

Washington Whisperings

Interesting Bits of News Gathered at the National Capital.

Amazing Increase in Divorce Is Shown



WASHINGTON.—It was generally known that divorces in the United States were getting more numerous each year, but nobody was prepared for the surprising statement made in a census bureau report that one marriage out of every twelve in the country terminates in divorce. Yet such is the case, as shown by the bureau's figures.

The statistics are the result of careful gathering of figures in every state in the union, the period covered being from 1887 to 1906. The last set of national statistics on marriage and divorce covered the period from 1867 to 1886. The present set of statistics, taken in conjunction with the former one, therefore, gives a view of the marriage and divorce question for the past 40 years.

The total number of marriages recorded for the 20-year period from 1887 to 1906 was 12,832,044. The total number of divorces for the period was 945,625.

For the period of the first investigation of the subject, from 1867 to 1886, the total number of divorces was 328,716. At the beginning of the 40-year period covered by both investigations there were in this country 10,000 divorces annually; at the end of the period there were 66,000 annually.

The divorce rate per 100,000 population increased from 29 in 1897 to 82 in 1905. The rate per 100,000 married

population was 81 in 1870 and 200 in 1890. "This comparison," says the bulletin, "indicates that divorce is at present two and one-half times as common, compared with married population, as it was 40 years ago."

The Dakotas, which have a national reputation as divorce states, prove, on analysis of the tables, to be nowhere, either in total number of divorces granted or number of divorces per 100,000 of population, as against other states.

In discussing the relation of divorce to population, the bulletin says: "An increase of 30 per cent. in population between the years 1870 to 1880 was accompanied by an increase of 79 per cent. in the number of divorces granted. In the next decade, 1880 to 1890, the population increased 25 per cent. and divorces 70 per cent., and in the following decade, 1890 to 1900, an increase of 21 per cent. in population was accompanied by an increase of 65 per cent. in the number of divorces. In the six years from 1900 to 1906, population, as estimated, increased 10.5 per cent. and divorces 29.3 per cent."

"It thus appears that at the end of the 40-year period divorces were increasing about three times as fast as population, while in the first decade (1870 to 1880) they increased only about two and two-thirds as fast."

"Divorce rates appear to be much higher in the United States than in any of the foreign countries for which statistics relating to this subject have been obtained."

Two-thirds of the total number of divorces granted in the 20-year period covered by this investigation were granted to the wife. Children were reported in 39.8 per cent. of the total number of divorce cases.

Ethel Roosevelt Mourns Loss of Lemon



THE strenuous life is not for Lemon, a small bull pup, whose habitat, until recently, was the White House. Lemon noticed a door ajar the other morning while roaming the White House, looking for excitement, and has not returned.

Though his name might not indicate it, Lemon is a puppy of class and caste. But for all that he's a dog and the sight of his vagabond brothers romping in the streets, dodging automobiles and snapping at horses' heels disgusted the Lemon with being the first dog in the land and he beat it.

Lemon is the property of Miss Ethel Roosevelt, debutante elect, who reported her loss to the police. Instantly a

general lookout order was sent to every district in the precinct, and by nightfall there was not a dog on the streets of Washington. In the collection held for identification was every species of canine from a mangy mastiff to a flea-bitten fleec, but none answered to the name of Lemon.

Various motives, if a dog may have a motive, may be assigned to Lemon's abrupt departure from the Roosevelt household. He might have had a vision of a small bull pup swinging to the port side of a lion in the wilds of Africa, and his master's voice shouting "sic 'em Lemon." voice shouting "sic 'em Lemon."

Again, he might have been when he would reared the time when he harnessed to ch the proper age to be harnessed to one of Master Archie's carts, or be matched in a main with the household cat, or wear an empty can attached to his tail. However, Lemon's motive for running away is purely speculative, for it is not given in the police report, and his mistress "can attribute no cause for the rash act."

Naval Officers Experts in Diplomacy

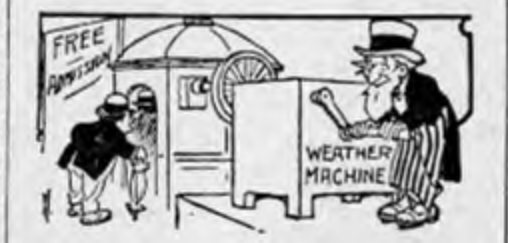


WHEN it comes to diplomatic maneuvering to accomplish their designs the officers of the navy can give pointers to the Russians and the Japanese. As an instance the case of the hospital ship Relief may be cited. It will be remembered that last winter President Roosevelt made an order that the Relief should be commanded by a medical officer. The men at the navy department were amazed that a doctor should be given command of a vessel, but there was no appeal from Mr. Roosevelt's order. The Relief was detailed to accompany the fleet on its trip around the world. Letters from men who are with the fleet have been received here telling of the sad experiences of the hospital ship and her commander. In describing these experiences one writer prefaced his letter as follows: "The Relief is the most unpopular institution in the navy. There is no exception. The Relief has everything else beaten."

The story is that the Relief has been burdened with woe ever since the cruise began, and that every officer of the navy, except the doctors, is tickled to death that this is so. The line officers who didn't approve having a doctor as their commander have found many ways, the story goes, of making life miserable to the men in charge of the hospital ship. Of course the suggestion of a service conspiracy to this end would be resented and could not be proven, but there is a sub rosa intimation that something very like a cabal has been formed with the purpose of proving how much a doctor doesn't know about running a ship.

Wherever the fleet has been the Relief has usually limped along behind the procession. She has had trouble getting supplies, getting coal, getting consideration of all kinds. It always just happened this way and nobody in particular was to blame. It is hinted that when the fleet returns suggestions will be made in many quarters that the cruise has demonstrated that nobody is competent to manage a war vessel who is not an accredited officer of the navy. In other words, that the experience of the Relief, with a medical officer in command, has been a hopeless failure.

Weather Kiosk to Be Placed on Street



AN interesting experiment is about to be conducted in Washington. If it meets with success it will be extended to other cities. In the course of a few days there will be opened at one of the busiest points on Pennsylvania avenue a weather kiosk similar to those now in use in Berlin and other places in Germany. The object of the agricultural department in bringing about this innovation is to supply meteorological information in popular form. Behind the curtained windows of the kiosk will be a series of

the daily weather charts, forecasts issued by the weather bureau, maximum thermometer and thermograph for recording temperature and rain gauge. There will be no barometer for it is the wish of the department that only meteorological facts in their simplest form shall be shown.

Officials of the weather bureau believe there will be great public interest in their new scheme. If their hopes are realized similar kiosks will be erected in about 15 cities in the course of the next five or six months.

Among other things expected of these kiosks is that they will ruin the reputations held by many cities of the United States, especially Washington, for excessive summer heat, many records of this kind having been established by inaccurate thermometers being hung outside stores and other buildings not conducive to correct readings.



"I Own It," He Says.

MR. PRATT.
By Joseph C. Lincoln
AUTHOR OF "CAPT. ERI" "PARTNERS OF THE TIDE"
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ILLUSTRATIONS BY T. D. MELVILL

SYNOPSIS.

Mr. Solomon Pratt began comical narration of story, introducing well-to-do Nathan Scudder, his town, and Edward Van Brunt and Martin Hartley, two rich New Yorkers seeking rest. Because of latter pair's lavish expenditure of money, Pratt's first impression was connected with lunatics. The arrival of James Hopper, Van Brunt's valet, gave Pratt the desired information about the New Yorkers. They wished to live what the world termed "The Natural Life." Van Brunt, it was learned, was the successful sailor for the hand of Miss Agnes Page, who gave Hartley up. "The Heavenlies" bear a long story of the domestic woes of Mrs. Hannah Jane Purvis, their cook and maid of all work. Decide to let her go and engage Sol. Pratt as chef. Twins agree to leave, Kate Scudder's abode and begin unavailing search for another domicile. Adventure at Fourth of July celebration at Eastwick. Hartley rescued a boy, known as "Reddy," from under a horse's feet and the urchin proved to be one of Miss Page's charges, whom he had taken to the country for an orated Miss Page and Hartley were sowed the public, a fierce storm, which both Brunt, Hartley, out sailing later, Va wrecked in a squall, and Hopper were

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

"She never said no such thing," I says. "She wouldn't swear if he was her husband four times over; she ain't that kind. And she ain't his wife nor his sister nor his sister-in-law nor his grandmother's cat's aunt neither. She's no relation to him and neither's the boy. Who's been giving you all this rigmarole?"

It seems he'd heard it from a feller that lived next door to Ebenezer; and the feller had heard it from somebody else that had got it from somebody else and so on and so on. Nigh's I could find out it had started from Hartley's telling me that the boy was a "brother outcast." Some idiot with poor ears and worse brains had thought he said "brother Oscar," and the whole string of yarns had sprouted from that. Shows you what good soil there is for planting lies down our way. If lies was fetching ten cents a barrel the whole neighborhood would have been rich years ago.

All the time me and Nate was pow-wowing this way the yawl was sailing up the bay towing my skiff behind her. There was a nice fair wind and a smooth sea and 'twas so clear after the rain that we could see the hills across the bay. But no sign could we see of the Dora Bassett nor her passengers. I was getting more worried every minute.

We cruised along till we got abreast of the point from where the Old Home pier was in sight. But the sloop wa'n't at the pier. No use going any farther, so we come about and begun to beat back again the way we'd come. Scudder was worried too, but his worriment had caught him in the pocketbook; proves how disease will always get hold of a feller's tenderest place.

"Look here, Sol," says he; "do you call late Hartley 'I want to stay to my house if his chum's drowned'?"

"I don't know," I says, impatient. "No, I guess not."

"Well now, he agreed to take it for a month and there's five days to run yet. Ain't he liable for them days?" he says.

I was feeling just mean enough to want somebody else to feel that way, so I answers:

"Well, you can't hold a lunatic, 'cording to law. And you and Huldny Ann have agreed that he's crazy."

He thumped the boat's rail. "Crazy or not," says he, "I can't afford to lose them days. I shan't give him back none of his money." Then he thought a minute and begun to see a speck of comfort. "Maybe the shock of t'other feller's drowning 'll make him

one side was the bay, with the water looking blue and pretty in the forenoon sunshine. And on t'other side was the mile and a half strip we'd just sailed across, with the beach and mainland over yonder. Not a soul but us in sight anywheres. The whole layout would have made a first-rate photograph of the last place the Lord made; the one he forgot to finish.

"Look at it!" hollers Van. "Look at it! Now what is it?"

I begun to be sorry the keeper hadn't arrived that time when I thought he was coming. I called he was needed right now. Martin seemed to think so, too. He looked puzzled.

"What is it?" he says. "What's what? What do you mean?"

"Why this whole business. Island and house and scenery and quiet and all. You old blockhead!" hollers Van, giving the other Twin an everlasting bang on the back; "Don't you see? It's what we've been looking for all these weeks—it's the pure, unadulterated, accept-no-imitations Natural Life!"

