

# A DAY IN GARY LAND

## TOWN BOARD IN SESSION TODAY

### Interview With Interurban Promoter Tells of Plans.

The Gary town board is in session this afternoon and several very important matters are up for consideration before the board.

J. C. Keator, one of the promoters of the new Valparaiso-Gary electric line, is at the meeting of the board and it is expected that the franchise will be given to him if a peaceable settlement can be arranged between the new company and the Gary and Interurban. Mr. Keator said the articles of incorporation of the new company had been filed at Indianapolis last week and they were now authorized to do business in the state.

"We are exceedingly anxious to begin the construction of the new line," said Mr. Keator today. "It is our plan to start the grading at Valparaiso the moment we get our franchise in Gary. If the work of grading is started now we expect that it will be finished by the early part of the year."

The question of stringing the wires of the Gary Heat, Light and Water company on the Gary and Interurban poles is also being considered.

## FINE PROGRESS MADE

### New Emerson School Building at Gary Will Soon Be Done.

The work on the new Emerson school building is progressing rapidly and Contractor Gerhard seems well pleased with the progress of the work so far.

A large force of men are now employed on the new structure and from now on the work will be marked, so as to try and get the building enclosed before cold weather arrives, as it will greatly hamper the work. The greater part of the structural work is now completed, although it will be at least two weeks before the building reaches its height. "The heaviest part of the work is now done," said Mr. Gerhard to a Times' reporter yesterday.

## APPEALS TO POLICE FOR PROTECTION.

### Gary Lady Fears That Her House Will Be Burned Down.

Mrs. C. F. Barnes, of Gary, living at 125 Fourth avenue, near Adams street, has appealed to the police for protection, fearing that her home would be burned down. Mrs. Barnes lives in a shack like her neighbor's, the Jablonskis. She told the police that the Jablonskis had threatened to burn down their own shack and fearing that through this the Barnes' shack would catch fire, she has asked the police to give her protection.

## HOIST FLAG IN HONOR OF W. H. TAFT'S ELECTION.

### United States Steel Corporation at Gary Joicefs in Republican Victory.

The Indiana Steel company at Gary is celebrating the Taft victory by hoisting a huge flag at the entrance of the mills. The election of Taft means much for the progress of Gary and now that the country promises to get into a normal condition in a short time, it is expected that work in the mills will begin in a short time.

## NOTICE.

If you are looking for a clean neighborhood to build a home in S. Carlson's addition, located on Borman boulevard in Tolleston, close to all car lines, churches and schools free street improvements. Call or address, Alf Carlson, room 214, Gary building, Gary, Ind.

## Quite the Contrary.

"Gentlemen," said the campaign spellbinder, as he began his speech, "in the words of our illustrious chief at Washington, who said: 'Speak—'—"

"Louder!" yelled a score of voices in the back part of the hall.

"Not at all, gentlemen," said the orator, visibly irritated. "He said, as every well-informed person knows: 'Speak softly,' even while carrying the big stick. If I am interrupted again—"

—here he waved the chairman's gavel aloft—"I shall use the big stick unsparingly!"

Having thus asserted himself, and silenced the rude persons who had been guilty of the unseemly interruption, he resumed his speech.

## The Law on Notes.

A note made on Sunday is void. Contracts made on Sunday cannot be enforced. A contract made with a lunatic is void. A note obtained by fraud or from a person in a state of intoxication, cannot be collected. Signatures made with a lead pencil are good in law. "Value received" is usually written in a note and should be, but is not necessary. If not written, it is presumed by law, or may be supplied by proof.

Loan Office—Money loaned on anything valuable. Gottlieb, 20 Eleventh avenue.

## HEARD BY RUDE.

Now is the time for all the wise ones to say: "I told you so."

Show me not those scornful numbers. Life is now an empty dream. He who worked while I in slumbers Got the vote, also the cream.

Town Topics — Were you arrested yesterday?

