

Is it possible to reforest Indiana? Can we make forest trees grow in Indiana? Are you interested in forest planting or keeping up your woodlot? If you are you should accept the invitation to visit the Forest Reservation on July 27th. Arrangements are being made to show the people what has been accomplished in the way of forest planting in the past seven years. There have been over thirty tracts planted on the reserve with the following species: Ash, catalpa, yellow poplar, black locust, oak, hickory, elm, chestnut, pecan, buckeye, cottonwood sycamore.

There you can see which are the best. The distance apart you should plant the various kinds of trees. How you should cultivate and prune them. Remember that an object lesson is worth more than what you read or what tree agents tell you. If you are interested it will be a good investment for you to see the many fields and hillsides that have been successfully planted to forest trees.

The reserve can be reached by going over the Pennsylvania line to Henryville or over the Indianapolis and Louisville traction line. Take limited cars to Henryville. Local cars will let you off at the reserve.

The reservation hack will meet all trains and guides will be furnished who will show you around over the reserve, consisting of two thousand acres.

Some prominent people have been invited and are expected to attend.

Mr. and Mrs. James Artman, Miss Ruby Artman and Mr. Owen Baker left today for Bluffton, where they will visit with relatives until tomorrow, when Mr. and Mrs. Artman and Mr. Baker will leave for Mankato, Minnesota, to make their home, provided they find the country agreeable. Mr. Artman has been engaged in the picture business for three years and is now entering upon a very promising fourth year's work. During this time he has been manager of the Decatur Photo company, and his business has taken him from town to town, the first class work which he puts out, establishing for him a good record in many towns in many states. Finding the outlook good in Minnesota, he has decided to go there, and will no doubt meet with the same success that he has here. Mr. Baker, who is a Bluffton young man, is with his in his business. Mr. Artman is a son of Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Artman of this city, and was married last winter to Miss Martha Tribolet, a prominent Bluffton young lady. Their friends wish them success in their new home.

Fremont, Mich., July 19, '11.

Wilson A. Lee, Decatur, Ind.:

Dear Sir:—I received your letter stating that you could not be present at the surprise held Sunday, on your brother, Harvey, and the same was read to those present, and thinking you might be anxious to learn concerning the good time that was had there, thought I would write and tell you about it. There were about thirty Hoosiers, who met in a grove about one-half mile south of his home and when the time arrived made a march on his home. He was just about ready to start for church, and to say the surprise was complete one is putting it as facts. The crowd remained there until late in the evening, when all left for their homes, all enjoying a good, pleasant time. The best of the program for the writer was the excellent dinner, although the solos sung by Mrs. Lee were very interesting; also the other amusements. One of the things which brought back remembrances was a fine, large cake, made by his sister, Effie, finely lettered with these words, "Harvey Lee, 39." We were sorry you could not be with us. Harvey's prospects are good for a crop of apples, and also for all crops on his farm, and we think he is enjoying his Michigan home.

As to the Hoosiers there, all enjoyed the day, and all seem to enjoy their prospects here, for all have good crops and as to all kinds of fruit there could be no better, the worst trouble being to get help to take care of what we have here. The peach thinning is the big job now. All available help is secured and good wages paid. I am not half done thinning yet, but doing all we can, and hope to get through this week. We have the greatest crop of peaches this year we have had for many years. We had our wheat in shock on the third, and haying is about all through. The weather has been fine for all kinds of work, but now a little drier, as we have not had rain for a week. We have had very hot weather—I think as hot as I ever saw it in Indiana. One case of fatal sunstroke, one mile from my farm, occurred last Thursday, and the weather is nearly as hot yet. We all hope for some relief soon.

I will close as I think I have said enough for this time.

Yours truly,

H. HARRUFF.

Charles S. Niblick was at Toosin today and while there attended the annual meeting of stockholders of the

SHAVING IN ITALY.

The Barber Must Have Used a Cross-cut Saw on This Victim.

Italy may be the land of the flea, but it is not the home of the shave.