I set down in the sand. Things were coming too fast for me. If this kept on I'd be counting my fingers and playing cat's cradle along with the rest of the loons pretty soon. I knew it.

But, would you believe it, Martin Hartley didn't seem to think his chum was out of his mind. He fetched a long breath.

"By Jove!" he says, slow; "I don't know but you're right."

"Right? You bet I'm right! It's been growing on me ever since I landed. We'll be alone; no females, native or imported, to bother us. Here's a bully old house with some furniture, bedsteads and so on, already in it. I broke a window and climbed in for a rummage. Jolliest old ark you ever saw. Here's a veranda to sit on, and air to breathe, and a barn for a cow and plenty of room for a garden and chickens—whew! Man alive, it's Paradise! And I want to locate the man that owns it. I want to find him quick."

He didn't have to say it but once. Nate Scudder was so full of joy that he had to shove his hands in his pockets to keep from hugging himself.

"I own it," he says.

"You do! Scudder, you're a gem. I begin to love you like a brother. Martin and I hire this place; do you understand? It's ours from this minute, for as long as we want it."

Nate commenced to hem and haw. "Well, I don't know," he says. "I don't know's I ought to let you have it. There's been considerable many folks after it, and—"

"Never mind. They can't have it. We outbid 'em. See?"

"What will we do for groceries?" asks Hartley, considering.

"Scudder 'll bring 'em to us," says Van. "Won't you, Scudder?"

"Well, I don't know, Mr. Van Brunt. I'm pretty busy now, and—"

"We'll pay you for your time, of course."

"What about beds and cooking utensils and so on?" asks Hartley, considering some more.

"Scudder 'll buy 'em for us some-where."

"And milk, and eggs, and butter?"

"Scudder—till we get our own chickens and cow."

"And—er—well, a cook? Who'll do the cooking?"

Van Brunt stoops down and slaps me on the shoulder.

"Pratt," says he "Pratt will come here and cook for us, and navigate us, and be our general manager. Pratt's the boy!"

"Hold on there!" I sings out. "Avast heaving, will you. If you think for one minute that I'm going to quit my summer job to come to this hole and live, you're—"

"You're coming," says Van. "Never mind the price; we'll pay it. Now shut up! you're coming."

What can you say to a chap like that? I groaned.

"Live on Horsefoot Bar," I says. "Live on it!"

"Horsefoot Bar?" says Van. "Is that its name? Well, it's Horsefoot Bar no more. I've been evolving a name ever since I began to breathe here. Breathe, Martin," he says. "Draw a good breath. That's it. That's pure ozone. Gentlemen, permit me to introduce to you, Ozone island."

Scudder grinned. He was feeling ready to grin at most anything just then.

"Ozone island?" says Hartley. "Ozone island. A restful name. Well, it's a restful spot. Isn't it, skipper?"

"Yes," says I. "As restful as being buried alive; and pretty nigh as pleasant."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NEW SOMETHING OF ARGUMENT

Daughter Mustered Logic to Answer Father's Objections.

Isaac L. Rice, the chess enthusiast, whose daughter is a devotee of the motorcycle, tells a story about the way in which he was induced to buy the first machine for the young woman. Mrs. Rice and Miss Rice were in Europe at the time and arrangements had been made to ship a machine abroad, when a man was thrown from a motorcycle in New York and killed. The accident impressed Mr. Rice so that, instead of sending the desired cycle, he forwarded a letter saying that he had decided not to buy one, as he thought the sport was too dangerous. By the next mail came back a letter carrying inside a newspaper clipping with the heading, "Man Dies in Theater." With it was the message: "Now, father, do you intend to keep me from going to the theater because a man once died there?" Mr. Rice decided that argument was use less against such an antagonist.

"Well," says I, "I'll believe in special Providences after this."

Van jumped out of the chair.

"By George!" he sings out. "Talking of special providences; Martin, come here."

He grabbed t'other Twin by the arm and led him down off the piazza and up to the top of a little hill near the house. The rest of us followed without being invited. I know you couldn't have kept me back with a chain cable. I haven't visited many asylums and I wanted to see the patients perform.

"Look here, Martin," says Van, when we got to the top of the hill. "Look around you."

We all looked, I guess; I know I did. There was the old Berry house, square and weatherbeaten and gray. And there was a derelict barn and a half dozen pig pens and hen houses stranded alongside of it. And there was Horsefoot bar all around us for a half mile or so, sand and beach grass and hop-toads, all complete. And beyond on

In a jiffy we see her plain. She was lying on her side in a little cove, just as the tide had left her. Her canvas was down in a heap, partly on deck and partly overboard, but she didn't seem to be hurt none. I beached the yawl just alongside of her, dropped

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CULVER, IND., DECEMBER 24, 1908

TONY PASTOR AS SANTA.

Veteran Actor Was the Friend of the Stage Children.

There are at present engaged in different capacities on the stage and in the theaters about 400 children to whom the holidays usually are days of toil, and many of these little folks are breadwinners for younger brothers and sisters.

The little ones, all less than twelve years old, provide the stage entertainment on these occasions, and there never is any interference by the authorities. Christmas, 1907, was Tony Pastor's last appearance as the children's Santa Claus, and this year they will miss his genial face and kindly attentions.

Admission was by invitation only, and when the programme began the house was crowded to the doors, the balcony being given up largely to poor children of the east side.

One of the players was presented as Baby Esmond, a perfect cherub, who piped a love ditty and danced with one foot held in the air.

Another of the same mature years was "Miss Miriam Jackson," if you please. She came out with a Teddy bear in her arms, sang a song and did such clever capering that every woman in the audience wanted to hug her.

Lillian Tobin, herself no bigger than a doll baby, sang "Poor John" and invited the audience to join her in the chorus, which it did with a will.

After the little ones had been satisfied in that respect they were sent up to the main hall of the building, and there the really big feature of the evening took place.

After that there was a second distribution for stage children only in the committee room of Tammany hall. Most of the children had written requests for certain articles, and as they appeared one by one and gave a name corresponding with that on Mrs. Fernandez's list the present asked for was delivered.

"In giving Christmas presents to children," said Mrs. Frederick Schoff, president of the National Mothers' Congress, "our first aim should be to transport, to overjoy, to enrapture."

"I once knew a little girl who, on fire with excitement, rushed in from her bedroom to see her presents on Christmas morning and after one look burst into loud sobs of disappointment and disgust.

"It was some such experience, I have no doubt, that had befallen a little girl friend of mine.

"Are you going to give me anything for Christmas?" she said one day to her aunt.

"Yes, if you're good," the aunt replied.

"The little girl gazed at her aunt with wistful earnestness. Then she said: 'Please, auntie, then, nothing useful.'"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Christmas Hymn.
No tramp of marching armies,
No banners flaming far;
A lamp within a stable,
And in the sky a star.

Their hymns of peace and gladness
To earth the angels brought.
Their "Gloria in Excelsis"
To earth the angels taught.

When in the lowly manger
The holy mother maid
In tender adoration
Her babe of heaven laid.

Born lowly in the darkness
And none so poor as he,
The little children of the poor
His very own shall be.

No rush of hostile armies then,
But just the huddling sheep,
The angels singing of the Christ
And all the world asleep.

No flame of conquering banners,
No legion sent afar;
A lamp within a stable,
And in the sky a star.

Margaret E. Sangster in Collier's Weekly.

Christmas With The Pickwickians

No chronicle of Christmas doings has done it so initially as Dickens, and nowhere has Dickens described them better than in the "Pickwick Papers."

As brisk as bees, if not altogether as light as fairies, did the four Pickwickians assemble on the morning of the 23d day of December in the year of grace in which these their faithfully recorded adventures were undertaken and accomplished.

After traveling through a wide and open country where "the wheels skim over the hard and frosty ground," slowing up as they draw near a country town, where the horses are changed, then again "dashing along the open road, with the fresh air blowing in their faces and gladdening their very hearts within them," they arrive at Dingley Dell, where we are introduced to that famous personage, the fat boy.

Having given this direction and settled with the coachman, Mr. Pickwick and his three friends struck into the footpath across the fields and walked briskly away, leaving Mr. Weller and the fat boy confronted together for the first time.

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the air of a man who could "diddle" and having shown his ignorance thereof, was smartly reproved by Mr. Pickwick. Meanwhile, "Mr. Weller and the fat boy having by their joint efforts cut out a slide," all hands participated. Says the chronicler of the day's sport:

It was the most intensely interesting thing to observe the manner in which Mr. Pickwick performed his share in the ceremony—to watch the torture of anxiety with which he viewed the person behind gaining upon him at the imminent hazard of tripping him up, to see him gradually expand the painful force which he had put on at first and turn slowly around on the slide, with his face toward the point from which he had started, to contemplate the playful smile which manifested on his face when he had accomplished the distance and the eagerness with which he turned around when he had done so and ran after his predecessor, his black gaiters tripping pleasantly through the snow and his eyes beaming cheerfulness and gladness through his spectacles, and when he was knocked down, with a hammer upon the average every third round, it was the most invigorating sight that can possibly be imagined to behold him gather up his hat, gloves and handkerchief with a glowing countenance and resume his station in the rank with an ardor and enthusiasm which nothing could abate.

Mr. Pickwick unfortunately breaks through the ice and gets a good wetting, but, being taken on a smart run to the house, put to bed and given unlimited quantities of hot punch, finds himself none the worse next morning, when the party departs from Dingley Dell.

Thus does Dickens tell us of one of the merriest Christmases that a reader could desire. There is no touch of sadness in the chronicle, and all that one could wish for is that the story were longer. Long live the tale, and long may we enjoy Christmas with the Pickwickians!

LONG WALK FOR SANTA.

Tree Burned, Father Goes Eight Miles For New Toys.

Gifts intended for his eight children being destroyed when his lighting of the Christmas tree, just before midnight, caused a fire which damaged his home in Cleveland, Alfred Hammermeister trudged eight miles through snow before he could rouse a store-



MR. PICKWICK WENT SLOWLY AND GRAVELY DOWN THE SLIDE WITH HIS FEET ABOUT A YARD APART.

began to stow the things rapidly away in the cart, while the fat boy stood quietly by and seemed to think it a very interesting sort of thing to see Mr. Weller working by himself.

The conversation of these two characters is too long to reprint here, but not too much so to peruse with the greatest interest. We must pass over the story of the wedding, which was the day before Christmas event at Dingley Dell, at which Mr. Pickwick distinguished himself by a felicitous speech, and get to the story of the dance. Dickens' description of the old sitting room is a gem:

The best sitting room at Manor Farm was a good, long, dark paneled room, with a high chimney piece and a capacious chimney, up which you could have driven one of the new patent cabs, wheels and all. At the upper end of the room, seated in a shady bower of holly and evergreens, were the two best fiddlers and the only harp in Muggleton. In all sorts of recesses and on all kinds of brackets stood massive old silver candlesticks with four branches each. The carpet was up, the candles burned bright, the fire blazed and crackled on the hearth, and merry voices and light hearted laughter rang through the room. If any of the old English yeomen had turned into fairies when they died, it was just the place in which they would have held their revels.

