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Friday, April 5, 1912.

REPUBLICAN COUNTY TICKET.

For Treasurer.
ALSON A. FELL.
Sheriff.
ALTON L. PADGITT.
Recorder.
GEORGE W. SCOTT.
Surveyor.
W. FRANK OSBORNE.
Coroner.
WILLIS J. WRIGHT.
Commissioner, Second District.
DANIEL S. MAKEEVER.
Commissioner, Third District.
CHARLES A. WELCH.

Obituary of Lyman Barce.

The following obituary of Lyman Barce, with minor corrections, is taken from the Fowler Republican-Leader:

Lyman M. Barce was born in Scituate, Mass., April 17, 1848. The hamlet is on the coast about twenty miles south of Boston and his people were seafaring men. Four of his brothers repose on the bottom of the Atlantic ocean. Another wished to be buried where he could hear the sound of the ocean and his grave is near the ever-beating waves of the Pacific ocean at San Pedro, California. John Barce, the father, came west in 1854 with his family and settled in Will county, Illinois, where he raised his family and where two of the sons enlisted in the Union army. One of these became a distinguished officer in the Civil war. Mr. Barce died in 1871.

Lyman Barce was married February 7, 1872, to Rebecca F. Ricker. They were schoolmates back in Massachusetts; the families came west the same year. Their entire wedded life of more than forty years was one continuous honeymoon. Mrs. Elizabeth Barce with her sons, Samuel and Lyman, with his family, came to Benton county in 1878, and developed out of the wild prairie the homes which was theirs for so long a time. The mother died in 1893 and was buried in the Fowler cemetery. Mr. Barce was a life-long republican. He served one term of four years as trustee of his township. He had a high regard for the schools. One teacher, a girl with her first school, was having difficulty. He walked seven miles to be present at a meeting. "Looky here, men, what is the matter here? If there is anything wrong with this girl, I want you to speak out. No one will hurt you. What I want is fair play." No one spoke. "There will be school here if I have to put a militia around the house."

Elmore Barce, of this place, is the first born; Mrs. Anna Michaels, of near Templeton, Mrs. Grant Rishling, with whom her parents lived near Rensselaer, and John Barce, of Chicago, are the children and that of the father is the first death which occurred in the family.

Mr. Barce was troubled with rheumatism. He was able to attend the Taft meeting at Hazelden four years ago. A day or two after this he was stricken with paralysis and has since been a cripple. It was during the long wait that he arranged all of the details of his affairs, including his burial. It was his desire to sleep beside his mother. He was sure that she would come to meet him when life's work was done. The body was taken to Fowler and after a prayer at the home, the funeral services were conducted at the Christian church by Elder J. C. Cantrell at 2 o'clock Sunday afternoon.

Mr. Barce was one of nature's noblemen. The close contact with nature and nature's God, the solitude and grandeur of the grand prairie, developed a character fearless and kindly, thrifty and generous, and ever giving a helping hand as he had needed help in the struggle of the pioneer days. To have known him is a benediction.

Card of Thanks.

During the long sickness and following the death of our beloved husband and father we were aided in many ways by the ministrations of neighbors and friends and we wish in this manner to thank all for their generous aid.

Mrs. Lyman Barce and Children.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the
Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*
A Classified Adv. will sell it.

REMINGTON.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kelly and son Ralph are visiting in Frankfort. Miss Daisy Ott was a Sunday guest of Miss Mae Gilman in Goodland. James Washburn and Frank Kelly attended the Indianapolis auto show. Miss Edith Hewing, of Kentland, was a Sunday guest of Miss Helen O'Dell.

Rev. E. H. Bull returned Saturday morning from a week's visit in Hopkinsville, Ky.

Miss Bertha Primmer made a week end visit with her mother and other relatives in Chalmers.

Miss Margaret Johnston will accompany the lady teachers to Chicago and visit over Sunday with relatives.

Mr. Chas. Beal and daughter Ruth returned Monday evening from visiting in Watseka, St. Anne and Chicago.

Mrs. Fred Burger returned from Battle Creek Sanitarium recently, feeling benefited by the treatment and rest.

Mrs. Chas. Denham gave a quilting and dinner Tuesday, the credential for admission being blood relationship.

A letter from Mrs. Gibson Wilson to friends here states that her health is improving and she feels very much encouraged.

