

Evening Story

RIVALS IN ROSES.

By Dorothy Douglas.

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John Granger gazed speculatively at his daughter. There was skepticism in his smile and affection in his eyes. "So you want me to buy a rose farm for you that you may hide among the flowers from the swains who refuse to take no for an answer?" He laughed frankly at the hot blush that swept Sylvia's cheeks. "Is it not so?" "I am tired of being courted by men whom I cannot like," she admitted quickly; "they care for nothing but Broadway and motoring—I am utterly weary of their attentions. Besides," she continued in a voice that was coaxing, "I have a great longing to live among flowers and cultivate a prize rose—you know how successful I am with roses."

John Granger still smiled a bit skeptically. "What will the thorns and pruning do to these?" He took Sylvia's slim, white fingers between his own. "They don't look to me like fingers that could cultivate a prize rose."

Sylvia laughed brightly and dropped a kiss on her father's hair.

"If you buy Rosevale for me, I will wager the price of the farm that I will take the first prize at the rose show—what do you say?"

"It is a go! If you can take the first prize from that old Ginkins, who has had it for the last three years, I will buy you three farms." Granger smiled. In secret he was delighted with his daughter's new found hobby.

"One is quite sufficient!" cried Sylvia. "You are a perfect dear daddy, and from now on I will be a slave to the roses."

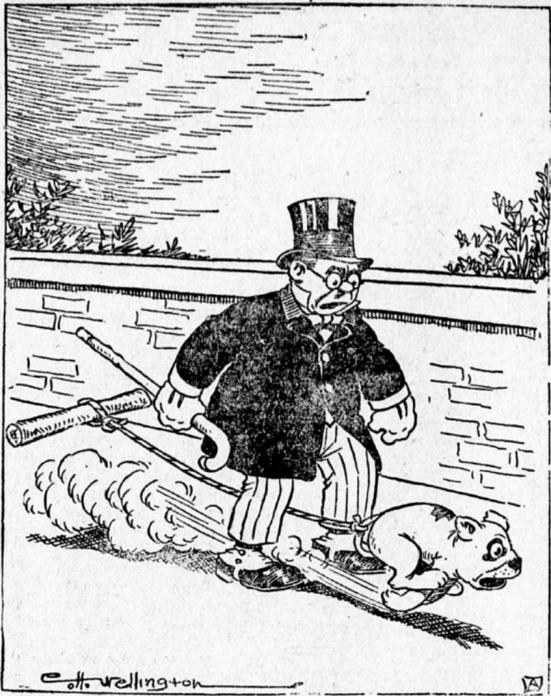
Within an hour John Granger had arranged for the purchase of Rosevale, the tiny farm where roses rioted and gladdened the heart of the passerby. The house itself seemed but a miniature dwelling that nestled under a great crimson rambler and the garden and greenhouses held the promise of roses, red, yellow, pink and white.

Two weeks more and Sylvia herself was there pruning, potting and loving each and every plant. She had brought only one gardener, and that one she had coaxed from the Long Island home of her father.

"You and I are going to take first prize at the June rose show," she told Danny. "Old Ginkins has had it long enough. We will show him that some one else knows a little about growing roses."

"We've got to grow some rose to beat him, miss," Danny informed her. "I refuse to be discouraged at the

—and the Worst Is Yet to Come



Little Benny's Note Book

By LEE PAPE

Flowers.

The prinsepil way to tell wen summr is heer is by the flouwers. Wen it stops beeing cold and the furnace goz out, peepil begin to think wintir is ovir, and wen the berds begin to fly back from the south and try to remembir ware they bilt there nests, peepil begin to think the seasons must be changing, but wen they look erround and see awl the flouwers growing, they say, G, summr is heer.

Any this is a funy time to rite about flouwers, bekause if you want to pick any flouwers now you haft to go in a florist stoar and pick them or elts clumb up and open sumbodys parlor window and pick sum awf of the flouwr pots standing there to be showed off. The 2nd way beeing the leest expensive.

According to poetry, sum flouwers is

born to blush unseen, such as the violet by a mossy wasting its sweetness awn the desert air. Uhir flouwers is born to blush seen, such as the krisantemums awn a geris chest, awn akkont of costing so much.