After the dance was over, Mr. Pickwick having acquitted himself with great credit, the reader is told about the doings in the famous old kitchen. Here hung the mistletoe and did its mission well in adding to the jollity of the occasion. The artist whose pictures appear on his pages has done excellent justice to Dickens' text:

From the center of the ceiling of this kitchen old Wardie had just suspended with his own hands a huge branch of mistletoe, and this same branch of mistletoe instantaneously gave rise to a scene of general and most delightful struggling and confusion, in the midst of which Mr. Pickwick, with a gallantry which would have done honor to a descendant of Lady Tollingdown herself, took the old lady by the hand, led her beneath the mystic branch and saluted her in all courtesy and decorum. * * * Wardie stood with his back to the fire, surveying the whole scene with the utmost satisfaction, and the fat boy took the opportunity of appropriating to his own use and enjoyment a particularly fine mince pie that had been carefully put by for somebody else. * * *

It was a pleasant thing to see Mr. Pickwick in the center of the group, now pulled this way and then that and first kissed on the chin and then on the nose and then on the spectacles, and to hear the peals of laughter which were raised on every side.

Finally we come to Christmas day, which was cold and cheerful and good "skating" weather. The party all went to a "pretty large sheet of ice," where Mr. Winkle, having assumed

keeper and gather another supply of presents so that the children's faith in Santa Claus might not be lost.

The children were asleep when Mr. and Mrs. Hammermeister completed decorating the tree. The father decided to light the candles as a test. They burned; so did the cotton snowballs. The blaze awakened the children. "Santy here?" they tipped. "Is it morrin'?" The parents gathered them in their arms and rushed to the street. Firemen brought out a lot of fire rined presents from the house.

"Santy been and gone and our things is burned up!" the children cried.

Hammermeister began his weary search for an open store. He employed the infrequent street cars for long stretches, but trudged mile after mile in fruitless search. Finally he routed a storekeeper from his bed and, burdening himself with a new supply, trudged home to turn sorrow into joy.

Hunting Christmas Ghosts.

Ghost hunting bids fair to become the ruling passion of Washington society. The fortunate owners of a peaked house, roped with ivy and densely surrounded by trees, are issuing cards for a Christmas specter hunt. The Christmas ghost hunt is imported from England, where the houses are ancient enough to harbor specters who were there before William the Conqueror. The comparative newness of this country leads some to predict that the fad over here will fall. There are exceptions, however, for even in Washington there is one of the treasure guarding ghosts—an out and out buccaneer of the Spanish main variety, with cocked hat, gold lace, ruffles, high yellow boots, red jacket and an odor of antiquity. Those acquainted with him say that he clicks his chains of stolen doubloons.—Washington Star.

A Christmas Sentiment.

However sincere we may be in our efforts to spread Christmas cheer, our charity is none the less a testimony to our sense of the fact that peace and good will have not come upon the earth. Poverty and wretchedness are not to be offset by yearly gifts of baskets of food and outgrown clothes.

We ought to make the spasmodic kindness of Christmas one of the constant forces of our industrial world. Equality and fraternity are born not of charity, but of justice.

Instead of commercializing Christmas we ought to Christianize commercialism.—New York Mail.

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CURES Coughs, Colds, CROUP, Whooping Cough

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Price 25 cents, large size 50 cents.



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McLANE & CO.

Livery Feed and Sale Stable

Special attention given to traveling men. Terms reasonable. Barn East of the Postoffice

Ray's Restaurant

BILL OF FARE

- Vegetable soup 5c
Oysters, stewed 25c
Oysters, fried, 1 dozen 25c
Porterhouse steak 25c
Pork chops 25c
Ham and eggs 25c
Sausage 25c
Sandwiches, ham, cheese, egg hamburger, hot ham, limburger, each 5c
Buckwheat cakes 10c
Friedcakes and coffee 10c
Pie, per cut 5c
Drinks—Coffee, cherry phosphate, peach phosphate, lemonade, milk, each 5c

Fine Home Made Bread, Rolls, Pies, Cakes and Cookies

Bulk Oysters, Selects, Solid Meats, Tuesday and Wednesday

OLD POST OFFICE BUILDING

Trustee's Notice.

After April 1st, my weekly office days, for the transaction of downtown business, will be as follows: Tuesdays at my residence, and Saturdays at my office over the Exchange Bank, Culver.

THE KING OF CURES DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY FOR COUGHS AND COLDS. FOR WEAK, SORE LUNGS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, HEMORRHAGES AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG DISEASES. PREVENTS PNEUMONIA. I regard Dr. King's New Discovery as the grandest medicine of modern times. One bottle completely cured me of a very bad cough, which was steadily growing worse under other treatments. EARL SHAMBURG, Codell, Kas. PRICE 50c AND \$1.00 SOLD AND GUARANTEED BY T. E. SLATTERY, Druggist, Culver, Ind.

We Will Furnish Your Home Complete You have no idea how cheap and on what liberal terms we can do this unless you call and see what we have and get our prices. If you need a carpet or rug we can show you a complete line. Prices of Carpets, 36 to 70 cents per yard. Prices of Rugs, from \$12 to \$45. Does your kitchen need linoleum? We have the old reliable brand (Cook's), guaranteed to give satisfaction. Two widths—2 and 4 yards. Remember we carry a line of window shades, curtain poles, portieres, sewing machines, etc. We also carry a full line of stoves, base burners, soft coal and wood heaters, hot blast and air-tight heaters, ranges, etc. CULVER DEPARTMENT STORE

Adrian Farm and Field Fence Best and Most Satisfactory Farm Fence on the Market Ferrier & Son

THE BEST AND PUREST GROCERIES FRESH AND SALT MEATS, CANNED GOODS, SEASONABLE FRUITS, ETC. CAN ALWAYS BE FOUND AT HAND'S GROCERY START the New Year by sending THE CITIZEN to some absent friend or relative—\$1 pays the bill

HICKORY BUSH HAPPENINGS

Doc Dope says he wouldn't mind being Santa Claus if he could help at the filling of some of the stockings about town. Doc is pretty generous.

Aunt Sally Hopkins presented the minister with a mess of kraut for Christmas. Uncle Ben Davis says this is the most scentsible present he nose of.

Following the example of the big cities, the Emporium secured the services of Miss Belladonna Honysuckle for a practical demonstration in the use of the tooth brush last Friday and Saturday. This enterprise on the part of the proprietor resulted in the sale of quite a number of these cunning little novelties.

Peruna lodge held an informal discussion of the early history of the community Monday night. During its progress Deacon Stubbs ventured the opinion that he was the oldest settler in the place, having come here the year previous to the arrival of Grandpa Timothy Hay. Luke Buster of the Emporium took exception to the statement, and, while acknowledging that the deacon might have lived here longer than anyone else, he wasn't a settler, and proved his point by the Emporium's books.

Count Spaghetti's barber shop has been enjoying unusual prosperity the past few weeks. Aside from an increasing business in the tonsorial line, the count has filled many orders from foreign parts for Santa Claus whiskers, and has sold a large amount for sofa pillows and ladies' fancy work. The count says the bathroom trade is about over for the season. He attributes this to the growing use of the finger bowl among our society folks, and believes that eventually the finger bowl will drive the bathrooms out of business.

Willie Peters' propensity to joke with the customers of the shoe department of the Emporium received a decided rebuke Saturday when in response to Miss Porcelina Peddycord's response to see some shoes he asked if she wished kid or calf shoes. Miss Porcelina quickly informed the young man that she had reached the age when she no longer wore kid shoes, and as for calf shoes if she desired shoes of such proportions she would buy boots. Everybody in the store gave Willie the laugh, and it is hoped the lesson will do him good.

Reports from the Wildcat neighborhood state that Eb Bowersox is confined to his bed, with the chances for recovery exceedingly slim. Grief over his recent bereavement is said to be sapping his vitality and hurrying him to the grave. Last month Eb lost two of his best coon dogs, and since that time has seemed to lose all interest in life. Eb's wife died early in the spring, and he seemed somewhat chagrined and put out at her demise just at planting time, but he bore up bravely until this crowning misfortune came upon him. He has the sympathy of the entire community in his affliction, with the exception of one hound and a pup. Eb is the last of a large family. Undertaker Pillsbury will drive out Sunday to see him, and visit around the neighborhood until after Eb has taken his departure.

Big Batch of Delinquents. County Treasurer Myers is sending out notices to persons owing delinquent taxes. There are between 1200 and 1500 in Marshall county who have not paid their taxes. If not paid before the first of the year, the list of delinquents will be published and their property offered for sale the first week in February. For Sale—A Round Oak heater. Levi Osborn.

Real Estate Transfers

Mary Parshing by admr to Floyd Miller, part of Brown lot, Plymouth, \$2100. Hannah Troyer to J N Morgan, 20a in sec 14, North, \$200. L G Morgan to same, same, \$100. J G McDuffie to J A Hanes, 1/2 lot in Plymouth, \$800. S Fairbanks to H Gearhart, 7.28 in sec 10 Mrl and 37a in sec 20, North, \$3300. C Bellman to J E Bellman, 40a sec 16, German, \$1800. Nora Burden et al by gdn to Joannah Watson, tract in sec 24, Bourbon, \$1129. M Banks et al to same, tract in same, \$3200. Sarilla Clifton et al to A Schoonover, 80a ex rr, sec 7, Green, \$4000. A Schoonover to Anna Wilhelm et al, same, \$4000. Charlotte McDonald to Sarah S Ball, pt sec 7, Green, \$3500. Amanda McFeeley to John McFeeley, pt sec 16, Union, \$300. Trick Brothers to Trick Burgman, Sybert & Co., 95.69a in sec 27, West, \$1. Hannah Vineland to Eli Swihart, 2a in sec 33, Walnut, \$250. E Biggens to H Biggens, 160a in sec 23, Polk, \$2000. Sarah Collier to U. B. Church, lot in Tyner, \$100.

Corn Growers' Association.

The ninth annual meeting of the Indiana Corn Growers' association will be held January 13 at Purdue university. The meeting will be held in connection with the Farmers' Short Course, receiving a most prominent place on the program of the week.

The program this year is an unusually attractive and strong one. Professor W. R. Steveson of the Soil department of the Iowa State college, will discuss "The Conservation of the Soil;" A. E. Reynolds, President Crabs of the Reynolds Taylor Co. of Crawfordsville, will discuss "Pure Clover Seed and How to Obtain it;" DeWitt C. Wing, associate editor of the Breeders' Gazette, Chicago, will give a talk on "More Corn to the Acre," while C. A. Rowe of Jacksonville, Ill., president of the Illinois Corn Growers' association, will criticize the exhibits of corn at the state show. Programs for the meeting, premium lists for the state corn show, and other information can be had by applying to G. I. Christie, secretary, Lafayette.

