

# The Daily Republican

Every Day Except Sunday  
HEALEY & CLARK, Publishers.  
RENSSELAER, INDIANA.

Loading as a steady job seems to be inculcated by this brand of weather.

It is time to teach Towser that all really fashionable dogs wear muzzles.

You will have to do your own swatting. The regular fly cops have other duties.

Here's hoping the home team can let all the goose eggs remain in cold storage.

While swatting the fly 'tis well to remember to cover the sugar and butter bowls.

In the National league they are passing the pennant hopes around for general inspection.

Monte Carlo is reported to have cleared nearly \$40,000,000 last year. So, what's the use?

One complicated way of being unhappy is envying the man who has to worry about the income tax.

New Jersey has barred the sharp-tipped hatpin. Thus it will be no joke, even if the cops see the point.

To the mind of the rough neck, there's no doubt that there is more than one simp in simplified spelling.

Yes, he's in again. The pest appeared in our office yesterday with that eternal question, "Is it hot?"

That Chicago man whose goat chewed up his \$1,000 wad, should feel at least, that there is money in goats.

That young woman who plays the piano with her feet must be able to put her whole sole into her selections.

The man who tries to hide behind a woman's skirts in this year of grace must be thinner than his own yellow streak.

A large number of our American girls have married rich men, only to find that they have poor husbands on their hands.

Automobiles have been with use for fifteen years. What means of joy riding will be provided for use fifteen years hence?

There is no sense in littering the streets in the fond expectation that the school children will clean them up some time.

It has frequently been said that the wife is the better half, but assuredly, hubby claps the honor when the baseball season opens.

Newest skirts for women have pockets in them just like a man's. Well, anyway, they will never contain plugs of chewing tobacco.

"Shot at sunrise" continues a popular pastime in Mexico, but there's lots of regular fellows who are half shot long before midnight.

Are the high steps on street cars an argument against hobble skirts or are hobble skirts an argument against the high steps on street cars?

Virginia young man drove two miles before discovering that his best girl had fallen out of the buggy. Maybe he was driving with a rein in each hand.

Anyway those women whose babies do not win a prize at a baby show, have the satisfaction of entertaining a distinct opinion about the judges.

And now Chicago is censoring the modern song—and properly so, perhaps. Anyway, they can't censor a whistle.

Some one has told us that a girl with painted cheeks is like a stale glass of beer—nice to look upon but very disagreeable to the taste.

If the neighbors keep feather minstrels in their poultry yards you will find no difficulty in waking up early every morning about daybreak.

In France lately the top fell off of a mountain, destroying gardens and orchards. This seems very careless. They should have better land laws.

'Tis no wonder that Paris is regarded as a city of high flyers. It is reported there are nearly a thousand registered aviators living within its confines.

Dr. Josiah Oldfield of London is of the opinion that those incapable of falling in love should be drowned. But then there are those who fall in and swim out.

This country consumes \$37,000,000 worth of breakfast food annually, and yet some people kick at the idea of putting wood pulp on the free list.

The largest courthouse in the world is being built down in New York, and it would be difficult to think of a place where it is needed more.

"Come, live in my heart, and pay no rent," warbled the inspired poet. More easily arranged, we dare say, than meeting the monthly installments of the bungalow.

## SIMPLICITY IS CHARM

WELL TO KEEP IN MIND WHEN ORDERING GRADUATION DRESS.

The More Girlish the Frock, the Better Will the Wearer Appear, and There Are Many Materials to Select From.

Girlish simplicity is the correct thing in graduation frocks—even the most ambitious of graduates recognizes that fact. But there are many versions of this simplicity, and it is attainable at varying prices and different degrees of elaboration.

It is easy enough to make a distinctly girlish frock of sheer lingerie or net or lace and chiffon cost \$150 or \$200, if one goes to a fashionable



Shadow Lace Over Foundation of Messaline.

dressmaker for it and gives carte blanche in matters of handwork and real lace, and there are many girls in ultra smart boarding schools who have ordered frocks of this type. But the great host of girl graduates is by necessity limited to a less costly variety of frock simplicity, and after all, the indefinable charm attached to youth has more to do with the success of a graduation frock than hand tucks and real lace.

There are quantities of models and materials available for the youthful graduate. The materials most in favor are fine cotton marquisette, cotton voile, fine linen lawns, lace, net and chiffon.

