



Oklahoma comes to the front this season with thirty-six peaches which make a full bushel. Next.

A friend set out a soft maple tree and a white elm last June after the trees were in full leaf and made them live. Usually they die when moved so late in the season.

If the orchard is large the sheep and the pigs may be used to advantage as temporary foragers, but under no circumstances should they be fed in the orchard or be allowed to use it as a yard.

There is a plethora of good things this fall—too many vegetables, too much fruit, the choicest plums and apples rotting under the trees, fifteen big potatoes in every hill, the lazy man without a garden able to live on the fat of the land without cost. Have such a year once in awhile, but fortunately not often.

It seems odd, but it is a fact, that the finest apples in the world are raised in the Pecos valley, in New Mexico. Here elevation offsets latitude, and at a height of 6,000 feet above sea level climate, coupled with irrigation, produces conditions for the growing of a perfect apple. The product of the orchards there is all bought up for export.

A very important fact has recently developed in connection with the growing of macaroni wheat in the dry northwest. In a season when other varieties of wheat have been most severely injured by rust the macaroni wheat has proved itself absolutely rust proof and is showing up at the machines with large yields of fine grain.

And now the ladies have another fad in headgear, and fortunately this time a harmless one. The new style is to decorate the hat with real bugs of various kinds, horned, crawling, scaly and creepy things, dead, of course, but still very lifelike. Now, if they would only include mice as a decorative material we should have no objection to new hats every thirty days.

An eastern editor laments the disappearance of the applejack still and criticizes the very poor quality of the rum which has taken the place of the applejack. This lament is unnecessary, for as an active disturber of the public peace, as a promoter of rural pug-naciousness, as a stimulant for wife lapping and raising the devil generally, few liquid concoctions possess the activity and vigor of old fashioned applejack.

The pasture fence if built of wire, as most fences are, should have the wires properly grounded as protection to stock against the electric current. Cattle have a tendency to bunch near to fences during a storm, making them easy victims of the bolt which, falling half a mile away, may be carried with sufficient voltage on the fence wires to do much damage. Place a wire attached to the fence wires down in the earth about four feet every thirty rods on the line of fence and the danger is overcome.

What are termed forest conditions must be observed if success is expected in the growing of trees. These consist in a soil well supplied with humus, the absence of grass, the coating of decaying leaves and twigs thus conserving the moisture so essential to the well being of the trees. When the trees are so much trimmed out that the sunlight finds its way to the earth under them, then comes the grass, and with the grass come the cattle, and in a very short time forest conditions are destroyed and the trees die.

A friend bragging about the corn crop in his locality made the statement that every stalk had two ears on it. We asked him to apply a little mathematics to his statement. Thus, given an acre of corn with just one stalk in each hill and just one good ear on each stalk, the yield would be 37 bushels; put two ears on each stalk and we have 75 bushels. Allow an average stand of two and a half stalks to the hill, two ears on a stalk, and we have 187 bushels per acre. When the problem was worked out our friend concluded that he had been talking through his hat.

On a recent extended trip through the best part of the northwest we saw over a million acres of badly abused land—land which was half farmed, land which needed draining, needed clover and rest, needed fertilizing, land which with decent treatment would produce the finest crops in the world, but which, maltreated as it is, does not pay one-half of 1 per cent upon its real value—too many acres, too many weeds and too few men, men trying to spread their work over 200 acres when they could make more clean money working a forty. This thing is the great agricultural plague of the west.

A Nebraska man thinks he has struck a snap. He buys alfalfa hay at \$5 per ton, grinds it fine, mixes some beet sugar sirup with it and sells it at \$20 per ton. It is a good ration, but whether profitable to use or not is not yet determined.

Oklahoma is a great country. Must be, for every man who lives there says so. And some of these fellows send out some pretty tall yarns, a late story of this sort telling to the effect that a single melon vine produced this year 400 pounds of watermelon.

