attached to people early in youth, and begin to cause trouble fifteen minutes later. The baby does not have any teeth at the start, but soon starts out to accumulate a set during the process everybody in the same block becomes incipiently nuts. The first teeth are merely for introductory purposes, and are later elbowed out of place by some permanent fixtures, which remain in one spot for several years and collect cavities ranging from the head of a pin to the main entrance to a luhel basket.

Some teeth are considerably more durable and clinging than others, and never have to be counterfeited at an expense of \$8 for a perfect fit. People who enjoy this kind of teeth usually take pains to have them patched up from time to time and decorated with gold bands and other luminous trimmings, including the uneasy porcelaine inlay, which is always coming out just prior to some social function.

The most treacherous tooth in any language is the wisdom tooth. Nobody asked to have this tooth set, and it is good for nothing except to puncture the refractory hickory nut. It is located in the northeast corner of section 18, west of the 5th P. M., and can be reached only with the aid of a step ladder. When the dentist wishes to do business with a wisdom tooth, he stands the patient on his head and backs in with a reversible searchlight.

The eye tooth is a bundle of nerves which lie close to the surface and can be found without any difficulty whatever by an agile drill. There is also the supine bi-cuspid, which is continually giving out in a new place and swelling up like a pouter pigeon. After a man has been punched in the face for twenty-four hours by an irascible bi-cuspid, death at the stake will look sweet to him.

THE AFTERMATH. The following is from Collier's Weekly, written before the result of Tuesday's election was known: "Whoever is president of the United States next 4th of March, there is hardly an American but will be proud of the sort of man who has come to the top of this republic at the beginning of its one hundred and twenty-sixth year. Although some millions of his fellow countrymen will have voted disapproval of President Taft, probably not one hundred of them all would translate disapproval as dislike, or any other uncharitable sentiment. If all the persons who feel rather sorry for Taft had voted for him, he would have won. There aren't a dozen men in the country who think Taft is a wicked man. And he has had opportunities to be wicked—how could he have turned the war in Mexico to his own purposes? Most of Taft's failings are misfortunes and he took himself seriously at the head of his party just at the moment when the party after half a century of triumphant leadership, completely lost touch with popular sentiment. And it wasn't the party that changed; it was the country. For the other, Taft had a static temperament in a highly dynamic age. When all the world clamored for change, he was strong for precedent and the old ways. He was out of tune with the times. A great many persons who have suffered that handling later on. In many another epoch, past and future, in a different public mood, these qualities of Taft's could be hailed as virtues. And as these things go like the swing of a pendulum, who knows but if Taft were given another term he might arrive upon 1916 in steady glory, the man of the hour?"

SUFFRAGISTS GAINED. Woman's suffrage gained in Tuesday's election of the five states bushels bigger than last year's corn crop and 242,000,000 bushels greater than the record crop of 1908.

The five leading grains show an aggregate crop of 5,566,683,000 bushels, a gain of 1,298,200,000 or 30 per cent over that of 1911. The crops for the year and increases over 1911 are shown in the following table:

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Some of the newspapers are unkind enough to say that the one-term-for-president plank inserted in the democratic platform by Mr. Bryan was intended to pave the way for the retirement of Mr. Wilson in favor of Bryan's candidacy in 1916. Whether this is true or not is immaterial. The people always are glad to get back to the republican fold after four years of democracy.

The ordeal of counting Ottumwa's vote was ended today when the first ward count was completed. The candidates now know whether to smile or frown, though some of them were kept in a worried state for a time.

Owing to some mix-up in the election machinery there was no provision made for giving the vote on the township officers on the outer cover of the poll book envelopes in which the totals of the national, state and county tickets were given. The result of the township election below justice of the peace will not be officially known until the votes are canvassed Monday.

The Chicago Inter-Ocean is moved to remark that instead of being carried in by a democratic landslide, Wilson actually won in spite of a democratic backlash.