The M. E. Ladies Aid have sent a most appropriate Easter offering to the Lucy Rider Myres Deaconess Training School. A case of fresh country eggs was shipped this week to the above address by the president, Mrs. Charles Denham.

Mr. Thomas Callaghan, an old time resident and member of the G. A. R., died last Friday in Wheatfield. The body was brought here, funeral services being conducted in Sacred Heart church on Monday by Rev. Father Schmidt and burial made beside his wife in the Catholic cemetery.

Mr. Benjamin Walker, who lived here with his family some fifteen years ago, was stricken with paralysis at his home in Wabash on last Thursday night, lingering in an unconscious condition until death came Sunday, March 31, at 10 a. m. The funeral is to be held in Wabash Wednesday morning.

The O. E. S. added five more stars to their roll Monday evening, as follows: Mrs. Garvin, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Brand, Mr. and Mrs. Charles May. The event was appropriately celebrated by a feast such as the Stars can so easily compass. Games, April fool stunts, music, etc., completed a delightful evening. A masquerade for the children of O. E. S. members is scheduled for April 10th.

Fire.

The quiet calm of a springlike Palm Sunday was harshly broken about 5:07 p. m. by the clanging of the fire alarm. No one asked "where is the fire?" The fact was evident to the entire community. The pride of Remington, the water tower, seemed doomed as smoke and steam poured in great masses from under the tank. The fire brigade quickly had a heavy stream pouring upon the seat of the blaze, the interior of the engine rooms, and the flames were very soon smothered. The brick stand-pipe had acted as an immense flue, drawing the smoke and steam up the height of the tower, where it escaped to the outer air, causing a frightfully spectacular scene. The damage was confined to the interior finish of the engine rooms largely, and the beltings, the gasoline engine being unharmed. The loss to the town is about \$150, with no insurance. The waterworks system was out of commission until Monday at 9 p. m. The plant was running as usual, the engineer having left the premises on a little errand just a few minutes before. The alarm was rung by two young ladies who first saw the flames in the back room. Friction caused at the clutch is the probable cause, there being no evidence of other likely causes. W. E. Peck and Hiram Pickering, both experienced stationary engineers, brought order out of the wreck and had pressure enough in the tank Monday night to warrant our citizens in sleeping soundly without fear of life. The pretty tower is sadly smudged but wind and rain will soon remedy that trouble.

Clubs.

Mrs. Fred Burger is hostess to the Sew and Sew Club Friday, April 5, at the home of her mother, Mrs. Geo. Hemphill.

The Fortnightly Club meets with Mrs. W. E. Peck Wednesday afternoon, April 3rd.

The Study Club meets with Mr. Adrian Foster Monday, April 8th. Mr. Ashley will review J. Allen Smith's "The Spirit of American Gov't."

The Commercial Club will have its regular monthly meeting Wednesday evening, April 3rd.

C. E. Meeting.

On Friday evening the Pres. C. E. listened to a very helpful lecture by Miss Myrtle Scott, C. E. field secretary of the board of the northwest, whose territory includes twelve states.

Thursday and Friday the Missionary Convention, held in the Christian

Intended For a Shower; But Became a Flood.

Moore's Hill, Ind. April 2, 1912. To The Rensselaer Republican:

Through you I wish to convey to our many dear friends in Rensselaer and vicinity our heartiest and sincerest thanks. Some way it got out among the charges I served as pastor, and many others, that I had a birthday and wedding anniversary the 23rd of March. Well, it was a fact. If I had forgotten it myself my memory would surely have been revived. For what was intended as a "shower," became a "flood." Our Moore's Hill postmaster and rural postman were given extra work for a few days. If they had any question as to my standing where I had lived and wrought before coming here, I am sure it was silenced. From the various churches which I served as pastor, from relatives, friends and boyhood associates, and many of my brethren in the ministry, came souvenir postcards with beautiful pictures, gracious sentiments and hearty congratulations to the number of 265, and loving letters—aye! May I not say "love letters"—44. These caused our hearts to overflow with joy and our eyes with tears. Oh! how blessed it is to have friends. No one but those who experience it knows what it is to have infirmity cut the life work short, and relegate one to the rear, when yet the rush of battle appeals to every nerve and sensibility to be at the front. But to have the trophies of our life's conflict brought to us amid the shadows, to cheer and inspire us, is a boon unspeakable. It dispels the clouds, revives the courage, and makes glad and joyous the heart. So, from Michigan to Florida, and from Ohio to California, came these messages of cheer and good will. Also many substantial tokens of appreciation for the humble benefits and blessings of my ministry. It certainly made me feel that my life and work had not been in vain. So I wish to respond with thanks. I have it in my heart to write every one a letter of personal appreciation and regard. But you will also see that if I do that I will have to let our Rhode Island Reds and Indian Runners go hungry and fail to prune my fruit trees, sow my oats, plant my corn, and put out my garden. So, with no less regard for each of the 25 or more of my old Rensselaer friends who so graciously remembered us, together with their hustling pastor, I choose this way to acknowledge your kindness and express our thanks. I pray God's blessing upon your city and church. I rejoice with you in your victories for Christ and pray that these may be but foretokens of greater blessings and victories for you.

