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THE SOLID SOUTH.

It is permissible for a politician to denounce the "Wall Street crowd"; it is not reasonable to deplore the alleged selfishness of the protectionist New England, a speaker can charge the middle Atlantic states with being opposed to interests fostered by the agricultural sections and live to tell the tale, but when the implications are made that "the solid south" is in the saddle, the democratic politicians arise in their anger and cry "sectionalism" and "waving the bloody shirt" and such like.

It is not in good taste for the democrats to raise a howl over charges of sectionalism. The "solid south" is the best answer to any denial the democrats might make to the charge that their party is a sectional party. For fifty years the south has been democratic. The section of that section is conceded. The election after election, to the democratic candidate. With one or two exceptions — just enough to prove the rule — the republicans might just as well keep out of even the state politics, so little chance have they of winning down there. So, the solid south has ever been against republicanism.

President Wilson very recently claimed that the democratic party has lived because it is the people's party. In that statement, the president is not giving the real dependable asset of the democratic party. The democratic party has lived solely because it had the solid south. The states down there alone have kept the party from dropping into oblivion.

If it is not true that the solid south will vote democratic, willy-nilly, then why is it that the campaigners of neither party go there? If the south were a reasonable, would not the republicans go there in the hope of winning electoral votes and would not President Wilson go or send emissaries to retain electoral votes? Yet we know that years have taught the uselessness of a republican campaigner going into the solid south. And the democrats recognize the south is not a debatable ground, for they do not send their campaigners there. It is not necessary. The section is impregnable as far as republicanism is concerned. It furnishes the party with most of its leaders and most of its issues. For half a century the democratic leaders have known that no matter who the democrats nominated for president, he was sure of the vote of the "solid south."

The north, on the other hand presents the debatable ground. Only one state in the nation outside of some eleven or twelve states can point to a presidential election. Little Vermont has always sided with republicanism, but even that state has had host campaigns and numerous times the democrats expected to win. They always had a chance.

There is no state outside of the solid south, but what has changed its affiliation from time to time according to the issues of the day. Furthermore, there is nothing to show that sectionalism has ever prevailed among the northern states. They have voted in accord with their own ideas, but never has there been anything to indicate a "solid north."

The solid south has a perfect right to vote the way it wants to. It has voted solid for fifty years and it will not be treason for it to vote that way for another fifty years. The democrats have a great right to vote that way, but sectionalism does guide them and it is not treason so to charge. Therefore it is mighty bad taste for the president to fly off the handle when the statement is made that the south is in the saddle or that sectionalism holds sway.

WHAT A LOW TARIFF DID.

In his recent speech at Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Col. Theodore Roosevelt answered the claim of the administration that it produced prosperity in this country. The colonel cited conditions prior to the European war to prove his contention that in normal times, the free trade tendencies of the administration were ruinous. He said in part:

I ask you to look back only two short years. Mr. Wilson was inaugurated as president three years ago last spring. He and his party immediately passed a low tariff law. Under that government receipts fell off so alarmingly that there was a great deficit which had to be met by a special tax. This was later called a war tax; but it was not due to the war at all; the decrease in receipts was due to the war. As some one pointed out at the time, Canada had a war with no tax. It was purely a deficiency tax. During the first eighteen months of this administration the national business went to pieces, the sidings on the railroads were jammed with empty cars and the number of unemployed in every great industry grew to appalling dimensions. I speak here of what I personally know; for less than two years ago I had to take an active part in

The Growing West

—FLOODING THE DESERT.

By Frederic J. Haskin

Engle, New Mexico, Oct. 24.—Uncle Sam formally announces the completion of the biggest reservoir in the world—a lake forty miles long dammed back by a structure that fattens the pyramids of Egypt. Lava canyons that have been dry since the seventh day of creation are drowned under sixty feet of cool green water. Little villages thirty miles from the scene of operations, villages that have been getting their water in barrels, are seriously considering whether they ought to invest in row boats. An old deserted fort, up a side canyon that was long a synonym for utter dryness has become a fine place to fish.