Sum flouwers is usefull awn akkont of there bewty, such as the rose and the lilly in a pot, wile uthers are usefull awn akkont of there usefulness, such as the buttircup, wich you can tell by holding it undir a persins chin weathir a persin likes buttir or not.

Most fellos dont think mutch of flouwers, but awl geris think there grate wich airplanes w most fellos haft to buy them weathir they like them or not.

Wild flouwers is considered the most beutifull, the reezin wy they are not so populer beeing bekause they dont cost anything.

In The Religious World

(REVIEW OF SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.)

IS THERE A LIFE AFTER DEATH?

The International Sunday School Lesson for December 6 is "Christ Risen from the Dead."—Mark 16:1-8; Matt. 28:11-15.

(By William T. Ellis.)

No question is more ancient, more insistent, or more profound and important than this one, "If a man die, shall he live again?" To some degree it is certain at some time or other to engage the thought of every mature mind. With the daily dispatches from around fairly reeking with news of bloody deaths by the myriad, the problem is one that thrusts itself inexorably into the consideration of even the frivolous minded and the heedless.

There is surer ground for a conviction of immortality than any I have yet cited; and we shall consider it a few paragraphs later. First, though, we need to remind ourselves of some practical consequences of our belief upon this subject.

If man dies as the dog dies, then the greatest of all inspirations and inhibitors are removed from the realm of morals. It is because man is to live forever that he should live like an immortal here and now. Once grant that this life is all and then we must admit the wisdom of the injunction, "Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die."

The chrim of earth's friendships is the hope of the resurrection, which sacredly anoints them for two worlds. All our highest conceptions of love are bound up with the expectation of a life beyond the grave.

Grounded in the resurrection teaching is the Christian's hope of Christly character and of future glory. "If ye then be risen together with Christ, seek those things which are above." "Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept." "If Christ hath not been raised, then is our preaching vain; your faith also is vain." "If we have only hoped in Christ in this life, we are of all men most miserable."

Light From The Book.

Every day, in every section of the world, there rage arguments about religion. Men cannot be restrained from speculating about this supreme theme.

No aspect of these discussions strikes an observer as more significant than the fact that so often men debate as if there were no authority above their own reason to which appeal might be made. They talk as though historical facts were to be decided by "horse sense"; and as if one man's opinion were as good as another. "In other words, they leave the Bible entirely out of their discussion, and airily put forth their own immature opinions as if they were the last word on the subject. Every reader of these lines has probably heard controversies on the resurrection, without a single appeal to the Bible as historical evidence.

That makes only one of two courses possible. Either the Bible must be discarded utterly, or else it must be accepted as the only scientific and valid evidence available up to the present upon the subject of the resurrection. To reject the teaching of the resurrection is to reject the New Testament; for it is full of the fact and of the implications of the resurrection of Jesus Christ. And apart from this book we have absolutely no other historical evidence of the raising of the dead to life. I take a concordance and follow through the words "raised," "risen," "resurrection," and find one hundred and twenty-three separate references given to resurrection.

When the sorrow of death enters a circle of love, it is not to the barren philosophy of the ancients that we turn for comfort, but to this book of the im-

mortal hope, whose words of sweet assurance are repeated daily over thousands of biers, imparting the light of eternal sunrise to the dark day of grief. As Jesus shared our earthly life and death, so we may share his resurrection life. Paul insists that the disciple is "raised together with Christ," and that they share a common heavenly experience. Not only are we delivered from humanity's oldest fear and commonest experience but we are ushered into a triumphant resurrection glory of life here and now. The everyday spiritual experience of the Christian is linked with the fact of the resurrection of our Lord.

Facing The Facts. As a bit of reporting, or historical writing, the four evangelists did first class work. They were mindful of the facts, first of all. We see this clearly in the resurrection story. First, they present the evidence that He really died—the Jewish usage that the condemned criminal must not remain on the cross over a high sabbath; the spear-thrust of the soldier which brought both water and blood gushing from the Victim's side is sure proof of death; the report of the veteran centurion; the tomb sealed with the seal of Rome and guarded by her legions; the tomb was a new one, with no other body in it, so no room for mistakes remained there.

