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IMPORTANCE OF THE TARIFF.

When the administration spellbinders sing of the prosperity that is evident throughout the land, they are apt to forget the conditions that prevailed before the outbreak of the European war. Conditions then were so bad that President Wilson, himself, had to take cognizance of them and he did to the extent of branding the depression a "psychological" one, due to lack of confidence rather than to any tangible thing.

Business was decidedly on the "blink." Manufacturing plants were closed, numerous big concerns were in desperate straits, many of them had already gone to the wall and thousands upon thousands of workmen were hunting for jobs that did not exist. The Underwood tariff was in force and it was giving a very fair sample of what happens when foreign made goods are permitted to displace American made goods.

The administration was frantic and there were threats against certain chimerical "big interests" that were alleged to be causing the panic. But a search for these "big interests" failed to reveal them and so finally, it was necessary to tell the people that the panic was just "psychological"—in other words that the causes were merely mental—people just thought they were hungry— and that the low tariff had nothing to do with it.

But the fact really was that the American business man and the American manufacturer foresaw what was coming and were preparing for it. That was what caused manufacturers to stop stocking their storehouses and to begin selling at cut prices. That was what caused merchants to buy less and less as the day grew nearer when they could buy cheaper from Europe.

American investors had their eyes open and they knew that money investor in American manufactories which were competing with European manufactories, was unsafe. Such competition could not be otherwise than ruinous to Americans.

And so, every wide awake American with invested money, whether it was ten dollars or ten million dollars, began playing safe in an endeavor to get his money out before the crash came. And the result was the depression that preceded the war. That it would have developed into a disastrous panic had it gone a few months further, goes without fear of contradiction.

Then came the war. What the tariff failed to do, the war did. American manufacturers saw that they were safe from foreign competition for a time and that before long they would be invading European markets, instead of having the Europeans overrun our markets. Business picked up. It has been picking up ever since. The story of our wonderful trade with Europe and with markets that ordinarily belonged to Europe, is history now. Today there is no idle factory in the country. War orders provide work for every able-man.

Contrast conditions today with conditions a month before the war broke out. Contrast the state of competition today, with that which ruled when Europe's workmen were busy at their benches instead of in the trenches.

Can you not see that in spite of our free trade tariff, American industry is today fully protected? Is it not our safety from competition that is responsible for our present high tide of prosperity? If you can make anything else out of it, we would be glad to hear it.

Consider now, what will happen when the war is over and war's protection for our industries ends.

And after considering that, think well as to the important part the tariff deserves in the political campaign now being waged.

FRESH AIR FOR SCHOOLS.

With the opening of the public and parochial schools of the state, the department of tuberculosis of the state board of control is endeavoring to impress upon both parents and teachers the importance of the proper ventilation and sanitation of school rooms.

Much has already been accomplished by boards of education in the reconstruction of school buildings with a view to an adequate and constant supply of fresh air to the scholars during school hours. Teachers very generally have acquainted themselves with those simple methods by which, in the absence of artificial systems of ventilation, they are able to keep a supply of good air in the school room. The educators of the state have been giving very general attention to this important phase of school management, and because of this, much is being accomplished in the reduction of respiratory diseases of one kind or another, including tuberculosis. It would be well where medical inspection in the schools is not maintained, for parents to have their children thoroughly examined with special reference to the eyes, ears, nose, throat, teeth and especially the chest cavity. Many physical defects which impair children's health will be discovered and removed. This will go far toward keeping the child well and properly adjusted to his school tasks. It is desirable as winter comes on that particular attention shall be given to the important matter of school ventilation. Remember that fresh air is necessary to good health.

FAMILIARITY BREEDS CONTEMPT.

Suppose ten years ago, three men had spent, in trying to get nominated for office, one-third the amount that Lowden, Hull and Smith spent in Illinois seeking the gubernatorial nomination. The whole nation would have held up its hands in horror. However, now, under the direct primary law, such wholesale use of money for election purposes, attracts no unusual comment.

"Familiarity breeds contempt."

By reason of and through the working of the primary law, we have become indifferent to a condition that, a few years ago, would have severely jolted our ideas of honesty in elections. And, mind you, the primary was adopted to give "the poor man a chance to be a candidate.

EASY FOR IMPORTERS.

