

The Daily Republican

Every Day Except Sunday

HEALEY & CLARK, Publishers.

RENSSELAER, INDIANA.

Vacationers have no ambition to come back.

Girls in tight skirts—well, the less said about them the better.

Dealers in evaporated eggs do not always succeed in evaporating the smell.

Golf a rich man's game? Non-sense! Just look at the number of poor players!

No matter what may be said about the weather man, it can not be denied that he is hot stuff.

It's a heap easier to denounce the bad habits of the other fellow than it is to renounce our own!

A man never enjoys his summer vacation so much as when he returns home to get a square meal.

Speaking of refreshing subjects, a motoring party in the Alps was lost the other day in a snow drift.

The gondoliers of Venice have gone out on a strike, leaving the public to paddle its own canoe, so to speak.

According to reports the ballot this fall in Oregon will be nine feet long, and yet women insist that they want it.

Since a telephone girl is said to have won a prince, lots of girls will practice saying "Number, please?" in dulcet tones.

A statistician tells us that the women of Paris outnumber the men by 200,000. Now we know why rich Americans like Paris.

What brings the blush of shame to the Chicagoan's cheeks is the taunt that the largest fish in Lake Michigan can be caught on a pinhook!

Since a correspondent has retaliated with some heat, saying that man's garb is idiotic, we shall have to concede that at least it is slightly inaccurate.

Some men are born enemies of mankind, and some develop the habit of getting their hair cut on Saturday afternoon.

Observing the oddly unbecoming costumes affected by aviatrixes, one marvels that any girl ever cherishes aspirations to fly.

Every time we hear that a pleasure boat has knocked a hole in a battleship we are led to wonder why the government doesn't build a fleet of pleasure boats.

One thing which Berlin is certain to do in 1916 is to dwarf Stockholm in Olympic crowds. The ten-to-one advantage in population settles that point far in advance.

Over four thousand killed themselves in the United States last year. But, still, that left a fairly reassuring proportion of the population that yet believed life is worth living.

It is interesting to read that a Housatonic woman dug twenty good-sized potatoes and three small ones from one hill a few days ago, but what was her husband doing meanwhile?

Our army has adopted a new form of sword which is said to be highly effective. We can picture a gallant officer, sword in hand, battling with a gatling gun at a distance of a mile and a half.

A young woman in a New York waterside resort came near being drowned by her hobble skirt. Still, style is not worth being a cause if it is not to have its martyrs, as well as its votaries.

A New Jersey man claims that he has perfected an invention whereby peas can be made to grow by electricity. That may help some, but wouldn't it be more effective if he could induce electricity to kill the weeds?

The saw fly is cutting the leaves off New England's maples and the spruce bud moth is attacking the balsams, which are needed for pillows and for Christmas trees. Still nobody is doing anything to increase the number of the birds.

A man arrested in Chicago for being drunk confessed that his wife, a milliner, had sent him out to buy thread and he had spent the money for drink. His wife pleaded to save him from jail, on the ground that she needed him home to do the housework.

Great excitement has been caused in London because the king and queen went to a vaudeville show. What they want now is to get up a convention on the American plan if they wish to be up to date in their amusements and want some excitement which is really worth while.

Shoemakers are proverbially ill shod, but it would seem as if the men in the Pittsburgh factory who struck because while they turned out 600 bathtubs a day, they had none to use themselves had something to complain of.

Don't get your colors mixed when you set out to paint the town.

YOU CAN CURE CATARRH.
By using Cole's Carbolic Salm. It is a most effective remedy. All druggists. 25 and 50c.

One way to become popular is to let other people impose on you.

The woman who cares for a clean, wholesome mouth, and sweet breath, will find Paxtine Antiseptic a joy forever. At druggists, 25c a box or sent postpaid on receipt of price by The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass.

A Diagnosis.

"What's the matter with your husband, Mrs. Mixey?"

"The doctor says he's got a bad attack of ammonia."

"Then I guess it's apt to be fatal, for it's bound to take his breath."

Important to Mothers
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of *Dr. A. Fletcher.*
In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Orphanages in Turkey.

There are 22 orphanages in the Turkish empire, conducted by Americans, enrolling 3,000 inmates. In connection with these orphanages an industrial work has sprung up which gives employment to over 10,000 people in addition to the orphans. The work is largely done by the widows and orphans and includes rug and lace making, various forms of embroidery, and other domestic work. The product of these institutions finds a market abroad.

Everybody in Hard Luck.

Suddenly he stepped up to a gentleman, who was waiting for the tram, and, tapping his lightup on the shoulder, said: "Excuse me, but did you drop a five-pound note?" at the same time holding out in his hand the article.

The gentleman questioned gazed a moment at the note, assumed an anxious look, made a hasty search of his pocket, and said: "Why, so I did, and I hadn't missed it" holding out an eager hand.

The elderly hunter took the name and address of the loser and, putting the note in his pocket, turned away.

"Well," said the other, "do you want it all as a reward?"