A field of wheat sowed with northern grown seed in Iowa this year produced twenty-five bushels per acre, while a field grown under exactly similar conditions on the same farm, but sowed with home grown seed, returned only sixteen bushels per acre. There is a moral to this story.

In 1825 the lucifer match was unknown. The flint and steel were then the source of fire. Thus back logs were a feature of all fireplaces, holding a perpetual supply of fire on the domestic altar. The universal habit of smoking which now prevails would have been impossible under the old conditions.

We note that for a few weeks in mid-summer many of our common birds seem to disappear for a time, having raised their broods, but they have not migrated in the sense that they have moved entirely away, for along in September many of them are with us again. Just where they betake themselves during the dog days we do not know.

No better proof that an earlier maturing type of corn for the northerly portion of the corn belt is needed than is in evidence this year. A vast acreage of corn planted by May 5 and having up to Sept. 5 had 120 days of grace is still far from mature and the possible victim of an early September frost. A small sound ear of corn is always worth more than a large soft one.

An electric arc light on a hot summer night will disclose a wonderful assortment of night flying insect life—bugs, beetles and moths of infinite variety. The bats have quickly learned that in the vicinity of these lights is to be found a rare feeding ground, and it is interesting to watch these winged mice as they swoop down on and through the swarming brood of insect life.

A friend cleaned out his henhouse last spring and dumped the contents—five or six wheelbarrow loads—around the base of a fine, thrifty apple tree in his yard. The tree is now dying. This kind of fertilizer is absolute death to plant and tree when so applied. While very valuable, it still must be used very sparingly and is best when mixed with four times its bulk of barnyard fertilizer or other compost.

A railway in Kansas in 1884 planted 400 acres of Kansas land with catalpas for future use as ties and telegraph poles. The tract has been carefully tended at a total cost to date of \$124,500 per acre. The timber on this tract is valued by the company at \$391.21 per acre, showing at even 6 per cent compound interest a net profit of \$131.19 per acre, while the value of the tract increases now in almost a geometrical ratio. The railway corporations in this have set the average land owner a most valuable object lesson.

It is all tomfoolery to raise a nice lot of shotes up to September and then go deliberately to work to kill them all off by stuffing them with new corn, but scores of pretty good farmers do this very thing every year and somehow seem as if they could never learn wisdom by experience. This new corn ration fed alone is a miserably balanced one, and such corn should never form to exceed one-fourth of the ration fed the young pigs. Farmers feed this new corn and then charge the results to cholera and Providence.

Every little while one reads some article deploring the cruelty of killing dogs for use as food for our imported savages or where the officials make way with them when found ownerless and unlicensed in our cities. Yet these same people will eat mutton, veal and chicken and never once voice a protest against the cruel and bloody butcher who takes innocent life in order to supply their wants. It is no more cruel to kill a dog than a sheep, a fat poodle than a fat lamb, and quite often the greater service is rendered to the public in the dog killing.

A blue grass pasture makes a good return when it is properly used. Twenty acres carrying twenty steers gave a gain in meat weight of 247 pounds per head, which at 5 cents per pound amounted to \$12.35 per acre for just two months' pasture during May and June, and there was easily four months' pasture to be had from the land during the year after that. When it is considered that no expense was incurred for this crop it shows up better than most of our cultivated crops in the matter of net profit.

A friend recently got rid of a \$5,000 mortgage which worked overtime nights and Sundays, a hired man and a whole lot of fret and worry by selling one-half of his 200 acre farm. He is now out of debt, has a balance to his credit at the local bank, peace and contentment have come to the wife and boys, and for the first time in a good many years he is really enjoying life. When he gets hold of a dollar now it belongs to him. Nothing would induce him to go back to the old way. Maybe there is a suggestion in this item for some of our readers.