There were nearly as many deputy sheriffs in Gary yesterday as there were voters of the democratic ticket. Don't think for a moment that this weather is going to last all winter just because your coat bin isn't filled.

Twenty births in Gary for the month of October is not at all a bad showing as an increase in population.

Nearly all of Gary's prominent and respectable people were arrested yesterday. It wasn't everybody who had the honor.

There were quite a number of foreigners who voted in Gary after all, notwithstanding the threats made by a democratic organ.

The high winds yesterday helped many to the polls, but there were also several who were delayed on the way.

For once in his life the average husband in Gary managed to slip down town last night.

Taking a conservative view of the election Gary got as much free advertising and gained as much notoriety as any other spot on the map.

Although Gary women folks did not get a chance to vote they took as much interest in the returns last night as the men.

Yes, thank you, the paving of Broadway is moving along very nicely.

A straw vote which now be taken among those who said that they would vote for you.

## TOLESTON.

Miss Pauline Edmunds of Chicago is the guest of Tolleston friends for a few days.

Mr. Pokorney of Chicago transacted business here yesterday.

Mrs. George Meyers visited friends in Chicago yesterday.

Mrs. E. Culver is spending a few weeks with friends in Chicago.

Charles McCoy of Hammond spent the day with friends here yesterday.

Mrs. A. Hood is visiting relatives in Michigan City for a few days.

Mrs. Ludwig Buse is spending a few days with her daughter, Mrs. G. Jarenske at Saxony, Ind.

Mrs. L. R. Wartena visited relatives in Hammond last evening.

Mrs. A. Fisher is the guest of friends in Lowell for a few days.

Gary hotel serves club breakfasts, 30 cents to \$1. Served 6:00 a. m. till 9:30 a. m.

## The Argument of Gold.

A man who is furnished with arguments from the mint will convince his antagonist much sooner than one who draws them from reason and philosophy. Gold is a wonderful clearer of the understanding; it dissipates every doubt and scruple in an instant; accommodates itself to the meanest capacities; silences the loud and clamorous, and brings over the most obstinate and inflexible.

Philip of Macedonia was a man of most invincible reason this way. He refuted by it, all the wisdom of Athens, confounded their statesmen, struck their orators dumb, and at length argued them out of all their liberties. —Joseph Addison.

## Stimulants Used by Men of Genius.

Socrates, Plato and Horace drank wine freely; Fielding, Sterne and Keats sat too long over their cups, and Byron sought inspiration in Holland gin. Burns was a tippler, Shelley drank heavily and Keats, stung by the criticism of his foes, turned for relief to dissipation. Our own greatest poet, Edgar Allan Poe, though greatly maligned in this regard, found inspiration for some of his gloomiest and wildest poetry and prose when under the influence of burgundy. Voltaire in his old age drank fifty cups of coffee a day, and Balzac depended upon the beverage to sustain him during his hours of toil. Johnson was excessively fond of tea. Hazlett, the writer and critic, consumed of tea about a pound a week. It is said to have hastened his death.

## Irish Wit.

An Irishman who was trying to sell his horse was asked by the possible purchaser if the animal was timid. "Not at all, at all, sir. He sleeps in a dark stable all alone every night, which is the same as saying, sir, that he's a brave fellow," replied the Irishman. And he sold the horse.

## Minerals in South Russia.

South Russia has among its valuable minerals rock salt, coal, coprolites, kaolin, sands for glass making and other purposes, manganese and iron ores, the latter being easily first in importance, free of phosphorus and with le sulphur.

## Juvenile Ignorance.

"You ought to know better, Johnny," said Mrs. Lepasing, reprovingly, "than ask me what the difference is between courage and bravery. They are pusillanimous terms and mean the same thing."

Gary hotel serves Noonday lunch, served from 11:30 a. m. till 2:00 p. m., 40 cents.

