

OLD RANCH HOUSES PASSING

Their Disappearance to Be Regretted for Many Reasons, but the Change is Inevitable.

Some people do not like to see the old, historic ranch houses in southern Texas go. There is a pity in it. They are eloquent, even though many of them are in ruins, of a romantic epoch in the history of the state. Many of these ranch homes were built during the period of the Spanish control of Mexico and were of feudal type and on large land grants of feudal extent. These buildings were succeeded by the less pretentious but spacious and comfortable ranch houses of the later cattlemen. Every one of them was a center of pioneer life, the stopping place of cattlemen and travelers passing through the country, and the hospitality of the occupants of them all is a tradition.

The great ranch regions are being broken up into smaller ranches and then into still smaller farms, and a new order of life but makes them an incubus. But it is as vain to sigh over them as over the disappearance of the oceans of prairie and the buffalo. The latter existence is tamer, but more profitable. The substitution of herds of cattle in the hands of many proprietors for the herds of buffalo, and the plowing up of the wild prairie for the crops of the fixed settler represent an inestimable gain. The wild and the picturesque vanish before plain utility and industry, but more people are served and made happier in the same territory. Those old days will always be interesting to read about, but they were intermediary and had to pass away for the greater good of the greater number.

Some of these ranch homes of the older and the later order are maintained in repair when their continued usefulness is desirable and practicable. Some of the abandoned places go by accidental fire, some by the slow process of decay and some are removed for specific purposes. It is suggested that the memory of those that must disappear be preserved in photographs and that notes of the stirring events and life of which they were the centers be taken for extension into annals. This is the best that can be done. The new cannot be grafted into the old and the old must pass into history.—Omaha World-Herald.

Boys and Dog Dig Up \$2,000. Four schoolboys, while spending the Whitsuntide holidays in Mulhuddert, a village outside Dublin, riddling a terrier discovered a hoard of more

Yum, Yum! Some Dinner. Dinner was served here recently with these items on the bill of fare: Turkey, cranberries, scalloped oysters, cracker dressing, mashed potatoes, meat loaf, celery, jelly, pickles of all kinds, beans, peaches, coffee or tea, fruit cake, walnuts, dates, angel cake, pumpkin pie, mince pie, seven kinds of home-made candy, oranges, bananas, popcorn, cake, mixed nuts of all kinds.—Kingston Journal.

Asking Too Much. The Director—Remember each time you appear, you must register happiness and contentment.

The Star—How can you expect me to register continual happiness and contentment on the smallest salary of any leadin' lady on the screen?

Job printing at the Republican office.

than £400 in sovereigns (normally \$2,000) in a rat hole. The news quickly spread, and a local postman claimed the money as his. He says about £400 was left to him by his father, blacksmith, who had inherited it from his father, and to keep it safely in these troublous times the postman buried it in a field where it would still have remained but for the inquisitive terrier.

The postman's claim was admitted unanimously and the parents of the boys returned him sums amounting to about £150. Local volunteers are making inquiries with a view to having the balance of the money restored.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

Surely From Boston.

"Heavens, what a man!" "What's the trouble, my dear?"

"We quarreled again this morning. I said, 'You poor fish, you ran around after me for three years before I'd consent to marry you, dropping on your knees and proposing to me over and over again in the most absurd fashion.'

"And what did he say to that?"

"He said, 'My love, don't mix metaphors. A fish couldn't possibly perform the feats you attribute to me.'

Step by Step.

"Supposing," said the man who wants to see everybody happy, "that we somehow arrange to give you a six-hour day. Are you sure that you will be contented?"

"For the present. Of course, I shouldn't think of asking for less than six hours' work to the day. But I have an impression that in the course of time our chronological system will need revision so that we'll have 25 or 30 minutes to the hour."

Yum, Yum! Some Dinner.

Dinner was served here recently with these items on the bill of fare: Turkey, cranberries, scalloped oysters, cracker dressing, mashed potatoes, meat loaf, celery, jelly, pickles of all kinds, beans, peaches, coffee or tea, fruit cake, walnuts, dates, angel cake, pumpkin pie, mince pie, seven kinds of home-made candy, oranges, bananas, popcorn, cake, mixed nuts of all kinds.—Kingston Journal.

Asking Too Much.

The Director—Remember each time you appear, you must register happiness and contentment.

The Star—How can you expect me to register continual happiness and contentment on the smallest salary of any leadin' lady on the screen?

Job printing at the Republican office.



WHEN I was small.

I USED to watch.

AUNT SALLY.

PUT-UP fruit.

AND VEGETABLES.

FOR THE winter.

I REMEMBER how.

SHE PACKED it all.

IN CLEAN glass jars.

AND SEALED the tops.

WITH PARAFFIN.

TO KEEP out.

ALL THE air and keep.

THE JUICY flavor in.

AND ALL the winter.

THANKS to her.

WE HAD the fruits.

OF SUMMER on our table.

SO WHEN I happened.

ON SOME cigarettes.

WRAPPED NEATLY up.

IN A glassine jacket.

I DIDN'T think.

IT WAS just for looks.

BUT RATHER that.

THE EXTRA wrapper.

KEPT AIR and dampness.

ALL OUTSIDE.

AND GOODNESS in.

SO THAT'S another.

BLAME GOOD reason why.

THEY SATISFY."



