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A RICH MAN'S WILL.

During his lifetime Edward Morris, the Chicago packer, was not considered much of a philanthropist. He suffered the common lot of most rich men who attend strictly to business and are inconspicuous in other fields. No doubt there were many people who looked upon the millionaire packer as rather callous to the appeals of humanity. In the light of this undeserved reputation it is now interesting to glance over the charitable bequests of the Morris will. It is a notable array, not because of the actual amounts of the bequests, but because of their extensive character and the evident deep study which the testator gave to the subject during his life. His gift to the pension fund of Morris & Co. was more or less perfunctory, of course, although it was generous in total. It is noticed that Mr. Morris has given to many hospitals and homes for women and children. Indeed women and children seem to have been very close to the heart of the packer. There are bequests for hospitals and homes of various denominations, including Catholic, Jewish, Presbyterian, etc. Apparently a distinction was made or any prejudice whatever shown in these gifts. All have been actuated by the single desire to help the weak and the unfortunate, the poor and the sick. The fact that all of these bequests are specified and graded indicate that Mr. Morris had given much attention to them. No man could have made such a selection out of the many demands upon him without an intimate knowledge of what each institution was doing and which were the worthy. Mr. Morris could have done what many rich men have done in recognizing the obligation to help the needy. He could have left a lump sum, with instructions to others to make the best disposition of it according to their judgment. If the packer had done this, his charities would not have been specially noteworthy. It was the personal relation of the donor that made his gifts interesting. With his own eyes he saw where money was most needed, and with his own hand he wrote the will that conferred such rich benefits. And it follows logically that as Mr. Morris was not a stranger to these charities he must have given liberally, although unostentatiously, to them for many years before his death. Those who habitually think millionaires give only thought to the good which may be accomplished with their money should glance over the charities that have been remembered in the Morris will. They show more plainly than the written word that a big heart beat in the millionaire's breast and that he was keenly sympathetic regarding the sufferings of others and especially of the sufferings of women and children.

WHAT MAKES SUCCESS.

Louis J. Horowitz, the sky-scraper builder, who in twenty years has risen from a position of \$3 a week to one of \$100,000 a year, in speaking about success, said: "I go to bed at 9 o'clock and I get up at 5 o'clock. I play a little, but my play is exercise to keep me in good trim for my work. I play to work—as other men work to play." This little sidelight on a successful man emphasizes the fact that success demands sacrifice. If you want to get ahead you must make up your mind to give up some things now for the sake of enjoying them at a later time. In this we can learn a lot from the immigrants who come to our shores. Mr. Horowitz, above mentioned, came here from Russia as a youth. Six years ago a Russian girl, Ida Alper, sixteen years old, came here, unable to speak a word of English. She got work in a Massachusetts shoe factory. The pay was small, but she attended to business, fitted herself to earn more, and saved. Last month her father, her mother, her brothers and her sisters came over, all on money that Ida had sent them. Have you noticed that, in the case of both old settlers and new comers, those who are able to take advantage of the opportunities that arise are those who have some ready money? Such opportunities come to you. Are you ready for them? If you are not ready now, get ready! You can do so by adopting a regular plan of saving and sticking to it.

One of the most famous works of the great French painter, Jacques David, has been missing for nearly a hundred years, and the problem of its whereabouts is an artistic mystery which has appealed to the imagination of many well known members of the Paris art world. The picture is now believed to have been traced to the old chateau of Saint Fargeau, in the Nièvre. According to this story the painting was placed in an oak box and sealed up in one of the chateau's walls. But not even the present owner of the chateau, M. Anisson du Peron, has the slightest clue as to just where it may be. The picture represents Michel Lep-

--and the Worst is Yet to Come



Daddy's Bedtime Story

The Dog Which Had Too Many Good Things.



Jack liked good things to eat. Most small boys do. Sometimes, though, he wanted more of them than his mother thought was good for him. There had been very nice cake for tea. Jack and Evelyn had each had a piece, but when Jack asked for a second piece his mother very firmly said no. "If you eat too much cake you will be ill," daddy advised. "Let me tell you about Dan, a bulldog which belonged to a man who lives in the west. "As Dan grew up he became a great favorite with the family. He was as clever and as handsome a dog as you would wish to meet. "His master became so fond of Dan that nothing was thought to be too good for him. Dan early showed a fondness for chicken, and he was fed chicken twice a day, while ham and eggs, which he also liked, were given to him whenever he wanted them. "But the more chicken and ham and eggs he ate the fatter Dan became. Every little while he had a sick spell. Oh, dear, how ill he was! "As soon as he was well again he would gobble more chicken and ham and eggs and have to have the doctor again. "Then one day he became very, very ill, and the doctor, although he did his best, could do nothing for him. Dan died. "The dog's master was overcome with grief. The sorrowing family laid him away in a spot in the garden which Dan had seemed to love. There he had buried his bones and slept on hot summer days. "And his fond master and sorrowing friends said something ought to be done about Dan's death. They did not think so young and promising a dog should have died so young. "So they went to see the man who had sold Dan to his master, and the man asked how Dan had been cared for. "What did you give him to eat?" the dog man wanted to know. "Why, chicken and ham and eggs and all sorts of good food," they answered. "The man looked very grave and shook his head. "That isn't the kind of food to give a dog. No wonder he died. Things like that don't agree with dogs. He died from overeating. "So if that happened to Dan, think how bad rich food may be for little boys and girls, and don't fret too much when mother denies you a second piece of cake."