The barbers there are generally recruited from the ranks of the butchers or the medical students. They must be able to stand the sight of blood. In the early days of medicine physicians called in barbers to do their bleeding for them.

In Italy a physician now does his own bleeding—if he visits a barber shop first.

Everything is done in an orderly manner in the Latin kingdom. The man who yearns to open a tonsorial parlor appears before the municipality to request his license. No influence is required. He does not have to have a pull. No, he cultivates that later.

"Are you qualified?" demand the city fathers.

"Signori," responds the applicant in a respectfully, "does not my father own a horse, and have I not carried out every Sunday? Besides, I have worked in the stockyards."

"Bene," reply the license givers. "You are indeed suited in every way. Here are your shaving papers. Go forth and scrape acquaintance with the strangers within our gates, but cut only distant acquaintances. To cut your friends is bad form and bad for 'em."

Then, if the happy neophyte has the tin, he opens up a dissecting parlor. The tin is necessary for razor blades.

One Italian traveler was heard to remark: "I now believe that the martyr St. Luke was skinned alive. I know the man who skinned him. He shaved me this morning." Twelve good men and true looked at his face and then gave their verdict. He was a truthful man.

When a customer enters an Italian barber shop he is escorted politely to an operating chair. The back of the chair is stationary, but the headrest lets down to a remarkable degree. The result is that while the applicant's hips and knees are bent to an angle of ninety degrees his neck stretches so that his head makes an acute angle with his back, his chin pointing directly at the ceiling. It requires long practice for stout gentlemen to become comfortable in this position.

Then the operator dips his brush in ice water and brushes it lightly across the soap. He then, with a playful air, dampens his customer's beard as it is to say, "This is really unnecessary, but I yield to the prejudices of a stranger." No, he never rubs the soap in; he might produce a lather. Then comes the major operation. Afterwards the face is washed with a shaving brush full of cold water, and then the powder is applied; no, not talcum powder—powdered alum.

When the damages have thus been temporarily repaired the victim raises his head—if he is still able—and has a coat of brilliantine applied to his hair. He then totters home and, after his wife has fainted at sight of him, resolves to raise a mustache, sideburns, galways and a full beard. The barber meanwhile having washed up the gore, seats himself in front of his shop and smiles benignly on the passerby. No, Italy is not the land of the shave, although it may be the home of the flea.—New York Sun.

His Advice Not Wanted.

"My dear," says the doctor to his wife, who is cuddling their new boy, "you should not feed the baby often, but every three hours, you should not take it up every time it cries, it should sleep practically all the time, it should not be shown to every one who calls, your mother and father should not be permitted to dandle it, you should not chuck it under the chin that way, it should sleep in a room without heat and with the windows wide open, its clothing should be simple—none of those lacy, embroidered things—and—"

"Humph!" interrupts his wife. "You go and tell that stuff to people that pay you \$5 a visit. I don't want any of your old advice about this baby." Life.

The Big Wind in Ireland.

The night of the big wind in Ireland was Jan. 6 and 7, 1839. It seems to have served for some seventy years as the era point of no little chronology. The gale was by no means confined to Ireland. A score of persons died in Liverpool in the crash of buildings and the force of the wind was felt through Cheshire, Warwick and Stafford. In Limerick, Galway and Athlone more than 200 houses were blown down and as many more were burned. In 1898 Dublin was swept by a gale quite as great and half the trees in the Phoenix park were put down. New York Sun.

She Loved Him.

This was after the quarrel. "I can never forgive you," he cried. "Last night you said I was a lobster."

"But you know," she replied, and her tone was conciliatory—"you know how dearly I love lobsters."

With a glad cry he folded her to his breast.—Philadelphia Record.

Abuse.

Abuse is not so dangerous when there is no vehicle of wit or delicacy, no subtle conveyance. The difference between coarse and refined abuse is as the difference between being bruised by a club and wounded by a poisoned arrow.—Johnson

Doesn't Feed Them

Slimm—Our landlady says she likes to see her boarders have good appetites. Smart—Well, some women are naturally cruel.—Boston Transcript.