A Washington, D. C, dispatch of today, declares that fifty-one per cent more imports came in free of duty during the fiscal year 1916, under the democratic near-free-trade law, than came in under the republican tariff law in force during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1913. During 1916 $1,492,664,000 worth of foreign merchandise entered the United States without paying a cent into the federal treasury, as compared with $987,500,000 in 1913. And yet, the cost of living has advanced.

So much new paving has been laid in Ottumwa this year, that it is apropos to call attention to the ordinances which prevent the needless tearing up of paving for things that should have been taken care of before it was put down.

In view of the numerous social engagements being enjoyed by the mediators who are supposed to be discussing the Mexican situation, it might be well to inquire whether they are being paid for the time they put in or for the report which they will submit.

The man whose education stopped when he stopped school, really isn't educated at all. Experience—the knowledge gleaned every day through the happenings of the day and through the reading of newspapers—is what constitutes real education.

A series of articles by Frederic J. Haskin on modern methods of dealing with crime, will begin in The Courier next Monday. Watch for them and read them.

The man who gets only a living out of his work, never advances very far. One must get a little joy out of his work before it begins to pay more than a mere living.

The fall style show is in progress and as usual Ottumwa merchants have the best at the most reasonable prices. Ottumwa is an excellent place to trade.

A great many men who think they are indispensable to a business, would be surprised at the ease which the establishment would get along in case they quit.

A boy motorcycle rider went up Court Hill so fast yesterday that he could probably have run over a man without even feeling the shock. Fortunately everybody dodged him.

Not all successful men save money, but practically every saving man is a successful one.

The man who is so disposed, can always find fault. It will always exist.

One gets just about as much out of life as one puts into it.

Hard luck hangs around waiting for the fellow who looks for it.

Can you justify your right to live in this world?

The new hotel is going to be very pleasing to the eye.

Dinner Stories

"What have you to say for yourself," asked the indignant householder, carefully covering the burglar with his revolver.

"After thoughtfully considering the situation in its inherent aspects," said the burglar, who came from Boston, "I am perforce inclined toward a policy of arbitration."

Mrs. Commuter had lain awake with a headache till one o'clock. Then in the balance of the night she had responded to several calls for a drink, a doll and all the other nocturnal infantile orders. At five in the morning, as she was just beginning to round out the first continuous hour of slumber, the little six year old girl called softly from her nearby crib:

"Mother."

No answer. Again, a little louder: "Mother."

Mother said nothing. Again the child's voice, this time mezzo-forte:

"Mother."

"Well, what is it?"

"Mother, isn't it too bad that one of Harry McCole's polliwogs died?"

The district trustee was addressing a school in Ohio.

"Children," said he, "I want to talk to you for a few moments about one of the most wonderful, one of the most important organs in the whole world. What is it that throbs away, beats away, never stopping, never ceasing, whether you wake or sleep, night or day, week in and week out, month in and month out, year in and year out, without any volition on your part, hidden away in the depths, as it were, unseen by you, throbbing, throbbing, throbbing, rhythmically all your life long?"

During the pause for oratorical effect a small voice was heard:

"I know —it's the gas meter."

The Hawaiian Invasion

By Frederic J. Haskin

Washington, D. C., Sept. 22.—During the last few months, Hawaii seems to have invaded the United states. The ukulele, which was almost unknown at this time last year, may now be purchased in every music store from Tallahassee to Oshkosh, from Tombstone to Patchoque, and has at least one devotee in every boarding house. Alleged Hawaiian melodies, which are syncopated imitations of the native folk chants, are sung everywhere. The musical reviews in New York are featuring Hawaiian acts, and there are Hula-hulas to be seen in all the cabaerts. Nearly all of the magazines are carrying articles about Hawaii, and an Hawaiian play recently made a record run.

It is hard to explain. The Sandwich islands have been there all this time, but apparently we have just begun to notice their existence. They are enjoying a popularity such as they have not known since Captain Cook discovered them, or at least since Mark Twain rediscovered them and set the world laughing with his famous lecture half a century ago.