## LITTLE BET IS BAD ONE

### It Caused the Arrest of Two Gary Saloonkeepers Yesterday.

Martin Bennett and William Piper, two Gary saloonkeepers, have decided that after this they will never permit a Gary policeman to hold stakes on election bets.

Bennett wanted to back up his statements with something more tangible than words, told Piper that he would bet ten dollars on Grant, while Piper was just as confident of Carter's election. It was easy to make the bet but there was no stakeholder in sight, and Sergeant Catey of the Gary police force, coming along just at this time, the two men thrust their money into his hands, telling him the purpose of it. Very deliberately the officer of the law put the money in his pocket, and, laying on hand on each shoulder of the bettors, said, "You are under arrest for betting on election," and marched the saloonkeepers to the bascule. They furnished bond and will have their trial this afternoon.

## HOBART DID NICELY

### Many Surprises in the Voting Take Place in That Town.

Hobart township stuck to the good old republican ship yesterday and gave Taft a majority in its three precincts of 183. Watson did not run quite as well but secured a majority of 171 at that.

Tom Grant was a favorite in this township to the extent of a majority of 208. With this majority Grant went over to Center township where he was knifed by a large number of people there, and neutralized the Carter vote.

Home rule in Hobart was defeated by a majority of 186. That Wiley should defeat Ed Simon in this township was another of the surprises of the campaign.

That Judge Virgil S. Reiter is well liked in Hobart and its environs is shown by the fact that his majority over McMahon for the office of judge of the Lake superior court was 243, and his place on the ticket is right under that of Edgar D. Crumppacker, whose majority was 259 and who led the ticket with that number of votes.

## Ugliness.

It is no paradox to say that there flourishes just now a cult of ugliness. It is not confined to literature, for witness a vast deal of the fashionable portrait painting, from some even of Mr. Sargent's presentments downward. We cannot afford to let the evil grow without protest. Fidelity to beauty is what makes art powerful for good; and ugliness, conversely, is the first stage in that broad road of decadence which passes on through shamelessness in taste and ends in immorality in conduct.

## Scotsmen Not Wanted.

Some years ago, Sir James Browne had an amusing encounter with a colored official at Kingston, Jamaica. So far away from home, the famous doctor was, no doubt, a little homesick, and he hoped that he might be able to come across some of his own countrymen. "Are there many Scotsmen in these parts?" he inquired of the said official. "Not many," replied the latter; "just a few—but quite enough."

## Must Win Occasionally.

Even the game loser ceases to command respect if he loses often.

## Why Cowboys Wear Long Hair.

The cowboy uttered an annoyed cry as one of his curls fell into the beer. "It ain't no affection," he said, "What makes me and Buffalo Bill and all us plainsmen wear the hair long. It is necessary to our health."

"You see, we are out in all weathers. Often hatless, the August sun beats on our heads like fire, and but for our hair we'd get sunstroke. Often we sleep on the ground at night, and him that ain't got long hair to cover his ears in sleepin' got invariably gets deaf in the ear what is slept on. Often, in winter storms, the hair protects the face from being friz."

## Home Built in Silence.

Like Solomon's temple, the residence of Samuel Andrews of Blomberg, Pa., was built in silence. Andrews is a deaf mute, and every stroke of work on his house, from laying the foundation to installing the plumbing, has been done by mutes, friends of Andrews, who live elsewhere in the state.

## Those Men!

"I went into the office looking like a fright," said the woman. "I didn't have a chance to straighten my hair or pat my hair or anything. I had intended to primp going up in the elevator, but there was a man standing before each mirror twirling his mustache and I couldn't even get a peep at myself."

Why cook when you can get a Sunday dinner at the Gary hotel at 75 cents, served from 12 to 2:30 p. m.

## The Best Man

By EMELINE BARR.

Copyright, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

For the first time in his life John Amidon found himself in New York. It was a warm spring day—much too warm and too glorious to spend in visiting a round of stuffy offices. He would make a holiday of it and let business wait until tomorrow.