I am trying to do what I can for my Master here. I have had the privilege of preaching at our little church at Chesterville, 1/2 mile from our home, and working in the Sunday school. Also I have preached at Aurora and Moore's Hill. We have a fine Methodist college at Moore's Hill, 3 miles from us. It has had a noble history and done a grand work in educating the preachers and laymen of this section of Indiana. We like the people among whom our lot is cast and who have so kindly received us among them. But our hearts often long for the old scenes and companionships of Northwest Indiana. To one and all we send our love and goodwill. Pray for us. Yours sincerely,

H. M. MIDDLETON.

church, was well attended and the program proved very helpful. Dinner was served in the basement by the church ladies.

Special Easter programs are being prepared by the different churches.

School closes Wednesday noon to enable the instructors to leave for Chicago Wednesday evening. They will visit the city schools Thursday, attend the sessions of the Teachers' Association and on Saturday special points of interest.

Mrs. Wm. Beal was taken to the Presbyterian Hospital, Chicago, last week, accompanied by her husband, Mrs. Wm. Raymond and Mr. Chas. Beal. An operation was performed Tuesday from which she is recovering as readily as could be expected.

THE REPUBLICAN CLUBBING RATES.

Semi-Weekly Republican and Weekly Inter Ocean one year, \$2.00.

Semi-Weekly Republican and Daily Inter Ocean, one year, \$4.00.

Semi-Weekly Republican and Chicago Daily Journal, one year, \$3.50.

Semi-Weekly Republican and Indianapolis Daily Sun, one year, \$3.00.

Semi-Weekly Republican and Indianapolis Daily News, one year, \$4.50.

Semi-Weekly Republican and Chicago Daily Record-Herald, one year \$4.00.

Semi-Weekly Republican and Indianapolis Daily Star, one year, \$4.00.

Semi-Weekly Republican and Chicago Daily Tribune, one year \$4.00.

These clubbing rates apply to rural routes or to towns where there is no local agents, only.

Our Classified Column will find you a purchaser for most anything you have for sale. Try it.

THE YOUNG MOTHER AND THE FAT HOG.

Not a Fable. Simply Straight Goods.

(By Dr. J. N. Hurty.)

One time a little mother, who was only twenty-five years old, began to feel tired all the time. Her appetite had failed her for weeks before the tired feeling came. Her three little girls, once a joy in her life, became a burden to her. It was "mamma, mamma" all day long. She never had noticed these appeals, until the tired feeling came. The little mother also had red spots on her cheeks and a slight dry cough. One day, when dragging herself around, forcing her weary body to work, she felt a sharp but slight pain in her chest, her head grew dizzy, and suddenly her mouth filled with blood. The hemorrhage was not severe but it left her very weak. The doctor she had consulted for her cough and tired feeling, had said: "You are all run-down, you need a tonic." For a fee he prescribed bitters made of alcohol, water and gentian. This gave her false strength for a while for it checked out her little reserve. When the hemorrhage occurred she and all her neighbors knew she had consumption and the doctor should have known it and told her months before.

Now she wrote to the State Board of Health and said: "I am told that consumption in its early stages can be cured by outdoor life, continued rest, and plenty of plain, good food. I do not want to die. I want to live and raise my children to make them good citizens. Where can I go to get well?" The reply was: "The great Christian state of Indiana has not risen to the mighty economy of saving the lives of little mothers from consumption. At present the only place you can go is to a grave. However, the state will care for your children in an orphan's asylum after you are dead, and then in a few years a special offer will be paid to find a home for them. But save your life—never!" "That is a cranky idea," for a member on the floor of the Sixty-fifth Assembly said so. Besides, said he, "It isn't business, the state can't afford it." So the little mother died of the preventable and curable disease, the home was broken up and the children were taken to the orphan's asylum.