"Oh, I did not find one," remarked the benevolent one with another beam; "but struck me that in a big place like London there must be a quantity of money lost, and upon inquiry I found that you are the one hundred and thirty-first man who lost a five-pound note this morning."—London Answers.

IF WIFEY HAD HEARD.



Jack—Who's that bobbing up and down out there?

Jim—Probably my wife. She's always bobbing up when she's not wanted.

THE WAY OUT
Change of Food Brought Success and Happiness.

An ambitious but delicate girl, after failing to go through school on account of nervousness and hysteria, found in Grape-Nuts the only thing that seemed to build her up and furnish her the peace of health.

"From infancy," she says, "I have not been strong. Being ambitious to learn at any cost I finally got to the High School, but soon had to abandon my studies on account of nervous presentation and hysteria."

"My food did not agree with me, I grew thin and despondent. I could not enjoy the simplest social affair for I suffered constantly from nervousness in spite of all sorts of medicines."

"This wretched condition continued until I was twenty-five, when I became interested in the letters of those who had cases like mine and who were getting well by eating Grape-Nuts."

"I had little faith but procured a box and after the first dish I experienced a peculiar satisfied feeling that I had never gained from any ordinary food. I slept and rested better that night and in a few days began to grow stronger."

"I had a new feeling and peace and restfulness. In a few weeks, to my great joy, the headaches and nervousness left me and life became bright and hopeful. I resumed my studies and later taught ten months with ease—of course using Grape-Nuts every day. It is now four years since I began to use Grape-Nuts; I am the mistress of a happy home, and the old weakness has never returned." Name given by the Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason," Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

BOY SCOUTS ON 2,000 MILE BICYCLE TRIP



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USED SHARK POWER

Man Rigged Up Boat With Small Engine That Could Go.

Won First Place in Race—Everything Lovely Till Inquisitive Swimmer Dived Beneath Craft and Made Discovery.

Newbern, N. C.—George Arthur, a fisherman, in the neighborhood of Adams creek, near Neuse river, 35 miles from this city, caught in one of his nets a large shark. He penned it in a pool which he made for the purpose, and after exhibiting it there for a month or more it suddenly vanished. Arthur told the inquirers that he had taken pity on the "varmint" and returned it to its native waters. About this time Arthur purchased a "long, low, rakish" skiff, explaining to his friends that he intended placing an engine in it and making a racing boat out of it. For several weeks he devoted many hours a day to remodelling it and placing a two-horse power engine in it. At last he announced that the boat was in readiness for any and all comers, and offered to bet that he would win. Several men who thought they had fast boats inspected Arthur's boat and laughed at his diminutive motor. But he said it was of a new and powerful type and that anyway he'd back it to win. So they arranged a race.

There were six contestants, and among the number were some exceedingly fast boats. Arthur was asked to give a trial exhibition of his engine's ability, but he refused. He said they could see it work the day of the race. On the appointed day several hundred people lined the river bank. The course was about five miles. The boats were lined up for the start and at the crack of a pistol off they went. So faint was the exhaust of Arthur's new engine that it could scarcely be heard, and within the first 100 yards he was left far behind the other racers. However, things had only begun to happen.

Arthur was seen to settle back in the steerman's seat and push a small lever. Immediately the little boat sprang forward. Faster and faster it cut through the water. Passing the other boats and their startled crews, it sped on toward the goal and arrived several minutes ahead of its nearest competitor.

That the little engine was the real thing was no longer doubted, and the owner received many offers to purchase, but declined them all.

After that Arthur was frequently seen on the river with his craft cutting through the water at a terrific rate.

Recently a party of picnickers visited the place, and during the day hired Arthur to take them for a trip on the river. They, too, were amazed at the boat's speed. One of the more inquisitive decided that there was something not entirely on the level about the engine. Arriving at a desirable point, a suggestion that the party go in swimming was made, and soon several of the young men were in the water. Suddenly one of them dived beneath the boat and when he arose to the surface lost no time in scrambling back into the craft. He said he had seen a shark just beneath the boat.

Arthur became greatly agitated at this point and suggested that they leave at once, but the other members of the party resolved to see whether their companion was fooling them. Seizing an oar, one of the young men jabbed it into the water beneath the craft, and, sure enough, found the shark. They were going to kill or catch it, when Arthur told them that the fish was in a wire cage beneath the vessel and that he used it for motor power. Further investigation proved it to be true.

After catching the big fish Arthur

got the idea of building a cage for it beneath the boat and utilizing it to tow the boat. To get the fish started Arthur used a pointed nail driven into the end of a short stick.

SEEKS HER HUSBAND AT 100

Kittitas Squaw Dresses in Finery to Woo Back Deserting Spouse—Met Him 80 Years Ago.

Spokane, Wash.—A tale of the loyalty of an Indian squaw comes from Ellensburg, where "Old Julia" Hansen, as the whites know her, has donned her finery at 100 and is endeavoring to woo back the husband who has deserted her. She has attracted much attention on the streets as day by day she has sought the runaway. He has not returned to her yet, but she believes that his old love will be reawakened in time.