A Rural Route Request.

The mail carriers on the routes out of Culver have a request to make of their patrons. The practice of leaving money in the mail boxes, expecting the carriers to make change and stamp their letters is a pretty serious addition to the discomforts of the work on cold days. It necessitates the removal of gloves or mittens and spending a considerable amount of extra time. When the weather is bitter cold or stormy this means an undue hardship which can be avoided by a little forethought. If you haven't stamps in the house (and it is always better to buy a quantity and keep them on hand) have the pennies handy so that you can wrap up the exact change yourself. The carrier can then take your letters and the money to the postoffice and affix the stamps there. As a matter of fact the department does not require him to make change, and furnishes him no money for that purpose. When he does that service for you it is done as an accommodation and the change is supplied from his private funds. Uncle Sam's boys are good-natured and obliging, but on the other hand their patrons should also be accommodating, and avoid, as far as possible, subjecting them to inconvenience and discomfort.

Coal at Cost—Our Treat.

A carload of Eastern soft coal, bought on trial and for a Christmas treat for our customers, will be in this week. It is coal that sells for \$6.40 in South Bend. We purpose to let it go for \$5 if orders are received at once so that we can unload directly out of the car. This coal comes in a sealed car. No shovel has touched it, so it is absolutely free from slack. Will make no clinkers. "Naked Truth" is the name of the coal. Culver City Grain & Coal Co.

Pat Cronan and The Cigarettes

THE heroic conduct of Lieutenant William P. Cronan, U. S. N., in saving a turret's crew from death on the battleship Connecticut last year was to have been expected from a man of his character. Pat Cronan, as he is known in and out of the navy, belongs to that class of officers who reflect credit on the country and the service. It was my fortune to be with him on the gunboat Marietta during the blockade of Venezuela in 1902 by Great Britain, Germany and Italy. There was no duty too onerous for him to undertake, no service he was unwilling to face. His men stood solidly behind him, ready to go wherever he would lead. As the Marietta had been in Caribbean sea waters for a long time, it looked as though the Christmas dinner would consist only of canned stuff and fresh vegetables and the peculiar cigarettes of the tropics. Fortunately the steamer Philadelphia arrived at La Guayra, one of the ports blockaded, and, as it could not unload, Captain Diehl, the commander of the Marietta, succeeded in inducing the commercial vessel to part with two turkeys and some cranberries which, among other things, had been brought from New York carefully stowed away in the icebox. The Philadelphia had no Egyptian cigarettes, and the question arose where they could be got. Cronan pondered deeply over the weighty problem and then asked permission for a boat. Without indicating what he proposed to do he gave the orders to proceed to the British cruiser Tribune, which was one of the ships enforcing the blockade.



IT WAS THEIR LAST BOX.

Cronan was received by the ward-room mess of the Tribune with open arms. As a special mark of appreciation of his visit a box of a hundred Egyptian cigarettes was brought forth by the executive officer. Cronan was invited to take one. His eyes lingered longingly on the box as he extracted a lonely weed. He remained about a quarter of an hour, and then, reaching over to the box, closed it and, to the astonishment of the Britishers, put it under his arm. They were too well bred to remonstrate, but their eyes spoke volumes. It was their last box! Cronan went over the side and was pulled away to his own ship, leaving behind disgust and desolation. As soon as he reached the Marietta he asked Captain Diehl for one of the turkeys, and this he carefully packed up and sent to the ward-room of the Tribune with the compliments of the American officers, and he accompanied it with fifty cigarettes. The Christmas dinners on the Marietta and Tribune as well were great successes. The only bar to complete enjoyment "WHY IS CRONAN LIKE THIS BOX?" on the part of every one on the American gunboat not in Cronan's confidence was the absence of cigarettes. When the coffee was served Cronan announced that Santa Claus had commissioned him to convey a splendid gift to the mess. He then produced the half filled box. "Why is Cronan like this box?" enthusiastically asked one officer who belonged to the conundrum class of humanity. "He's not full," one wit replied. "He's a delight to the eye," said another. "He's white, straight, and whatever yellow there is in him is the best yellow there is," hazarded a third. "Perhaps," admitted the questioner. "But my answer is this: You find Cronan always where the smoke is thickest."—Chicago Tribune.

A Prayer to the Christ Child.

Behold, ye season is again at hand; once more ye snows of winter lie upon all ye earth, and all Christyantie is arrayed to the holy feast. Presently shall ye star burn with exceeding brightness in ye east, ye sky shall be full of swete music, ye angels shall descend to earth with slinging, and ye bells—ye Joyous Christyantie bells—shall tell us of ye babe that was born in Bethlehem. Come to us now, O gentle Christy-child, and walke among us peoples of ye earth; wheeheel us round about with Thy protecting care; forfeed all evylus thoughts and evil deeds; teche Thou our hearts with the glory of Thy love, and quicken us to practices of peace, good will, and charity meet for Thy approval and acceptation.—Engene Field.

The Bargain at Home.

Bobby—Mamma, let's give papa a lovely gold scarfpin. Mamma—That will be nice, Bobby. Bobby—Mamma, you put in \$4.99 and I'll put in a dime.—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Christmas Hope. We do not pretend to be prophets, but we can all dare to hope. And this is what we hope: That some day the strong will help and not exploit the weak; that some day fraternity will be more than a rhetorical flourish; that some day love will beget justice rather than charity. And Christmas is the one day in the year that such a venturesome hope seems more than a will-o'-the-wisp.—World Today.

You should always remember that most all colds and colds are contagious. Yet the most important thing to do when you have a cold is to move the bowels. You cannot promptly cure a cold until you do this. Kennedy's Laxative Candy stops the cough by allaying inflammation of the throat and lungs, and it drives the cold from the system by gently moving the bowels. Children like it for it tastes nearly as good as maple sugar. T. E. Slattery has it for sale.

Sardonic Humor in Will. Jasper Mayne, who died in 1620, must have been a person of humor. He left his servant an old valise, stating that it contained something that would enable him to drink. When the valise was opened it was found to contain only a red herring.

Nearly everybody knows DeWitt's Little Early Risers are the best pills made. They are small, pleasant, sure Little Liver pills. Sold by T. E. Slattery.

Learn for Yourself. It is a most beautiful and salutary order of things that you should first bear the burden you place on others and learn from yourself how men should be ruled.—St. Bernard of Clairvaux.

Every case of backache, weak back, bladder inflammation and rheumatic pains are dangerous if neglected, for such troubles are nearly always due to weak kidneys. Take DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. They are antiseptic and soothe the pain quickly. Insist on DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. For weak kidneys and inflammation of the bladder, they are unequalled. Regular size 50c. Sold by T. E. Slattery.

Europe and Heaven. One difference between Europe and heaven is that people who make their money in America can't go to heaven to spend it.

Cash for Poultry and Eggs. Cash will be paid for poultry and eggs brought to Anbeenaubee Park on Wednesdays and Saturdays. Parties desiring to sell poultry or eggs here on other days please telephone No. 50.

Teacher Makes the Man. No greater service can be rendered the youth of a country than to train good teachers and professors for its benefit.—L'Etiole Belge.

Special Holiday Rates.

Via Nickel Plate Road. Tickets on sale Dec. 24 and 25, good returning Dec. 28. Also on sale Dec. 31 and Jan. 1, good returning Jan. 4. Call on agent. (57)d17w3

Wood for Sale—Well-seasoned oak wood for sale. Levi Osborn.

For Sale—Forty acres and 26 3/4 acres land near Aldine, Starke county. Easy terms. Write J. E. Mason, 240 Fifth avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa. d172

Why He Never Spoke.

There was a man in our town, and he was wondrous wise; he never spoke unto his wife of his mother's cakes and pies. The secret of his wisdom—guess it if you can; but if you can't behold it—he was a bachelor man.—Chicago News.

Manual Training.

Manual training is no small part of public education and should be given precedence over many of the latter-day frills and furbelows introduced in the free schools.—Memphis Commercial-Appal.

Cause for Optimism.

We have often observed that the optimists hold down pretty good jobs. Perhaps that's why they are.

Headache Every Month

You may think, because you have long had it, that you must have a headache every month, being a woman. But if you think so, you are wrong, since a headache is a sign of disease of your womanly organs, that thousands of other women have been able to relieve or cure, by the use of that wonderful, woman's medicine, CARDUI.

WINE OF CARDUI WOMAN'S RELIEF

"I recommend Cardui to all sick women," writes Mrs. A. C. Beaver of Union, Tenn. "I suffered with headache, bearing-down pains, feet swelled, pains in shoulders and many others. At last I took Cardui, have gained 20 pounds and have found it the best medicine I ever used for female troubles."

At All Druggists

WRITE FOR FREE ADVICE, stating age and describing symptoms, to Ladies Advisory Dept., The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn. E 37

PRACTICAL AND SENSIBLE Holiday Gifts For Every Member of the Family. Keen Kutter Plain and Safety Razors, Keen Kutter Pocket Knives, Razor Straps, Savory Roasters, Carpet Sweepers, Enders' \$1 Safety Razors, Table Cutlery and Carving Sets, Rifles and Skot Guns, Fishing Tackle, Sleds and Skates. Culver Cash Hardware

FOUNTAIN PENS IN ALL STYLES, SIZES, FINISHES. The Pen That Inks the Point. PARKER LUCKY CURVE FOUNTAIN PEN. At Slattery's Drug Store

PROFESSIONAL DIRECTORY. DR. E. E. PARKER, Physician and Surgeon. DR. O. A. REA, Physician and Surgeon. DR. NORMAN S. NORRIS, DENTIST. B. W. S. WISEMAN, M. D., Physician and Surgeon.

SHEET METAL WORK OF ALL KINDS. Tin, Galvanized Iron and Asbestos Roofing. Eave Trough, Valleys, Ridge Roll and Cresting. Kelsey and Torrid Zone Furnaces. None but firstclass materials used. John S. Gast, Phone 42-K. KEEN BROS. Culver Real Estate Exchange. A good list of farms to pick from. Houses and lots in Culver and lake front property for sale. See what we have to offer. Phone 49.

WILLIAM GRUBB PLUMBER. All Work Guaranteed to be Sanitary. Shop in Rear of the Citizen office Phone 76-2. HENRY PECHER TINNER & ROOFER. Galvanized Valleys, Ridge Rolls, Eave Trough, Crestings, Smoke Stacks, Etc.

W. S. EASTERDAY Funeral Director and Embalmer. PRIVATE AMBULANCE QUICK SERVICE. All Day or Night Calls Receive Prompt Attention. EXCHANGE BANK. Solicits Your Patronage. Protected against Burglary and Holdup. Chicago Exchange at Reasonable Rates. Real Estate Loans Made. Three per cent. Paid on Time Deposits. SHELF HARDWARE. Tin and Graniteware, Eclipse Stoves and Ranges. Prices Right. JOHN S. GAST Phone 42-K. Colored blotting at the Citizen.

