

LEO O. WORLAND

JOHN WORLAND

Worland Bros.

UNDERTAKING AND AMBULANCE SERVICE.



Leo Worland Licensed Embalmer and Funeral Director

WORLAND BROS. RENSSELAER.

INDIANA

GLEANINGS

A loafer rests before he gets tired.
There are almost 1,500 species of mice.

Never kick a live wire when it is down.

Many a man who poses as a lion is only a cub.

Many a man who has his price gives himself away.

Indolence is to the mind what rust is to the iron.

It is better to make good once than to bluff twice.

A giggling girl is apt to become a cackling woman.

One way to flatter a woman is to tell her you can't.

Charity and bookbinders cover a multitude of sins.

Opinions and visits should never be forced upon people.

Deliberate long before doing what it is impossible to undo.

A man's greatest success in life is generally unexpected.

The finger of destiny is undoubtedly on the hand of fate.

Most of the fish in small puddles imagine they are big.

Men who are afraid of work deserve to be scared to death.

Many men who can bottle their wrath are not corkers.

Lots of men are suspicious because they know themselves.

The people who are paid to be good never earn their salary.

The Resolute, America's cup defender in the yachting races, won the fourth race of the series against the Shamrock IV Friday. The series is now tied, each boat having won two races. The fifth and deciding race will be run today.

HIGH SPOT OF ADVENTURE

Pacific Coast Has for Many Years Been the "Hunting Ground" of Gentlemen Adventurers.

The Pacific coast seems to be favored of the "gentleman adventurer," for one, a Scot, has given a great collection of South Sea relics, arms, armor and utensils to the University of British Columbia at Vancouver. The other, an American, a veteran of the regular army who has seen much service in the army and out of it, has given a Boxer flag to the Golden Gate Memorial museum at San Francisco.

Both loved the open, the stir of arms and the savor of strange places. The Boxer flag brings up what today is almost ancient history; the siege of the legations, the coming of the occidental troops and the perils and sufferings of the men and women in that siege, have furnished novelists and writers of stories with much "stuff." The South sea and its vast stretches have had the same lure for the adventurous, and now in their respective resting places these relics and trophies are there to show what two strong men of other lands found and kept. When we say that the Boxer flag was with its owner through St. Mihel, the Meuse and the Argonne combats, and at Ypres, we have let an Odyssey describe itself.

Picture Lore.

To paste new paper on picture backing, cut the paper the proper size, float it in water till it is quite wet, apply the paste to the frame and, wiping off actual drops from the paper, press it in place. As the paper dries it shrinks, stretching smooth.

If you want to hang a small picture from an invisible wire brad and find difficulty in locating a beam in which to make it fast, run your eye along the mopboard till you see where that is nailed. Hang the picture in a line with that. Small pictures hung on wire nails with taut wire won't show the wire nor skew on their nails, if two nails are used to pass the wire over instead of one.

To prevent ugly dust lines on the paper behind pictures drive a small brass-headed tack in each lower corner of the frame to hold it out from the wall so air can circulate behind it.

Here's How to Do It.

When a cork slides down inside a bottle it is very difficult to get it out unless one has the necessary tools, and they are not always available. A good way to extract it is to grease the neck of the bottle with vaseline, then hold the bottle under cold water. When the bottle is as cold as possible, spear the cork with a hatpin, or even shake it until it blocks the neck of the bottle and sets straight with the neck. Then gradually heat the bottle or pour hot water over it and the expanding air will generally force the cork out with a slight pop.

MARKETS BY WIRE.

Furnished by The Farmers Grain Market, H. H. Potter, Mgr.
Chicago, July 24, 1920.

Live Stock Market.
Hogs, receipts, 5,000; top, \$16.40.
Cattle, 1,500.
Sheep, 7,000.

Grain Market.
March wheat opened at 2.61 1/2; closed at 2.59.

Dec. wheat opened at 2.57; closed at 2.55.

July corn opened at 1.53 1/4; closed at 1.53.

Oct. corn opened at 1.52 1/4 and 1/4; closed at 1.51 3/4 and 1/4.

Dec. corn opened at 1.38 1/2 and 1.38; closed at 1.37 5/8.

Saturday local grain prices were: oats, 90c; corn, \$1.40; rye, \$1.85; and wheat, \$2.50.

Will Platt has resumed his duties as express agent after a week's rest spent in digging a cellar under his residence.

BEAR HEAVY LOAD

Some of the Trials of Present-Day Executives.