Then, in all their naive naturalness, the historians relate the appearances of the Lord to the various disciples, the first of whom had come to the tomb expecting to find a dead body, and not a risen Christ.

The verisimilitude of the report that Jesus was three days buried, when He really was only in the tomb from Friday night to Sunday morning, is evidence of the trustworthiness of the narrative. This is the eastern way of writing to this day—to count a part of a day or a year as a whole. So it is on the Assyrian tablets; so it is in the Christian Koreans' account of the length of time they spent in jail. In the light of modern scholarship, with its full knowledge of Oriental usages, any other form of expression on the part of the New Testament writers would have been counted suspicious; they were true to their time and to the facts.

The ten appearances of the risen Christ—eleven counting His appearance to Saul on the Damascus road—the first two were to women.

The first six appearances were in or near Jerusalem, in this order:

To Mary Magdalene, at the sepulchre;

To the women on the way from the sepulchre;

To Simon Peter alone, near Jerusalem; two disciples on the way to Emmaus, near Jerusalem;

To the apostles, except Thomas, at Jerusalem;

To the apostles, with Thomas, a week later, at Jerusalem.

The next three appearances were in Galilee, first to seven fishermen; then to the eleven on a mountain; then to about five hundred brethren at once. The final appearance was at the Ascension, on Mt. Olivet.

Assuming the historical validity of the Bible, and we find that the resurrection is established by many witnesses, and that it is as completely buttressed a fact as any event in ancient history.

There remains one final proof of the resurrection of Jesus Christ, which, in the case of millions of persons, makes all the other evidence unnecessary. That is the fact of personal, present relationship with the living Christ, to whom a long line of martyrs and saints bear testimony, saying with St. Paul, "I know whom I have believed." That relationship is for multitudes more

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Daddy's Bedtime Story

The Christmas Robin and What Became of It.



The Boy Took Him to the House.

"I THOUGHT the robins were all safe and sound in the southland before Christmas, daddy," said Jack when daddy announced the title of the evening story.

"Most of them are," replied daddy, "but once in awhile one gets left behind, and this story is about the robin that was left.

"When Mrs. Robin was ready to go south she called her family around her and gave them much good advice about the journey.

"Daddy Robin had already departed, and her advice to her family was that they should keep close to her and follow her all the way because, of course, she knew the route and they didn't.

"They all nodded their little heads in assent save one little fellow. This one flitted his tail and tossed his head and winked his beady eyes as much as to say that he would do as he pleased.

"For he had been talking with a little English sparrow, and the sparrow had told him all about the delights of a northern Christmas, painting in glowing colors the snowbound hills and the fields of ice.

"And the English sparrow had aroused in the robin's red breast a great desire to remain here and see all this and also to feast upon the crumbs which the sparrow said were so generously thrown to them by the little boy and girl who lived in the brown cottage.

"So when Mamma Robin set out on her journey this flirtatious little fellow stepped behind.

"The weather kept getting colder and colder, and pretty soon the snow began to fall, and dear me, how cold and miserable the poor little robin was!

"He didn't care at all about hopping around in the snow as the English sparrows did, and so he moped in the barn.

"One morning the little boy from the brown cottage was in the barn, and lying upon the floor he saw the robin.

"It was not dead, but very nearly so. The boy took him to the house and wrapped him up in a piece of flannel, and pretty soon, when he was thawed out, the little boy and girl fed him with crumbs.

"Then they found a canary's cage in the attic, and in this cage they pepped Mr. Robin.

"And all through Christmas time he hung in the window all snug and warm and watched the English sparrows hopping around in the snow, and he ate so many crumbs that he grew very, very fat. But that didn't worry him at all. When spring came he told all his friends what a fine Christmas he'd had, for, of course, the boy and girl let him out when spring came."

very first start," laughed Sylvia, "and I am going to the Ginkins property this afternoon—perhaps I can get a hint or two from his gardener."

Thus Sylvia found herself strolling through the mile of country road that separated her small acreage from the immense stretch belonging to the rival Ginkins.

Sylvia's yellow sun bonnet had slipped back from her auburn hair and her cheeks were vivid like a blush rose when she entered the gardens.