An inspiration seized him, and after some search through the various compartments of his leather wallet he drew out a dingy visiting card.

"H'm," he mused. "That's funny. I was sure I had his address. 'Richard Malloney,' that's all it says, though, that's sure."

He put the card back thoughtfully. "It was something about Washington," he reflected.

But the "something" had eluded him. He drew a map out of his pocket and studied it carefully. With an air of triumph he at length pounced upon the words "Mount Vernon." He had it!

Should he consult a telephone directory? What was the use? It would be more fun to give Dick a surprise. Dick was just the kind of fellow to enjoy the unexpected. On the way out on the train Amidon indulged in pleasant reminiscences of college days when he and Dick had been such jolly good chums. Was it possible a whole ten years had gone since they had seen each other?

"But Dick's all right," he soliloquized. "It's a great thing to be sure of a welcome. He'll be just as glad to see me as I will."

"Mount Vernon!" shouted the conductor, and Amidon got off hurriedly.

"Can you tell me where Mr. Richard Malloney lives?" he asked the first person he happened to run into at the station. Before the person addressed had time to reply a six-year-old boy piped up:

"I can."

"Is that so?" returned Amidon generally. "Well, suppose you show me then. Will you?"

For answer the knowing one turned to lead the way importantly. When he came to the end of the station platform he stopped beside a shining automobile.

"Get in," he said to Amidon hospitably.

Amidon hesitated. "Why, thank you, young man," he replied. "You are very kind, but if you'll just be good enough to tell me where Mr. Malloney lives I'll walk there."

"But we're going right there," persisted Amidon's personal conductor. "Mr. Richard Malloney is my father. I'm Richard Malloney, Jr., you know."

In spite of his amazement Amidon was alert enough to be conscious of the chauffeur's silent chuckling. Richard Malloney, Jr., was proving a most unexpectedly sprightly pilot. It might be well before committing oneself irrevocably to his management to ask a few definite questions. So Amidon addressed the amused chauffeur.

"I arrived from town on this last train," he stated. "Can you tell me if Mr. Malloney is at home?"

"Very sorry, sir," returned the chauffeur civilly. "He's just started for town himself."

"And—Mrs. Malloney?"

"She went with him, sir."

Amidon reflected a moment.

"Barbara's home," volunteered Malloney junior.

Amidon's face lighted instantly. Barbara—that was Dick's sister, of course. He remembered, but this was no time for reminiscences.

"Is she, indeed?" he exclaimed jovially. "Then I will run out." And he jumped in beside Richard.

"Let's see," he mused, hardly conscious that he spoke, "how old must Barbara be now?"

"About thirty," Richard suggested.

Amidon glanced at the chauffeur. He was quite sure he was chuckling again.

"About thirty?" repeated Amidon.

"It doesn't seem possible."

"She's grown up awful fast," Richard commented. "She was only just a girl when she went away to school, but now she does her hair up and stays up evenings. I wish I was thirty."

This yearning was accompanied by a very genuine sigh, but Amidon had quite forgotten to listen to the child's prattle. His own thoughts were more absorbing.

Had he or had he not met Dick's sister? So many fellows at college had sisters! If so, what had she looked like? She must have been very young—and to think of Dick's being married and never letting him know—more than that, to think of there being a Richard Malloney, Jr.!

"Here we are," exclaimed the boy, "and there's Barbara on the porch. Hoo-o!"

Barbara came to the top of the steps, looking at Amidon curiously.

As for Amidon, he was seized with a panic of misgivings. Surely, if he had ever in his life seen that girl, no matter how many years ago, he would never have forgotten her.

But he must say something, for young Richard had already climbed out of the machine and announced, "Here's a man to see you, Barbara," an introduction that certainly needed elucidating.