SEED CORN.
There are many ways of selecting seed corn, the poorest being that of going to the crib when planting time comes and trying to pick out the seed. Where one does not need over five or six bushels of seed the best way we have found is to take a sack and go through the field in September after the corn is well hardened, selecting the best ears. It is worth something to know what kind of a stalk the corn grew on, to note its time of maturity and to partially judge of its productiveness. Seed corn so selected, tied by the husks two and two, hung in a dry shed to ripen fully and then put in some dry loft or even cellar where frost will not touch it is pretty sure to have every kernel grow the next spring. Some men select the seed when husking and keep it in an oat bin or else in some chamber in the house, which last always makes the woman grouchy, the spare room in the average house always being wanted by the good wife to store things in which are too good to burn up or give away and still not worth house room. One friend of ours always lets his wife select the seed corn, and he always has good seed which grows.

MAKING A NEW ACRE.
Hundreds of men could make a new acre of land right on their own farms if they would. It may be that old and unproductive slough, the heaven of ducks, frogs and skeeters. Suppose you see if it cannot be drained, and then you grow eighty bushels of corn on it next year. Or it may be that worthless and unproductive strip which borders all the fences on the farm, that breeder of weeds and harbinger of vermin. Why not sow this into timothy, so that it may be mowed clean every year? Or it may be that hill acre, washed and rutted with storm and frost until the bare ribs of the soil are sticking out as in the case of a starved old horse. Get forty loads of manure up there and seed it down and never plow it up again. It's easy on many farms to make a new acre of land, and when made it is worth \$100 and will ever after pay you a 10 per cent dividend.

THE SOUTH AND THE CORN CROP.
We are asked why the south does not raise the corn which it needs, but so largely depends upon the north for a supply. There are several reasons. South of a line drawn through central Missouri, notwithstanding there are to be found abundant heat and moisture, corn does not do as well as in southern Minnesota and South Dakota. The plant grows tall—very tall, ten to fifteen feet high—but when it comes to making ears the five foot corn of the north country beats it all to pieces. The average crop of corn in the southern states is but little over one-third that of the northern states. Another thing—because of the excessive heat and humidity of the south country it is extremely difficult to keep the corn from spoiling after it is raised, while the principal reason is that the land put into cotton instead of corn will bring in twice as much return.

OUR HEATED TERM.
Many of the common products of even the north country are almost semitropical in their character, and we are able to successfully grow them solely because the summers of interior North America bring about sixty days during the season of tropical heat. All varieties of our corn, the vines, such as squash, pumpkin, melon and cucumber; tomatoes, peppers, eggplants and many other things can make no headway unless insured a period of temperature of 80 degrees and over. Four days of 65 degree temperature will keep corn standing still, while twenty-four hours of 90 degree weather will make it shoot four inches. Thus England, with its equable climate and mild winter, can grow none of the things named in the open air because it lacks this brief period of tropical temperature.

A LAW TO BE NOTED.
In a wild state all animal and bird life is subject to the unrestricted operation of that natural law which provides that the best of the species shall be the progenitors of such species. Such animal and bird life when domesticated and placed under the control of man is mostly removed from the operation of this law, and the selection of breeding animals and birds is left to the caprice or the intelligence of man, as the case may be. It thus comes that unless man, recognizing this fact, gives careful attention to the selection of the best any breed or type will rapidly deteriorate on his hands. The sexual combats between the males of all wild life absolutely prevent the weak, the deformed and the infirm from ever being the sires of the increase in it.

TWO BOYS.
Here is a boy, a whole lot of him, who during the four months' summer vacation has just had a good time swimming, fishing and playing; and here is another boy who has tried to do something, earn a little money here and there, and he has had plenty of fun also, but he is ahead of the other boy in that he has \$40 in the bank as a result of his work. Now the happy go lucky crowd of the future, the fellows who will always be poor, will come out of that first lot of boys, while the future bank president, successful merchant and big farmer will be of the few boys who value their time and improve it; always has been that way and always will be.

Student of History.
"About the first book I ever read of any importance," said Judge Smith the other day, when asked about his early reading, "was Charles Dickens' 'Child's History of England.' And I may say," he added, "that while I have read many

IDEAL HOME LIFE

INTERESTING CHARACTERISTICS OF JUDGE WALTER I. SMITH, OF COUNCIL BLUFFS.