Q UITE right, that neat glassine jacket isn't just for looks. It protects your Chesterfields from the weather—seals in the flavor of those wonderful Turkish and Domestic tobaccos—keeps them in prime shape for smoking! Rain or shine, winter or summer, Chesterfields always "satisfy!"

Chesterfield
CIGARETTES
Lightly-ripened tobacco.

Getting More Gasoline

DEMAND FOR OIL GROWING FASTER THAN PRODUCED

Washington, D. C., June 29.—[Special.]—Production of gasoline increased 1,352,000 gallons daily, or 18½ per cent during the first four months of 1920, according to a statement issued today by the bureau of mines. As against this increase in production, however, the domestic consumption of gasoline increased 9,148,920 gallons daily, or 85 per cent.

(From an article Chicago Tribune, June 20, 1920.)

THIS epitomizes the situation accurately. It also indicates how great is the task of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana).

But fuel for automotive power must be supplied. Especially is this true in the territory served by the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), because in this area—the bread-basket of the nation—so large a percentage of the gasoline is consumed in producing food.

Take away—even cripple—the automotive power on the Middle West farms and food prices will soar because of decreased production.

The power-driven tractor is the only means by which the farmer can cope successfully with the shortage of man-power.

By extensive research and intensive application the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) has increased the yield of gasoline from crude to the greatest degree yet known. But it is not satisfied.

The Company is striving to further increase the yield so that the use of the tractor, truck, the automobile, and the stationary gas engine may be used freely and without restriction.

It is apparent that the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) by increasing the yield has exerted, also, a downward influence on the price of gasoline.

Standard Oil Company
(Indiana)
910 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago

THE GILLAM HOME COMING.

Among those who attended the Gillam Home Coming held at Independence Sunday were: Judson J. Hunt and family, his brother, Lewis Hunt, wife, son, Herbert, and daughter, Candice; The Rev. and Mrs. C. W. Postill, Mr. and Mrs. William Postill, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Huff, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Weiss, Mr. and Mrs. Otto Chasteen, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Johnson and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Williams.

This is one of the annual historical events in Jasper county. There was, as usual, a good programme and a bounteous basket dinner.

NOTICE.

All the suits contesting the will of the late Benjamin J. Gifford, are now disposed of and I am in a position to sell land. I have yet unsold several hundred acres of good land located in Jasper and Lake counties, which I will sell as executor on reasonable terms, but cannot take any trade.

Call at my office or at the office of T. M. Callahan, at Rensselaer, Indiana, for particulars.

GEO. H. GIFFORD,
Executor.

L. A. Mecklenburg of Gary came Saturday evening for a few days' visit with his wife, who has been visiting relatives here for the past two weeks.

Advertise in the Republican.

GET FLOWERS
for all occasions at
Osborne's
Greenhouse
PHONE 439
502 E. Merritt St.

Considerate
"You belong to the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, don't you?" asked the caller.

"Yes, I'm one of the officers," replied the man at home.

"Well, here's a song I dedicated to your society. I'd like to sing it to you."

"All right. Wait until I put the cat out of the room."

Overlooked Time's Changes.

"How did it happen?" they asked the scrambled motorist, as they picked him and the girl up from the roadside and tried to remove the tree from the brand new flivver, which had only recently superseded the family horse and buggy.

"Well," groaned the victim, "I was—er—busy, so I just gave her the lines and let her find her way home."

No Misrepresentation.

"Didn't you tell me that we could always find some place around here that's cool?" inquired the summer boarder.

"I did," answered Farmer Cornfossel; "and I never misrepresented. There is such a place, only I can't keep it open all the time."

"Whereabouts?"

"In the ice house."

A Lesson in Language.

Harold—I wish I dared to ask you a very important question.

Maud—Why don't you?

Harold—I see a negative in your eyes.

Maud—in both of them?

Harold—Yes.

Maud—Don't you know that two negatives make a—Why, Harold, how dare you?

Ma Wants a Change.

"Going away this summer?"

"Guess not. Pa and ma can't agree."

"What's the matter?"

"Pa wants to go somewhere where he can play golf, and ma insists on going to a place where golf has never been heard of."

Are You a Republican?

If so, you need the national Republican party weekly.

THE NATIONAL REPUBLICAN

published weekly at Washington as a party and patriotic movement.

It's a year round review of national and international events; 58,000 words weekly of interesting, informative matter, articles contributed by Republican leaders, striking cartoons, editorial comment. Live, accurate, vital, up-to-the-minute stuff.

"A tremendously interesting, effective party paper."—National Chairman Will H. Hays.

"Carries a wholesome and helpful gospel."—Senator Harding.

"You deserve every success in increasing the circulation of this valuable party paper."—Governor Coolidge.

The National Republican will give you a clear comprehension of the issues of the campaign and of public affairs, with the facts enabling you to discuss them effectively. A million readers in 95 per cent of all the counties of the U. S. It is supplemental to, not a substitute for, the local Republican press.

The price by mail is \$1.50 a year.

A special club rate of \$3.00 per year for the National Republican and The Rensselaer Semi-Weekly Republican.

Harding lithographs and buttons will be sent to every new subscriber of the National Republican who asks for them.

Make Your Subscription through
THE RENNSLAER REPUBLICAN.

Read The Evening Republican

15c per week Delivered by Carrier