Amidon braced himself. "I am John Amidon," he stated simply, standing below her, with hat in hand. "Your brother and I were

friends at college. I hoped to find him here."

To his astonishment Barbara burst out laughing, revealing two very beautiful dimples in her glowing cheeks. She recovered herself with evident effort.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Amidon. There must be some mistake. You see, this is my only brother," she said as she lifted Richard junior off his feet and then let him down again with a suddenness that evidently tickled that young man's fancy.

"Well, it couldn't have been your father!" ventured Amidon.

At the absurdity of this suggestion Barbara and John both laughed heartily. Then Barbara had an idea.

"Why, of course, you mean Cousin Dick. Are you a Harvard man?"

John nodded. "Ninety-eight," he informed her.

"How stupid of me not to have thought of that at once!" Barbara accused herself. "But, you see, '98 is a pretty long time ago, and Dick has been abroad nearly ever since he left college."

It was all such a ridiculously mixed up state of affairs—the idea that Cousin Dick was married and that Richard junior was his son; that Barbara was Dick's sister—in reality, as it turned out, Dick had no sister; that, most comical of all, Barbara was "about thirty"—well, what was there to do but to laugh and laugh about it!

"But how," suddenly broke out Barbara, "did you happen to find us here in Mount Vernon? Dick's family lives in New York, you know."

"What part of New York?" asked John.

"Washington square."

And then followed more explanations and more laughter.

When Mrs. Malloney returned from town at luncheon time she found Barbara and John in the midst of an exciting tennis match.

"Who's playing with Barbara?" she questioned Richard junior after several futile attempts to recognize the young man.

"A man I brought from the station," Richard informed her boastfully.

"Richard, what are you talking about? What's his name?"

"Barbara will tell you. She likes him. They've been laughing lots."

The introduction, with its subsequent explanations, at last over with, Mrs. Malloney was all charming hospitality.

"Of course you'll come out and stay with us while you're here, Mr. Amidon. The city is so disagreeable in warm weather. It's a great privilege to be able to do anything for Dick's friends. We're all most fond of him, but he gives us very little chance to show it. You will make this your headquarters, won't you?"

John Amidon had to hold on to himself good and hard. He was so happy that he feared he would appear overzealous in accepting the invitation.

Of course John Amidon felt head over heels in love with Barbara. Of course he decided to spend the whole summer in the east, and, of course, at the end of the summer he wrote to his chum, Dick Malloney, commanding his congratulations.

"You're going to marry Barbara, aren't you?" asked Richard junior, bobbing abruptly out from under the hammock where the lovers were sitting one evening at twilight.

"What will I be then," queried the puzzled Richard, "your cousin or your son?"

"You? Why," said John, laughing, "you'll be my best man, of course."

The Cruelty of Thoughtlessness.

Most of the cruelty of the world is thoughtless cruelty. Very few people would intentionally add to another's load or make his burden in life heavier or his path rougher. Most of the great heart wounds are inflicted by thoughtless thrusts, flung out often in a moment of anger, when perhaps we were too proud to apologize or to try to heal the grievous wounds we had made.

Can anything be more cruel than to discourage a soul who is struggling to do the best he can, to throw stumbling blocks in the path of those who are trying to get on in the world against great odds?

No life is just the same after you have once touched it. Will you leave a ray of hope or one of despair, a flash of light or a somber cloud across some dark life each day? Will you by thoughtless cruelty deepen the shadow which hangs over the life, or will you by kindness dispel it altogether? No matter how you feel or what is disturbing your peace of mind, never allow yourself to send out a discouraging, a cruel or an unkind word or thought.—Success Magazine.

A Lost Dime.

A man one day called upon the first John Jacob Astor with a business proposition which demanded an investment of \$100,000 on his part. While listening to the plan he kept groping and feeling about on the floor for something he seemed to have dropped. When the plan had been explained he said readily: "All right. I'll furnish the money." At that instant a man entered to tell him that one of his buildings had burned down.