Well Known Congressman from the Ninth District a Great Reader From Boyhood—Preference for History—Popular With Constituency.

"If the home is the foundation of our civilization then America needs many homes like that of the Smiths," says Robert Henderson editor of the Council Bluffs Nonpareil in an interesting sketch of the life of Judge Walter I. Smith, published recently in a Des Moines paper. Judge Smith is congressman from the ninth district, and well known all over the state. The sketch is as follows:

In an inconspicuous and unpretentious house on one of the well-paved and shaded residential streets near the business section of Council Bluffs lives Congressman Walter I. Smith and his happy family. The family consists of Mrs. Smith and four bright children, two boys and two girls, and anyone who has been a frequenter of that home knows that it is no mere empty expression to speak of the happiness that abounds there. If the home is the foundation of our civilization, then America needs many homes like that of the Smiths. Here are children growing to manhood and womanhood amid wholesome surroundings and with the inspiration and example of well ordered and peaceful lives before them; here are plenty and comfort without luxury and extravagance; here are at once rigid discipline and that all-pervading affection that makes home what it should be; here is obedience to father and mother unquestioned, the promptings of filial love. No doubt there are many such homes, but no visitor at the residence of the Smiths can ever lose the impression that here is in truth a home, an abode of perennial content and happiness. And of all that may be said of the well developed character of the head of this home, nothing can take precedence over this, that he is the kind and faithful husband and loving and thoughtful father of an ideal American home.

Native of Council Bluffs.
"The house in which the Smiths now live has been the home of the present congressman since he was five years of age. With his parents, he removed there in 1867 from the place of his birth, a few blocks away on Oakland avenue. Naturally for Congressman Smith, many tender associations cling about the dwelling place that has been his for thirty-seven years, and while the house is not a large one, scarcely a home for the present demands of the family, demands that may be said of children advance in years, it is doubtless for any turn fortune's wheel might take would induce Judge Smith to go elsewhere to live. He loves Iowa as his native state, he cherishes southwest Iowa, as the home of those who have given him their confidence and support in places of high trust, he has a tender affection for his home city and home county, but, above all, this spot on South Seventh street, where he has spent his life in study and toil and in the happiness of home, is dear to Judge Smith. In time, the old house, with its solid masonry and perfect carpentry, the handiwork of the congressman's own father, in a day when they built for a lifetime instead of for a decade or two—this old house may be remodeled, rebuilt, enlarged, but it would take no less a change of fortune than one requiring his removal from the state, with all the sacrifice of associations, that that would mean, to bring Judge Smith to the point of giving up this modest home to go elsewhere.

Enters Public Life.
And it is to this scene we must go to get a glimpse of the life and character of Judge Smith. The events of his career are so closely interwoven with the associations of his home, from boyhood through youth and into manhood, that when you have a picture of Judge Smith at home you have an adequate portrait of his life. It was here in this same house, under the tutelage of his mother, that he began the reading and study that have made him one of the best informed of men, a clear thinker and an intelligent and impartial judge of men and things. The making of the judge and congressman began in those early years.

Judge Smith was elected to the district bench when but 28 years of age. That is an unquestionable distinction for a man so young, and when his excellent record for ability and sound judgment on the bench is taken into consideration one is inclined to wonder at his success at so early a period in life.

This all has its explanation in the years that went before. Walter Smith did not spend his boyhood with trifles, at least not all of it, and to that, as well as to his rich natural endowment, is to be attributed his early achievements. When he was but 12 years of age, under the direction of his mother, he took up a class of reading that too few ever reach, and that scarcely any study to until maturity. Out of that early beginning grew the habits of study and research that have for the substantial in books of knowledge and broad view of life possessed by Judge Smith. His mother, pretending that she wished to hear the books read for her own enjoyment, and not able to take the time for it from her household duties, began paying the boy a dollar a volume to follow her about the house, and read aloud to her. This early reading began with history,

works on English history since, I think that more of my information on that subject was derived from Dickens' little book than all others combined." During this time, young Smith was, of course, pursuing his regular studies in the public schools. It was out of school hours that he took up the volumes of history and, going from room to room with his mother, read them to her. "In later years," said Judge Smith, "I have always thought she was more anxious for me to read the books than to bear them read." If that was true the fee was not long necessary, as it was but a short time until the boy's interest in the books went far beyond his interest in the dollar, and those who know Judge Smith intimately enough to have some insight into his every day life can testify that to this day the advantage the books gained over the dollar in his affections in boyhood has not been lost. His bank account and his library best illustrate this story.

