

# SOCIETY DOINGS

## WEEK'S SOCIAL CALENDAR.

Wednesday.

St. Vincent de Paul—Mrs. Mary Wemhoff.

Thursday.

Evangelical Aid—Mrs. U. S. Cress.

Ruth Circle—Dora Schultz.

Baptist Aid—Mrs. Howard Sikes.

Friday.

Mite Society—M. E. Church.

Christian Ladies' Aid—Mrs. Rebecca Eandy.

Miss Minnie Mack entertained a jolly bunch from Fort Wayne Sunday, July 27, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Mack. The Sunday was passed by going to the picnic at Friedheim, then back to the home where a big supper was served. The evening was spent in playing games. The crowd had a jolly time. Those present were: Misses Elizabeth Drost, Louise Schafer, Della Boscere, Clara Schuster and Minnie Macke; Messrs. William C. Macke, Fred Macke, Albermeyer and Fam, of Fort Wayne, and Mr. Zelt and Mr. Fam, from near Fort Wayne. The crowd left on the 9:30 ed by going to the picnic at Friedheim—Contributed.

Carl E. Bishopp has returned to Columbus, Ohio, after a visit over Sunday with the G. F. Kintz family.

Mr. and Mrs. Owen G. Keifer of R. R. No. 1, Willshire, Ohio, entertained a party of the following named relatives last Sunday: Their parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Frank Keifer, Mr. and Mrs. Matt Harper, of R. R. No. 10, Decatur; Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Hoblet of near Willshire, Ohio; Mrs. Keifer's sisters, the Misses Callie and Agnes Harper; cousins of Midland, Mich., Miss Laura Keifer, an aunt of Dayton, Ohio, and a cousin, Miss Marie Stremmel, of Covington, Ohio. It was a much-enjoyed meeting of relatives and friends and all did justice to the sumptuous chicken dinner and ice cream. Mr. and Mrs. Keifer, in their cozy home that they have just put up proved such happy and able entertainers that we will all wish to go again—Contributed.

The Fred Bultemeier home near St. John's was thrown open yesterday to a party of young people, who were entertained at both dinner and supper, returning to their home on the last interurban car. Guests were Miss Delta Paul of Fort Wayne, Miss Minnie Schroeder and Miss Lizzie Schroeder of near Fort Wayne and Miss Minnie Schroeder of St. John's.

A number of Fort Wayne and Bluffton girl employees of the Indiana Lighting company's offices will come this afternoon and be guests of Mrs. George A. Mount and Miss Agnes Costello at a picnic this evening at Steele's park.

Though it is very warm to attempt very big social affairs, the tea party which comes in the late afternoon when the cooler breezes of evening make their appearance, is the most delightful of these, will be the tea party at 5 o'clock this evening by Mrs. P. B. Thomas for her guest, Mrs. William Haubold, who will return tomorrow noon to Chicago. The pretty summer flowers, of which there are many, including gladiolus and sweet peas, combined with ferns, are used in decorating the home and making the tea table attractive. Mrs. Thomas will be assisted by Miss Congleton. Guests besides Mrs. Haubold are the ladies of the Thimble club and a few others, including Mesdames D. W. Beery, P. G. Hooper, J. T. Merryman, J. C. Patterson, A. J. Smith, Mary Woodward, Mary Congleton, Jane Crabb, D. T. Stephenson, Mary Eley and J. A. Smith.

Bryce Thomas and Miss Marjorie Haubold of Chicago were guests of Helen and Edwin Stephenson at supper last evening.

At the meeting of the Rebekahs last evening arrangements were made for a social good time for next Tuesday evening after the regular lodge meeting, when the members will entertain their friends. An auction of the old robes will also be held.

## BULL DOG IS LOST.

"Bunch," the small Boston bull dog, belonging to Miss Gertrude Moses, has been missing since Wednesday, July 18. Description, brindle, white vest, white collar, half way round; white on tip of each foot; short tail; wore a leather collar, trimmed in brass, with name-plate, engraved as above. Any information concerning his whereabouts will be appreciated. Telephone Residence No. 195, or green house, No. 476.