The most practical of graduating frocks is, of course, the frock that will stand tubbing and look well after the ordeal. Fine lingerie frocks are nowadays more often sent to the cleaner than to the laundress, but the young girl is not as a rule over careful of her clothes and if a frock must go to the cleaner often during the summer one will have little comfort from it. Perhaps the summer is to be spent where no cleaning establishment is close at hand and inconvenience is added to the time and expense entailed.

It stands to reason therefore that the frock actually fitted for tubbing is the practical dress for the girl whose wardrobe is limited, and it is quite possible to take this into consideration without sacrificing too much upon the altar of utility.

## LATE IDEAS IN MILLINERY

Prevailing Styles Really Show Little New, Though There Have Been a Few Changes Made.

Naturally, at this date very little that can be rightfully termed new is in evidence, says the Dry Goods Economist. The most pronounced change is the return of malleable hats to strong favor.

Drapes of maline over hemp are especially favored; but brim extension, ruffles and huge wired bows of maline are also being offered.

Hats of Chantilly lace are being prominently featured. Some of the most striking of these have the lace fitted so smoothly and firmly over a wire foundation as to present almost a tailored appearance.

The popularity of quills continues unabated. They are used either alone or in combination with wheat, flowers, ribbon or feathers. Among the smartest models now shown are white helms trimmed with white quills and white wheat, with a white moire ribbon band.

Another striking combination is a broad black quill with tiny white paradise sprays curling out from its center.

## Flounced Skirts.

Flounced skirts are shown on many of the new tub models appearing in the shops, but invariably are the flounces slim and ungathered affairs, not increasing by a hair's breadth the slender silhouette of the skirt. A charming little frock of blue and white striped dimity has three flounces.

A fine linen is the most satisfactory material for the lingerie frock that is to endure tubbing, and it will pay to obtain an excellent quality. Batiste, voiles and marquisettes are softer and launder well if carefully handled, but linen will outwear them every time.

The cotton marquisettes, cotton voiles and crapes are more recent arrivals and have achieved decided popularity, and a very large percentage of the cotton graduating frocks this year are being made up in these materials.

They launder well, are easily handled, are very soft and graceful, and durable despite their sheerness and lend themselves admirably to simple forms of trimming, although they may be made very elaborate with hand embroidery.

The cotton crapes in really good quality are attractive materials and are enjoying a great vogue, both for blouses and tub frocks. It is said that they require no ironing and are very practical on that account, but laundresses insist that they are by no means easily laundered, as they require stretching and more or less careful pressing to get them into the right shape after laundering.

Embroidered cotton voiles and marquisettes make attractive graduating frocks and in all the shops where youthful dresses are shown one finds quantities of such frocks made of such material.

MARY DEAN.

## TO HOLD DAINTY NIGHTDRESS

Pretty Case of Pale Pink Satin Lined With White Silk—Strings to Match Material.

Something very pretty in the shape of a nightdress case may be seen in the accompanying sketch. It is carried out in pale pink satin and lined with soft white silk and edged with silk cord and tied together with ribbon strings of a color to match the satin.

Between the covers and the lining a double thickness of swansdown flannelette should be sewn in to give the case substance. On the front of the case a design of three white dog-roses and foliage is embroidered, but there are, of course, many other pretty designs that might take its place, and for this purpose a transfer pattern of some suitable floral design may be easily obtained at a trifling cost.

The blossoms should, however, be worked in white, as white blossoms and green foliage always look charming upon a pink background.

The case opens in front for a third of the way down, and after the night-



dress has been placed inside, the flap is folded upwards and secured with the ribbon strings.

The small sketch on the right hand side shows the case so closed, and by the way, the silk cord, which is of a fancy pattern, is carried into three little loops at each corner.

This sachet might, of course, be made in other colors, and it is always a pretty idea with articles of this description to select colors to match or harmonize with that of the bed quilt, or perhaps in the event of a white bed quilt, the wall paper.

## LIKE THE SEPARATE COLLAR

No Accessory of the Season Has Been Received With More Genuine Appreciation.