But whatever the motive of the boy's mother, she led him into habits of study and industry that have since proved invaluable to him. From Dickens' history he went to Headley's 'Napoleon and His Marshals.' This was Judge Smith's introduction to the man who, above all others in history, engaged his keen interest and warm admiration.

Admirer of Napoleon.
With that early beginning he has never failed to find the Napoleon character and career of deep interest. In the twenty years that have since passed he has read many of the best works on Napoleon and his time, finding in the recollection of the stirring events of that period particularly engaging. In his library today he has many volumes of this kind that he has not only read, but absorbed for Judge Smith does not read books like many do, merely for pastime. When he takes up a book that has recommended itself to him, he enters at the front cover and comes out at the back with the contents his own. He knows and it members what he has read. And it may be stated here that if Judge Smith has any points of advantage over another in the struggle for knowledge, it is this, that he is at once a voracious reader and one who wastes little time at reading, either with books that are not worth the while, or in skimming over what he does read. He absorbs and retains what he reads and ever after has it at his command, while others who possibly read still more, may not have gained so much and retained far less. It is so with him, not only in his general reading, but in the law study and in his general reading. "Washington and His Generals," by Headley, followed that author's Napoleon and perhaps it was then that Judge Smith's strong admiration of Washington was born. Other historical works of a heavier nature then followed, notably d'Aubigne's 'History of the Reformation.' Adults who have mastered this work will appreciate something of the task it was for a boy in his early teens.

Thus it was as a boy that Judge Smith came to prefer the story of truth to the story of fiction—history to the novel—although his reading has also covered standard works of the latter character. In this direction, he is fond of Hugo and especially of his 'Les Miserables,' and 'Notre Dame.' His library contains a complete set of Hugo, also the works of Dickens, Scott, Lytton and many others, all highly prized. Generally, however, Judge Smith prefers memoirs of home and foreign statesmen, and particularly of the period of the American and French revolutions. These are his special study and delight.

When it comes to poetry, while his library is well supplied with all the best works of this character, and while he has read them all in times past, Judge Smith confesses that he has not done much reading of poetical works among the humorists. "Tom Sawyer," he of course enjoyed twenty years ago. "Following the Equator," "Life on the Mississippi," and others afford pleasant relaxation.

Finally, Judge Smith as a lawyer, enjoys above all the study of the law. Those same faculties of accomplishing much in little time, and retaining what he reads that serve him in his general reading, are of even greater value in the study and practice of his profession as they were during the ten years he was on the bench.

Reads Few Modern Works.
For a man who is so wide a reader Judge Smith takes up remarkably few of the books of the day. He has a reason for this which is best told in his own language. "It is my theory," he says, "that every period has some valuable works and much trash. The former live and the latter is lost. Consequently the older books, if they have lived, are presumptively of some value. One who reads old novels has the assurance they are of value, because they would not have lived unless they were. On the other hand, one who tries to keep up with modern fiction has to do his own sifting and wastes much of his time. Of course, there are valuable works coming out all the time, and many of them one can profitably read, but as one cannot read all the books, I think as a rule chief attention should be given to those already sifted for him by time."

