

A BIG SHOW-ING

—of fall shoes for young men has livened up business this week. Young men have come to regard this store as headquarters for their shoes regardless of whether they want to pay \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00 or \$5.00. At either price we are giving some wonderful values. See some of them in our window.

CHARLIE VOGLEWEDE

AT THE SIGN OF THE BIG SHOE

WEATHER FORECAST

Local showers tonight, Saturday cloudy.

Fast men, slow pay.

Circus day is only three days off.

A good many people are decent only when their mouths are shut.

Miss Frances Deininger went to Fort Wayne today for a visit.

Some men arrange to celebrate somebody's birthday with a keg every week.

Men do comparatively little tattling, although they waste time in several other ways.

Sometimes it is said she is unconventional, when she is a good deal worse than that.

John Bolinger is a Winchester wher he is working on the construction of the new I. O. O. F. hall.

The Ladies Civil Improvement society have donated to the St. Joseph school a two-seated lawn swing. The children are certainly enjoying it.

Net night gowns are coming into style for the women's folks, and sooner or later similar fabric will be worn on the main streets of all thriving communities.

Mrs. Pete Chase and children returned to Eaton yesterday after a visit here with her sisters, Mrs. H. E. Butler, Mrs. James Hurst, and her brothers, Amos and Jonas Fisher.

Shop talk: While he is often threatened with bombs, guns and torpedoes, still the police court reporter of this great moral guide voluntarily admits that the society reporters have more troubles than he does.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Christener and babe went to Fort Wayne this morning.

Mrs. Amos Fisher spent the day with Mrs. Charles Nygler north of the city.

Mrs. James Laisure of near Monroe changed cars here enroute to Fort Wayne.

Amelia Bulmahn and Ida Reiter of St. Johns were shoppers here this morning.

George Steele went to Fort Wayne this morning to call on his wife who was operated upon at the St. Joseph hospital.

Mrs. Belle Johnson has returned from a month's visit at Warsaw, Silver Lake, Atwood and Columbia City with relatives.

A city man receives a dun and accepts it as a matter of course. A country town man receives a dun and accepts it as a direct insult and a matter of cursing.

Miss Jessie Holthouse will leave in the morning for Notre Dame, Ind., where she will enter school for a four years' course. Miss Jessie graduated from the St. Joseph's school last June. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Holthouse.

The people of Wells county pay a small tax to make up the premiums on agricultural products and live stock at the Bluffton street fair. This plan does not allow an entrance or pen fee to be charged, making it entirely free for the exhibitors. The fair will be held September 21 to 25.

Friends here in the city have received cards announcing the birth of a fine baby girl to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Boitet of Fort Wayne. The babe arrived Wednesday evening at the St. Joseph hospital. Mrs. Boitet was formerly Miss Anna Fahrnebauch of this city.

Henry Kruckenberg of Union township, brought in three sample apples of the 16 ounce variety that weighed three pounds and two ounces. They have them as big as eighteen ounces, perfect eating and cooking apples. The supply was extra big this year but they have but a few bushels left at this time. Better order at once.

Fred and Arthur Bollman and their sister, Mrs. Price, formerly of this city and Marion, were here today spending a few hours with old-time friends. Fred is now attending the Northwestern university, while Arthur is in business out west. They came from Marion, where they attended the funeral of their mother, which was held Tuesday. While the family lived here Mr. Bollman was county recorder.

Arthur and Fred Bollman and Mrs. Boyd Price, the latter formerly Miss Jennie Bollman, were here today looking up old friends. Mrs. Price lives at Crown Point, Indiana; Arthur is a representative of a paint house with headquarters at Kansas City, and Fred is with a chautauqua and lyceum out of Chicago. Fred is a baritone singer of considerable note and is working his own way through Northwestern. They attended the funeral of their mother at Marion Tuesday.

Will Hammell, Adams county clerk-elect, has started to learn the many ropes and other red tape that comes up in that important office and you will now find him at work on the books. County Clerk Bleeker and Deputy L. L. Baumgartner are giving him all the aid he needs and it is without doubt that by the first of the year when he assumes office he will thoroughly understand the many duties of the office. John T. Kelly will be Mr. Hammell's deputy. Miss Kate Hammell will also assist back of the counter. The trio will be a good one.

Velma Lenhart, Charles Bauman and Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Hart motored to Van Wert, Ohio, yesterday to attend the fair.

John Potter of the Hotel Murray attended the fair at Van Wert yesterday.

Ellis Christen will leave Monday for Lafayette, where he will enter Purdue university.

Mrs. L. D. Jacobs spent yesterday with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Gotlieb Christener near Monroe.

Mr. and Mrs. William Myers motored to Van Wert yesterday where they attended the county fair.

County Recorder-elect Augsburger of Berne was in the city today, looking after business affairs.

Roger Scherer and Vale Smith are visiting with their uncle, Oliver Miller, and family at Monroe.

Gosh but those flies can bite this year and they are ably assisted by a gang of flees and mosquitos.

A number of things were taught at the old swimmin' hole which aren't included in the Boy Scout's manual.

Miss Frieda Buitemeyer of northwest of the city was a shopper here today, returning home on the 11:30 car.

Aaron C. Augsburger of Berne, who will be the next Adams county recorder, was in town today on business.

Their wonder why there are so many people in the streets; why that old man stands alone on the corner; where that woman and the two children are going; where all the automobiles come from; why, with so many people and machines in the street, is it all so strangely silent?

It is the hour before dawn, and everywhere the earth lies quiet. The night street is silent as though ashamed before the day. The young men loafing on the corner hush their profane quarrels, and the two women on the curb speak in whispers. The uninhabited wonder about those women—one slight and dark and well dressed, sitting on a pile of newspapers; the other large and blonde, with bare head and coat thrown about her shoulders, sitting on the curb below.

