

JUST ACTING LIKE A MAN

Simple Explanation of Wife's Action When She Suspected Burglar Was Downstairs.

After starting for his work the other morning Taylor happened to think of something he had forgotten and returned to the house to get it.

While walking about the kitchen he heard a great racket upstairs. Considerably alarmed he called:

"What in the world is the matter, Mary? Has anything happened?"

There was a moment's silence, then his wife replied:

"Oh, is that you?"

"Yes, who did you think it was?"

"I heard someone walking about down there and I thought it was a burglar."

"But the noise—"

"I was making a lot of noise so that he would think there was a man in the house."

TIME MAKES LITTLE CHANGE

Booth Tarkington Relates Anecdote to Show How Characteristics Prevail to the End.

Novelist Booth Tarkington was talking about the cowardly attack that a gang of Germans had made on a solitary French officer in the restaurant of the Hotel Adlon in Berlin.

"The Germans," he said, "were unspeakable in the beginning, and they will be unspeakable to the end."

He shook his head thoughtfully.

"People can't change," he said.

"Henry Labouchere was born a fearless wit, and a fearless wit he died. A few hours before his death, you know, Labouchere's nephew upset a tiny spirit lamp that was burning by the bedside. The dying man awoke out of a stupor and saw the miniature conflagration."

"Flames?" he said. "Not yet, I think."

"And he laughed quizzically and dozed again."

A Boulevard Deputy Sheriff.

The other day we dropped into our favorite garage for a few minor repairs, which the bus needed. The proprietor was even a little prouder than usual, we thought.

"What's happened to the boss," said we to Fat.

"Haven't you heard?" he asked.

"No. What is it?"

"He's a deputy sheriff now. Hey, boss, come on over here and show your badge."

A garage proprietor and a deputy sheriff all at once! If anybody can beat that for arrogance and pomp and lordly authority and a supreme sense of superiority outside of Prussia, we'd like to hear about it.

When Doctors Disagree.

John Jimson was very ill. He called in a doctor, who hemmed and hawed and called in a second doctor. Then, while John Jimson lay and suffered, the two quarreled about his case.

"You are wrong," said Doctor No. 1.

"I'm right," retorted Doctor No. 2.

"You're wrong," repeated Doctor No. 1.

Here the patient gave a groan and brought the medical men to a realization of the needs of the moment. But Doctor No. 2 couldn't resist a last swipe.

"Go your own way," said he, "but I'll prove I'm right at the post-mortem!"—From the Argonaut.

Scared Them Off.

"Tomorrow's my birthday," said the man in the trench coat, "and I shall get the usual very welcome box of cigars from my wife."

"Welcome?" jeered his friend. "I'll bet you throw them away!"

"Not much! I give them to my friends. They remember the horror, and later when I offer them a cigar that's really good, they decline. I tell you, my wife's gift means dollars in my pocket every year."—Stray Stories.

Auto's Stomach.

Little Ruth, who was just four years old, watched with great interest. The man at the gasoline filling station was removing the cushion and filling the gas tank.

After the cushion was put back and Ruth had made herself comfortable, she said: "I know that you ride on a horse's back, but I never knew that I was riding on the automobile's stomach."

He'd Heard That Before.

My husband and I were in New York last fall. One day while he went to attend to some business I thought I would take a ride in one of the motor busses. A man sat next to me and, glancing down at his shoes, I absent-mindedly put my hand on his knee and said: "Sweetheart, your shoes need shining." He smiled and said: "Yes, my wife said so this morning."—Exchange.

More Talk.

"Where did you say the Bitherrys were planning to spend the summer?"

"With relatives in the country."

"But I thought—"

"Regardless of the fact that their breezy conversation with friends and acquaintances would lead you to think that the largest hotel at America's most fashionable resort would soon house them."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

A Big Drive.

"I wonder this rotten club doesn't drive you to matrimony."

"My dear sir, matrimony drove me to this club."—Pan.

EVIDENTLY HE WASN'T READY

Colored Driver Didn't Wait to See Who It Was That Had a Desire for Him.

While visiting in Nashville, Tenn., my ventriloquist son and I hired a car and driver for a sightseeing tour, writes a correspondent. In leaving the city we passed a private cemetery where the gravestones were close to the road, and I noticed that our driver put on speed and rolled his eyes toward the spooky-looking plot.