electer, Count Saint Fargeau, as he lay on the pedestal of the statue of Louis XVI, the day before the execution of that doomed monarch. Saint Fargeau was a royalist deputy to the states general but afterwards went over to the revolution and voted the death of Louis XVI. He was assassinated the day before Louis XVI's execution by a royalist man-at-arms, Saint Fargeau's dead body, undressed, and covered with garlands of oak leaves, was exposed for four days on the pedestal from which the statue of Louis XVI had been thrown down. The picture was originally placed in the hall of debates of the convention. It was given back to the artist after the terror and is believed to have later passed through the hands of M. David's son to one of the heirs of Saint Fargeau, the Marquise de Mortfontaine. The marquise, according to the story, signed an agreement not to destroy the picture. She had, however, remained faithful to the royalist cause, and to hide the picture from her revolutionary father she concealed it as described, in the wall of the chateau and died without revealing its whereabouts.

Nothing will more quickly bring on a cold than living in a stuffy unventilated room. Keep your windows open summer and winter, in cold weather as well as warm, sufficiently to give you an abundance of pure fresh air. A closed room soon becomes filled with the accumulated cast-off gases of many lungs. One's room might as well be filled with sewer gas. A medical authority says that catarrh and asthma are almost invariably caused by closed windows. No sufferer from asthma affords to live without open windows night and day. The microbes of pneumonia, grippe, etc., do not flourish in fresh air when it is breathed deeply into the lungs. Professor MacCracken of the English department at Yale has announced the surprising, amazing, astounding belief that a student can acquire accuracy in the use of English by noting language of the statute books. It is well for Yale that this advice is

A Few Laughs

Winter Baseball. See the barnstorm baseball teams Trying to keep warm. See old winter greeting them With a real storm. With their poor chapped hands. See the sports, out of sorts, Shiver in the stands. Hear the chatter of the teeth In the umpire's face. See them go, through the snow, Down to second base. See the spittal spheroid freeze To the pitcher's paw. Baseball in November, hey? That is pretty raw. Ambiguous. "You remember I barely missed you several times last year." "Yes," said the guide. "Well, I'm a better shot now." The Wherefore. "Why does that hen refuse to associate with the other hens?" "Oh, that hen is descended from one of the original Plymouth Rocks." Slim Audiences. Complaints from Mrs. Pankhurst Say she has had no chance. You cannot reach folk with a speech As with a barefoot dance. Back in His Payments. "You former husband must still love you." "Why so?" "He tells he owes a great deal to you." "He's referring to the back all-mony." Good Work. "Seen my portrait?" "No." "Makes me look like a blockhead." "Ah, I see. You always insist on patronizing the best talent." Also Rags. "Kipling says a woman is a rag and a bone and a hank of hair." "My wife is always buying additional hanks." The Reason. Interviewer—May I ask why you paint nude exclusively? Celebrated Artist—Certainly. Styles in women's clothing change so fast that a costume picture would be out of date before the paint was dry.—Puck. The Limit. Binks—I'll never play poker fifth my wife again! Winks—Why not? Binks—After taking my last cent she wouldn't lend me my carfare to get away from home.—New York Globe. Fitted For the Job. "She ought to make a splendid wife of an American ambassador abroad." "Is she distinguished?" "Dear me, no; but she can do her own housework and darn socks beautifully.—Life. More Than He Could Stand. "It is only once in a long while," Tom McNeal quotes Abe Peters as saying, "that you find a plain homely man who is really aware of the way he looks. I know one exception. Jed Perkins, who used to live down in southeast Kansas, was certainly the homeliest human critter I ever laid my eyes on, and, what was more, Jed knew it. One winter down there Jed attended a revival meeting and the preacher, aided by the sisters and deacons, decided to make a combined effort to bring him into the fold. "Think brother," said the preacher, "of the delight of meeting your loved ones in the better land." "Is it your idea?" Jed asked of the parson, "that if I do the right thing I will show up in the better land a lookin' as natural as life?" "Certainly, Brother Perkins," said the preacher. "Well," said Jed, with a gloomy sigh, "if that's the case, I believe I would rather be lost. Of course, if I'm among a lot of goats it won't make so much difference, but if I've got to try to work my way into good society in the New Jerusalem wearing this face of mine and havin' to wear it always, it will be a little more than I kin stand."—Kansas City Star. What the Spider Indicated. When Mark Twain, in his early days was editor of a Missouri paper, a superstitious subscriber wrote him saying that he had found a spider in his paper, and asking him whether that was a sign of good luck or bad. The humorist wrote him this answer and printed it: "Old Subscriber: Finding a spider in your paper was neither good luck nor bad luck for you. The spider was merely looking over our paper to see which merchant is not advertising, so that he can go to that store, spin his web across the door and lead a life of undisturbed peace ever afterwards."—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph. HIGHLAND CENTER. Dr. Collin R. Weirich of Washington, Pa., called on Miss M. A. Wolf at the George Bane home Sunday. Miss Gretta Crain and Miss Sydney Martin called on Dr. and Mrs. F. E. Lawson in Hedrick Wednesday evening. Mrs. W. Jones and children spent Sunday with Farrow friends. Misses Norah and Pearl Cornwall attended the play in the opera house at Hedrick Monday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Moore of north of Ottumwa attended the supper in the Old Fellows hall Saturday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Roy Stevens of Ottumwa spent Sunday at the parental O. C. Stevens home. Marion has returned to Highland after an extended visit with Indiana relatives. Mrs. William Emery entertained a company of relatives at a turkey dinner Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. J. Fox of Hedrick called at the L. Drummond home Sunday afternoon. B. Doak is building a new barn where the one stood that burned recently.