The content for governor seems to be a case of now you see it and now you don't. They count Clarke in by morning returns and give Dunn the lead in the afternoons.

but there were no great battles, and the greater part of the year was spent in waiting or in desultory skirmishes. The present was but a prelude to a long and arduous campaign, and its final approach was gradual, but when it began the fighting was sudden and terrific. It would be hard to name a war, except the Franco-Prussian, in which so much has happened in the way of land fighting in a month—naval wars, of course are different and might be finished in a dreadful hour or two. It is not to be expected that the war can be kept up to the pace thus far maintained. Thus far the allies have been making a tremendous spurt, which, unless peace is now negotiated on the strength of their first victory, must soon flag. Even if they are not beaten back, but continue to advance, their progress must be slower as they get farther from their base of supplies, and the commissariat will present increasingly difficult problems. Both armies, too, must presently reach a state of exhaustion which will make necessary a rest and a replenishment of the thinned lines. As for weather, there is still about a month before winter will present new difficulties. November is usually fine, though winds are raw, and with December snow fleas, cold, stormy weather sets in, which would be a serious obstacle to campaigning.

A Practical Test. Cedar Rapids Gazette: It is interesting to learn from the seat of war that the experiment of using the aeroplane in war operations was tried at Adrianople with a result which went a little further than the forecasters had predicted. Lieut. Popoff, aviator with the Russian forces, made a flight not for the purpose of attack by dropping bombs, but in view and report on the disposition of the Turkish lines. In doing so he got within the Turkish line of fire, and a shot from the Turkish cannon killed him and wrecked his machine.

Such attention has been given, especially in Europe, to devising means to repel aeroplane attacks. Army squadrons have been trained in firing at kites, and especially mounted rapid fire guns have been invented. But at Adrianople an ordinary field gun loaded with sharpnel was sufficient for the purpose. This gives a hint of what could be done with guns of longer range, especially adapted to the purpose, in the line of repelling aeroplane bomb-dropping attacks.

The aeroplane may still be valuable for scouting, just because the view from an eminence will reveal more of an enemy than the view from the lines in the engagement. But the wise aviator will not get too close to the enemy's guns, because this case the information that he may have obtained will be of little use to his commander.

PUBLIC SERVICE. St. Louis Globe-Democrat: The late Vice President Sherman gave his time and capacities chiefly to the public service. He acted in the generous spirit of one who realizes that free government demands the earnest efforts of its citizens, and that emergency calls for the full exercise of their strength and their self-sacrificing devotion. Mr. Sherman had all this today if he had made his health the chief consideration, but he would not do less than he felt to be his complete duty to the best interests of the country. If his main object in life had been making money he would not have been an active worker in politics, for he was an able man in commercial affairs, and a leader in that respect as well as in the other. But from the time he was elected out to be mayor of his native city he labored with whole souled zeal for the public welfare. This was the mission that enlisted his enthusiasm, and not for his own gain. From the first to last he spent more than he received from the emoluments of office, but that never lessened his ardor in American civic progress. Through twenty years of congress he was in the thick of the work, and he was not only in committee rooms, but not for himself. He was not one to hesitate in usefulness because selected to be second instead of first. He gave all that he had to a cause, and not in selfish ambition. It will be said that he was a party man. So were Washington, Lincoln, Hamilton, Jefferson and others in the line of patriotic and gifted Americans. A party is organized for the purpose of doing good, and it is not an arm directed to apply its powers to essential points, an aggregation of men who think alike in matters of government policy and associate themselves voluntarily to effect purposes held in common. A party may be deluged by false leaders and become degenerate, but in that case no great body of Americans will long sustain it with their ballots. They will alien themselves from it, and the people will have always maintained the citizenship of the republic. Mr. Sherman was a clear headed man, who, by virtue of his ability and perception, long had a prominent part in shaping legislative affairs at a time when the party of his choice controlled all departments of the government. He was a man of weight in his party, but never a narrow partisan. The tributes paid to him by men of all parties, now that his labors are ended, are the sincere acknowledgment that the good of all was his aim, and that his endeavors were of others more than himself. To an unusual degree he enjoyed the altruism that marked his high standard of politics. It kindled in him even a geniality that never failed.

Our country has always had the advantage of such men at the front. The government is first in their estimation. They place above all other incentives the public good. Their own aggrandizement does not appeal to action. They are above all forms of egotism and proof against selfish allurement of any nature. Washington did not consider pay for his services. Lincoln gave no thought to the arts of making money. He would rather accomplish some unnoted end of justice in court than secure a large fee. He lived in the mental region where the wrongs of the human race were to be redressed and the mists of error that deceive them were to be cleared away. Yet he was no visionary. Rather he was a giant in reason for everyday use, an

epochal master of practical common sense. American intelligence has not yet reached the point where it cannot be influenced by deception and theatrical pretense, but the leaders of high type win in the end.