I was startled myself to hear an unearthly groan come seemingly from beneath the nearest stone, but turned in time to watch my son grinning before the colored driver put on a burst of speed that nearly threw us out.

Then came another groan that seemed to come from the seat next the driver, and a deep voice that said: "Boy, I want you."

That was just before we went over an embankment, and our driver lit running in the road. It was an hour after he disappeared in the distance before we caught a ride back to the city.

MIGHT TRY THE TOY SHOP

Certainly Youthful Swain's Income Didn't Run to Anything in Gold or Diamond Line.

A flashily dressed, effeminate young man entered a jeweler's shop, and in glib speech informed one of the immaculate assistants that he wished to purchase a birthday present for his sweetheart.

No, he remarked, he hadn't any idea as to what he really wanted, but whatever it might be, he declared emphatically, it must be a suitable token of his esteem, and at the same time come within the possibilities of his income.

"And what," inquired the assistant, "if I may ask the question, is your income?"

"Fifteen dollars a week," was the prompt reply.

"In that case," remarked the dispenser of gold and diamonds, "in my most suave and charming voice, 'I'm afraid you've come to the wrong place; you're more likely to be suited at the toy shop around the corner.'"

The Real Reason.

When it was proposed to create more public offices, the masses, long suffering though they were, began to growl ominously.

"But," they expostulated, "there is no work for more office holders to do!"

Which proved beyond the peradventure of a doubt that the masses were just as stupid and unreasoning as the politicians believed them to be; for any one with even a modicum of intelligence should have learned by this time that office holders do not care for work—all they want is the salary.

—Kansas City Star.

Took Throne From Sister.

It is not generally known that the king of Spain succeeded not his father, but his sister, the Infanta Mercedes, who was, though only six years old, queen of Spain from the death of her father, Alfonso XII, to the birth of the present king. Altogether she reigned 160 days, probably the shortest reign on record. The Salic law, which bars females from the accession to a throne, does not operate in Spain, and until the sex of Alfonso XII's posthumous child was determined, the eldest of his two daughters automatically succeeded him.

On the Step.

A little girl went into the grocer's shop in a breathless hurry one day.

"Please, Mr. Brown," said she politely, "will you change any eggs that are not good?"

"Certainly, my dear," answered the kindly old man.

"Well, the one you sold me just now is no good," said the little one, "so will you please change that?"

"Yes, where is it?" asked the grocer.

"It's outside on the step," was the reply. "I've just dropped it!"

That Cunning Look.

Miss Elizabeth Marbury, at a tea in New York, said of marriage:

"Too many married men regard marriage as a contract of 'Heads I win, tails you lose.'"

"In Belgium one day I heard two American business men talking about married life."

"Do you think," said the first man, "that a husband should take his wife into his confidence about his business affairs?"

"Yes, if he isn't making any money," said the other man with a cunning look."

His Salutation.

At one of the western camps a rookie had been made the victim of so much guying that he had long since given up the idea of taking any statements seriously. One night while on guard a tall figure loomed out of the darkness.

"Who's there?" challenged the recruit.

"Major Moses," replied the figure.

"Glad to meet you, Major. Advance and give the Ten Commandments!"—American Legion Weekly.

Important League.

First Suburbanite—We are getting up a league of nations in our suburb. Have you heard of it?

Second Suburbanite—No, what is it, a war vote?

First Suburbanite—No, it's an agreement between those who are planning a garden this year and those who are planning to keep chickens.

HAD BATTLE IN OPEN GRAVE

Obsequies Postponed While Terrier and Wildcat Settled Their Little Difficulty.

Alfred Searcy is to Australia what Buffalo Bill and the other scouts and pioneers of our early West are to America. Life, too, in the Australian northwest was no less rough than upon our own Indian plains. Searcy tells this story of a burial in the "early days" at Port Darwin:

"At the grave it was discovered that a wildcat had taken refuge in it. The warden of the goldfields, who was to conduct the service, requested the removal of the animal, but this was objected to by the owner of a terrier with a reputation. This 'sport' thought the opportunity to see a fight too good to be lost, and the majority of those present quite agreed. Moreover, as one 'ould gentleman' remarked, 'I'm sure Dick won't mind waiting a bit. Indade, it's himself would like to be standing up to see the fun, God bless him.'"