Christmas in Foreign Climes

BY ENRICO DE MAISON



CHRISTMAS ON A GERMAN MAN OF WAR

IF AN American, who had not seen much of the world, should awake on Christmas morn while a German, French, English, Italian, Swiss or Danish Christmas celebration was in progress in his vicinity, he would imagine himself within the exclusive confines of a home for the mentally incompetent.

The American Christmas is a matter-of-fact festive occasion. People begin buying presents a week before; they present them Christmas morning and the next day return to work, the entire affair forgotten until the following brings the season around again.

Not so in the countries across the water. They observe every tradition in the mother lands; they plan for weeks and the festivities which mark the birth of Jesus Christ are carried on for a week or more. The Christmas tree in Germany is allowed to remain decorated far into the next year, extending over a period of several months.

Unique ceremonies grace the Danish, French, Swiss and Scotch Christmas celebrations and that which the Teutons foster have been handed down from ages. In Mexico one of the treasured customs is the breaking of the Pinata, a tradition being connected with the little ceremony which ushers in Christmas day. A queerly constructed effigy of a woman is hung up in a corner of a room and a child blindfolded, armed with a stick, proceeds to dislodge the old woman from her position close to the ceiling. When the feat is accomplished the presents contained under the covering of the dress of the figure are distributed.

The beauty of that little game is the uncertainty attending the possibility of the woman being dislodged and second, the uncertainty as to whether the less favored of the family circle will draw any presents from the treasure store beneath the skirts of the woman.

Christmas, of course, is observed only in Christian countries, but some heathen, in fact, nearly all of them, have one day or another on which to receive and send presents to their friends and others who are not friends. In countries ruled by absolute monarchies, the rulers are sometimes afraid to open their gift receptacles for the reason that oftentimes treacherable persons inclose fancy little bombs not marked in the invoice. Of course such undesirable persons do not have any more Christmases to celebrate, affairs being arranged in that manner if they are caught.

While the Christmas idea is practically the same in most countries of the globe which observe the day, there is a great variety of presents and a certain nation's desire for gifts made in wide variance to that which the next door neighbor believes in. Germans as a rule give the children presents, most of which are made in this country, while Americans are always particular about buying the babies toys marked "made in Germany."

A Frenchman told a clever little story at a Christmas banquet in Paris a year ago, which ran along on that line. He was enamored with a beautiful young lady whose home was on Rue de Boulevard. She was of artistic taste, so he studied her desire in painting creations for three weeks before Christmas. At last he came to the conclusion that probably an oil painting by a noted French artist might please her. He took special pains to hunt out a store where he might procure one. He did and put several weeks' salary into the gift.

He had it delivered Christmas morning and received a cordial note of thanks from the young lady, who unfortunately had not thought to purchase anything for him. This, of course, was embarrassing to both parties, but that evening while fondling the creation in his presence she happened to scan the back of the portrait. It said: "Made in Hoboken, N. J." She was in the midst of thanks and an embarrassing explanation of why she hadn't sent him a present, when she noticed the birthmark of the oil painting. She stopped, and they haven't spoken to each other since, according to the story.



THE WEINACHTSMAN IN GERMANY



TREE FOR CHILD MODELS IN PARIS

is taken into consideration by some persons. The young man, probably, was sorry for the abrupt termination of his friendship with the young lady, but perhaps it was for the best. That was his version of it, anyhow.

Most English speaking nations celebrate Christmastide just as we Americans do, but each has its little self-made variation. In Italy they celebrate with a grand dance, as a rule, and they take great pains to be attired in gaudy raiment. The Danish are very deliberate about their Christmas festivities and great fetes and gifts are the order of the day. The Swiss are fervent in their worship of the Saviour on that day and the little children dressed for gala affairs parade the streets in order that their parents may look at them and compare them with the "kids next door."

Many persons who have read much history and who have been able to persuade themselves that the present century is all wrong as to the date of the birth of Christ, are skeptical as to whether we should observe the sacred day when we do. Estimates as to when Christ was born extend clear from June to January 26.

Prior to the fourth century Christmas was not observed on December 25, for there was no period of uniformity in observing the day among the early churches. The skeptical persons who have studied the thing from end to end say that on December 25 it rained in Judea and then attention is called to the Biblical statement that shepherds were watching their flocks when Christ was born. Now how could they watch their flocks when it was raining? Is the argument of the unbelievers that December 25 is the correct day of feast.

One person who is not skeptical declared that perhaps they didn't have sense enough to come in out of the rain in those days. But of course that is no argument. The chances are the calendars have been changed so much that the original December 25, if hunted down, would be found flitting with May 1. Of course the correct day upon which to worship has much to do with the feeling of Christians in the matter, but at the same time, if the event is properly observed the time of observance is but a detail.

Many good churchmen who seldom attend church on Sundays find Christmas an excellent day to attend church because it only falls on Sunday once in seven years and it doesn't break in on their weekly holiday morning nap.



BREAKING THE CHRISTMAS PINATA IN MEXICO

proportion to population is the biggest national distributor of gifts.

There are many concerns in Germany, England and France which confine themselves exclusively to the manufacture of gifts such as are exchanged only during the celebration of the birth of Christ. Besides being a holiday which should be devoted to worship of Jesus Christ, it is a day which is looked forward to by merchants as a big source of profit.

In other countries, as in America, there are many small Christmas tragedies enacted because of the dislike which some folks take to gifts and because of the thoughtlessness of others in omitting some of their friends. Some make it a rule, and advertise it well, that they have decided to confine gifts to the immediate family circle, so that none will take offense if they receive no gifts from their hitherto cherished friends. Of course the ones who are notified of the change in the routine are careful to scratch off the names of the friends who have eliminated them so that when Christmas comes there is no needless embarrassment.

The poets once sang: "It is not the gift, but the spirit of the giver," and also "Don't look a gift horse in the mouth." There are dozens of little Christmastide axioms of that kind which are used and misused toward the end of the year. That first saying has been cleverly shifted about in this manner: "It is not the gift, but the price which the giver putteth into the gift."

The proper Christmas spirit as told from the pulpit is far from that which many follow out in selecting presents. Mother countries exhibit less interest in costly gifts than does America. Travelers in countries of the old world have been surprised at the great number of Christmas presents which are home-manufactured. Several weeks before the glad event, the families sit themselves down in their rooms and start, secretly, work upon the Christmas gifts. In the country districts of certain parts of America this custom is still retained.

Long a Temperance Worker.

"Mother" Stewart, who died recently, was 92 years old. She devoted her life to the temperance cause. Mrs. Stewart established the first W. C. T. U. in Ohio at Osborn in 1873. In 1876 she visited England and organized the first W. C. T. U. in that country. Following the civil war she lectured extensively in the southern states on behalf of the war sufferers.

Five years ago "Mother" Stewart became interested in the teaching of Alexander Dowle and visited Zion City where she remained one year, since which time she lived with friends at Hicksville. Until five years ago she resided in Springfield, O., where she led in many temperance crusades. Scarcely a woman in America could boast of the praise from pulpit and press like "Mother" Stewart.

Sees Great Future For Siberia.

More than 500,000 persons emigrated from European Russia to Siberia in 1907. Vice-Consul Chandler of Dalny reports, and of this record-breaking number fewer than ever before returned to their homes. Every colonist arriving in Siberia receives 37 acres of land free, paying no taxes the first three years and only half the regular taxes the next three.

CARVALHO ACCUSED

CHARGED WITH CRIMINAL LIBEL BY J. D. ROCKEFELLER, JR.

ARRESTED AND PAROLED

Complaint Against Hearst's Publisher Based on Article Saying Oil King's Son Originated Stockade Peonage.

New York.—On a charge of criminal libel, made by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., S. S. Carvalho, president of the Star Company, publishers of William R. Hearst's New York American, was arrested Thursday and arraigned in police court before Magistrate Finn.

At the solicitation of Clarence J. Shearn, attorney for the Hearst publications, and without any objection being raised on the part of Assistant District Attorney Garvan, who had charge of the prosecution, Mr. Carvalho was paroled in the custody of his lawyer until December 26, for examination.

Mr. Rockefeller, accompanied by his counsel, Lawyer Murphy, appeared in District Attorney Jerome's office early in the day and made complaint that the article published in the New York American of December 17, under a Chicago date of December 16, with the head line, "J. D. Rockefeller, Jr., originated peonage in stockade, it is said," tended to injure his good name, reputation and credit and to make him appear ridiculous.

He submitted a typewritten affidavit embodying these charges to District Attorney Garvan, to whom the case was assigned. On the presentation of the affidavits to Magistrate Finn, he issued warrants for the arrest of Mr. Carvalho, Bradford Merrill, treasurer, and Edward H. Clark, secretary, of the Star Company.

Mr. Carvalho was found in his office. Merrill and Clark were not in their offices. Mr. Carvalho took his arrest good naturedly.

Bradford Merrill, treasurer of the Star Company, explained Thursday night that the article at which Mr. Rockefeller had taken offense had come from Chicago in the regular routine way, that it had not originated in New York, and that an investigation would be started at once. "If we find that we have wronged Mr. Rockefeller," said Mr. Merrill, "we will, of course, do everything in our power to atone for it."

"KENTUCKY JOE" ARRESTED.

Bluefield, W. Va.—Henry Collic, alias "Kentucky Joe," was arrested here Thursday by local officers acting under the direction of secret service agents. Collic, it is said, has several aliases, some of which are Joe Miller, H. C. Miller and Joe Foster. He is 60 years old and is alleged to be the leader of a gang of post office robbers and safe blowers who have been operating in Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee for more than three years. Three of his alleged confederates were arrested at Tazewell, Va., last week.

HOUSE CALLS FOR FACTS.

Washington.—The house of representatives Thursday by unanimous vote adopted a resolution requesting the president to supply it with any evidence that may be in his possession that will justify the statement in his last annual message in relation to the attitude of members of congress toward appropriations for the secret service of the government.

The Perkins committee will continue in session during the Christmas holidays to receive such evidence from the president.

ROSTOV-ON-THE-DON BURNING.

Great Fire Raging in the Russian Commercial Center.

St. Petersburg.—Dispatches received here state that a great fire was raging in Rostov-on-the-Don, which had destroyed the center of the town, together with another entire quarter. Several lives were lost. Rostov-on-the-Don is a busy commercial center and is the principal shipping point for the wheat and other products of southeastern Russia. It has a population of 120,000.

Convicted of Embezzlement.

El Reno, Okla.—C. M. Buckles, cashier of the First State bank of Oklahoma City, was found guilty Thursday by a jury of embezzling \$1,872 while he was treasurer of Canadian county three years ago. He was sentenced to serve a year in the penitentiary and to pay a fine of \$3,485.