Dr. Woodrow Wilson. Cedar Rapids Republican: Dr. Wilson is an unusual type in American politics, to say the least about him. We will now see what a matured scholarship can do with the practical questions of politics. It may be that we have been looking for it. It may be that we have made mistakes in recollecting from the swash-buckling politicians, instead of from the academic halls. It is a great experiment that we have entered upon and we anticipate a great deal of intellectual pleasure studying the results.

OCEAN TO OCEAN HIGHWAY. Kansas City Journal: In the stress of the presidential campaign comparatively little attention has been paid by the general public to one of the most important of the many enterprises that have been proposed by the good roads advocates—the ocean to ocean highway from New York to San Francisco. Incidentally this great rock thoroughfare stretching from one ocean to the other will pass through Kansas City, as now mapped out, and is therefore of particular interest to all the people in the Kansas City trade territory. Conceived and practically financed by the automobile industry and those associated with it, instead of depending entirely on popular interest and public appropriations, it will constitute when completed, a splendid monument to the public spirit of the motor car industry. Itself one of the most wonderful industrial developments of the times.

If this great project held out a promise of benefiting only those connected with the automobile industry, the enterprise would not be the subject of such general commendation as it must receive when it is remembered that such a road will be a lasting benefit and tangible asset in relation to the prosperity of every section which it will traverse. It is proposed that all the material for this great highway, extending in round numbers for 3,500 miles, is to be bought with funds supplied directly by the motor car trade, including automobile and tire manufacturers, motor car dealers and others directly connected with the industry. The federal government has agreed to furnish expert supervision, which is the equivalent in value of service that would cost private road builders tens of thousands of dollars. A small proportion of the cost is to be defrayed by the county, municipal and state authorities of the country through which the highway is to pass.

The maximum cost of the enterprise, as the figures were officially given out when the project was first broached, is to be \$15,000,000, of which the automobile industry pledges about two-thirds, and of this one-half has already been raised. It is hoped to have the highway completed in time for the Pacific coast exhibition in 1915. Too much has been said by way of proving the value of good roads to necessitate any arguments in behalf of this most comprehensive of all transcontinental good roads projects. Enthusiastic endorsement has been given to the enterprise "all along the line" and it is confidently expected that it will be completed with the passage of the first ships through the Panama canal, that crowning manifestation of American genius, the first motor cars will pass over this wonderful inland highway from ocean to ocean. Certainly nothing could be so stimulating to the good roads movement in general as a great comprehensive object lesson like this 3,500-mile rock highway.

Over at Last! New York Tribune: What a blessing that is over. The country has had nothing but politics for more than half a year, a violent clamor to which it was impossible to turn a deaf ear. It feels a good deal as Arizona felt a few weeks ago when some one proposed to recall its governor. Arizona had had an election, full of controversy, in which it had adopted its constitution; another a little later in which it had chosen its first state officers, another right after that in which it had amended its constitution by inserting the excluded recall provision, not to mention a few extra extras as primaries, and was in the midst of the engrossing national campaign, when one of those persons who never know when they have had enough proposed that the governor be recalled. Word went forth that there was to be a recall. Petitions were drawn up and circulated. Just four persons signed the petitions, when, of a sudden, it all stopped. What happened to the circulator of the petitions and the four signers has not been disclosed. The worst is feared, for Arizona is given to direct action, and Arizona knew when it had had enough.

There are some things to be thankful for. The recall does not exist here, neither of officials nor of decisions; nor does the initiative. If they did and if some insatiable person should attempt to set one of them in motion now, would he be able to flee quickly enough?

Humorous Comment. Cause and Effect. The great man had returned from a tour of "the provinces" and was joyfully greeted by the members of the club on his first appearance. "Well, well, well!" cried Little Binks, slapping him cordially on the back. "Look who's here! Old Greatness himself! Returned from the scrape of conquest! Have a good time, old man?"

"Fine," said the great man, with a modest blush of pleasure to find himself not without honor in his own country. "Everybody was just as nice and cordial as could be."

"Wined and dined everywhere, I suppose?" said Little Binks.