"That happens nearly every day," he said, with the utmost unconcern, and went on feeling about with great care for that something on the carpet. Finally the visitor was curious enough to inquire what he had dropped.

"I dropped a dime here a moment ago," he replied. "and I can't find it. If a man's buildings burn down but a man who deliberately throws away 10 cents because he won't take the trouble to look for it is not to be forgiven."

The more you think over it the more you will see the good sense in that piece of philosophy.

## FADS AND FASHIONS

New York, Nov. 3.—It is undoubtedly true that a majority of the street costumes turned out by the French makers this season have the Empire skirts, and there is, after all, a large percentage of the simpler tailored costumes, the skirts of which end at the natural waist line, while they leave to the coat the responsibility for supplying the shortened or merely straightened waist. The most trying feature of the average French street suit is the exaggerated plainness and tightness of the skirt back. This effect is becoming only when associated with the straightness of back line that goes with the erect and pronounced slenderness—something unfortunately, that not every woman can boast of.

The skirt opened up the side to show an underskirt, a simulated underskirt or, in extreme cases a more or less shapely leg, has become so common that the later models in dressy street suits do not insist upon that feature. But long lines of buttons, apparently or actually buttoning the skirt sides or front are as popular as ever, and in some cases such a buttoned-over arrangement, as it nears the skirt bottom, opens to show inset plaits or a braided panel. Whatever the skirt trimming may be it is adjusted to emphasize the long lines of the frock, and in the long skirted street gowns, as in the house and evening gowns, diagonal arrangements of skirt trimming often find employment.

At the close of the summer season an effort was made to eliminate blouse or shirtwaist suits, but the attempt was not successful and at present there is every indication that suits with separate blouses will be worn as much as ever during the coming winter season. Many of the fashionable shops display a large variety of blouse models of attractive design. One of the new features in the ready-to-wear waists is the display of colored lace and net blouses to match tailor-made. Coarse fabric is the favored mesh for such models, which are made up over white, with garnishments of silk corresponding in color with the lace. These blouses are made with full length sleeves, that are tucked or shirred from shoulder to hand.

The model most in evidence in the new fall waists is a simple shirtwaist with tuckings of some sort, long sleeves, front opening in the center or at one side and finished with big pearl buttons. There is, of course, considerable importance attached to the cut, for such a waist as this must fit trimly and be carefully tailored if it is to have style.

The simpler design of a separate waist the more scrupulous should be the attention to detail. The blouse-maker who has accomplished that fact and profits by her understanding has mastered one of the chief secrets of a successful business. It is not merely the originality of ideas, but the attention to the minute details of cut, trimming and ornamentation and the intuitive knowledge of what is becoming and artistic that has made men like Worth, Paquin, Beer and other creators of fashions famous.

Among the pretty street costumes displayed in one of the fashionable shops on Lower Broadway was a Doucet model in white cloth trimmed with soutache. The handling of the sleeves and bodice was especially good, the lines of fine soutache with their little loop and button ends being so disposed as to hide the armhole entirely and

give the impression of a bodice and sleeve cut in one. This effect, with its consequent length of shoulder line, is considered particularly chic, and in this instance the long shoulder line is accentuated by a continuous line of fine all white cord embroidery which runs from guilpe to cuff down the outside of the arm. Similar embroidery bands bordered the guilpe and trimmed the bodice front. Soutache trimming corresponding with that on the bodice ornamented the side of the skirt and a diagonal band of the cord embroidery and soutache ran in a long diagonal line across the clinging skirt front. The jumper, like so many of the daintiest guimpes in the handsome French models, was absolutely simple and of fine tucked net, with a high collar and frill of the same.

Among the hats recently imported and now displayed in some of the large shops are many interesting and original creations, showing a remarkable fancy for new and peculiar combinations of color as well as material. In some of these winter hats spotted nets are used with charming effect. These hats, of course