An accessory which can be adopted with greater confidence is the separate white collar to be worn with the coat. A few years ago girls and younger women wore embroidered white collars over their coat lapels, but the present renaissance of the fashion is in a different form. The collars now worn are much more attractive and elaborate. They come in all the modifications of the square or rounded cut and very often end in the long ruffle or plaiting which is so great a fad just now. Others are in the shape of a modified fichu. They are both becoming and practical, as they protect the waist underneath. Especially with a collarless blouse—that is to say, an open-necked one—they are almost necessary. Otherwise the hard line of the coat is very trying, both in appearance and in feeling.

## Sleeve Drapery.

One of the most graceful fashions of today for evening gowns is the use of sleeve drapery that carries a flowing line of color from the bodice over the arms and sometimes far below the waist line.

Sleeve drapery can be of rich metallic laces, either gold or silver; tulle, maline or chiffon. It is frequently caught under buckles or fancy cabochons at the shoulders. From this point the material falls back over the arms, and sometimes is continued in long lines as a train. The effect is medieval and beautiful.

## WINNING OF SARAH

Jonas Swift, the Hired Man, Finally Won the Farmer's Pretty Daughter.

By JUNE GAHAN.

"Jonas, let's rest our backs a few minutes," said farmer Jackson to his hired man one fall day as they dug potatoes in the field.

Jonas Swift, the hired man, had been working for farmer Jackson for four years and more, and this was the first time he had ever heard his boss suggest a moment's rest. He therefore stood leaning on his hoe and his mouth open, when the farmer continued:

"I have got that little bill made out."

"Bill? Bill?" "Yes. Sit down. I think you will find it all right. I don't s'pose you can pay it all today, but I'm willin' to give you time. You can pay it on the installment plan, the way folks buy things in the city."

"But I don't owe you anything," said Jonas as he sat down.

"Oh, yes, you do, as I shall soon show you. You came here to work about four years ago, didn't you?"

About that.

"And three years ago you took a shine to my gal Sarah Jane?"

"Yes, I fell in love with her."

"But you haven't married her yet."

"Noap! When my grandmother dies I'm to have \$700, and that's what I'm waitin' for."

"But I've nothin' to do with that. Folks that are not ready to marry shouldn't go and fall in love."

"But Sarah Jane is so darned nice," pleaded Jonas.

"And that makes your debt all the bigger. Jonas, up to and includin' last night, you have set up and sparked Sarah 984 nights. Is there any dispute about that?"

"I guess not."

"I think it is worth \$3 per night to spark a good-looking girl, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, I have figured it that way; 984 night at \$3 per night is \$2,952."

"And I'm to pay it!" almost shouted Jonas.

"That's only the first item. Courtin' comes high, Jonas. You have had fire, light, cider, doughnuts and mince pie. I shall put the value of these things at \$500."

"Lord save me!"

"Before you began sparkin' you always woke yourself up at 5 o'clock in the morning. Not once did I have to call you. After you got to sparkin' I had to turn out of bed to call you, and most every morning I had to threaten to discharge you to get you out by 6. I figure you have lost a thousand hours and I've put it down at \$100."

"Why, you never said anything before!"

"Oh, I was just waitin'. For the 984 times I have got out of bed to call you I shall charge you \$100, and that's dog-cheap."

"Another hundred!"

"But for you Sarah would have been married two years ago. The callers would have come around fast enough if you had been out of the way. We must value on what she's lost—about \$2,000."

"My soul, but I can't pay you in a thousand years!" exclaimed the hired man as his teeth began to chatter.

"It will take quite that—quite that. How much can you pay a week?"

"A dollar, mebbe."

"Well, I'll take that and I won't ask you to pay anything after you have reached the age of ninety. No one shall ever have cause to say that I don't use my hired men right."

"But about me'n Sarah getting married?" asked Jonas.

"Why, how in thunder can you get married with a debt of several thousand dollars hanging over you!"

"That's so—that's so. Can I go to the house and tell Sarah?"

"Why, yes, and you need not come back. You can turn in and cut wood 'till supper time."

Jonas went to the house and called Sarah out to the woodpile and told her what her father said.

"Why, he's meaner than pizen!" exclaimed the girl.

"But we can't do nothin'."

"Yes, we can. We can elope!"

"Gosh, but he'd feller us."

"Then we can walk over to 'Squar' Johnson's this evening."

"But what we goin' to do about that awful debt?"