"Wined and dined" echoed the great man. "Wined and dined."

gness I was wined and dined. Why, I was wined and dined until I was wound and downed!"—Judge's Library.

His Pitiful Prospect. Bishop Wilson of New York said the other day that the morality of New York politics was not all that could be desired.

"In politics, as in some lines of business," he continued, "the remark of the very cynical young woman holds true: 'So you are going to marry George at last?' she said to a friend. 'What is he like?'

"He is the most upright, high-minded, honorable fellow in the world," was the enthusiastic reply.

"Goodness, my dear," said the pretty cynic, "you'll starve to death."

Helping the Enemy. General Edward S. Bragg, the noted veteran of the civil war, who died recently, used to recite this anecdote: General Price's army was about worn out at Pea Ridge. His soldiers struggled all over the field. Price rode up in the midst of all the disorder and shouted:

"Close up, boys! Blast you, close up! If the Yankees were to fire on you when you're straggling along that way, they couldn't hit a blasted one of you! Close up!"—Kansas City Star.

What He Needed. Public servants in Boston are markedly more courteous than those of New York. A Bostonian of our acquaintance was in the habit, on mornings after, of going to a drug store, confiding his symptoms to the soda clerk and having the clerk give him what he needed—Sp. Amm. Aromatic, or something of that sort. One morning after our hero was in New York. He entered a drug store and said to the man at the fountain:

"I'm afraid I drank and smoked too much last night and I'm feeling kind of seedy this morning. What do I need?"

"A ten cent check," replied the clerk.—Franklin P. Adams in Metropolitan.

Evening Story. BY THE COOPER'S ADVICE. By John Philip Arth. (Copyright, 1912, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Ebenezer Schermerhorn was twenty-eight years old when he went to work for Jonas White in the latter's sawmill and in a couple of weeks he had his boss bragging about his smartness. Mr. White's business was to make lumber of sawlogs, and he didn't look for mental smartness in his hired help. It was how much work a man could do in ten hours that counted with him. His wife judged men about the same way, but her father and mother were dropping hints that it was time she "stepped out," as they used to call it in other days. She wasn't looking to marry a millionaire nor a senator. A smart man was the best she could hope for. She couldn't be a girl and not have some romantic notions about her, but they never made her forget that she had bread in the oven or stockings to darn.

Why was Eben Schermerhorn a bachelor? Had he loved and lost? Had he made a vow never to marry? Had he never found the woman to stir up a heart interest under his left shoulder? Very likely he could read, write and cipher, but was he fond of poetry? Could he appreciate gorgeous sunsets? Could he play the fiddle or the accordion, or stop short at the mouth organ? With her father bragging at the dinner table every day of what a smart man Eben was, and with her mother looking at her in a queer way, it was no wonder that Sarah Jane had thoughts. Eben was to be invited to dinner to make the acquaintance of the family. After two or three weeks the event came off. Eben ate with his fork. He did not drink from his saucer. He politely refused a second helping. He was a quiet, pleasant laugh, instead of a deep bass ha ha! He discussed politics with Mr. White woman's rights with Mrs. White and the new fashion in hats with Sarah Jane.

Yes, he could sing a bit, and he believed he had played the cottage organ. He had seen sunsets that were positively grand, and he had read Dickens while laid up with a broken leg. When laughed at by Mr. White as an old bachelor, he blushed and said he had always been too busy. Eben Schermerhorn made a good impression on the family. Mr. and Mrs. White saw so right on as soon as he had departed, and Sarah went up to her room to think so.

"Look here, ma," said the husband when they were left alone, "that Eben is a smart chap."

"Seems like it," was the reply. "You ought to see him hump a saw-log around!"

"Yes!" "And you heard how smart he talked at the table?"

"He certainly did."

"Bound to marry some day."

"I think so."

"So's our Sarah."

"Yes."

"What's the matter of— of Eben and Sarah getting spliced? Can't we help the matter along somehow?"

"No, Jonas White, we can't. We ain't going to say our blessed word to help or hinder. If they like each other and fall in love and want to marry that's all right. If they don't then it's nothing to us. They are

both old enough to know their own business."

"But Eben's a cracking smart feller and I guess he'd fit into this family all right."