"As he uttered what was intended to be a compliment to the deceased the terrier saw the cat, and in a moment flying hair attested the reality of the battle. Both animals had their backers, and numerous bets were made by the crowd as it surged around the grave. The contest was short, sharp and decisive, the cat 'going under,' but not until it had inflicted severe punishment upon its adversary. The dog was then hoisted out of the grave, the fellows immediately became fittingly solemn and the burial of poor Dick was proceeded with."

SUN'S RAYS FOUND HELPFUL

Beneficial in the Treatment of Tuberculosis and of Great Value in Other Diseases.

The simplest treatment for tuberculosis, which is nothing more than exposure to the rays of the sun in the open air, which has been practiced successfully in Switzerland for many years, has recently received an impetus in this country by the suggestion of Dr. Guy Hinsdale, calling attention to the great value of this treatment and urging the establishment of a sanatorium in southern California, Colorado or New Mexico where the greatest amount of sunshine is to be found. Some seashore locations are almost, if not quite, as suitable as far as the amount of sunshine is concerned, but there are some other favorable features in the southern and western locations. Sunlight has been found to be one of the best cures for torpid wounds, gangrene, frostbite and other similar lesions. It is not the heat in the rays that is beneficial, but the blue and violet rays, and they are strongly bactericidal. But the sunlight is not merely bactericidal; it is a powerful stimulant to every act of animal life, particularly the oxidation which gives the blood its power to eliminate disease.

Cloth From the Pineapple.

The pineapple, naturally, gets its chief notoriety from its excellent fruit, but there is another use widely known in the Philippine islands and other torrid lands. The same species, or perhaps a near ally, can be so grown as to produce leaves eight feet long and containing a fiber of such strength and beauty that its cultivation has long formed an important industry in these countries.

But no machine has yet been found by which the fibers can be cheaply extracted. The outer skin is remarkably tough and a force strong enough to crush it spoils the fiber, so it has to be peeled off with a knife and the fibers pulled out by hand.

This is a long process, and, however cheap labor is, the fiber is still expensive. But it is greatly prized for making cloth, because of its silky luster. Europeans visiting the Philippine islands often bring back, as a souvenir, a piece of this "pina cloth," so greatly prized by the Filipinos.

First Use of Word "Jingo."

Jingo was coined in the Russo-Turkish war. The apprehension in England over the outcome of that struggle found vent in the patriotic song whose refrain was:

"We don't want to fight; but by jingo, if we do, we've got the men; we've got the ships; we've got the money, too!"

The song became popular, was heard on every street corner and from every organ grinder, and was whistled by every bootblack. Shortly after this the election campaign began, in which Gladstone, the head of the Liberals, attacked the Tory party, then led by the Earl of Beaconsfield. The Tory foreign policy was ridiculed by the Liberals as one of "bloodshed, glory and jingle."

Since that time the word jingo has been used to designate an individual or section of a party prone to rush, without mature consideration, into the horrors of war.

Ancients Used Slang.

An ancient use of a modern slang idiom was mentioned by T. E. Peet, the lecturer in Egyptology at Manchester university, according to the Manchester Guardian. He said that the Egyptians always used the verb "to do" in referring to a visit to a country just as an American today speaks of "doing" Paris or London. After this it will not surprise us to learn that Hannibal considered his expeditions as nothing more than "stunts" or that the Roman populace was rather annoyed when Julius Caesar was "done in."

CENTER OF MUCH HISTORY

Palace of Versailles Has Figured in Events Which Affected Whole Civilized World.

The palace at Versailles ranks among the world's historic centers where nations made history. There Great Britain first recognized the independence of the United States. The French Revolution was given birth when the Third Estate formed a national assembly there. William I was crowned German emperor at Versailles while Paris was being besieged, and representatives of the civilized world made peace at this eminent palace with the "Madman of Europe."

Versailles became historically great by mere chance. Having first served as a hunting chateau for Louis XIII, it attracted the next Louis, who planned his residence on so large a scale that the construction of an aqueduct engaged 30,000 men for many years. It later vibrated with the echoes of human dramas, involving the disaster of Louis XIV and Marie Antoinette. The unhappy Valliere, the vainglorious Montespan, and the austere Maintenon successively loved, infatuated and exploited Louis at Versailles. The brilliant Pompadour and the seductive du Barry shone among the mistresses at the palace, while some 10,000 drunken women from Paris broke through the gates and sent Louis fleeing to the Tuilleries.