Lucky Baldwin Seriously Ill.

Los Angeles, Cal.—H. J. (Lucky) Baldwin, the famous breeder and owner of race horses, is seriously ill at his Arcadia ranch.

Woman Accused of Murder.

Charleston, W. Va.—Charged with the murder from ambush of Grafton Starbuck, a leading prohibitionist of Fayette county, at Cawley, November 28, Mrs. E. V. Smith was arrested Thursday and is now confined in the Fayetteville jail.

Railway Man Dies Suddenly.

San Francisco.—George W. Fletcher, a district freight agent of the Southern Pacific railway, and a prominent member of the Bohemian club, died suddenly Thursday of heart disease.

The Symmetrical Figure. Speaking of that rare gift, symmetry of person, it is more desirable than beauty of feature, because it outlasts youth. The symmetrical figure is perfectly proportioned and articulated anatomy, and nothing is more rare. Be thankful, fair ones, when you have "points" which cause us to overlook any little discrepancy in form.—Exchange.

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coal, Biliousness, or Pain in the Side. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature. *Warranted* REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

45 to 50 Bu. of Wheat Per Acre have been grown on farm lands in

WESTERN CANADA

Much less would be satisfactory. The general average is above twenty bushels. "All are loud in their praises of the great crops and that wonderful country."—Extract from correspondence National Editorial Association of August, 1906.

It is now possible to secure a homestead of 160 acres free and another 160 acres at \$3.00 per acre. Hundreds have paid the cost of their farms (if purchased) and then had a balance of from \$10.00 to \$12.00 per acre from one crop. Wheat, barley, oats, flax—all do well. Mixed farming is a great success and dairying is highly profitable. Excellent climate, splendid schools and churches, railways bring most every district within easy reach of market. Railway and land companies have lands for sale at low prices and on easy terms.

"Last Best West" pamphlets and maps sent free. For these and information as to how to secure lowest railway rates, apply to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or the authorized Canadian Government Agent.

C. J. BROUGHTON, 412 Merchants' Loan & Trust Bldg., Chicago, Ill.; W. H. ROGERS, third floor, Traction Terminal Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.; or T. O. CURRIE, 159 3rd Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

BACKACHE,

Sideache, Headache, and a Worn-out Feeling May all come from Constipation.

Lane's Family Medicine

(called also Lane's Tea) is a herb Tonic-Laxative and will cure constipation and the ills that come from it. It is a great blood medicine and one of the best for all stomach, kidney and bowel complaints. All druggists, 25 and 50 cts.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3.00 SHOES \$3.50



W. L. Douglas makes and sells more men's \$3.00 and \$3.50 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world, because they hold their shape, fit better, and wear longer than any other make. Shoes at All Prices, for Every Member of the Family, Men, Boys, Women, Misses & Children. W. L. Douglas \$4.00 and \$5.00 Gilt Edge shoes cannot be equaled at any price. W. L. Douglas \$3.00 and \$3.50 shoes are the best in the world. Full Color Illustrations Used. Warranted. "Take No Substitutes." W. L. Douglas name and price is stamped on bottom. Sold everywhere. Shoes mailed free from factory to any part of the world. Catalogue free. W. L. DOUGLAS, 187 Sperry St., Brockton, Mass.

For Sale

Four hundred acre farm with in three miles of Dancy on the C. M. & St. P. Ry. Soil is a rich black loam and the entire farm has just been thoroughly drained. Price \$20 per acre, payable \$5 per acre cash, balance one, two and three years at 4% interest. Farms all around selling for \$50 to \$100 per acre. This is a big bargain.

J. P. MALICK, Owner STEVENS POINT, WISCONSIN.

FARM FOR SALE—\$20 to \$100 invested in one of our farms will net you from \$200 to \$500 per year. Finest climate in the country. No frost, no malaria, no coughs, no colds. For full information address, P. O. Box 206, Youngstown, Ohio. References exchanged. Every acre guaranteed.

PISO'S

Stop Coughing! Nothing breaks down the health so quickly and positively as a persistent cough. If you have a cough give it attention now. You can relieve it quickly with PISO'S CURE. Famous for half a century as the reliable remedy for coughs, colds, hoarseness, bronchitis, asthma and every kind of ailment of the throat, chest and lungs. At all druggists, 25 cts.

DIET AND HEALTH

By DR. J. T. ALLEN
Food Specialist

Author of "Eating for a Purpose," "The New Gospel of Health," etc.

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

WHAT DO YOU EAT AND WHY?

"I eat what I like," would be the answer of the average person scanning the bill of fare in the average restaurant. And to eat what you like because you like it, is the best possible reason. To eat what one doesn't like is good for nobody. It has been shown in the laboratory that "appetite juice" is the first requirement for good digestion.

Animals in their natural state never eat when they are not hungry, and they never eat what they don't like; and this together with abundance of fresh air, water, exercise and normal mental conditions, inhibits sickness, except by accident, while man is always ailing more or less. And the chief cause of all the ailments, not mechanical or mental, to which flesh is heir, is wrong eating.

It is generally admitted that most sickness, temporary and chronic, originates in the derangement of the digestive system; auto-intoxication, that is, self-poisoning, induced by absorbing into the blood the poisons produced in the food tube by fermentation resulting from eating too much, from hurried eating, from eating too many kinds of food at the same meal. Many of the most advanced students of the cause of disease now believe that the one cause is the retaining of waste matter in the system, which is a necessary result of wrong feeding.

Of course these abnormal conditions are traceable, in the last analysis, to wrong thinking, and they can be set right only by changing the thought. And it is a happy sign of the times that the study of the food question is receiving what much attention. This would be "I eat answer," can get," an unfortunate, but whether his case is worse than that of him who can get what he wants to eat, is doubtful. Is the foreigner who comes to America and changes his diet from black bread, a few vegetables, apples and grapes to an abundance of highly-seasoned foods, meat, fine white bread, pickles and pie—is he fortunate, in the matter of diet? The statistics say, No. It is a peculiarly interesting fact that the mortality from cancer is much higher among foreign-born Germans, Irish and some other nationalities in this country than among the American born of those races. Cancer, in the opinion of the late Dr. Nicholas Senn and other eminent authorities, is a disease of over-indulgence, and we believe indulgence in flesh meat. The Italians, Greeks, Bohemians and others who continue to live on the simple diet of their home countries show a low rate of death from these diseases. The foreign-born Irish and German peasants sooner fall victims to cancer and tuberculosis when they adopt the extravagant mixed diet of the average American family, because they are more susceptible than those who have become habituated, to a certain degree, to the more extravagant diet of the new country.

It has been said that we are a nation of dyspeptics, and the cause is easily found. Certainly, the natural way is to eat what one likes. But, unfortunately, many, if not all of us, are not natural, in eating as in many other things. How, then, can we depend upon our inclinations to tell us what to eat? Nearly everybody now admits that intoxicants are necessarily injurious, yet many have a desire for them. Shall they follow the inclination to drink what they like, merely because they like it, or shall they not rather govern the appetite by reason? And does not the same argument apply, in some degree at least, to eating?

This line of inquiry leads to the question, "What shall we eat to secure the greatest enjoyment of life? What shall we eat to enjoy the greatest degree of health, the most vigorous, happy and useful life?" These questions cannot be answered finally by laboratory investigation alone. Only actual test of the effects of foods with careful allowance for personal factors and varying abnormal conditions, can lead to wise conclusions. And in my next article I shall give the result of my own experiments.

Why do you eat? "Because I like to eat. It is one of the pleasures of life." This will be your answer, if you are an average reader. If not you are abnormal. To be a good man, one must first be a good animal, and the first requirement in a good animal is to be a good feeder.

It is a well-established principle in psychology that we do best what we do unconsciously. What must become of a man who is so conscious of his digestion that he must take so many chews for each mouthful and eat certain prescribed foods? Is it not possible that he may find it necessary to lie awake at night to see that his heart beats the right number to the minute?

has a good stomach he doesn't know that he has a stomach, that so soon as he finds out that his food digests, there is indigestion. How often we hear a man say, "I wish I could eat anything, just as I used to eat, without giving it a thought." The physician is often called upon to deal with cases in which people have destroyed their digestion by thinking about it; as the story goes—

The centipede was happy quite, Till the frog for mischief asked him, Pray which foot comes after which? And ever after he rolled helpless in the ditch.

The man who eats because he likes to eat has much in his favor. If there is only one reason for eating he is fortunate in having chosen it, despite the adage, formulated in some hermitage or monastery, centuries ago, "Live not to eat, but eat to live." The latest word from the physiological chemist is that "appetite juice" is one of the chief requirements of good digestion.

But there is another side to the question, Why do we eat? The athlete who eats what he likes, as he likes and when he likes, cannot win the race. Paul advised taking a little wine for the stomach's sake, even, presumably, though it might be distasteful, and the highest medical authorities are unanimous in prescribing certain diet to be eaten under certain circumstances. Evidently it is not always best to eat as one feels disposed.

The lower animals are able to select their food by instinct, but man has lost this power to a large extent, and it must be supplemented by reason, by science. By living in unnatural conditions imposed by civilization, we have acquired unnatural appetites that are destructive of health, physical and moral. A man may drink a pint of brandy because he wants it, but who will say that that is reason sufficient? We have an appetite for flesh, but are we sure that such appetite is normal, that we are the better for eating meat because we feel disposed to eat it? Is it, as vegetarians claim, an acquired appetite, like that for tea and coffee, which are said, by most authorities, to be injurious?

It would seem that the obvious answer to the question, Why do you eat? is, "Because I am hungry." Yet one who habitually eats too much cannot be hungry. The desire for food arises frequently from that gnawing sensation resulting from the fermentation of superfluous food, producing a condition of auto-intoxication. In fasting there is an almost irresistible desire for food the first two or three days; then the appetite leaves one for several days; there is a gain in strength with loss in weight; and when a distinct desire for food returns it is a natural hunger, easily satisfied; but this natural appetite in many cases does not come for 30 days or more, showing that the former appetite was unnatural.

We do not feed a horse on the theory that he should be guided solely by his inclinations in eating and drinking, but largely by our knowledge of what is best for him under the artificial conditions under which he lives and that he may be able to do his best work. And why should not a human being have the benefit of such knowledge? Should not the child, especially, have the benefit of right feeding?

With all due allowance for the fact that one man's meat may be another man's poison, that authorities are not unanimous on foods and feeding, yet, it is true that there is a science of human feeding, that we have lost our instinct for determining what the system needs for nutrition and therefore appetite should be to some extent guided by reason. Certainly one should eat because he enjoys it, but also, whether he be an athlete, a laborer or a professional man, because, eating largely determines efficiency, and because health depends upon food more than upon anything else except pure air, pure water, and right thinking which is fundamental.