Despite the wide advertising which they have been given recently, however, the Islands are really almost unknown to the general public. The average citizen is aware that the Hawaiian ladies wear short skirts made of a good grade of Kansas hay, and that they play ukuleles and slide around in the ocean on flat boards—and that is about all. Little known is the wonderful story of the Hawaiian people, who have advanced within a century from barbarism to civilization, who have lived under a barbaric empire, a constitutional monarchy, and a republic, and have finally become a part of the United States—and meantime have been slowly disappearing. The Hawaiian story has been one of pathos. A nature-people of unusual mental and physical endowments, they tried to meet civilization half-way when it came to their islands; but the contact proved fatal. The outside world brought them wealth and knowledge, but also disease and vice and alcohol. When Captain Cook discovered the islands in 1778, he estimated that there were nearly half a million people living upon them. Now there are not ten per cent of that number of pure blooded Hawaiians.

The Hawaii that makes such a good subject for songs and stories and plays, the Hawaii that takes such ready hold of the popular imagination, is that of over a century ago when first the islands were discovered by white men. "The paradise of the Pacific" at that time to some extent deserved its name. The islands had a remarkably healthy and equable climate; they were beautiful as always; and they were devoid of all large and dangerous beasts; while sweet potatoes, yams, cocoanuts, and other tropical products could be raised by moderate labor. As a result of these conditions, life was easy and safe; the people were largely vegetarians, although they had a few pigs and dogs; they had neither to hunt nor to fight natural enemies. The effect of their largely vegetable diet was to make them even tempered, fat and easy going. They had to work just hard enough to keep them from idleness; but not hard enonugh to make life a burden. They had abundant opportunity to develop their wonderful barbaric gift for music and literature, to tell their folk tales, and sing their songs into which they wove the voices of surf and forest, making a plaintive and unique sort of melody that will live when all of them are gone.

They were a tall fine people, with great beauty of skin and feature, although their ideals of feminine beauty diverged somewhat from ours in that they considered a large abdomen an essential to physical perfection. The ruling class were vastly superior to all of the other people, both physically and mentally, and this was the natural result of centuries of the most absolute rule in the world. The power of the Hawaiian monarch was absolute, and his person was the most sacred thing known to his subjects. He was court, legislature and executive. Incidentally to walk across the shadow of his house was punishable by death, and all of his subjects lay prostrate in his presence. He owned everything and levied terrible taxes upon his people. If some family had carefully fattened a pig and the fragrance of its roasting reached the royal nostrils, it was not uncommon for the royal chef to come and appropriate the luxury for the royal table. A member of the Hawaiian chiefly class is an emperor literally as soon as born. Stewart tells of seeing a young prince, about three years old strolling through the streets of Honolulu clad in nothing but a pair of green morocco slippers and followed by a retinue of twenty-five servants carrying fans, rugs, umbrellas, spittoons and other royal paraphernalia.

When a monarch died, there followed a reign of anarchy and crime, during which time all vices were tolerated. This was apparently a celebration to indicate that all power and law reposed in the monarch and ended with his life.

The royal families lived in rich idleness, and had various amusements which were reserved for them alone. One of these was shooting mice with the bow and arrow. The mouse was about the largest wild animal found in the islands, and the royal sport of hunting it was the only use made by the Hawaiians of the bow and arrow. In war, they used clubs, spears and javelins.

The first important step in the development of the Hawaiian people occurred in 1736 when the monarch Kamehameha I was born. He was only a minor chieftain, but a man of really great gifts with a talent for organization that would have made him a force in any community. He soon abandoned the hectoring warfare between the various islands, and set out with tremendous determination and patience to weld them into an empire. He conquered one island after another until in 1795 he was in control of the entire archinelago. He did for Hawaii what Mazzini did for Italy and Bismark for Germany. Under his rule, Hawaii was a unified and independent monarchy and if left to themselves the Hawaiian people might have attained a high degree of social and political development.

But in 1778 Captain Cook came to the islands, had a fight with the natives and loosed his sailors among the people with the result that they were debauched and infected with disease. From that time on the history of the islands is that of a long, slow struggle between the ancient traditions and ways of life and the forces of the invading civilization. As the number of white men in the islands increased, there was a growing demand for constitutional rights. Repeatedly these were granted by the monarchs only to be later violated again by them. Hawaii became a republic for a brief space and then was made a monarchy again under the famous Queen Liliuokalani, who was the last of the sovereigns. During her reign a steady agitation was started for annexation to the United States. This was refused at first by our congress on the ground that the agitation was carried on by a few Americans whose interests were at stake. Queen Liliuokalani also passionately protested against the change, in which she saw the end of old Hawaii. Nevertheless, in 1898 a joint resolution providing for annexation of the territory of Hawaii was passed, and the American flag was raised over the islands to remain there. Queen Liliuokalani came to the United States and wrote an interesting history of her land.