"It hain't no debt. Father couldn't collect a cent if he sued you a hundred times over."

"He's a hard man, Sarah. You orter seen him sot his jaw when we was talkin'."

"But can't you sot yours? Jonas Swift, you don't seem to have no more grit than a grasshopper. I guess I don't want to marry any such man!"

With that Sarah Jane turned and bounded into the house to be asked by her mother:

"What you and Jonas all excited over?"

"Nothin'."

"Don't answer me that way! Somethin' has happened. What is it?"

"Father's a fool," snapped the girl.

"What?"

"And Jonas's a fool."

"What! What!"

"And I'm a—a—"

"And you'll call me a fool next thing!"

"Y-yes!"

"Then take that! You are not too old to be licked, and when I ask a question I want it answered."

Sarah Jane whirled about and flew upstairs to her room. She was called

and called, but she made no answer. Her first impulse was to set the house adrift; her next was to go down and brain Jonas; her third was to write some sad verses to be left behind to make folks feel all cut up. In the end she climbed out of her window in the dusk of the evening and slid to the ground. Her father had come up from the field, and Sarah dodged him and Jonas and took refuge in the granary of the barn.

It seemed to the girl that there were forty things to be mad about and to sulk over. She sat down on the floor in a corner of the little dark room and tried to plan. It was hard to find a way out of her troubles. She was ready to defy her father, and she didn't so much mind the box on the ear, but there was Jonas. He had been scared stiff. She felt like pounding him with a club.

It was when husband, wife and hired man sat down to supper that Sarah Jane had a crying spell all by her lonesome. Not quite, however. She had a score of rats and mice for company and sympathizers. She was still weeping when she heard the men-folks come out after supper. Two minutes later something happened to burn up her tears. Some one entered the barn with soft footsteps. It wasn't her father, and it wasn't Jonas. Who, then, could it be?

It was almost pitch-dark in the barn, and the man had to feel his way. It was the fact that most farm barns are constructed after the same plans that enabled the stranger to head for the granary. He got down on his hands and knees, but the girl could follow his approach every foot. It could be no tramp, or he would have sought the haymow. He came along almost inch by inch, and when he had gained the granary he rose up and lifted the cover of the oat-bin and left something inside. Then he stood listening. Sarah Jane held her breath for ten seconds and then uttered a scream that jumped him a foot high.

The intruder ran for the door, and was just in time to meet Jonas outside. The hired man didn't waste time wondering where he was at. He reached out and seized the other, and they went rolling over the ground. The farmer came up, and his wife came out, and Sarah Jane found her way to the door and kept up a screaming; but Jonas had the fight all to himself. In time he won it, but not before he had been cut twice with a knife. When they had the fellow trussed and tied they took a good look at him and found him a stranger and a mighty ugly one, too. He claimed to be a tramp looking for lodgings, but the package he had left in the oat-bin settled that.

He was one of the trio who had robbed the county treasurer's office, twelve miles away, in broad daylight, and had been dodging and hiding for hours. There was \$15,000 in the package, and there lay one of the robbers, cursing and struggling and waiting for the constables. Jonas had been seen pretty badly knifed, and as soon as it was known Sarah Jane cried out:

"Father, you go after the 'suar' at once."

"For why?"

"That he may marry Jonas and me!"

So it came about that it was Jonas' very own wife that bound up his wounds and fed him chicken soup until he could go back to pork and beans. When he could talk business he said to the farmer:

"I've got a bill agin' you for \$5,000."

"What for?"

"For marryin' Sarah Jane two or three years before we was ready!"

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## "Good Medicine."

A Missionary recently returned from Burma with an amusing story of the exaltation of a dozen patent-medicine bottles to the rank of idols fervently worshipped by a whole village.

On one of this lady's tours, she passed through a small settlement where cholera was raging. She had with her several bottles of a famous "ready relief" for pain; so she went from house to house dosing numerous sufferers, and left the bottles for the natives to use after she had gone.

Returning to the village some months later, the lady was met by the head man of the community, who cheered her pious soul by saying, "Mem sahib, we have come over to your side. The magic did us so much good that we now accept and worship your gods."

Delighted at this news, the missionary accompanied the man and his followers to his own dwelling, where he opened the door of a room, and showed her the pain-killer bottles arranged neatly upon a sort of altar. The whole company immediately prostrated themselves before them in solemn worship. —Youths Companion.