The man working there in sunlight looked up and blinked. Always before he had doubted that anything in creation could rival a rose in the bud. So suddenly, with the advent of Sylvia, was his cherished belief shattered that John Lane could only bow in acknowledgment thereof.

Sylvia smiled and her conquest was complete. "I came over to inspect my rival's roses," she said frankly. "I am trying to wrest the prize from Mr. Ginkins'

this year."

A peculiar smile flitted across Lane's face.

"The Ginkins gardeners seem to have magic fingers," he said.

"Couldn't mine please borrow a little?" questioned Sylvia, and held out ten snow white fingers.

She flushed at the expression within the eyes that regarded her hands. "Are you a gardener?" she asked quickly.

Lane let her question remain unanswered and led the way into the hot-house.

"I will let you look for a moment upon the magic flower," he told her laughingly, "but you must not so much as breathe a draught of its fragrance."

Sylvia pouted. "I let people sniff and sniff in my hot-houses," she remarked, "until they are fairly intoxicated with the fragrance."

"You are not growing a prize rose,"

he reminded her. The color flamed into Sylvia's cheeks.

"I have wagered with my father that I will take the prize. Rosevale is the stake—and I do want to win!" she ended appealingly.

"And I have wagered old Ginkins that I can rear as fine a specimen as he did. He has offered me the gardens as they were the last year of the prize. He is tired of the game."

He gazed back at Sylvia and felt friendship hovering over them. "I got tired of Broadway and motoring, so came back to nature and my hobby for a change."

"I feel that we are going to be friends," laughed Sylvia, "even though we are rivals. My reasons for being here are similar to your own."

"I see that I am going to find myself in a rather difficult position," John Lane told himself. To Sylvia he said, "The rivalry will cease to exist the day after the rose show—then we will have a clear road to friendship."

"And in the meantime you will come and see my roses?" questioned Sylvia.

"I will come to see you, and the roses," Lane told her, and a moment later the girl with the yellow sunbonnet was fleeing toward her own little whitewashed dwelling. "I am going to love him," she was singing. "I am going to love him desperately."

"A few weeks later and a day or two before the opening of the rose show Sylvia stood gazing at her beautiful specimen. It was large and plump and fragrant.

"There is only one other more perfect than you," she whispered to the rose, "you will get second prize—and I will lose Rosevale." She turned sadly from the exquisite bloom over which she and Danny had spent many hours.

John Lane stood beside her. He had watched her unobserved.

"You care so much?" he questioned Sylvia.

"More than you have any idea of," she told him with a smile that tried to hide her emotion. "My horticultural pride has suffered. Your rose would take a dozen prizes."

"Yours would take first—if it were not for mine, and yet I tried to infuse some of my gardener's magic into

these." He took her slim fingers within his own and waited for her to look up at him. "Sylvia," he said, "there is only one person to whom I will give my rose, but I must ask for a great big return."

Sylvia's blush answered him and the light swept into John Lane's eyes.

"If you promise to marry me soon—very soon—you may exhibit my rose and win the wager with your father. How do you feel about it?" He spoke lightly but words were not necessary to tell Sylvia how greatly he loved her. "We could live among the roses—always," he persuaded.

"It was soon—very, very soon," the girl said shyly, "you could win your wager with Ginkins and I would still be taking first prize." She looked into his eyes. "Your wife would really be you and my husband would really be me— isn't that right?"

John Lane could only take her in his arms. After a moment he said: "We will go for a special license, bring back a minister and be married here—with roses for witnesses," he told her.

Was it the petals of a rose that brushed against his lips?

CHILD OF SIX IS STOLEN IN NIGHT

Moberly, Mo., Dec. 2.—Orville Beach, Jr., 6 years old, was stolen from his home here early today. His parents were sleeping in an adjoining room and were awakened by a scuffling on the front porch. From the window they saw the child carried into an automobile and driven rapidly away. Both Beach and his wife said today they knew of no enemies nor of anyone with whom they had had trouble.

OTTUMWA MEN LEAVE FOR GAS CONVENTION

A. J. Goss, general manager, and E. A. McCoy, commercial agent for the Ottumwa Gas Co., have gone to Minneapolis where they will attend the annual convention of the National Commercial Gas Association. Both Ottumwa men will remain at the convention until it concludes, returning home the latter part of the week.