Press Comment

Clinton Herald: With wooden shoes at 60 and 75 cents a pair, one avenue has been opened up whereby it will be possible to reduce the cost of living. At that, it perhaps will be some time before they come into general use, notwithstanding a single pair will last two years. Council Bluffs Nonpareil: If President Wilson's currency bill goes through before the regular session of congress convenes, he will be entitled to a place among such stickers as Ty Cobb, Jackson and "Home Run" Baker. Marshalltown Times-Republican: Thanksgiving ought to be a big day in Iowa and California. Iowa has more to be thankful for than any other state in the union and California ought to be thankful for Iowa. Burlington Gazette: If you are worried about your income tax you are probably not worried about the grocery bill. We should worry is right. If it isn't one thing it sure is another. Cedar Rapids Gazette: High society people have their troubles. It seems to be an unusual week, when one of their number isn't yanked before the customs officials on the charge of attempting to smuggle several thousand dollars worth of jewels or clothes. La Crosse Tribune: There is a movement to have people stop eating veal, so that calves can grow up and meat become more plentiful. The boarding house keepers feel that veal, being usually tough, lasts too well to be given up. Waterloo Courier: It is reported that a Cassidie has broken all previous records by laying 283 eggs in one year. There is no disposition to dispute the statement as to the number of eggs this particular biddy has deposited in a year, but it's a doughnut to marbles that she is a descendant of an Iowa hen, or perhaps a direct importation into the northern country. Anyway, it cannot be disputed that the hen wherever she is has done nobly. La Crosse Tribune: A New York educator says teachers would be more cheerful if they would dance the tango. But will the men dance with any girl who has education enough to be a teacher? Des Moines Register and Leader: The oldest milliner in the United States has retired. And for some reason she doesn't retire a millionaire. Cedar Rapids Republican: The wisest farmers are not putting their corn in the shock, but in the silo. The silo is the corn cannery for the cattle and the horses and the hogs, and even the chickens eat the ensilage. Council Bluffs Nonpareil: The fact that Kansas is up to date is evidenced by a statement that the district court docket for Emporia starts off with a prelude of forty divorce cases. Sioux City Journal: "Farming is hard work, there is no doubt," the Boone-Republican says sympathetically, adding that "so is anything else, especially hard work with the brain, which is underpaid." There seems hardly an exception to the rule that "fellow feeling makes one wonderful kind." Marshalltown Times-Republican: "Notice is about to be served on the traveling public that unless there is more generosity shown in tipping Pullman porters, railroad passengers may have to wield the whiskbroom and lug their grips themselves." Well, why not? When a man gets so that he can't carry his grip off the train he ought not to go abroad with a fat some of his friends to look after him. Nine porters out of ten are in the way anyhow except when they are wanted. Mason City Globe-Gazette: Good judges of farm lands say that there are hundreds of abandoned farms in the east which could be reclaimed at less cost than the first cost of purchase of raw land in the west. Some of these farms have fine, old colonial residences which could be restored with a small outlay and the railroads are not more than three miles away. Perhaps this era of high cost of living is the flaming sword that will drive people out of the cities back to the farms where they came there to secure a more profitable avocation and far better living. Some of the tales of these abandoned farms and how they may be restored are extremely interesting to say the least.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