Since that time the islands have become prosperous and Honolulu a great and famous city. But they are overrun with Chinese and Japanese. Competing with the cheap Oriental labor on one hand, and with occidental enterprise and capital on the other, the native Hawaiian race is steadily decreasing. The old Hawaii of abundance and leisure and music has practically disappeared.

BIDS ON CLEANING BRIDGES OPENED

The meeting of the city council was held Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock instead of Friday morning as is usual. Bids for cleaning and painting Market street, Vine street and Blackhawk street bridges were opened and turned over to the city engineer for his consideration. Two companies bid for the jobs. The petition of L. R. Clausen, et al, was received and filed. Mr. Clausen and other property owners on Union street between Second and Fourth streets ask that a filler of tar or asphaltum be used instead of the cement filler which is prescribed.

ROADS NEAR CITY ARE NOW BEING REPAIRED

The work of grading the roads through Wildwood park and the new highway between Ottumwa and Rock Bluff is being carried on at present. The rough places in the Wildwood boulevard are being smoothed, especially near the bridge, and the ditches are being deepend. The new river road from Rock Bluff to the city has numerous rough spots which are rapidly being repaired so that the road will be a popular means of travel before winter sets in.

REPUBLICAN MEET AT OSKALOOSA

Sigourney, Sept. 23.—A large delegation of prominent republicans went to Oskaloosa Friday to attend the district meeting which the chairman of the republican committee called to meet there on that day. Those who attended the meeting were County Chairman S. W. Needham, C. C. Laffer, R. L. Smith, John Fixmer, Chet Mendenhall, Harry M. Harlan, Roy D. Nordyke and H. F. Goeldner.

ALLER VS. ALLER CASE IS ON AT SIGOURNEY

Sigourney, Sept. 23.—On Thursday an action was filed in the district court for the October term that is attracting more than usual attention. The action is entitled Joseph Aller et al vs. Mary Aller and involves the ownership of a 160 acre farm in the east part of the county. The plaintiffs are five in number and are the brothers and sisters of the defendant. They allege that their father, Hubert Aller, who died in April, 1916, was the owner of this land at the time of his death and are asking for partition, but the defendant claims that in 1909 her father conveyed this land to her by deed and therefore she claims to be the sole owner thereof. This claim is denied by the plaintiffs and they contend that the alleged deed was never delivered by the father to the defendant and is therefore void and of no effect. The farm is a valuable one and is estimated to be worth about $20,000 and every inch of the ground will be hotly contested when the case is tried.

SPREAD TACKS ON ROAD; JAILED.

Wapello, Sept. 23.—William Fellenser will spend the next three months at hard labor in the Burlington jail as a result of a display of ill will against motorists. Some time ago the young Cairo farmer was arrested, charged with malicious mischief after he had scattered tacks along a country road. His arrest was prompted by the indignant car owners.

WANT PRESIDENT FOR SPEECH HERE

The western tour of President Wilson includes a speech at Omaha October 5, two days before Vice President Marshall comes to Ottumwa and the Commercial club hearing of the Wilson trip is desirous to get the president for a speech in Ottumwa also.

State Chairman J. W. Reynolds of Creston was communicated with by long distance phone and later a formal invitation to the democrat national committee was telegraphed to Thomas Walsh chairman asking to have the president's itinerary include Ottumwa on the same day that Mr. Marshall speaks here. The telegram follows:

Ottumwa, Iowa,
Sept. 23, 1916.

Hon. Thomas Walsh, Chairman
Democratic Western Headquarters,
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—

The newspapers announce President Wilson will speak in Omaha, October 5th. The Ottumwa Commercial club cordially invites the president to speak in Ottumwa on that trip and suggest October 7 as an appropriate date as Vice President Marshall will be here on that day.

Yours very truly,
J. N. Weidenfeller,
Secretary.