Man Who Complained That There Were No Efficient People in the World Had Some Excuse for His Bitterness—Trouble is Moral.

Several years ago, when I had just been promoted to my first real job, I called on a business friend of mine. He is a wise and experienced handler of men. I asked him what suggestions he could make about executive responsibility, writes Bruce Barton, in the Red Book.

"You are about to make a great discovery," he said. "Within a week or two you will know why it is that executives grow gray and die before their time. You will have learned the bitter truth that there are no efficient people in the world."

I am still very far from admitting that he was right, but I know well enough what he meant. Every man knows, who has ever been responsible for a piece of work or had to meet a pay roll.

Recently another friend of mine built a house. The money to build it represented a difficult period of saving on the part of himself and his wife; it meant overtime work and self-denial, and extra effort in behalf of a long-cherished dream.

One day when the work was well along he visited it, and saw a workman climbing a ladder to the roof with a little bunch of shingles in his hands. "Look here," the foreman cried, "can't you carry a whole bundle of shingles?"

The workman regarded him sullenly. "I suppose I could," he answered, "if I wanted to bulk the job."

By "bulk the job" he meant "do an honest day's work."

At 10 o'clock one morning I met still another man in his office in New York. He was munching a sandwich and gulping a cup of coffee which his secretary had brought in to him.

"I had to work late last night," he said, "and meet a very early appointment this morning. My wife asked our maid to have breakfast a half hour early so that I might have a bite and still be here in time."

"When I came down to breakfast the maid was still in bed."

She lives in his home and eats and is clothed by means of money which his brain provides; but she has no interest in his success, no care whatever except to do the minimum of work.

"The real trouble with the world today is a moral trouble," said a thoughtful man recently. "A large proportion of its people have lost all conception of what it means to render an adequate service in return for the wages they are paid."

He is a generous man. On almost any sort of question his sympathies are likely to be with labor, and so am I. I am glad that men work shorter hours than they used to, and in certain instances I think the hours should be even shorter. I am glad they are paid higher wages, and hope they may earn still more.

But there are times when my sympathy goes out to those in whose behalf no voice is ever raised—to the executives of the world, whose hours are limited only by the limit of their physical and mental endurance; who carry not merely the load of their own work, but the heartbreaking load of carelessness and stolid indifference in so many of the folks whom they employ.

Perhaps the most successful executive in history was that centurion of the Bible.

"For I am a man of authority, having soldiers under me," he said. "And I say to this man go, and he goeth; and to another, come, and he cometh; and to my servant, do this, and he doeth it."

Marvelous man!

The modern executive also says, "Go," and too often the man who should have gone will appear a day or two later and explain, "I didn't understand what you meant." He says, "Come," and at the appointed time, his telephone rings and a voice speaks, saying, "I overslept and will be there in about three-quarters of an hour."

Sugar Hog Punished.

A man who came out of the drizzling rain into a Cincinnati lunchroom late at night and ordered a cup of coffee and two rolls, complained when he got check for 14 cents, saying that the bill of fare said that coffee was 6 cents and rolls 4 cents. The proprietor explained that there was a charge of four cents, because the man, sweetening his coffee, was too free with the receptacle that discharged one spoonful of sugar when inverted. "I watched you," the proprietor said. "You dumped five spoonfuls of sugar in your coffee."

Planting Trees on Prairies.

In order to demonstrate to farmers on the plains the advisability and feasibility of planting trees on the prairies of the West, the Canadian Forestry Association is sending a demonstration car on a tour of the three western provinces. A railway coach is being fitted up with a moving picture outfit, lecture hall, and a miniature nursery. The car will travel over the bulk of the western railway lines.

Czecho-Slovakia.

The new republic of Czecho-Slovakia has an area of between 50,000 and 60,000 square miles and a population of 12,500,000.

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oats, 90c; corn, \$1.40; rye, \$1.85;

and wheat, \$2.50.

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MEET ME AT THE BIG BROWN TENT

JUNE ELLIOTT AND SIPHER-SCHWARTZ COMPANY.



The Big Brown Chautauqua tent was filled Friday evening and all pronounced the musical numbers by the Smith-Spring-Holmes Orchestral Quintet, one of the very best ever given in this city.

The lecture by Maynard Lee Daggy was a strong plea for service to our fellows.

This evening the Junior Pageant will be presented by the children of the city in costumes furnished by the Mutual Company. This promises to be one of the most enjoyable numbers of the chautauqua.