Savages in Civilization.
Civilization does not change passion. The savage lives. Nothing alters the elemental emotions. Love changes to jealousy, jealousy to hate and hate to murder as swiftly and ruthlessly on some quiet little back street of small homes or on some wide and respectable thoroughfare as in the jungle. No savage land has more murders than parts of our cities and states.

The customs, the restraints and the outer veneer of civilization perpetually deceive. Men and women, particularly women, look on life as a mere merry dance, in which partners can be teased by a change and changed at a whim. But man remains, even more than woman, under the guise and disguises of civilization, the elemental savage whose passions boil to love or death at a touch.—Philadelphia Press.

First Press in the West.
The first printing press in the United States west of the Missouri was set up at Santa Fe early in the last century. History does not disclose the date of its origin or its ownership, but there are extant printed proclamations dated 1821 and having the Santa Fe Imprint antedating by 14 years the first newspaper El Crepusculo, prophetically named the Dawn, which was first published in 1835 at Taos and was in the main a periodical tract to make propaganda for the peculiar religious and moral ideas of Padre Martinez. The first English newspaper in New Mexico appeared in 1847, shortly after the occupation of Santa Fe by Gen. Kearny. They were the Santa Fe Republican and the Santa Fe New Mexican, both

YOUTHFUL MONITOR AT WORK.

Little Sister's Error Corrected by Six-Year-Old Authority.

Six-year-old Marjorie and four-year-old Josephine were making their first transcontinental trip from New York to San Francisco—and, of course, encountered new marvels at almost every turn of the trip. But the crescendo of their ecstatic outpourings was reached when they saw their first Indian families—braves, squaws and papooses.

"Oh-h-h!" sighed Josephine, gazing wild-eyed at the moccasined, gaudily blanketed squaws, "ain't those squashes just splendid, though!" Marjorie's equally deep admiration was momentarily quenched in her feeling of responsibility as elder-sister monitor, and she eyed Josephine severely as she admonished: "They ain't squashes, Josephine; they're squabs."

INVALID'S SAD PLIGHT.

After Inflammatory Rheumatism, Hair Came Out, Skin Peeled, and Bed Sores Developed—Only Cuticura Proved Successful.

"About four years ago I had a very severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism. My skin peeled, and the high fever played havoc with my hair, which came out in bunches. I also had three large bed sores on my back. I did not gain very rapidly, and my appetite was very poor. I tried many 'sure cures' but they were of little help, and until I tried Cuticura Resolvent I had had no real relief. Then my complexion cleared and soon I felt better. The bed sores went very soon after a few applications of Cuticura Ointment, and when I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment for my hair it began to regain its former glossy appearance. Mrs. Lavina J. Henderson, 138 Broad St., Stamford, Conn., March 6 and 12, 1907."

CONSTITUTIONAL OBJECTION.



Mrs. Thrifty—Well, if you're thirsty I'll give you a glass of water to drink.

Wearily Willy—I dare not touch water, mum. I've got an iron constitution and it might rust it.

An Experienced Walker.

Champion Hayes of Marathon fame, praised at a dinner in New York a walker.

"He is a walker?" someone said. "Yes," said Mr. Hayes, "and the next race he enters, mark me, he will win." "Why, I didn't know he had had any experience as a walker," said the other in a puzzled voice. Mr. Hayes laughed. "No experience as a walker, eh?" said he. "And the fellow's owned an \$80 second-hand motor car for the last two years!"

DISTEMPER

In all its forms among all ages of horses, as well as dogs, cured and others in same stable prevented from having the disease with SPOHN'S DISTEMPER CURE. Every bottle guaranteed. Over 500,000 bottles sold last year. \$5.00 and \$1.00. Any good druggist, or send to manufacturers. Agents wanted. Spohn Medical Co., Spec. Contagious Diseases, Goshen, Ind.

Not for Him.

The Poet—I understand you have furnished rooms for rent?
The Landlady—The only thing I have at present is a handsomely furnished suite on the first floor.
The Poet—I'm afraid that would be a little too sweet for me.

ONLY ONE "BROMO QUININE"
That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

Good harvests make men prodigal, but bad ones provident.—W. Penn.

Lewis' Single Binder—the famous straight 5c cigar, always best quality. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Give some people their pick and they'll pick flaws every time.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

He who thinks only of himself hasn't any too much to think about.

It Cures While You Walk
Allen's Foot-Paste for corns and bunions, hot, sweaty milions aching feet. 25c All Druggists.

Women are almost as absurd as men are foolish.

A HIGH WIND.



Giles—They have very high winds in Ameriky.

Brown—Yes, they do.

Giles—There's a bit in the papers I read this morning about a safe being blown open there.—London Mail.

Not Fair.

"Look here, Abraham," said the judge, "it's been proved right here in court that instead of doing something to help support your wife and children you spend your whole time hunting 'possum!'"

The old negro hung his head. "Now, Abe, you love your wife, don't you?"

"Ah suttlnly does!"
"And your children?"
"Yas, suh!"
"And you love them both better—"
"Better ev'ry day, jedge!" Abe broke in.

—"better than a thousand 'possums?"
"Look hyah, jedge," exclaimed Abe, with widening eyes, "dat's takin' a coon at a pow'ful disadvantage!"—Bohemian Magazine.

Why Joyner Left Home.

"Are you ready to receive the obligations?" asked the most upright supreme hocus-pocus of the Order of Hoot Owls.

"I am," said the candidate, firmly. "Then take a sip of this prussic acid, place your right hand in this pot of boiling lead, rest your left hand upon this revolving buzz-saw, close your eyes and repeat after me—"

Early next morning shreds of Joyner's clothing were found upon the bushes and trees all along the road to Pottsville, 30 miles distant, and at Scrabbletown, 69 miles away, he was reported still headed west.—Judge.

Journalism in Pennsylvania.

We have taken wood, potatoes, corn, eggs, butter, onions, cabbage, chickens, stone, lumber, labor, sand, calico, sauerkraut, second-hand clothing, coon skins and bug juice, scrap iron, shoe pegs, rawhides, chinquepins, tan-bark, dogs, sorghum, seed, jarware and wheat straw on subscription, and now a man wants to know if we would send the paper for six months for a large owl. We have no precedent for refusing, and if we can find a man who is out of an owl and wants one we'll do it.—Treverton Times.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.
Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

A Natural Cause.

"I think," said the smart child, reflectively, "that Hungary must be the most human-like of all the nations."
"Why so, my child?" asked the fond papa.

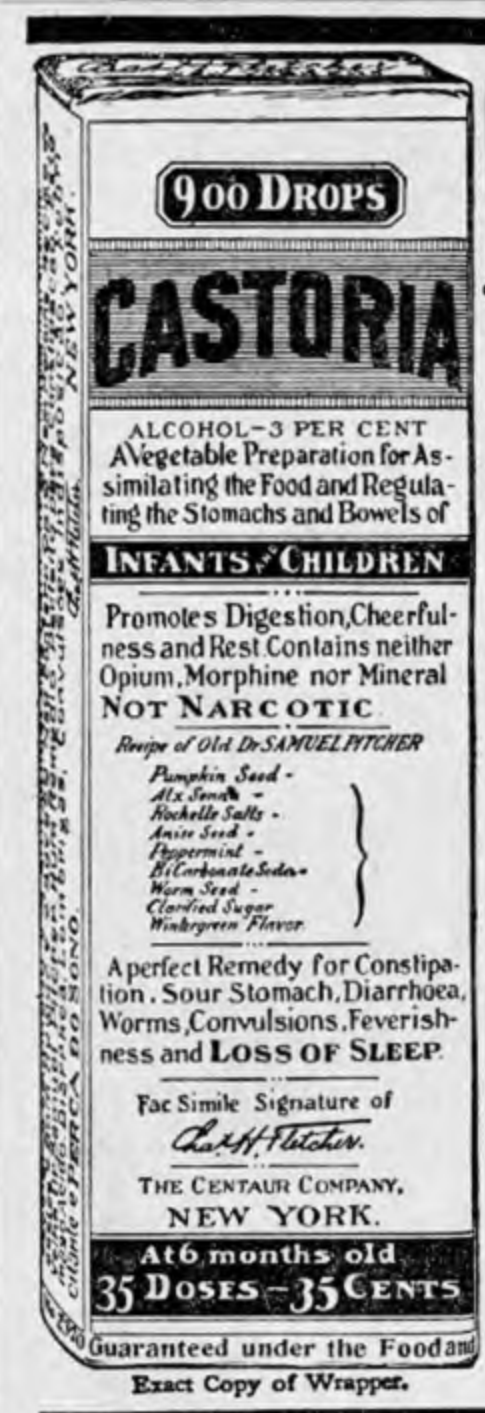
"Because," the smart child answered, "it is governed by its Diet."

FILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.
PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of itching, blind, bleeding or protruding Files in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

Sometimes a woman is known by the company she avoids.

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c. Many smokers prefer them to 10c cigars. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

The proportion of left-handed people is one in six.



CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

of

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

To California Across Salt Lake by Rail

Via

The Overland Limited

Famous Here and Abroad Leaves Chicago Daily

Composite Observation Car, Pullman Drawing-room and Compartment Cars, Dining Cars; all electric lighted and well ventilated. Library, Smoking Rooms—everything pleasant—makes your journey delightful. No excess fare.

Union Pacific, Southern Pacific

Electric Block Signal Protection—the safe road to travel

Send twelve cents in postage for book entitled, "The Overland Route to the Road of a Thousand Wonders."

E. L. LOMAX, G. F. A.
Omaha, Neb.

MAPLEINE

A Flavoring. It makes a syrup better than Maple. SOLD BY GROCERS.

WILLIAM BARKER CO., Manufacturers

TROY, N. Y.

Readers of this paper desiring to buy anything advertised in its columns should insist upon having what they ask for, refusing all substitutes or imitations.

DEFIANCE STARCH easiest to work with and starches clothes nicely.
A. N. K.—A (1908—51) 2261.

YOUNG MAN

YOU ARE WANTED AS A RAILWAY MAIL CLERK.

Postal Clerk, Photographer-Typewriter, etc. Only Common School Education Required. Systematic Instruction by MAIL to meet Govt. Examinations. Each Fourteen Years Thousands of Successful Students. Sample Questions and "How Govt. Positions Are Secured" sent Free. Call Dept. INTER-STATE SCHOOLS, 71-6 Iowa Ave., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Good Wages Are Paid to Telegraph Operators

Demand exceeds supply. Railroads want to use operators, and furnish passage. We teach Telegraphy. Fastest and easiest to learn. Many students earn their board. Write today for our 40-page booklet. It is FREE. Railroad wire to school. Valentine's School (Established 20 years.) Jacksonville, Fla.

Information About the West

Having traveled by team through Colorado, Utah, Idaho, Montana, Washington, Oregon and California, I have a thorough knowledge of the West. For file I will write you a personal letter, giving much valuable information. A. A. SCHNEFELDT, 846 West 10th Street, Los Angeles, California.