YATES JURY ASKS ENLIGHTENMENT

MEN NOT CLEAR ON SALE SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN MADE WITH SAWYER.

(From Saturday's Daily.)

The jury in the Yates case reported to Judge Vermilion in the district court this afternoon at 2:40 o'clock. The brothers were found guilty of larceny, as charged in the indictment and the value of the horse fixed at $20 or less.

After being out since 5:20 o'clock Friday evening the district court jury in the case of the state vs. Lawrence and Leslie Yates, asked Judge C. W. Vermilion for further instructions at 10 o'clock this morning and after receiving them retired again.

Enlightenment was sought on the question of a sale, supposed to have been made or contracted for by Yates brothers and Henry Sawyer. They were indicted and have been tried on the charge of stealing a horse belonging to Sawyer and later selling it.

CITY CLERK BACK FROM CONVENTION

City Clerk Frank Lynch has returned from Dubuque after attending the three day session of the nineteenth annual convention of the League of Iowa Municipalities. Mr. Lynch made a speech on the collection of poll tax and said that the method which is in use in this city is well thought of by others towns, and that Ottumwa was by no means at the bottom of the list of Iowa municipalities. The annual election of officers was held with the following selections: President, Mayor J. D. Glasgow of Washington; vice president, Mayor T. A. Potter of Mason City; secretary-treasurer, Mayor T. C. Pierce of Marshalltown; trustees, Mayor John T. Ford of Ft. Dodge, Mayor George W. Koontz of Iowa City and Mayor W. R. Law of Waterloo.

PICTURE SHOW ROBBED.

Waterloo, Sept. 23.—Burglars early today broke into a large motion picture theater here and escaped with $300, most of it in nickels and dimes. About $150 worth of jewelry also was taken from the safe, which was blown by the burglars.

MRS. SHEPARD DIES.

New Haven, Conn., Sept. 23.—Mrs. Peter L. Shepard, mother of Finley Shepard, who married Helen Miller Gould, died here today in her 86th year, from infirmities of age.

Mrs. Shepard was the widow of Rev. Peter L. Shepard, an Episcopal clergyman of Clinton.

ACTRESS TO MARRY IN NATIVE CITY

Marshalltown, Sept. 23. —Desiring to be married in the city in which she was born, Miss Elsie Eddy Rockenfield of Sioux City, an actress with the "September Morn" company, will be married in this city tonight. The wedding will take place before the footlights, just before the beginning of the performance of the company at the Odeon. Miss Rockenfield or Miss Eddy, which is her stage name, will become the bride of Gatty Jones of Los Angeles, Cal., also a member of the company.

EYE WITNESSES TESTIFY.

Centerville, Sept. 23.—The murder trial in which Frank Dangelo is accused of the murder of Pearl Traxler has resulted in four eye witnesses testifying. Three for the state, Silas and Clarence Thomas and John Stevens all declared it was Dangelo who fired the shot. Lena Hinkle was the first witness for the defense. She is the sweetheart of the man accused and it was over her that the trouble occurred. She said that Dangelo fired no shots but that one of the Thomas boys was shooting and another of the party she was with had a revolver. The shooting occurred at midnight as they were leaving a dance hall.

REOPEN BEACON CHURCH.

Beacon, Sept. 23. —On this Sunday the reopening and rededication of the Methodist church of Beacon will take place. For some time past changes and improvements have been in progress.

LITTLE BENNY'S NOTE BOOK

BY LEE PAPE

I was standing outside of the segar store with Sid Hunt, and Mr. Webb started to come down the street with Mrs. Webbs funny looking little dawg on a chain, the little dawg being a little yello dawg with long ears, and Mr. Webb being a skinny little man with a red mushtash and white socks, and wen he came to the segar store, he went in.

G, he takes the funny looking perp out wawking every day, I woodent do it, sed Sid.

Maybe you wood if you was Mrs. Webb husbind, I sed. Mrs. Webb being a big fat lady with a low pompadore and a high voice.

Maybe I wood, sed Sid. Wich jest then the litle dawg came out of the segar store by itself pulling its chain after it, and wawked up the street.

G, its getting lost, I sed.

Lets run after it and bring it back, maybe we will get a reward, sed Sid. And we ran up after the dawg and cawt it, and jest then Mr. Webb came out o fthe segar store and started to wawk down the street fast as enything.