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CRESTON MAN GETS FORTUNE

B. F. DIFFENBAUGH COMES IN FOR SHARE OF \$142,875 OF UNCLE'S ESTATE.

Creston, Dec. 3.—According to a dispatch from Perry, Engineer B. F. Diffenbaugh of this city is to receive \$142,875 as his share of the estate of his father's brother, Adam Diffenbaugh, who died three years ago at Sheffield, Ill.

The dispatch states that Mrs. William Reith of Perry, a sister of Mr. Diffenbaugh and a former Creston resident, has received word from Illinois attorneys engaged in settling up the estate, that her share of the fortune will be \$142,875, and that each of her brothers and sisters will receive a like amount. The bulk of the estate which is reported to be in the neighborhood of ten million dollars, will go to the direct descendants of the deceased.

The children of Dan Diffenbaugh, brother of Adam, are John F. Diffenbaugh, of San Diego, Cal.; Joseph C. Diffenbaugh, of Denver, Colo.; B. F. Diffenbaugh of this city; D. H. Diffenbaugh of Salem, Ill.; Mrs. Jennie Mercer of Hawthorne, Cal.; Mrs. T. E. Sigler of Altoona, Pa., and Mrs. William Reith of Perry. All get equal amounts from the estate.

The children of Mrs. Sigler all are former residents of Creston and have a great many friends in this city.

Mr. Diffenbaugh has not yet received any word from the attorneys who are settling the estate, but states that in all probability the report from Perry is true, as he knows that his uncle had vast possessions of valuable coal lands in the rich southern Illinois fields. He refuses to count his chickens before they hatch, but declares that there will be one first class job open in the engine service of the local division of the Burlington if he receives a draft for \$142,875, or any considerable portion of that amount. He has been busy all afternoon receiving the congratulations of his many friends in the city.

WEST POINT.

Mrs. Theo Cloud passed away at her home in Pleasant Ridge township Nov. 23, 1914, at 10:30 p. m. Death was due to tuberculosis from which she has suffered the past year. Mrs. Cloud was born in Ohio June 22, 1860 and came to Lee county when a young girl. She was married to Theo Cloud in 1879. Deceased is survived by her husband and eight children, Chas. D., Eugene, William and Orville, Mrs. Elsie Ordorff of Donnellson, Mrs. Leota Jackson of Henry county, Mrs. Alma Loeffers of Burlington and Miss Fay at home. She is also survived by two brothers, Ace Donnelly of Pleasant Ridge and George Donnelly of Rock, Kansas, five sisters, Mrs. A. T. Cline of Oklahoma City, Mrs. Wm. Bird of Fort Madison, Mrs. Chas. Maps of West Point, Mrs. Sherley Windsor and Miss Della Donnelly of Keokuk. Funeral services were held at Women's Corner church Wednesday afternoon conducted by Rev. C. E. Ward. A large assembly of friends attended the services showing the love and esteem in which she was held.

Miss Estelle Fern Jarvis and Ray Robert Rank were married at high noon Tuesday Nov. 24 at the M. E. parsonage at Fort Madison, Rev. J. E. Newsom officiating. They were accompanied by W. T. Rank, a brother of the groom and Miss Mabel McCoy. They departed immediately for a visit at Holdridge, Kansas, after which they will make their home near West Point. Those from West Point who attended the wedding were Mr. Sol Jarvis, mother of the bride, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Rank, parents of the groom, Mr. and Mrs. John Jarvis and Reuben Jarvis.

Miss Della Wirsig of Donnellson is visiting at the home of her brother Dr. A. E. Wirsig and family.

Mrs. Frank Panther and children departed Tuesday for a visit at Burlington.

Miss Lillian Weisberger who held the position as trimmer at Brink's department store the past season has returned to her home at Keosauqua.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Entler and Mrs. J. Kreibitz were visitors at Burlington Monday.

Mrs. Wm. Bird and daughter and Mrs. O. M. Walter, both of Fort Madison attended the funeral of Mrs. Theo Cloud Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Rump and daughter of Fremont, Neb., and Mr. and Mrs. George Otte of Ottumwa are spending the week at the John Rump home.

Jos. Spiekemeier of Sheldon, N. D.

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