ED S. MOSES

77-24-10wks.

Owners

## A PORTER STORY

Well Known Author Tells Why She Wrote "Girl of the Limberlost."

## INTERESTING STORY

World's Work Publishes Article Written by Gene Stratton-Porter.

I am a creature so saturated with earth, water, and air that if I do not periodically work some of it out of my system in ink, my nearest and dearest cannot live with me. When such a time overtakes me, I write as the birds sing, because I must, and usually from the same source of inspiration. So my first book was one stretch of river bank and swamp that I knew, one bird and one old man with whom I was sufficiently intimate to record his true picture. Then, like Grandfather Squeers, I felt that I had "the hang of it now and could do it again." So I wrote another book, I put in a little more swamp, several birds and a few people I knew I could portray faithfully.

It was then the mail-box business began. First, a wealthy club woman of a great city wrote me that she read one of my books to a company of tired clerks, while they lounged at their noon rest hour, and it had brought to them a few minutes of country life so real that they begged for more. A nurse wrote from a hospital ward, for a man who had always lived and loved the open and now from spinal trouble never would walk again, that my pictures of swamp and forest were so true that he had lost himself for an hour in them, and would I please send his address to my publishers, so that he might be informed when I wrote again. The warden of a state reform school wrote that 1,500 sin-besmirched little souls in his care, shut for punishment from their natural inheritance of field and wood, were reading my books to rags because they scented freedom and found comfort in them, and would I send him word when the next one was finished? And the dignified and scholarly Orren

Root, sitting with his feet on the fender in the library of his beloved "Hemlocks," read one of my books one night and the next day wrote me: "I have a severe cold this morning, because I got my feet very wet last night walking the trail with 'Freckles,' but I am willing to risk pneumonia any time for another book like that."

I have such letters in heaps, from every class and condition of people, all the way from northern Canada to the lowest tip of Africa, all asking for more of the outdoors, as I see it, because my descriptions are absolutely real to them, and my characters recognized as transcripts from life.

So I wrote "A Girl of the Limberlost," to carry to workers inside city walls, to hospital cots, to those behind prison bars, and to scholars in their libraries, my story of earth and sky. Incidentally, I put in all the insects, flowers, vines and trees, birds and animals that I know and such human beings as I grow well enough acquainted with in my work in the woods, that I feel able to record a faithful study of their loves, pains, joys, temptations and triumphs.

This reduces my formula for a book to simplicity itself—an outdoor setting of land in which I lived until, as Mary Austin expresses it, I know "the procession of the year." Then I people the location with the men and women who live there, and on my pages write down their story of joy and sorrow commingled as living among them I know it to be. This is the secret of any appeal that my work may make, I am nothing but a machine of transmission. If it be truth that my work does not conform to the ordinary standards of fiction-writing, it is probably because very little of what I write is fiction, and people know it.

I live in the country and work in the woods, so no other location is possible for my back-ground, and only the people with whom I come in daily contact there are suitable for my actors. Naturally, there come times when other locations and people are forced upon me, but I decline to admit that I have a working knowledge of them. And I want to say for such people as I put into books, that in the plain, old-fashioned country homes where I have lived, I have known such wealth of loving consideration, such fidelity between husband and wife, such obedience in children, such constancy to purpose, such whole-souled love for friends and neighbors, such absence of jealousy, pettiness and rivelment, I shall have had the joy of alry, as my city critics do not know

is in existence. I know that they do not know these things exist, else they would not question my chronicles of them. But much can be forgiven a critic when he attempts to criticize a life that he never lived, and a love that he never knew.

I never could write a historical novel, because I want my history embellished with anything on earth save fiction. I could not write of society, because I know just enough about it to know that the more I know, the less I wish that I knew. I have read a few "problem" novels and they appeal to me as a wandering over nasty, lawless subjects and situations of the most ancient type, under new names. There is nothing remaining for me but the woods, and the people I meet there.