G, look, hes looking for it and dont know wich way it went, I sed. I bet he will give us a reward, all rite. And we ran after him with the dawg yelling, Hay, hay. Ony Mr. Webb started to wawk faster insted of stopping, and we kepp on running till we cawt up to him.

Heers your dawg, Mr. Webb, sed Sid.

Heers your dawg, I sed.

And the dawg started to wag its tale at Mr. Webb, and Mr. Webb looked at me and sid mad as enythin gand sed, Its a wonder you woodent lern to mind your own bizniss. And he took a hold of the chain and him and the dawk kepp on going and me and Sid kepp on standing there, me saying, G, he must of wunted to lose it, and Sid saying, G.

Evening Story

HIS OPINION.

By Napoleon S. Zarick.

(Copyright, 1916, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

As Miss Carman walked down the avenue, she held her skirts above her dainty patent leathers, and her head, with its jaunty hat, was held higher still, the color flaming high, too, in her round cheeks and showing off charmingly against the background of her chinchilla collar—which in itself was a marvel of height and enegance as well. The rustle of her skirts, and the defiant, nodding plumes emphasized the annoyance in her voice.

"I shall resign from the club—that's all—and, what's more, I'll resign from every club I belong to! A woman's club—huh! A cat's club would be a better name! Nothing on earth would induce me to stay another day in the hateful thing, and I'll resign as soon as I can reach pen and ink to do it with. Every one of them is in league to see the whole thing fail because I've put my very heart and soul in it to make it go. Well, they'll be in a pretty mess when I give it all up! There's not another one who'd have worked as hard as I have, and the club will all go to pieces if this entertainment doesn't go through. I don't care —I'd be too glad for anything.!

She had overtaken a boy of seven or eight—a dirty little boy, with muddy shoes and worsted cap. Miss Carman's anger could not efface her interest in youngsters, and especially in a boy who scuffed his feet so attractively and who could balance a curved stick so cleverly when he was not hattling it against the fences he passed.

He was walking in an leisurly way that indicated ease of mind and plenty of time to get home before dinner. As she neared him, the stick wavered and fell back, but was quickly caught.

"I thought it was going to hit me," she said, and smiled. Then an irresistable desire to talk to the little fellow took possession of her. The more she thought of those clubwomen, the better she liked this boy.

He glanced at her and smiled shyly. Although her elegance dismayed him, he recognized a promise of comradeship.

"I know what that stick makes me think of," she said half to herself as she passed him. This was a subtle move and worked admirably.

"What?" he asked, running a little, to as to catch up.

She exerted herself to hold the little fellow's interests. It was soothing to feel that somebody appreciated her efforts, even if it was only a little boy.

"Why," she said, looking ahead and speaking gravely—she had learned that to look a new child acquaintance straight in the eye was to embarass him—" why it makes me think of a bow, an Indian's bow, you know, that he strings up and shoots arrows with."

"It makes me think of one, too!" exclaimed the boy.

She slowed a little, but imperceptibly—so as to seem to be accomodating him.

"Only," she went on, giving a swift glance at the stick and its owner, "It is sawed in a curve; it isn't a real rod, bent to that shape. I don't believe I could string it up and use it for killing people."

"I could," he asserted. "I'm strong. Me an' the boys go in the woods sometimes an' chop down trees. One boy chops on one side, an' another on t'other. Then we carry it off an' chop it up, an' sometimes we make bows an' play Indian. Once I went to the country."

"Indeed!" said Miss Carman in mild surprise, and she smiled down on him sympathetically.

The boy smiled back and showed a gap in his front teeth, with the promise of further incisors gleaming from his pink gum.

"Yes, an' I rode the pig an' he threw me off in the pond, an' the ducks all flew up all over me, an'—an'—" In his excitement he met her eyes again, and a certain restraint fell on him. She felt that she had made a mistake to look at him then, so she said quietly:

"I don't believe you ever went to the zoo here." Then she gazed long and earnestly across the street, to give him time to recover.

"Yes, I have," he declared after a pause, and then he fell behind a little, rattling his stick again on an iron fence. "Say, I went there once," he called as the distance between them widened. She didn't turn. Should he let that lady go, thinking him such a baby that he hadn't ever been to the zoo. He ran up to her side. She knew children. She was sure he would come. "I say I have been there."