A concert by the Lenzo's Wizard band will be the other evening attraction. You must not miss the band.

Sunday, the last day, should be the banner one of the season. The June Elliott and Sipher-Schwartz Company will give a double entertainment number, consisting of music in varied delightful forms and costumed character readings. They will be on the platform in the afternoon and evening.

Julian Arnold will give a lecture in the afternoon on the subject "The future of the English Language," and in the evening his subject will be, "The World's Unrest."

Go to the Big Brown tent on Milroy Park to keep cool, to be entertained and instructed.

LENZO'S WIZARD BAND AND TROUBADOURS



In presenting this band to our patrons for the first time, we had in mind the exacting requirements of a Chautauqua audience. This organization has had much experience in this work and possesses all the requirements usually demanded, and some new special features. Besides the incomparable ensemble numbers in regular formation, these men present many unique and unmatched instrumental solos in strikingly novel ways. The band divided into smaller units of trios, quartets, and sextets, each with a specialty offering distinctly its own. Then the numerous vocal offerings stand out like challenges. Five picked men who appear specially costumed as Spanish Serenaders, and other larger troubadour groups lend a varied richness to the already outstanding programs. This is indeed a "wizard" band, long to be remembered. They present a full program afternoon and evening.

Nickel Money.

Nickels—which are really copper-nickel, being a mixture of the two metals—were first coined in this country to give encouragement to nickel mining, important deposits having been found in Pennsylvania.

Since then many other uses for the metal have been found. But at the present time 85 per cent of the world's supply of nickel is derived from the mines of the Sudbury district, in Canada, where the reserves of ore are enormous. Of the balance, France produces the bulk, contributing 11 per cent.

It has been suggested that Great Britain, practically controlling as she does the world's nickel, might switch from cheapened gold and make the white metal the basis of her currency.

—Philadelphia Ledger.

Let's Pretend.

Everybody has things to put up with. There are sure to be ups and downs, and even days when everything seems so out of tune, that it can never be right again. To make home a happy place is the housewife's business, but unless she can at least appear happy herself she is not likely to make a success of it. This will be much easier if she has had early training in the game of "let's pretend." Very few of us make the most of all the chances for happiness that come to us. It's a difficult thing to do. But we can all try to do, and that is half the battle!—Washington Post.

Our Flour and Wheat Exports.

Between July 1 and January 9, the United States exported 82,083,000 bushels of wheat and 8,773,000 barrels of flour, a total equal to 121,900,000 bushels of wheat.

We are the posterity our forefathers worried about. Can you blame 'em?—Detroit Journal.

Josephus Daniels appears to be a hot-water sailor.—Boston Shoe and Leather Reporter.

Ruling Spirit Still Strong.

At a lunatic asylum one of the inmates was busily engaged catching flies, and every fresh captive he placed in a glass case with a chuckle of glee.

"Halloo!" said a visitor inquiringly.

"Entomologist?"

"No," replied the attendant with a grin; "he is an inventor and his failure with an airship sent him mad. When he catches sufficient flies he is going to fasten them all together and harness them to a soapbox, and so fly over the walls and escape."

True to Form.

The demobilized army doctor closed the bedroom door reverently, and faced his colleague with a sober nod of the head.

"He's gone," he said. "Nothing more to be done except paint him with embalming fluid and mark him heaven."

—Home Sector.

Grazie.

"How much is it?" snarled the customer as he clapped on his hat.

"Just 25 cents for the shave sir," the barber responded pleasantly. "I will not charge you anything for the plaster I put on the places where I cut you—glad to oblige."—Judge.

PUBLIC SALE OF HOUSEHOLD GOODS.

As I am going to move away I will offer at public sale at my residence, 529 north Weston street, one block south of the former Grant-Warner Lumber yards, at 2 p. m. Saturday, July 31, my household goods, consisting of 1 Favorite base-burner; kitchen range; oil stove; linoleum, 12x15; 2 good dining room tables; book case; sideboard; lounge; rugs; chairs and rockers; wardrobe; 3 bedsteads; 8 bureaus; kitchen cabinet; cupboard; fruit jars; mason tools; garden tools, and many other useful articles.

TERMS—cash. No property to be removed until settled for.

—GEORGE GREEN.

W. A. McCurtain, Auct.
C. G. Spitzer, Clerk.



JULIAN B. ARNOLD

Though this noted author, philosopher and poet appears on the last day at the Chautauqua, it repeats the experience of