It is no longer dark. Neither is it light. The night still hides between the high, empty buildings. A pigeon croons wistfully above the street, its voice rising to a fuller note as it feels the breath of the dawn. Strangely enough other bird voices break the silence. The weary men and women on the sidewalks are stirred by the same songs of welcome that are sung in the fields and the hills. The birds are always ready for the dawn. And it comes swiftly and bravely into the city streets.

The first rays reach the tallest buildings and the night surries up the alleys and down into basements. The owl car blinks its one eye sleepily and rattles away. It is not a beautiful dawn. The faint flush on the patches of the sky is all that is left of the color it threw away in the hills. It looks upon too many ugly things to be gay. Perhaps it brings too much work and worry with it to be pleasant. Nevertheless it makes the birds sing and it brings another day.—Indianapolis News.

Famous Leader in Turkey.

If it is true that the defense of the Dardanelles has been intrusted to Admiral von Usedom, Germany is employing one of its best-known naval officers in this capacity, says the London Globe. Usedom Pasha, as he now calls himself, was captain of the cruiser Hertha in 1900, when he commanded the German detachment which marched to Peking under the leadership of Admiral Sir Edward Seymour.

His services in China evidently recommended themselves to his imperial master, for on his return from the east he was given the command of the kaiser's yacht. Later he became superintendent of the Kiel dockyards, and afterward joined the personal suite of the kaiser.

The Power of a Poet.

Sig. d'Annunzio, Italy's poet-idol and political leader, comes nearest of all men to justify the dictum of Fletcher of Saltoun, regarding the power of the poet as a lawmaker.

For d'Annunzio has "sung" Italy into war by his own ballads. In order that Fletcher may not suffer from the usual misquotation, his actual words may be here set down. They are taken from an "Imaginary Conversation": "I know," he says, "a very wise man so much of Sir Christopher's sentiment that he believed if a man were permitted to make all the balldads he need not care who should make the laws of a nation."—London Chronicle.

Sleep on a Hot Night.

"How to secure a good night's sleep in hot weather is often a most trying problem, especially to the sick. Here is a method that I find successful. I pour cold water into a hot water bottle until about half full, screw top partly on, then with one hand squeeze upper part of bottle until all air has been forced out. Then I tighten the top, and a soft, pliable pillow is the result. I wrap this in a towel, or slip it inside the pillow case, and lay my head so that the bottle is at the back of my neck. In a few moments I am cool and comfortable and sleep quickly follows. Just try it some night."—Woman's Home Companion.

Only Universal Standard.

An address delivered before the University club, Washington, D. C. C. Francis Jenkins stated: "The motion-picture ribbon is the only unit that is standard in every country.

Railway gauges, for example, vary in different countries; units of value, volume, weight and of length differ, but the motion-picture film is the same the world over."

WITH THE COMING OF DAWN

Is Not as Beautiful in the City as in the Country, But It Brings Another Day.

Dawn comes softly and pleasantly over the country fields, and if it loses something of its charm through familiarity, it is most friendly and perhaps most appreciated there. In the hills the dawn comes gayly, stopping behind each peak to make itself more beautiful, scattering color everywhere and playing with its own reflection in the deep waters of the lakes.

In the city streets the dawn comes swiftly and bravely—perhaps because the night is ugly there and so determined to stay. Dawn in the city streets is not so pleasant as dawn in the country fields, and it is not so young as dawn in the hills. It is finer and stronger. It is awesome, but it is reassuring.

Perhaps it is only the uninformed who feel the terror and the fascination of the city streets at night. Perhaps the initiated know that the fascination is not true and the terror not real.

Perhaps they are more fascinated and more afraid than anybody. The uninformed do not understand.

They wonder why there are so many people in the streets; why that old man stands alone on the corner; where that woman and the two children are going; where all the automobiles come from; why, with so many people and machines in the street, is it all so strangely silent?

In the night they began their march. Suddenly their brethren saw them depart, never to return. They went their way to the shores of the Lesser Slave lake, toward the great plains which were said to be far southward, by the banks of the swift-rolling Saskatchewan.

The tribe of the Beavers never saw this exiled band again, but a hundred years later a Beaver Indian, who followed the fortunes of a white fur-trader, found himself in one of the forts of the Saskatchewan. Strange Indians were camped about the palisades; they were members of the great Blackfoot tribe, whose hunting grounds lay south of the Saskatchewan. Among them were a few braves who, when they conversed, spoke a language different from that of the others, and in this language the Beaver Indian recognized his own tongue.

The "Underfeed" principle is the only scientific way of burning soft coal. The fuel being fed under the fire, all products of combustion (gas and smoke) are forced to pass through the red hot coals, and they are converted into a blazing flame, producing a strong even heat at all times.

It has been pointed out more than once that if one could but "get at the facts" of the history of the Indian tribes it would be of interest to compare these with what is related as the fortune of most civilized nations. It is only in tradition that the history of the Indian lives, and only one version of the story is ever heard. Sometimes this is so true to nature that no room for doubt can be found. Such is the following chapter from the annals of the Beavers, a Canadian tribe:

One day a young chief shot his arrow through a dog belonging to another brave. The brave revenged the death of his dog, and instantly hundred bows were drawn. Before night had fallen some eighty lay dead around the camp, the pine woods rang with the lamentations of the women; the tribe had lost its bravest men.

There was a temporary truce. The friends of the chief whose arrow had killed the dog yet numbered some sixty people, and it was agreed that they should separate from the tribe and seek their fortune in the vast wilderness lying to the south.

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