## Pulchritude and Pedagogy.

Doctor Williams, superintendent of school at Richmond, advises the school board not to employ women teachers who were either startlingly beautiful or equally homely. The objection, he said, was that a teacher whose personal looks were unusual would attract more attention to herself than to her teaching. He believes that teachers ought not to attract attention to themselves in any way.

## Timely Warning.

"Beg pardon, old chap, but would you mind telling me why you have that gong in your parlor?" "That is for the convenience of my friends from the city," explained the suburbanite. "That gong rings three minutes before the last car leaves the barn."

## HOW THIS WOMAN FOUND HEALTH

Would not give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for All Rest of Medicine in the World.

Utica, Ohio.—"I suffered everything from a female weakness after baby



came. I had numb spells and was dizzy, had black spots before my eyes, my back ached and I was so weak I could hardly stand up. My face was yellow, even my fingernails were colorless and I had displacement. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and now I am stout, well and healthy. I can do all my own work and can walk to town and back and not get tired. I would not give your Vegetable Compound for all the rest of the medicines in the world. I tried doctor's medicines and they did me no good."—Mrs. MARY EARLEWINE, R.F.D. No. 3, Utica, Ohio.

## Another Case.

Nebo, Ill.—"I was bothered for ten years with female troubles and the doctors did not help me. I was so weak and nervous that I could not do my work and every month I had to spend a few days in bed. I read so many letters about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound curing female troubles that I got a bottle of it. It did me more good than anything else I ever took and now it has cured me. I feel better than I have for years and tell everybody what the Compound has done for me. I believe I would not be living to-day but for that."—Mrs. HETZIE GREENSTREET, Nebo, Illinois.

## LEWIS' SINGLE BINDER

Always Trying.

"He's always trying to start something."

"A scrapper, eh?"

"No, he owns a motorcycle."

All Dead.

"Do you suppose there are any men who can prove they had no vices?"

"Certainly."

"Where's their proof?"

"On their tombstones."

His Hair.

Mrs. Newedd (to tramp)—Aren't you the man who called here last week?

Tramp—You mean the pore feller you gave the 'ome-made pie to? No, mum, I ain't him. He left me his ol' togs when he pegged out, dat's all.

Through the Phone.

"Hello! Is that the information editor?"

"Yes."

"There's a question I'd like to ask you, to settle a family dispute."

"Well?"

"Which is the proper implement to use in eating a beef stew—a table-spoon or a fork?"

As Bad as That?

Mrs. Crocker was enjoying her first trip abroad. Her husband had recently acquired great wealth, and, although she knew that her knowledge of society was vague, she did not wish others to ascertain the fact.

One evening she was invited to a box party at a theater. Seated next to her was one of the leaders in society, Mrs. Stone.

"I find the acoustics of the house very bad," remarked Mrs. Stone, "don't you?"

"Yes, it does seem so," replied Mrs. Crocker, thoughtfully. "I understand it comes from a brewery in the neighborhood."

MEMORY IMPROVED.

Since Leaving Off Coffee.

Many persons suffer from poor memory who never suspect coffee has anything to do with it.

The drug-caffeine—in coffee, acts injuriously on the nerves and heart, causing imperfect circulation, too much blood in the brain at one time, too little in another part. This often causes a dullness which makes a good memory nearly impossible.

"I am nearly seventy years old and did not know that coffee was the cause of the stomach and heart trouble I suffered from for many years, until about four years ago," writes a Kansas woman.

"A kind neighbor induced me to quit coffee and try Postum. I had been suffering severely and was greatly reduced in flesh. After using Postum a little while I found myself improving. My heart beats became regular and now I seldom ever notice any symptoms of my old stomach trouble at all. My nerves are steady and my memory decidedly better than while I was using coffee."

"I like the taste of Postum fully as well as coffee."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Write for booklet, "The Road to Wellville."

Postum comes in two forms. Regular (must be boiled).

Instant Postum doesn't require boiling but is prepared instantly by stirring a level teaspoonful in an ordinary cup of hot water, which makes it right for most persons.

A big cup requires more and some people who like strong things put in a heaping spoonful and temper it with a large supply of cream.

Experiment until you know the amount that pleases your palate and have it served that way in the future.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.