YOUR HID TANNED—HORSE OR CATTLE HIDES

make fine, warm robes. We are the oldest house doing this kind of work. Are responsible, and know how. Write for prices. THE WORTHING & ALGER CO., Hillsdale, Mich.

We Have for Sale

Improved and unimproved farm land at reasonable prices and easy terms. Write for list. Graham & Cook, Cuero, Texas

PATENTS

That Excel. Your ideas worth a fortune. Send sketch for free report on patentability. Valuable guide book free. Wm. T. Jones & Co., 1100 F St., Wash., D. C.

PATENTS

Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D. C. Books free. Highest references. Best results.

LISTEN!

20 acre farm \$600, near town, not tough. Fruit, alfalfa, and garden—15 to 20 acre tracts. Agents wanted. Paul Koster, 336 Pine St., San Francisco, Cal.

CALIFORNIA IRRIGATED LANDS

for orange, fruit, alfalfa, and garden—15 to 20 acre tracts. Agents wanted. Paul Koster, 336 Pine St., San Francisco, Cal.

CHEW AND SMOKE

MAIL POUCH TOBACCO

STANDARD FOR OVER 30 YEARS

ROYAL
Baking Powder

Absolutely
PURE
ROYAL
BAKING POWDER

The only baking powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar, the officially approved ingredient for a wholesome, high-class powder

There is greater deception in the sale of baking powders than ever before. Closely observe the label and be certain of getting Royal.

FROM THE ACADEMY

Resplendent in a cover of the school colors, maroon and white, and bearing a green Christmas tree thereon the December Vedette reached the cadets on Saturday. The number is devoted largely to Christmas and winter themes, the longest being a story, "Herman von Gessler" by H. B. Sell who also designed the cover. "An Indian Summer Sonnet" by C. P. Fleet and "An Autumn Motorist" by W. Packard carry some belated memories of the autumn. A half-tone picture of the foot ball team, a cartoon of the staff in full marching order and several new department headings add pictorial variety to the issue.

In the matter of withdrawals from all causes this term has been a record breaker and the cadet body remains practically intact as it was on September 26. The consensus of opinion is that the academic work has maintained a higher standard and that more efficient work has been done than in almost any previous term.

POPLAR GROVE PELLETS.

John Hacker's were Sunday guests at Wm. Myers'.

Pulaski Wickizer and wife have returned from California.

Mrs. Wm. Scott made a business trip to Harris station last week.

Gladys and Vera Brooke took Sunday dinner at J. M. Wickizer's.

Mrs. John Lowry spent several days last week with her daughter, Mrs. Abe Kimmel.

Mrs. John Stayton visited with her daughter at Rochester from Thursday until Saturday.

Mrs. Mary Kreighbaum has been visiting relatives and friends for the past week at her old home near Plymouth.

Saturday, G. W. Francis, who has made his home with his brother William for several years, started for Arkansas on Monday to remain indefinitely.

After attending the funeral of Thaddeus Berlin in Argos Monday afternoon, Herschel Berlin and wife of Lapaz were the guests of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Asa South.

WEST WASHINGTON.

B. A. Curtis in Plymouth Tuesday.

Lotia Curtis called on Rosa Curtis Sunday.

Leatha Woolley spent Sunday with Ola Krieg.

Ira Kline made a business trip to Argos last week.

Clemuel Curtis, who has been on the sick list, is recovering.

Mrs. B. A. Curtis visited her mother, Mrs. Snyder, Monday.

B. A. Curtis, wife and sons were afternoon callers at Wm. Kline's Sunday.

Everett and Palmer Krause and Bruce Boggs visited with Walter and Guy Kline Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Sylvanus Overmyer and son and Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Schenerman were guests of Jasper Curtis Sunday.

Tuesday noon witnessed the departure of the cadets for the Christmas leave after one of the most successful terms in the academy's history. The examinations began last Friday and ended at 10 o'clock Tuesday morning with the usual half holiday and with Monday afternoon for trunk packing and ticket buying.

Lieut. H. W. Fleet, 2d Infantry U. S. A., visited his parents here last week. Lieut. Fleet is one of the numerous Culver representatives in the army. He has just passed his promotional examinations for the grade of first lieutenant.

Colonel and Mrs. Fleet accompanied by their sons Charley and Reginald left on Friday for the South. After a few days in Atlanta they will go on to Florida where the superintendent expects to spend several weeks.

Captain and Mrs. Wilson are spending the holidays in Concordia, Kas.

WASHINGTON WARBLINGS

O. P. Jones, Correspondent.

A. L. Wilson and family visited at Frank Gibbons' Sunday.

B. D. Krause and family visited at Theodore Kline's Sunday.

Chester Bigley and wife were Sunday visitors at Ernest Benedict's.

Protracted meetings are now in progress and everybody is invited to come.

Roy Harris of North Dakota is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Harris.

S. Edwards and wife, Luther Lockwood and wife, Walter Fishburn, wife and baby, and Grandma Fishburn took dinner with Ezra Hibray Sunday.

Marie Worner entertained her Sunday school class at dinner Sunday. They were Mary Jones, Evert and Hazel Bell, Raymond and John Alden, Forest Benedict, Edgar Hibray, Olive Lake and Nellie Savage.

The following officers were elected Sunday at the E. church for the coming year: Supt., Thos. Whitaker; assistant, Henry Pontius; organist, Clara McFarland; assistant, Eva Jones; chorister, Luther Lockwood; secretary, Perth Bell; librarians, Mary Jones and Hazel Bell.

BURR OAK BRIEFLETS.

G. A. Maxey, Correspondent.

Miss Ruth Maxey is home for two weeks' vacation from Argos high school.

The brick laying on the new church is now completed except the chimneys.

Christmas exercises at the U. B. church will be celebrated Friday night. Everybody invited.

Jesse Friend was hit in the eye by an iron wedge bounding from a log he was sawing off, causing a serious and painful injury.

Each one of the Burr Oak Sunday schools treated their members last Sunday after a short program which was well appreciated.

MOUNT HOPE MAGNETS.

Mrs. Ethel Edgington, Correspondent.

Mae Brugh was the guest of Hazel Madary Sunday.

Earl Hartle was the guest of Samuel and Clem Bowen Sunday.

George Truex left Saturday to visit his parents and son at Elkhart for a few days.

Isaac Edgington and daughter Della spent Sunday with Lanson Allen near Monterey.

Elta Davis and wife took dinner with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Cowen, at Rutland Sunday.

The annual election of officers for this Sunday school will be held Sunday, Dec. 2. Would like all who are interested to be present.

Anthony Brugh and wife, Mr. and Mr. Jacob Hartle, and Mrs. Nora Goodman and sons Vernard and Everett were the guests of Claud Hay Sunday.

HIBBARD HAPPENINGS.

Mrs. E. J. Reed, Correspondent.

A merry Christmas to all. Laura Loser returned from Bremen Monday.

Pearl Bosson visited friends in South Bend last week.

Bert McKee, wife and sister, went to Plymouth Monday.

Peter Lichtenburger visited friends in South Bend last week.

G. A. Nelson and family took in the sights at South Bend Saturday.

Bad colds seem to be the order of the day at present in this place.

A number of our people made shopping trips to Plymouth last week.

Rettie McKee of Bruce Lake visited his parents in this place on Saturday and Sunday.

Joe Gray had the misfortune to get two of his fingers smashed last week while loading logs.

Mrs. Rena Williams and children of Kankakee, Ill., are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Clemens, during Christmas week. Grace and Pearl Clemens are also at home.

Mrs. Rene Williams and children of Kankakee, Ill., are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Clemens, during Christmas week. Grace and Pearl Clemens are also at home.

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Business Change--Removal.

The undersigned have purchased the Smith & Osborn meat market.

We take possession next Monday and will continue the business at the old stand until about Jan. 1 when we will remove to the new building next to Porter & Co's.

FRANK EASTERDAY,
EARL ZECHIEL.

For Sale.

The real estate belonging to Geo. Ulery, consisting of residence property in Culver and 26 acres 1 1/2 miles northwest of Culver. For particulars write or call on Aaron Asper, Culver, Ind.

The "Naked Truth" soft coal at \$5 is cost to us, sells for \$6.40 in South Bend. If it proves what is claimed for it, we intend to carry it hereafter. Said to be the "best ever." At the elevator.

A Great Reduction.
Sale in fall and winter millinery. I will sell for the next 30 days all kinds of hats at a greatly reduced price to make room for my spring stock of goods.

I would also say to the ladies of Culver and vicinity that I have a line of sofa pillows, center pieces and battenberg patterns and material. Call and see and inspect. Mrs. W. E. Hand.

Wheat, new..... .97
Oats..... .44
Corn (new)..... .55
Rye..... .65
Clover seed..... 4.75

(By the Culver City Grain and Coal Co.)
(GOOD FOR THIS DAY ONLY.)

CULVER MARKETS

Eggs..... .28
Butter (good)..... .20
do (common)..... .15
Fowls..... .08
Chickens..... .08
Roosters..... .04
Ducks..... .08
Turkeys..... .12
Lard..... .10 1/2

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LEST YOU FORGET WE SAY IT YET--

Right Here is the Biggest Assortment of Holiday Goods in this vicinity, and at tremendous savings

Suits, Overcoats and Trousers for men and boys at prices almost one-third to one-half less than actual value; the biggest and best assortment of Shoes and Slippers; Umbrellas; Jewelry; Books; Games; Dolls; Imported China; Bric-a-Brac; Real Leather Goods; Japanese hand-drawn fancy Linen Pieces; Jardinieres (the handsomest possible to produce); Game Boards; Suspenders; Smoking and Shaving Sets; Handkerchiefs; Neckwear; Mufflers; hand made steel frame indestructible Sleds; Sweater Jackets, Gloves, Mittens, Ladies' and Misses' Wraps and Furs, Fascinators, fancy gold-plated Clocks, Photo Holders, Candlebra, Rugs, Pictures and Picture Frames, Cloth and Fur Caps, and countless other gift articles.

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS OF THE PUREST CANDIES.

In our Grocery Department we still offer 21 lbs. best Eastern Granulated Sugar for \$1; 9 bars Lenox or Royal Soap for 25c; actual 20c Coffee for 15c; 25c Coffee for 18c.

Merry Christmas to All THE SURPRISE

The Culver Clothing House

Eleventh-Hour Buyers will get as good treatment and as careful attention at this store as the customer who came in early



We're proud of the stock of Clothing and Footwear for men and boys that we have to offer to the people of Culver and surrounding country. You won't find it excelled anywhere in this section, and we cheerfully solicit a comparison of prices with those advertised elsewhere.

Everything nice and up-to-date in the way of Shirts, Neckwear, Socks, Mufflers, Gloves, Suspenders, Handkerchiefs, Hats and Caps, Sweater Coats, Umbrellas, Suit Cases, and many items suitable for a present for father, brother or sweetheart

MITCHELL & STABENOW