Both his law and general libraries are well selected and large, the latter being thoroughly representative of the fields indicated in the foregoing,

except as implied, the present day novel is not there in any great numbers. Judge Smith's theory about reading books that time has sifted out as valuable is supplemented by positive notions about buying books. He does not care for anything by piecemeal. Selections and complications have no attraction for him. If an author attracts his favor he wants the complete work, preferring to make his own selections. As would be inferred from what has been said heretofore, Judge Smith is a lover of old books, and it is no small pleasure for him to scan the shelves of the big second-hand book establishments at Washington, picking up a prized volume here and there. Selections made this way, however, are with a view to adding something to his store of knowledge on those subjects in which he delights, rather than to add the rare or curious to his library merely for the sake of that.

Has Genial Disposition.
So much has been said here about Judge Smith and his books that the reader who does not know the man will be about ready to believe him a book worm, and, perhaps, a recluse. No more erroneous ideas would be possible. Along with his love of books and study Judge Smith has an affable nature and a genial disposition, and enjoys a personal acquaintance with more of the people of southwest Iowa than perhaps any other man. He is unpretentious, and never protrudes the learning he possesses, and has the happy faculty of putting at least anyone with whom he may be thrown, while on the subject, into no subject unless perhaps it enter into the purely technical. His rare adaptability is well illustrated by what was said by a young attorney of one of the county seats, where Judge Smith held court while on the bench. "Judge Smith is liked by everybody in our town because he knows them and speaks to them when he sees them. He treats us young fellows with the same consideration, both outside and inside the court room, as the older men, and is never distant with any of us. If he meets one of us on the street, it's 'Come on, Ben, let's take a walk!' And an hour spent with the judge that way is a delight to anyone." But to know Judge Smith in his home it is necessary to understand him among his books, and to learn how, with but common advantages, and no college education, he has come to be one of the ablest men of the state, and, as his close friends realize, one of the ablest men of the country, with a promising future before him. It is necessary thus to know him a mother ambitious for her son started him on the road to a good education and success when his years were yet very few in order to appreciate what his home life is to him.

When asked the other day how he spent his vacation at home, if it was not true that he put in much of the time raising radishes and lettuce, canna and sweet peas, Judge Smith replied: "Well, largely so." Of course, as a fact these things get little of his time, as the duties of the congressional office and his law practice make heavy demands upon him, but for some time morning and evening in the spring of the year he likes nothing better than working in his small garden, not because the dimensions of the lot forbid anything else—and watching the development of the plants. The canna bed is his favorite here, and it is likely that if he could have but a six-foot patch—and, in fact, he has but little more than that for cultivation—he would raise canna.

Receives Many Callers.
Judge Smith's personal popularity means much to him in the way of work as congressman. Well known as he is from one end of the district to the other, there is scarcely a citizen who does not know from personal experience or from his neighbor that if he is troubled about anything at all in which a congressman might be of any assistance to him, he is sure of a cordial welcome and earnest consideration at the hands of Judge Smith. As a result the stream of visitors from the time congress adjourns until its sessions are resumed again is continuous. All these callers are received at the Smith home. The house is but three blocks from the heart of the city, and the judge has established no up-town office since his election to the district bench, fourteen years ago. His law and general library occupy two rooms of the house, and it is here Judge Smith receives all callers on whatever mission, and it is here that all the work of the congressman and lawyer is carried on.

It might be supposed that with many people there would be a hesitancy about going on business to a private home, and especially to the home of a congressman. There is none of this feeling among the people of Council Bluffs and the ninth district with reference to the home of Judge Smith. There is nothing about the modest little home to awe the humblest citizen, and no one calls there for help of any kind without going away with the feeling that he has been more than welcome, and that on another occasion the same cordiality will await him. The demands made on a congressman, and particularly on a man of Judge Smith's temperament, take a wide range. Opportunities for little acts of kindness and philanthropy are not lacking. In this connection let it suffice to say that Judge Smith never neglects these opportunities. Many instances of his quiet help of the distressed might be recounted, but such a recital would only be distasteful to him. Some light on this phase of Judge Smith's character is had from the fact that although he has for many years had a fair income, and although he and his family live modestly, he has comparatively nothing laid by beyond the home and sufficient life insurance to protect the family against want in case they should be robbed of his support.