All these changes, and a few score of others much more important economically, have been brought about by the building of the Elephant Butte dam twelve miles from here. The reclamation service has been laboring away at the monster for five years, undisturbed by war, strikes or politics. The service built a railroad and a city as incidental details of construction. Now the work is done and hauled away. The railroad will soon travel the same path. The dam remains and will remain for the next few hundred years.

The more familiar you are with this part of the country, the more unbelievable seems the feat that has been accomplished. From the Black range to the westward to the barren spurs of the White mountains to the east, lies one of the driest stretches of earth in the world. It is a land of yucca, cactus and greasewood of shallow, muddy water holes trampled into a brown soup by the hoofs of eager cattle, a land of rattlesnakes, prairie dogs and cawing crows. The old Mexican name for the eastern miles of the valley is La Jornada del Muerto—the journey of death. Now scores of the lava hills are turned into islands, long arms of the new sea wind back like the fords of Norway in what were once barren gullies, and you could sail a steamer where cattle died of thirst.

The country hereabouts is chiefly made up of rolling stony hills two or three hundred feet high, intersected by steep gullies. On this account the lake created by the new dam is not a single sheet of water as most artificial lakes are, but a winding thin of crooked narrow arms reaching up between the hills like a great green web. The water reservoir, and where the plainman at this season would expect to find only a sun baked bog between two hill crests there is forty feet of water. Indeed, an old timer who glimpsed one of these new desert fords as he crossed the valley would surely take it for a mirage and never turn aside to investigate.

The huge arid dam itself is dwarfed by the gray hills around it. Cunningly placed so that its flood gates back up the river waters and floods the canyons for a score of miles above, it nevertheless like nothing but a spur of the hills on either side, flung across the narrow valley between. You have to stand on its crest to appreciate the size of it. Shaped like a wedge with the narrow edge uppermost and the broad base buried beneath the waters and the sands of the river bed, reaching deep into bed rock below, there is easily room for two automobiles to pass between the two six foot parapets on either end that form the top. From one end to the other it is a pleasant five minutes' walk, with a view to the northward that would startle the original inhabitants of New Mexico.

On the upstream side the gauges show today a little more than a hundred feet of water. This upstream side of the masonry is perpendicular, dropping sheer another hundred feet or so to water level. The lake by its long way from being filled yet, and it will take the Rio Grande several years to complete its share of the content. The waters are of a clear green, contrary to the habit of southwestern rivers, which are usually a rich chocolate. The heavy sediment brought down from above is deposited by the waters in standing; eventually the disposition of this sediment will be another problem for the government engineers to solve. The result, however, is at least almost as clear as a tropic ocean; from the height of the dam crest you can see schools of great eels and catfish, some of them two feet long, swimming about lazily twenty feet below the surface. Their size is something of a mystery, for the catfish native to the river is a modest individual rarely larger than six or eight inches, and no fish have been introduced. Evidently the natives have thriven in their new quarters.

It is not possible to form an adequate idea of the dimensions of this man made ocean from any one point, because so much of the imprisoned water is backed up in invisible side canyons. From the dam itself you can hardly tell which way the course of the river lies. From the east, the west and the north stretch the deep narrow arms of water where the rising river has filled the tributary valleys as well as the main river valley. Elephant Butte, a sheer pile of brown lava in whose outlines the lively imagination can trace some faint resemblance to an elephant's head, has been turned into an island by the rising flood. Other isolated hills and hillocks, some of them miles above the dam, can be seen faintly in the clear air as though floating in the water that surrounds them. Far across the dry "mal pais" as the Mexicans call these "bad lands" you can see the site of old Ft. McRay, which an invisible fish of the reservoir has turned into a fish-bone. You cannot see at all you know that the same green tide has entered and flooded the canyons, here spreading out into a broad lake, there breaking out into winding arms, with the crests of the ridges left as peninsulas and islands.