The "Gallery of Mirrors" reflects a great many interesting scenes connected with the story of Versailles among them being one which shows Louis making pancakes for his mistress' breakfast, the most arduous exercise of the man who proclaimed himself "the state."

ESKIMO DANCE WORTH SEEING

Ceremony Indulged in by Both Women and Men Is Performed With Rhythmic Grace.

Eskimos of Alaska perform their dancing feats to the sound of "tom-toms" with round, flat heads and short handles. The heads of the instruments are of seal hide, which the natives moisten from time to time with a sponge to keep tightened. They beat on the under side of the drum-head with long, slender willow wands, little chips breaking off the sticks all the time and flying about. With a slow, monotonous chant at first, they gradually work themselves into a frenzied shout and loud, resonant beating of the drums as the dance goes on.

While they dance the men are stripped to the waist, but the women wear their calico "Mother Hubbards," or denim parkas, with a gleaming halo of wolverine about the face. The dancing ceremony begins with a "muscle dance" by a young boy, in which the men later join, after which comes the "wolf dance," with more energy and loud shouting. The women then join in, one by one, with marvelous rhythmic grace of movement.

When the dance is over one of the musicians takes up a collection in his "tom-tom." The non-native white guests usually contribute tea and candy, it being wrong for a guest to give money.

Mother Otter's Job.

The young otters—blind and downy—are born in a soft-lined nest under the shelter of an inaccessible bank; the mother will at first hardly leave them, save on feverish rushes after the food necessary to keep up the supply of milk. To guard them she sleeps, like many a human mother, with at least one ear awake. When they open their eyes she cautiously carries them to bask for a while in the winter sunshine, for their birthdays are often in January. When they can clamber she teaches them the woodcrafts of the immediate vicinity of the "hoover," and then communicates many of the valuable lessons she has learned, sometimes taking occasion to punish the unruly members of the family by biting them.

Saint Lucy.

Refreshing as a spring on a July noon, lovely as the song of the thrush at the close of a gaudy day, is the life-record of Saint Lucy. The dear girl, whose name, from the Latin (lux, lucis) means "light," was born in Syracuse in 304 A. D. Her startling beauty brought a mob of suitors at her feet. But she had vowed herself to the religious life and declined their addresses. A young nobleman, maddened with love for her, accused her to the governor as professing Christianity. In the fearful persecution under Diocletian she was martyred. She is represented in art as holding a platter with her two eyes upon it.—Chicago Journal.

Warned by Sandpaper Label.

A device for protecting people from taking doses from poison bottles by mistake is a sandpaper label. The ordinary label is pasted on a piece of sandpaper large enough to go all round the bottle, so that when anyone takes up the bottle in the night, no matter how dazed from sleep he may be, the rough unfamiliar feel of the sandpaper arouses him and he recognizes at once that the bottle contains poison of some description. The printed label tells the kind of poison in the bottle.

Proved.

Mr. Murree—Sure an' what's the matter with the goat this mornin'?

Mrs. Murree—Sure, he eat up a pair of my old corsets.

"Didn't I tell you that corsets were unhealthy?"

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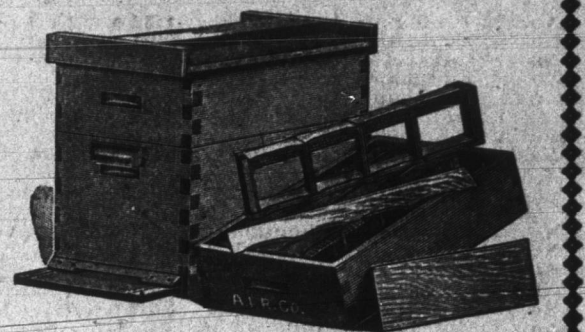
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(Indianapolis News)

If a girl hears anything these days its got to filter through. We know one thing—if women get in politics we won't bet any hats with 'em.

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Jack Johnson, ex-heavyweight champion, now in the Cook county jail in Chicago facing a Mann act charge, has been placed under a \$50,000 bond, which no one cares to provide.