"You never mind about the fit. I don't want you to say a word either way. If they decide to get married we shall be consulted. Mother had good me about my beaxr till I was half crazy, and I say that Sarah Jane shall be left alone."

Eben Schermerhorn continued to be smart. After a little he took to dropping in for an hour or two in the evening, and later on it might have been said that he came a-courting. He was always welcome, but it transpired that he and Sarah Jane did not exactly understand each other. Within a few weeks they were in love, but neither dared own it. Eben was scared at the idea of being in love with the daughter of his boss, and the girl stood in awe of him because of his superior education and his greater knowledge of the world. It thus came about that their talk was simply friendly.

When things had been running along for six months, Eben found himself in a stew. He knew that he loved, but to save his neck, he could not say that he was loved in return. This state of doubt made him miserable. A dozen times over he resolved to know the best or worst, and a dozen times over he flinched when the pinch came.

Sarah Jane had quite lost her heart, but she alone knew it. Her father and mother were following out a program, and she could not go to them for advice. Cupid made her look over the ground over and had a good laugh. Just a word and all would be settled, but the word remained unspoken.

Eben and the village cooper were great friends and had passed many evenings together. The cooper had noticed things for some time, and at length one evening he shoved the checker-board aside, and said:

"Eben, you are a fool!"

"Guess I am."

"You are also in love!"

"Well!"

"You are a fool because you dasn't let Sarah Jane know that you love her!"

"And you mooning around like a calf that has lost his mother. Why haven't you asked the girl plump out, long ago?"

"I've been a-going to, but when I get ready to start in she changes the subject on me. That's the same as giving me to understand that she don't want to hear anything on the subject."

"Hu! Eben, you're a fool!"

"Why, because you are an old bach and have got the cart before the horse. Sarah Jane White is ready to marry you at any time. Fine gal, Sarah is. Make a mighty good wife."

"But why don't she let me know she loves me?" protested Eben.

"Because it ain't her place to until she knows your feelings toward her. Sarah Jane is rather of a quiet girl I believe."

"Fare more than the average."

"Um! Um! I think we ought to startle her into betraying her emotions. Some gals have to be started before they are dead-sure that they love."

"But—but—"

"Listen, Eben. Listen to a man that's had three wives and courted seventeen gals that he didn't marry. And the two men put their heads together and whispered and nodded and chuckled and shook hands and said it would be sure to work."

It was winter. The next evening Eben was due to call at the White's at 8 o'clock sharp, and before the hands of the clock reached those figures Mr. and Mrs. White had departed for prayer meeting, and Sarah Jane had the house to herself.

Hurried footsteps and a thundering knock on the door. It was the excited and hard-breathing cooper who stood on the steps.

"Father! Mother!" gasped the girl. "They are all right."

"Then—then—"

"Eben! He's fell!"

"Eben is dead!" as her hands went up.

Mebbe not. Mebbe he's only broke both legs and his two arms. Come along and see!"

Out into the gusty, snowy night she followed him without cover for her head or shoulders, and a block away they found Eben Schermerhorn in the snow in front of the cooper shop.

"Went up to clean the snow off the roof and got a fall, but he's breathing yet."

Eben was carried to the house, and as the cooper slipped away the patient opened his eyes and regained consciousness to hear a tearful voice calling:

"Oh, Eben, live for my sake, because I love you so!"

"Didn't I tell you so?" chuckled the cooper next day. "Some gals has to be started and some has to be flattered, and if you ask me which is the best way I must answer that I dunno."

VILLAGE CREEK. Mr. and Mrs. Martin Huber of Blakesburg were over Sunday visitors at the parental Henry Harsch home.

Mr. and Mrs. James Hendricks of South Ottumwa visited Sunday with Mrs. J. R. Hendricks and family.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Baum and family visited Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Clark of South Ottumwa.

Mrs. Lizzie Noble of Colorado visited Saturday and Sunday at the home of her brother and family E. G. Harsch. Miss Bernice Baum is on the sick list.

Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Dexter and family visited Sunday afternoon at the E. G. Harsch home.

Miss Ella Alred spent Sunday with her parents Mr. and Mrs. B. T. Alred.

Mrs. Catherine Gift is spending a few days this week with her daughter Mrs. C. C. Baum.

Ray V. Sowers visited Union school Monday afternoon.

Mrs. James Courtney and little son visited a few days this week at the D. A. Rater home.