The flooding and filling part of the program is far from being completely carried out. It will take several years before the lake has attained its full magnitude. A mile from the main concrete dam there is a lesser dam built of earth and stone. It can stand for a very respectable piece of engineering on its own account. Its top is broad enough for an auto road, and it slopes fifty or sixty yards downward to its base—a slope that is faced smoothly as a table with broken stone well beaten down. This dam blocks a perfectly dry side canyon. The water is not even water in sight from its crest today. But when the big lake is full the side canyon will be flooded and the water will have risen within twenty yards of the crest of this secondary dam.

The main dam looks like a solid block of gray concrete, but as a matter of fact it is riddled with galleries and passages. You can climb down a shaft and explore its entrails and here for the first time you appreciate the enormous size of this man built thing. Endless passages stretch here and downward to other levels and similar passages. A sloping flight of narrow concrete steps dip downward for thirty feet, strikes a ten foot level landing, then dips downward again. This process is repeated over and over, until you begin to think that the stairs will go on to China. As you go deeper the walls become damper and you are conscious of a change in the air pressure under the Hudson. You pass tunnels under there little chambers hollowed out where stand polished valves and gauges, winking in the electric lights. At the bottom you are a hundred feet or so below the water level a few feet to the northward. All that stands between you and the pressure of half a billion gallons of penned water is a bit of shrewdly calculated concrete masonry.

The whole structure is faintly but incessantly shaken by a fine vibration, due to the rush of what water is admitted to flow through the penstocks to the turbine power plant. You can feel the vibration by laying a hand on the dam wall. It is comforting to reflect that the strain on the dam has been carefully calculated by men who know their business.

On the downstream side, at the base, a passage leads outward to a little power house perched on the side of the concrete wall, whose wall and floor are continually damp with spray flung up forty feet by the waters rushing through the turbine. Here a fraction of the available power is utilized for local needs. Six great round passages, each large enough for a man to walk upright, pierce the dam by the power house. They are dry today, but eventually the waters released through them will furnish electric power to the water users for hundreds of miles below, perhaps to the city of El Paso. It is just as difficult to visualize the chance that the dam will work below its site as it is to visualize the long lake that will eventually reach for forty-five miles above. The whole flow of the Rio Grande will be controlled from here, and the floods that storm down in the spring will be held and released as needed in the dry summer. Far down a distance of more than a hundred miles, the face of the land will be transformed. The formal dedication marked the completion of one of Uncle Sam's biggest jobs.

The suffering was widespread throughout this country. Suddenly the war came. At one stroke this country was granted a measure of protection greater than any it had ever received under any tariff in its history. Moreover, the demand for munitions of war was stimulated to such an enormous degree as to completely reverse trade conditions. For example, comparing the fiscal years ending June 30, 1914, and June 30, 1916, that is, the year before the war and the year that has just elapsed, the losses in ordinary exports during the last year compared to the former, were over two hundred million dollars, whereas there was a gain in exports of war material of nearly two billion dollars. If it were not for these artificial conditions, the suffering from unemployment in this country at this time would be far greater. In 1914, and we would have seen two or three years of an industrial crisis at least as bad as any we have ever known in our history. The present stimulus is artificial. It will cease with the war, and the suffering will be as bad as it was before. Mr. Wilson can't be blamed for anything. He will do his best to avoid some suffering anyhow. Mr. Wilson can't be blamed for anything. He will do his best to avoid some suffering anyhow.

AN UNTRUTHFUL WITNESS.

The democratic national committee has issued a bulletin in which it says: "The democratic tariff brings the greatest trade balance gain in U. S. history." It has been proven time and time again by government export records that the change in balance of trade is due entirely to the war in Europe. Admistration officials at first tried to evade the question, but finally were driven to admit the fact. Nevertheless, the democratic national committee, in beginning its campaign, asserts that the change for the better in foreign trade was brought about by the democratic tariff. Every judge who instructs a jury gives the instruction in every case that if a witness be found untruthful in one respect, his testimony is to be regarded with suspicion in every other respect. How, then, can the democratic campaign managers expect unbiased American voters to give any credence to their statements and arguments? Henceforth—Augusta (Me.) Kennebec Journal.