So for my boys behind bars, first of all, for my working girls, for my scholars, and friends of leisure, I "aimed" to conjure up part of a swamp that I once knew, and set its flowers blooming, its birds singing, its wonderful creatures of night a-wing. And then I tried to tell a simple story of a girl in calico and cow-hide, who struggled until she reached the things she craved, even as once I struggled; of a woman who suffered many deaths for sins that she never committed, and found peace at last; of a man who had everything in life, yet kept himself clean, even as many men I know today, because they are too refined and proud to stoop to common, contaminating sin; of a man and woman who might have been anyone's Aunt Margaret and Uncle Wesley; of a little child that I fed, and doctored, and quoted literally nine-tenths of his sayings and doings; and a couple of young people who found the best in themselves through suffering, as most of us suffer and in our better selves sooner or later, and sunshine at the end, as please God, it shall come to all of us who work and do the best we know.

My critics say that these methods never can produce literature; yet it is in my memory that the scenes of real masterpieces are lands intimately known, and the characters are people who are daily familiar with the authors. It is my belief that no great book ever was written any other way, and that no literature truly characteristic of a nation is possible by any other method. As to whether my work is or ever will be literature, I never bother my head. Time, the hearts of my readers, and the files of my publishers will find me my ultimate place. In the my work, for to me it is joy unspeakable to make a swimming hole splash,

## 85c Shirt Sale

Beginning Saturday Aug. 2nd.

We will put on sale the remaining stock of our Summer Purchase of high grade Men's Fancy Negligee and Plaited Shirts.

## White Pleated Shirts Not Included.

Assortment consists of \$1. and \$1.50 values. Elgin, Davies and Wilson Bros. makes sizes 14 to 18 1-2.

A good time now to lay in a good supply. See our Window.

## Holthouse, Schulte Co.

Good Clothes Sellers for Men and Boys.

## WEEDS MUST BE CUT.

The season of the year is here when the weeds must be cut. It is the law that all property owners keep the weeds cut down in their yard in the streets and alleys about their property. I have been ordered to have this done and will obey the orders. If you do not do so, you will be prosecuted. We hope that this will not be necessary, but the weeds must be cut and if you don't do it, you need not be surprised if an affidavit is filed against you. Cut the weeds and do it at once, and then keep them down.

JACOB BUEHLER,

Street Commissioner.

## RYE WANTED

Will pay the highest market prices. Nut and large lump size soft coal. Chestnut and hard coal on hand.—Sovine, Mauier & Co., Pleasant Mills, Ind. 1723

WANTED AT ONCE—Man with small

family to work on farm. Steady

job for right party. House furnished.

See R. N. Runyon, half-mile north

Dent school house. Phone 8 on L line.

1763

Big Cut in all Wash Goods

## Big Clearance Sale

Big Sale Closes Saturday August 2nd

We are going to offer on the closing days some extra bargains. We still have some excellent values in all departments.

## Special Silk Offer

1 Lot Silks worth 50c This sale 19 cents

1 Lot 27 inch Satin Messaline colors worth 85c and \$1.00 This sale 35 cents yard

27 inch wash Secr silks This sale 21 cents yard

36 inch Satin Messaline all colors best quality This sale 84c yd

27 inch fancy silks cheap at \$1.00 This sale 72 1-2c

## Special Rug Offer

1 Lot Velvet Rugs large size worth \$17. This sale \$12.75

1 Lot 27x60 in. best quality Ax minster cheap at \$2.75 this sale \$1.98

Special prices on all 9x12 & 11x12 Rugs in all grades

Best quality all wool ingrain cheap at 75c This sale 64c

Special Prices on all Lace Curtains

**BIG BARGAINS ON TABLE LINENS**

**NIBLICK & CO.**



Two high-class Belgian stallions, will stand for mares at my barn 5 miles northeast of Decatur, Ind., this season. King Walter is a blood bay, 5 years old, weights 2,000 lbs., has proved that he is an excellent breeder. Fred Orion is a fine sorrel, white mane and tail, 3 years old, will weigh over a ton when matured. He is a fine specimen of the Belgian horse, has proved that he is a sure breeder. Terms:—Ten dollars to insure a colt to stand and suck. Owners parting with mares will be held for insurance. We solicit your patronage.

J. A. FLEMING & SON, Owners.