Julia is the last of the chieftainesses of the Sockeye tribe of Kittitas Indians. She and her sisters have been well known to the white settlers since the region was first invaded. The three of them once owned more than 1,000 horses and much land, but the property was largely dissipated by the husbands, who were unable to withstand white temptations. These derelictions, however, did not shake the loyalty of the squaws. Old Nancy, another of the sisters, for years led her blind husband about with every evidence of devotion, so that they became known as the Darby and Joan of Kittitas Valley.

Julia met her husband more than eighty years ago at one of the great councils of the Kittitas tribe.

FIVE HAVE UNIQUE MALADY

Children Are Helpless From an Unusual Disease—Doctors Call It Frederick's Ataxia.

Lynchburg, Va.—With the death and burial a day or so ago of C. C. Mitchell, in Bedford county, is brought to light a remarkable and wholesale case of affliction. He is survived by his wife and five children.

All of these children, who range in age from about 12 to over 20 years, are afflicted in the most unusual and remarkable manner with a disease known as Frederick's ataxia,

which renders them almost helpless, without power to perform any service for themselves, unable to speak intelligently, yet they are not without intelligence. With the intuition of a mother's devotion she has trained their memories in a remarkable degree, teaching them to repeat in jargon that she alone can understand, hymns, selections from the Bible and simple poems.

Mitchell and his wife were very poor and some years since the small farm they had bought, but upon which they had not been able to make the payments, had to be sold. The case seemed so unutterably pitiable that through the newspapers the story was told and help asked. To the appeal there was quick and generous response from many parts of the United States and even from Central America. Funds sufficient were thus secured to make full payment for the farm. With debt removed Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell made a comfortable support from the farm for themselves and their helpless brood of children.

Cases of this disease are very rare and attract much interest among medical men. One of the children was sent when quite young to the Johns Hopkins hospital of Baltimore, for examination and the case was pronounced hopeless of any amelioration. One of the girls, who seemed less helpless than the others, was sent to Richmond to Dr. Allison Hedges and he exhibited her before

TO ELECTRIFY A SCHOOLROOM

New York Board of Education Will Try Swedish Scheme to Get Extraordinary Results.

New York.—The New York board of education is expected to authorize a trial this fall of a Swedish scheme for electrifying a schoolroom and thereby producing extraordinary results from the pupils. The experiment, which has met with some success in Stockholm, will be tried on a room in which a class of defective pupils is being taught. The cost for a year's trial will be less than \$10,000.

The electrifier consists of a series of wires in the walls of the classroom. These wires will be charged with high frequency currents. The plan will be to have two classrooms, as nearly alike as possible, one electrified and the other not, each to have the same number of pupils. At the end of a certain period comparisons will be made between the pupils in the electrified room and those in the room not electrified.

SUE FOR RICH COAL LANDS

Heirs of Former Owner in Various Parts of County Attack the Mighty Girard Estate.

Shenandoah, Pa.—The heirs of the late Benjamin K. Yost in various parts of the county commenced suit in the Schuylkill county court for the recovery of 410 acres of valuable coal lands located on the Broad mountain, north of this town. This tract of land is claimed by the Girard estate and has been in litigation for forty years. Recently prospectors found rich veins of coal, and the suit promises to be one of the hardest fought cases in the history of the county.

STAG PARTY SEES SEA LION

Animal Installs Itself as Watchdog at a Mansion, According to a Belated Party.

Hillsboro, Cal.—A weird story to the effect that a real live sea lion had found its way from the ocean beach to Uplands, the Hillsboro home of Charles Templeton Crocker, has been going the rounds in San Mateo county.

Up till the other night the report was received with considerable skepticism, albeit many motorists are said to have steered clear of the Crocker gateway, at which the new "watchdog" was supposed to have installed himself.

The monster of the deep may have departed for regions where there is more congenial society than that of Hillsboro millionaires, but that he was there in spirit and in truth, even if more in spirit than in truth, is no longer doubted.

What greater confirmation of the report is needed than that he was alleged to have been seen by members of a jovial stag party returning in the cold, gray dawn from a midnight revel at a polo club?

As a rule poloists do not run to sea lions, but they are a pleasing variation of vision of pink crocodiles, blue lizards and polka dot boa constrictors.

Boy's Gray Locks Puzzle. Berwick, Pa.—Physicians of this section are puzzled over the case of the five-year-old son of John De Frabis of West Berwick, whose hair is gray as might be found in a person of four-score years. The parents, who are normal, have four children, all mutes, while one son delights in eating chalk, coal and pieces of paper.

A Word to the Wise.

The proverbial advice, "Cobbler, stick to your last," had an opposite exemplification in the following anecdote, for which Zion's Advocate is responsible:

A colored man was brought before a police judge, charged with stealing chickens. He pleaded guilty, and received sentence, when the judge asked how it was managed to lift those chickens right under the window of their owner's house when there was a dog in the yard.

"Hit wouldn't be no use, judge," said the culprit, "to try to 'spain' this to you at all. If you was to try it, like as not you would get yer hide full o' shot, an' git no chickens, neither. If you want to engage in