It is said that the democratic administration of Missouri has bankrupted the state and that Missouri is paying eight per cent for money with which to conduct the state's business. Gov. Majors must be trying to run the state of Missouri by the same financial system that the Wilson administration is using to run the federal government.

How will the historians explain to future generations that our army is in Mexico, fighting, while Mexicans are invading the United States, killing our citizens, and still show that we are at peace with Mexico?

This is not the time of the year to visit public parks, but it is the time to lay plans for obtaining a public park for Ottumwa next year. And there is considerable effort being made along that line.

That platform of the state democratic organization says: "We commend the attitude of our candidate for governor on the liquor question." Which attitude, that of 1914 or of 1916?

Everyone who expects to vote in this city on Nov. 7, will have to register. Be sure you do so Thursday, Friday or Saturday. Attend to it Thursday. Then it will be done.

The Skourney Review, a democratic paper, says: "Congressman Ramsayer was here last week. He thinks he is going to be reelected and we think so, too." Which attitude, that of 1914 or of 1916?

With the prices of food and clothing going up every few days there is certainly reason to complain about the high-cost-of-Wilson.

The single tax idea is to make the land pay all the taxes. Do the farmers want that?

Beware of the man who plays any game with a winning smile.

Evening Story

THE PROFESSOR'S PROPOSAL.

By J. Lendrum King.

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A vague, indefinable air of depression, quite out of keeping with the usual vivacious repartee, hung over the dinner table at which were seated Helena Rider, her son, Herman, and Professor Claymore, their guest since the sudden death of her father, a month previous. Mrs. Rider seemed to be studying the others, for her gaze wandered from one face to the other. The professor's attention seemed centered upon his cigar. Leonore played with her dessert, tasting bit not eating it.

The professor cleared his throat and for the third time during the meal he said: "Seven o'clock. The train is leaving for the girl on what train she was leaving. Her answer was invariably "Seven o'clock." The professor coughed and rising, went to the library to finish his cigar alone. Leonore looked up to find Mrs. Rider regarding her intently.

"Child, why don't you put off going until next week?" asked the elderly woman, laying a kindly hand on the girl's arm.

"You are so kind, Mrs. Rider," answered the girl, "and I don't want to go to Aunt Elmer's, but really I cannot postpone upon you any longer."

The old lady patted her arm reassuringly. "This is your home as long as you want to make it such," she said. "Your mother and I were fast friends, and her daughter is my friend, too. Besides I must confess to being a little selfish. I want you for myself. You make an old woman very happy."

Together they rose for the table to join Herman in the library. Mrs. Rider put her arm about the shoulders of the girl, drawing her close to her. Suddenly she put her lips close to her ear.

"I wish you were my daughter, child she whispered. "I never had one. If only Herman— She stopped suddenly, her eyes upon the crimson face beside her.

Herman switched on the lights as they entered and pulled forward a chair for his mother. They sat silent, all thinking of the one thing that Leonore was about to leave them. She had been with them but a short time, but she had brought a marked change in the home. She had brought a cheerfulness to them that hitherto mother and son had never known.

ing to do," she said, and left the room hastily.

"I wish she would stay," said Mrs. Rider when she was out of hearing. "So do I," seconded the professor. "Can't you induce her to remain?" "No, she seems to think that she should go," answered his mother, dolefully. "You know, her father before his death, arranged that she should live with her aunt, and of course, the aunt is very anxious to have her. I have a suspicion that she means to marry her to that worthless son of hers. He is willing, if only to get the shame to have that happen."

He sighed deeply, but did not speak. "I wish you would marry her, Herman," she continued hesitatingly. "She is the only girl I know whom I would like to have for a daughter."

A hopeless smile flitted across the young man's face. "I would be willing, mother," he answered, "but I am not the sort of a man a girl like that marries. She is young and full of life, while I am almost an old man already at least, in my way of living. It would be something like hitching a trotter up with a draft horse."

"You are only five years older than she is," returned the mother stoutly, "and I believe she would like you if you would ask her. She blushes when I speak of you."