The future is purchased by the present.

—Johnson.

FORT WAYNE LADIES HER

Sixty ladies from the aid society of the Emmaus Lutheran church of Fort Wayne arrived this afternoon at 4 o'clock from Fort Wayne and were entertained by the Ladies' Aid society of the Zion's Lutheran church at the home of the pastor, the Rev. and Mrs. H. Wehmeyer, on West Monroe street.

LAID TO REST.

Many of the friends and relatives of the late Fred Cory gathered at the home of the mother of the deceased man this morning where the last rites for the well known man were held. Rev. Gleiser, pastor of the Presbyterian church, was in charge of the obsequies. Interment took place at the Maplewood cemetery.

The many Decatur friends of J. B. Kiracofe of the Smith & Bell office will be pleased to hear of his engagement to Miss Maude Woods, a well known Ohio young lady, which was announced as follows in the Tuesday evening edition of the Warren, Ohio Chronicle:

"Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Wood of Joliet, have announced the engagement of their daughter, Maude, to John B. Kiracofe of Decatur, Ind. The wedding date has not yet been announced but will occur some time in October. Mr. Kiracofe is connected with the Smith & Bell Lumber company at Decatur."

The bride-to-be is well known in and in the eastern part of the country. The Woods family having resided at Wren, Ohio, several years before coming to Trumbull county two years ago. She is a very sweet and lovable young lady and possessed of those home-making qualities that will prove to be a true helpmeet. The groom is an enterprising young business man, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Newton Kiracofe, of near Wren, Ohio, the home of his parents and that of his bride-to-be being in close proximity for several years, and where their acquaintance, which has finally ripened into love, began. Mr. Kiracofe spent several years in the profession of social teaching, later taking a business course in the International Business college at Fort Wayne. Upon graduation from that institution he accepted a position with the Smith & Bell lumber company of this city where he has risen rapidly in the esteem of his employers, being trustworthy and efficient. He is identified with the Methodist church of this city and is one of its most active members in all departments, being an exemplary young man.

GRAND MUSIC RECITAL.

Will be Given Next Monday by C. J. Lutz' Pupils.

One of the biggest events in the musical circle of Decatur this season will be the recital to be given on Monday evening, July 17th, at the Presbyterian church by the pupils of C. J. Lutz. Her class is a large one and her pupils range from the far advanced to the beginners. Not all will take part in the program, which will be a lengthy one, but one will consider a treat to hear. The number rendered will be both piano and organ, and there will be no fee charged. The public is invited. Mrs. Lutz is a musician of much natural talent which has been carefully perfected by the best of training and her work is well recognized. The program will be given later.

Life Lines.

Assiduous attention from a person who loves many is far from flattering.—John Emery White

A few very pleasant hours were spent Thursday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Koos, fourteen of their daughter, Florence, and young friends came to spend the evening hours in honor of her twentieth birthday. The time was spent in music and games played by lantern light in moonlight. At 10 o'clock a lantern supper was served. Those present were: Miss Shell, Artie Jackson, Floyd Jones, Cleo Jackson, Roy Gaunt, Artie Jackson, Forest Breiner, Vernon Dewey Jackson, Floyd and Nellie Beck, Nellie Lett, Agnes Shaffer, Florence Koos, Lottie Lett, Lucile Shaffer. By the sound of the talking and laughing they must have enjoyed themselves. Florence received small gifts of remembrance. Her friends came home at a late hour.

The entertainment given under the auspices of the choir of the Christ church was a most successful one Monday evening. The program, after invocation by G. T. Burke, was varied out with very few changes. There was a piano solo by Eugene C. R. a vocal duet by Mrs. Eugene R. and sister, Miss Hope Hoffman, a piano accompaniment by Miss V. Smith; a reading by Miss Mabel dy, a piano solo by Miss Helen

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