A big fat hog one morning found he had a pain in his belly. He squealed loudly and the farmer came out of his house to see what was the matter. "He's got the hog cholery," said the hired man. So the farmer telephoned to Secretary Wilson of the U. S. Agricultural Department (who said the other day he had 3,000 experts in animal and plant diseases) and the reply was "Cert, I'll send you a man right away." Sure enough, the man came. He said he was a D. V. S. and he was, too. He had a government syringe and a bottle of government medicine in his hand bag, and he went for the hog. It got well. It wasn't cranky for the government to do this, and it could afford the expense, for the hog could be turned into ham, sausage, lard and bacon.

Anybody, even a fool, can see it would be cranky for the state to save the life of a little mother, and it could not afford it either.

Moral—Be a hog and be worth saving.

News Notes From Medaryville Clipped From the Advertiser.

Miss Esther Fry, teacher of West Vernon school in Gileam township, returned to her home in Royal Center Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Carrie Short, of Rensselaer, has been the guest of her brother, Mr. Lee Baughman, and her sister, Mrs. Mary J. Low, several days this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Dunn visited with Mr. and Mrs. Fred H. Dunn, at Gary, Ind., from Friday of last week to Monday of this week.

P. C. Brazel, of Michigan City, a retired farmer, died in San Pierre early Monday morning of heart failure. He was a man well known throughout northern Indiana.

Mr. James Green, of Indianapolis, here practicing "divine healing." He is the guest of the Dan. Smoyer family, whose daughter, Maxine, has been cured through him.

Melvin Guild and family have removed here from Wabash, Ind., where they have lived for about a year and where Mel has been engaged in the building of roads. As soon as the weather permits, Mel will enter upon the building of eleven miles of gravel road in Cass township, which contract he has secured from the county commissioners as the lowest bidder.

The railway right-of-way from Main street to Pearl street is completely blocked with thousands of railroad ties ready for shipment. Why they are not shipped we do not know—scarcity of cars is the only excuse we hear of. Anyone trying to reach the elevator has to take the street either east or west of Railroad street and approach the elevator by way of Pearl street.

A Classified Adv. will sell it.

Parcels Post Legislation May Go Over Until Next Fall.

Washington, D. C., April 5.—Indiana democratic members of congress are boosting a plan that may enable congress to sidestep the vexatious parcels post issue. How to dodge that issue and get away from a vote on it before the November election is a problem that is making a heavy draft on the ingenuity of members of congress from the close districts of the north. Several Indiana members are particularly distressed over the prospect that they may have to vote on it, as they say that a vote either way would be likely to retire them from congress. They are fearful that if they vote for a general parcels post the merchants and business men of the towns and cities in their districts will combine to slaughter them at the polls. On the other hand, if the vote against it, the farmers will hold a carnival over their political remains.

Under these circumstances the prudent thing to do is to devise a way to shunt the issue over until next winter. Self-preservation is the first law of nature, and that law is held in high reverence in the Indiana delegation.

It is proposed to bring into the house of representatives on a favorable committee report the new proposition, which is nothing more nor less than a plan to take over the express companies of the United States and all their rights and franchises and conduct them by the government as a new form of public service, to be called "the postal express."

No subject that has come before congress within their periods of service has given the Indiana members, generally speaking, as much worry as the general parcels post. Several members of the delegation feel that their fate hinges on getting it out of the way.

Joseph W. Danck, a farmer living near Evansville, this state, was found dead in a barn Thursday.

Mayor E. N. Woodruff, of Peoria, Ill., Thursday signed an ordinance prohibiting free lunches in city saloons.

For any itching skin trouble, piles, eczema, salt rheum, hives, itch, scald head, herpes, scabies, Doan's Ointment is highly recommended. 50c at all stores.

Speaker Champ Clark has withdrawn his name from the official ballot in the primary election in New Jersey to choose delegates to the democratic national convention.

Dr. Isaac Kaufman Funk, president of the publishing firm of Funk & Wagnalls and noted for more than a quarter of a century as a prohibitionist and reform leader, died of acute indigestion Thursday at his home in Montclair, N. J.