A Prominent Mason.
Judge Smith belongs to all of the Masonic bodies of the York rite—blue lodge, chapter, council, commandery, shrine and Eastern Star. He is also a member of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, Knights of Pythias, Royal Arcanum and Ancient Order of United Workmen.

part in the campaign, in addition to making addresses at various points on various occasions, such as Memorial day, Fourth of July, Labor day, old settlers' meetings, and old soldiers' reunions. This year he will spend two weeks of the campaign out of the state, under the direction of the public national committee, and will spend some time in Nebraska, where he has been invited by his friend and colleague on the appropriations committee of the house, Hon. Elmer J. Burkett, who has been formally endorsed by the republicans of the state to succeed Charles H. Deitrich in the United States senate. He will also speak for a week in the second Iowa district in support of the candidacy of Hon. A. F. Dawson, for whom he has a very high regard. What time is left he will spend in his home district, making at least one speech in each county, as is his custom annually.

Mention was made at the outset of Judge Smith's family. Mrs. Smith is a bright and cultured woman. Like her husband, what she has accomplished, has been largely by her home efforts. She is an active worker in the Council Bluffs Woman's club and a former president of the local Federation of Women's clubs, finding time for this work, and also for something in the way of china painting, in addition to her duties to her family. The children are: Howard, aged 12; Barbara, aged 10; Grace, aged 8, and Malcolm, aged 7. They are all bright, healthy children, the delight and hope of a proud and solicitous father and mother. None is old enough yet to indicate his or her bent in life.

The subject of this sketch has been spoken of as "Judge" Smith. No one calls him anything else. He came by the title from his ten years of honorable service on the state bench of this district and it will follow him through life, and it is, perhaps, no breach of confidence to say that it does not displease him. Shortly after his first election to congress some one who had called him "Judge" in a manner half in jest and half in earnest, amended to address him as "Congressman."

"I think," said Judge Smith, "the old title is the better."

How's This?
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward of any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

ANNUAL MEETING

IOWA WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE SOCIETY TO MEET IN SHELTON OCTOBER 26-28.

Mrs. Emily Phillips Will Represent the Local Suffrage Society—Call for the Meeting Has Just Been Issued by State President.

Mrs. Emily Phillips will represent the Ottumwa Woman's Suffrage society at the thirty-third annual convention of the Iowa Equal Suffrage society which will convene in Sheldon October 26 for a three days' session. The call for this meeting has just been issued by the president of the state association, Mrs. Mary J. Oeggshansen.

The basis of representation for the local associations is one delegate for every ten or fraction of ten paid members. State officers, local presidents and state superintendents of departments are ex-officio members of the convention and are entitled to all the privileges of delegates.

The following is published by request of the local society:

Where is a Woman's Home.

In declining to publish suffrage articles a Kentucky editor says:

"We believe that the dear women can do a greater good for our land in the home than at the ballot box. Therefore, we cannot consistently use your articles."

If casting a ballot interfered with a woman's duty to her home, this gentleman would be quite right in his refusal to help the suffrage cause by publishing suffrage matter. But if he will answer the question, "Where or what is a woman's home?" he will see that the care of her home is a duty no woman can wholly perform unless she has the right to go to the ballot box as a citizen and cast a ballot.

Home is something more than the house in which a woman lives, the one story frame cottage or the two-story brick mansion, where she sweeps, dusts, sews, cooks and rocks the cradle. The town or city in which a woman lives is her home. The municipal government of the town concerns her and her children as deeply as it concerns any man. The state in which she lives is also her home and every affair of state is as much her affair as the darning of the children's stockings or the sewing on of the family buttons.

The country in which a woman lives is also her home. To every American woman "America" means "home," and national affairs ought to interest her quite as much as the latest fashions in shirt waists or hats. There are three hundred and sixty-five days in a year, and with this time at her disposal, a woman who understands her duty can attend to the affairs of the house in which she lives, and at the same time play a citizen's part in the management of her large home—her city, her state, her country.

J. S. Trigg