"Oh," she answered.

"Yes, me an' the boys went one day. There was a big groundhog, as long as from here to that fence"—the distance was about twenty feet—"an' they had to put concrete under the dirst to keep him from gnawring out. But, say, he gnawred through everything. Say, did you ever go out with a lot of boys an' have them treat you mean all day?"

"No"—Miss Carman did not smile—"but I've been with grown-up folks who did."

"Well, me an' the boys had fights all day. They wanted to pitch me into the mud all the time."

"Just like those grown-ups," said Miss Carman.

The boy looked at her for a moment in incredulous surprise. It was too deep a problem. He gave it up and went on:

"An' I said if they didn't stop I'd go home an' break up the whole gang—"

Here he gave her a look to see if she had been paralyzed at his firmness. Her mouth was tightly set.

"Well, that's just what I said."

"Well, I bet you didn't do it though."

"I'm just going home now to do it," she answered. His incredulity deepened.

"They ain't a speckof mud on you," he announced after a critical survey.

"Well, what did you do?" said she, returning to his story.

"Well, they threw me into the creek once, but I wasn't afraid. They ain't no snakes that can bite under water except water snakes, an' I hadn't seen any of them around, so I wasn't scared. I came out and dared 'em all to fight, an' none of them would. Then I thought I'd miss a lot of fun if I went home an' left them, so I stayed an' helped to push another boy in. I'm head of the gang now, an' I wouldn't been anything if I'd gone home that day."

"Thank you," said Miss Carman emphatically.

The boy looked up, surprised.

"Wat, ma'am?" he said with sudden politeness.

"So you thought you would have been lonesome if you had given it all up? You were pretty plucky to stick it out," she said.

"Maybe," he assented. Then he dropped behind to walk a low coping around a lawn.

Miss Carman was musing and didn't miss him. Pluck, that was what she needed—good American pluck and grit. She was acting in a manner frightfully indicative of the degeneration of that quality which had made her ancestors take their stand for liberty and which more recently, had brought her father his millions. Should she let those women know they had "pushed her into the creek?" No, no, a hundred times no—she would "dare them all round" first and be head of the gang" for her efforts!

She called to the boy as she turned in to her gate. He jumped down and ran to her, brandishing his curved stick.

"It would have been lonesome, wouldn't it, to leave the gang—and cowardly besides?"

"You bet!" he assented. "It would have been worse'n having the smallpox almost."

Miss Carman went into the house laughing, and the boy made up his lost time by racing down the street and whistling the gang's rally cry through his missing teeth.

REGIMENTS MEET IN KEOSAUQUA SOON

Keosauqua, Sept. 23 —The following is the program for the reunion of the nineteenth and thirtieth volunteer regiments to be held in Keosauqua September 27 and 28:

Wednesday.

10:00 a. m.—Music by the band.
2:00 p. m.—Call to order, Maj. R. D. Cramer.
Invocation—Rev. J. C. Behrens.
Song—Lot Abraham.
Address of welcome—S. E. Iri[illegible]
Response—Maj. R. D. Cramer.
Music—Buckner glee club.
Address—R. R. McBeth.
Music—Glee club.
Address—Rev. J. C. Behrens.
Music—Glee club.
Address—W. A. Work.

Evening Campfire.

7:00—Music.
7:30—Call to order—Maj. R. D. Cramer.
Invocation—Elder H. L. Lewis.
Song—Lot Abraham.
Address—The American Patriot of 1861 and 1916, Rev. C. E. Perkins.
Declamation—Mrs. Piper, Beatrice McCullough.
Address—Colonel Palmer.
Song—James A. Fowler.
Address—H. M. Havner.
Music—Glee club.
Declamation— Barbara Freitchie, James D. Granfell.

Thursday.

9:00 a. m.—Regimental business proceedings.
10:00 a. m.—Music.
Invocation—Rev. C. E. Perkins.
Song—Lot Abraham.
Address—Elder H. L. Lewis.
Address—Captain Jacques.
1:30 p. m.—Music by the band.
Call to order, Maj. R. D. Cramer.
Music—Glee club and Martial band.
Thirty minutes devoted to short addresses.
Farewell address—Maj. R. D. Cramer.
4:00 p. m.—[illegible]