Levi Louderback, chief detective of the Vandalia railroad, Thursday made public a confession of Fred Bushay to holding up a mail train at Liggett Station, near Terre Haute, Feb. 16. Bushay was arrested in Terre Haute for robbing a man there a few weeks ago.

Attorney General Wickersham has rejected the proposal to dissolve the harvester trust by dividing the concern into two companies. He demands the division of the corporation into six parts, each of which shall manufacture one of the patents on harvesters controlled by the concern.

Failure of the Illinois Central railroad to provide a complete block signaling system is held by the interstate commerce commission to be a contributing cause of the wreck on Jan. 22, in which James T. Harahan, former president of the road, and three officials of the Rock Island railroad, were killed.

Rev. Cyrus Cline of the Twelfth Indiana district, has prepared an exhaustive speech on Philippine independence which he will deliver in the house soon. He is in favor of establishing a free republic in the Philippines, fashioned after the United States government, not later than 1920.

Cats and dogs are dying of mumps at Spartansburg, a village east of Winchester, this state. The health authorities will make an investigation. The board received a letter Tuesday that two cats, one dog and a boy had the disease, and that the animals had died. The disease is an epidemic in Winchester, more than four hundred cases having been reported during the winter.

Fred Gardner is winning a high reputation as a scene painter at Lafayette. Speaking of the state settings for a new play about to be put on by the Harlequin Club, the Courier says: "The scenery will be painted by Gardner, who did such excellent work on the setting of the 'County Chairman' last year that his services were accepted in preference to those of a number of other artists who were very desirous of a chance to heighten their reputations by association with the club."—Monticello Journal.

Searching Europe for His Soul Mate



ALFRED R. RISSE.

This youthful New York stock broker, has sailed for Europe on a quest for an ideal wife. He wants a woman who combines the beauty and racial characteristics of London, Paris, Vienna and Rome, where he will search for "her," one that possesses a minimum of feminine failings and a maximum of feminine virtues.

He wants a woman of physique corresponding to his. She must be of his height, 5 feet 8 inches and must balance the scales at 140 pounds, his weight. He makes no concession in age, giving her the privilege of being younger than himself. He is 28.

Concluding a flowery description of "her," the young broker said: "She must be dark, with black hair and dark eyes. I have no use for blondes. Who can tell whether the golden hair or the wheat-colored tresses we admire have been supplied by the Almighty or developed from a prescription. I don't want to have to make a chemical analysis of my wife after I have married her."

ditions. That, as I say, will come in a few years.

"The value of the aeroplane in warfare will be almost inestimable. It doesn't make any difference whether they will be able to destroy battleships or not. They will be able to dynamite transports, sift a shower of shrapnel over marching or camping armies, act as scouts, detect submarines—and all with perfect safety. Lieutenant Scott has shown me a model of a device by which he can drop a shrapnel bomb in a given twenty-five-foot square from a height of 5,000 feet with absolute certainty of aim.

"As a sport Curtiss's hydro-aeroplane will be one of the most popular forms of amusement along our seashores in another year or two. A man can glide along the water or rise above it, at a speed of from thirty to thirty-five miles an hour on the water, to fifty or sixty miles in the air, and with almost perfect safety. If he gets a tumble the water isn't very hard stuff to fall on.

"You can say for me that I am certain that within three years an aeroplane will cross from Queensstown to Halifax without a stop, and one of the members of our club has bet \$2,000 on it."



A PARADOX.

"What is golf, pa?" "Golf, my son, is a pleasant little scheme devised by manufacturers of small corrugated gutta percha balls to make a losing game a paying one for them."

Coals to Newcastle.

Capt. Smith of the Olympic was questioned in New York about the coal consumption of the world's biggest liner on her first voyage. But Capt. Smith shook his head and said:

"That is a coal story I am not privileged to speak about. I'll tell you another coal story, though, if you'd care to hear it!"

"I'd be delighted," said the reporter. "Well," said Capt. Smith, "it's a story about a poor sailor. He was taken down with fever on a brigantine, and, though the mate and captain doted him well, he died. They buried him at sea.

"They buried him with the usual impressive sea rites. He was sewed in a sail round which a flag was draped, and, to make him sink, the sail was weighted with a number of big lumps of coal.

"A landlubber of a passenger participated in the services. He watched the well-weighted corpse slip into the water. It disappeared at once, and the landlubber shook his head and said:

"Well, I've seen many a man go below, but this is the first one I've seen taking his own coal down with him."