"Mother! You haven't ever suggested it, have you?" he asked with a horrified look. "No—but I believe she would." "I—shouldn't know how to ask her. I'm going to send her down here," decided the mother suddenly. "You just ask her," and she was mounting the stairs before he could remonstrate. It was but a few minutes until he heard the girl coming slowly down, hesitating in the doorway.

"Why—why, no," he stammered, utterly confused. "That is—won't you sit down?" "He pushed a chair forward and the girl sank into it. "Your mother said you wanted me," she said.

"I do," he answered, boldly making the change and then feeling his courage deserting him. "I am awfully sorry you are going away," he continued lamely, unable to think of anything else he could trust himself to say.

"Are you?" she returned simply. "I—I know we haven't made it very pleasant for you here," he temporized. "We—we aren't very lively, I suppose." "Oh, that is just what I have liked about it. It is all so quiet and homelike."

"Why do you have to go?" he questioned. "I can't stay here all the time." "Not if you had a reason to?" "But I have no reason."

He felt that the case was becoming desperate. She looked him off at every step. He made. He wondered what her proper procedure was. Should he get down on his knees and ask her to marry him forthwith? That would not like that, he felt sure. That would be too theatrical. He might just go over and take her in his arms, but that would frighten her. Truly it was a trying situation. He began to regret that he had never had any experience in love making.

"Leonore, I—listen Leonore," he began again, trying to speak evenly. "I—I want you to stay. We need you here, mother and I. She needs some young person with her, some one to talk to and to keep her mind diverted, some one to—make this a real home."

"Really, Herman, I—I can't stay any longer," she reiterated. "But we both want you to stay," he persisted. "That gives you a right to whom—she would feel lonely without you. Your aunt doesn't need you. Won't you stay?"

The girl considered the question a minute in silence. "No, Herman," she said at length. "It really wouldn't be right for me to stay any longer. I couldn't live here all the time, anyway. People might talk."

"Talk," he repeated, mystified. "What for?" Then suddenly her meaning dawned upon him. "That—that is what I mean, Leonore," he said quickly. "I don't want anybody to have a right to talk."

"Why—why Herman? I don't understand you," she said, rising. "What do you mean?" "I love you, Leonore. I want you to marry me," he said, grown suddenly brave, taking her in his arms. "I—I don't want you to marry me, too," he clinched the argument. "Will you stay now?"

"Yes," she said. "I'll marry you for your—your—mother's sake."

THE JOAKER. Pomey Lu Skippy Martin. "On behind, mister! On behind! Some kid is stealing a ride!" The huckster looked, but no one was there. Proving somebody had lied.

Children's Evening Story

UNCLE WIGGLY AND THE ELEPHANT.

Uncle Wiggly didn't sleep very well at the hedgehog's house that night, and the reason for it was this: You see they didn't have many beds there, and first the rabbit gentleman lay down with the smallest little porcupine boy in his bed.

"Oh, dear!" cried Uncle Wiggly. "I think I'll have to go and sleep with your brother Jimmie."

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"Because if you do," replied the rabbit, "I will have to get a pair of rubber boots, in which to wade out to see you."

"I'll try to stop," said the big animal, but instead, he cried harder than before, boo-hooing and hoo-hooing, until you would have thought it was raining, and Uncle Wiggly wished he had an umbrella.

"Why, whatever is the matter?" asked the rabbit.

"Oh, I stepped on a tack," answered the elephant, "and it is sticking in my foot. I can't walk and I can't dance and I can't get back to the circus. Oh, dear me, suz-dud and a red balloon! Oh, how miserable I am!"

"Too bad," said Uncle Wiggly. "Was it a large tack that you stepped on?"

"Was it?" asked the elephant, sort of painful-like. "Why, it feels as big as a dishpan in my foot. Here you look, and perhaps you can pull it out."

He raised up one of his big feet, which were about as large as a wash-tub full of clothes, on Monday morning, and he held it out to Uncle Wiggly.

"Why, I can't see anything here," said the rabbit, looking at the big foot through his spectacles.