relieves rheumatism quickly. It stimulates the circulation—Instantly relieves stiffness and soreness of muscles and joints. Don't rub—it penetrates. Rheumatism Never Returned "I am a traveling man and about one year ago I was laid up with rheumatism and could not walk. A friend recommended Sloan's Liniment and the morning after I used it my knee was all O.K. and it has never bothered me since. Always keep your liniment in the house and carry it with me on the road."—Mr. Thomas S. Horst, Fort Philadelphia, Pa. Stiffness Vanished "I suffered with a awful stiffness in my legs. That night I gave my legs a good rubbing with Sloan's Liniment and believe me, next morning I could jump out of bed. I have been supplied with a bottle, ever since."—Mr. A. Moore of Manchester, N. H. Soreness Ankle Relieved "I was ill for a long time with a severely swollen ankle. I tried Sloan's Liniment and now I am able to be about and can walk a great deal. I write this because I think you deserve credit for it for putting such a fine Liniment on the market and I shall always take time to recommend it."—Mrs. Charles Ross of Baltimore, Md. Sloan's Liniment gives a grateful sensation of comfort. Good for sprains, neuralgia, sore throat and toothache. Use it now. At all Dealers, 25c., 50c. and \$1.00. Send for Sloan's free book on horses. Address Dr. EARL S. SLOAN, Inc. BOSTON, MASS.



Evening Story

LUCK IN LEISURE. By Martha McCulloch-Williams. Copyright, 1912, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate. "My last word is—take it or leave it," Monteth snapped, rising as he spoke. Young Ellison felt himself dismissed—without hope and without redress. He had asked for so little—only a chance. He had faith in his dream, faith that ought to move mountains, for men, it had not moved Monteth by a hair's breadth. "Five thousand dollars for the tract—power site included," had been his ultimatum. The site was all he wanted—to harness the bold, beautiful waters young Ellison loved, and set them grinding out electricity, which in turn would grind out many other things far and near. There would be a fortune in the doing of it, but it needed a lesser fortune to set the waters at work. Ellison wanted them set at work, but other fashions. Impounded at the upper levels, and led in trickles along the benches and down through the thirsty lower valley, they would mean homes and happiness and sustenance for many souls. They stood in wait—eager, anxious. They were fellow workmen, his mates in the shops where he had wrought when the lawyer found him out and told him of his landed inheritance. That was three years planning, preaching, praying, preaching to the men through letters, planning ways and means, praying whatever gods there be to give him a chance. He had thought the prayers in the way of answer when Monteth upon his tour of inspection had been halted near the power site by a wreck further on. At first the capitalist had seemed almost gracious. He had listened intently, looked rather keenly at Ellison's drawings and estimates—then suddenly branched into another matter against the human carelessness that would make a railway wrecks possible. After that he had walked about the site, measuring it with his eye, noting the water flow and the massive strength of natural abutments on both sides. "Talk it over in the morning—after I've slept on it," he had said at last. Ellison had not slept at all. Instead he had lain wide-eyed, seeing visions. "This was the end of them. Without capital he was hopeless. The thirsty valley gave him barely a lone living. Such bits as he could water single-handed rioted into harvest. He was half-tempted to appeal to men ever; where to come to his help. If they were but willing to work and starve for a year they could make a beginning—when they had saved some land and water could be drawn to them. They bitterly laughed at himself. How were real men to hunger and labor themselves, knowing wives and children were starving? Over and over he repeated: "The poor is destroyed by his poverty." He had asked of this rich man a risk inappreciable compared to those he took almost daily—and had been refused. Worse still—in the offer of purchase there was a menace. If he refused he knew life could be made hard and dangerous for him. He had to depend on the railway for all that went out and came in—it was easily in his power to ruin him whatever he might undertake. The track ran half a mile away—he had gone there to approach Monteth and had turned him thence to inspect the site. Aimlessly after his dismissal he wandered toward it not along the footway, but over a shaly spur of stone scantily beset with brush wood. Midway it, he was amazed to come upon a girl in dusty khaki, with a flapping sun hat, cocked over one ear. She sat flat on the ground, with a

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature of J. C. Ayer & Co.