"Oh, dear! It's there all right!" cried the elephant. "It feels like two wash-tubs now," and he began to cry some more.

"Here! Hold on, if you please!" shouted Uncle Wiggly. "I'll have to make a boat, if you keep on shedding so many tears, for there will be a lake here. Wait, I'll look once more."

So he looked again, and this time he saw just the little, tiniest, baby-tack you can imagine—about the size of a pinhead—sticking in the elephant's foot.

"Wait! I have it! Was this it?" suddenly asked the rabbit, as he took hold of the tack and pulled it out.

"That's it!" exclaimed the elephant, waving his trunk. "It's out! Oh, how much better I feel. Whoop-de-doodle-do!" and then he felt so fine that he began to dance. Then, all of a sudden, he began to cry once more.

"Why, what in the world is the matter now?" asked Uncle Wiggly, watching he had a pall, so that he might catch the elephant's salty tears.

"Oh, I feel so happy that I can't help crying because my pain is gone," exclaimed the big creature. Then he cried about forty-seven bushels of tears, and a milk bottle full besides, and there was a little pond around him, and Uncle Wiggly was in it, to his neck.

Then all of a sudden, in came swimming the alligator, right toward the rabbit.

"Ah, now I'll get you!" cried the skilley-scallery sea monster. "No, no!" shouted the elephant. "Uncle Wiggly is my friend! So he put his trunk down in the water and sucked it all up, and then he squirted it over the trees. That let the alligator on dry land, and then the elephant grabbed the alligator up in his strong trunk, and tossed him into the briar bushes, scallery-allery tail and all, and the alligator crawled away after a while.

So that's how Uncle Wiggly was saved from the alligator by the crying elephant, and the rabbit and elephant traveled on together for some days. Now, as I see the sand man coming, I must stop.

Dinner Stories

A Salvation Army lassie was selling the War Cry at a railway station. One smart young Aleck thought to have a discreet lay in the fact that his telegram was reproduced on a later form of the Western Union blank. The reason is too plain. After printing a front page broadside about the "forgery" it did not suit the opponents of Harding to explain the truth, that it was not a forgery at all, that it was simply the use of a different kind of telegraph blank. The fact that the editor of the Sioux City Tribune wired his legislator to work against the five mile limit bill was the point to be brought out, and was the basis of the whole argument. There was no "forgery" at all, simply the use of a different kind of blank in reproduction.

Sifted down to brass tacks the daily explosions against Mr. Harding resolve themselves into mist like the above. Truly he has been tested, as by fire, for the whole summer long, and has come out of the crucible somewhat hardened, but still unshaken. The end of this campaign of vilification and abuse will be a good round endorsement of Harding at the polls. This is the people's usual answer to unfair and dirty methods of attack.

Lumbago and Pains in the Back. At the first twinge of pain in the back apply Sloan's Liniment—relief comes at once. Only 25c.

GRINNELL SONGS MADE INTO BOOK Grinnell, Oct. 25.—A book containing nothing but Grinnell songs is being compiled by the local school of music and will be ready for distribution before the Christmas recess.

The first edition will contain all of the songs which have originated in Grinnell or which have become an inherent part of the college music. Already a list of over thirty have been collected and more will be added. Most of these have the music written by local musicians and so are of especial value on that account.

Many old songs unknown to present students such as "The Scarlet and Black," and "Grinnell Doxology" by Stephen Herrick of the class of 1855 are included in the book, while the more recent, "Sons of Old Grinnell" and "Hymn to the Quadrangle" are of course among the number to be published in the book.

How to Cure Coughs and Colds. Keep out of drafts, avoid exposure, Eat and live right and take Dr. King's New Discovery in use over 40 years. Guaranteed.

PRESS COMMENT

DISINGENUOUSNESS. Boone News Republican.—The News Republican would not attempt to expose all the tricks of politics which are being employed against W. L. Harding. One of the charges against him is that he is disingenuous. A newspaper that makes this charge should itself be above suspicion. Why then did not the supporters of Mere-