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Bandits are Sentenced.

A short hour's transgression of the law brought years behind the bars of Indiana prisons for three men who held up the Spencerville State bank Wednesday afternoon.

James Fagen, 39, of Detroit was given 20 years in the state prison at Michigan City; Walter Dills, 31, of Castalia, O., 15 years in the Michigan City prison, and John L. Belton, 22, of Detroit, 12 years in the state reformatory at Pendleton, when they pleaded guilty to robbing the bank before Judge William E. Endicott in the DeKalb circuit court.

The scheme of the robbery was proposed by Fagen according to his confederates' testimony.

Unearth Bones of Mastodon.

The bones of a giant mastodon, unearthed by Clayton B. Ping and Frank Kinneman of Rochester have been accepted by the Field museum at Chicago, it has been learned. Ping and Kinneman, who found the bones while digging a ditch near Walnut, six miles north of Rochester are attempting to uncover the entire skeleton for assembly.

The skull is said to measure 22 inches wide and 42 inches long. The tusks, which are in excellent state of preservation, are about six feet long and the tops about seven feet apart, it is said. The teeth and vertebrae are said to be about the size of an ordinary wooden bucket.

Hunters Blamed for Starting Fire.

A hay derrick and five tons of hay on the Elizabeth Westfall farm, one and a half miles north of Edwardsburg Mich., were destroyed by fire about 8 o'clock Wednesday night. The fire thought to have been started by hunters who were on the farm, was discovered by a neighbor. The Westfall family had lived about a mile north of the farm since their house burned down about five years ago. Insurance is carried on the loss. The Edwardsburg fire department was called, as a nearby barn and granary were endangered.

Arrest Wakarusa Man.

Glenn Zeiger, of Wakarusa, was arrested Thursday night in Mishawaka by Deputy Sheriff Ralph Logan on a warrant charging him with issuing a fraudulent check. Zeiger, it is charged, issued a worthless \$275 check to John Doering Wakarusa garage man. Zeiger was placed in the Elkhart city jail to await arraignment. He had been sought for several days by Elkhart county authorities.

Dies at Wawaka.

Mrs. Millie Earle, 61, postmistress of Wawaka, died at her home there Thursday noon following a paralytic stroke. She had been postmistress at Wawaka for several terms. She was the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Schwab, pioneers of Noble county. Surviving are one brother, Charles W. Schwab, of Wawaka, and a sister, Mrs. Beulah Hooten of Wawaka.

Will Speed Freight.

The New York Central lines announced that they do not contemplate making any changes for the coming winter in the summer fast freight schedule which is now in effect, with the exception of a few minor changes which are calculated to improve the service to the public.

William Latta Dead.

William Sylvester Latta, seventy-four years old and a life long resident of LaGrange county, passed away at the home of his son, Harry C. Latta in Clay township, Saturday, September 21. He had been a sufferer from softening of the brain for several years.

Old Remedy Passes.

Sulphur and molasses spring tonic belongs to a past generation, Dr. Morris Fishbein, editor of the Journal of American Medical Association told the National Wholesale Druggists' association at the closing session at French Lick.

Fined \$150 and Costs.

Attorney Geo. L. Foote of Albion, acting as special judge heard the case of the state vs. Joe Treuchard of Rome City, for violation of the liquor laws, and the defendant was fined \$150 and costs and given a six months, suspended sentence.

Bandits Kill Victim.

Bandits who attempted to rob Bayliss Ellis, 43, as he was putting his car in the garage at Terre Haute, killed him when he resisted them. A bullet fired by one of the bandits entered Ellis' chest, causing his death a short time later.

Sentenced to Jail.

Arthur Ervin, a farmer living near Warsaw, was sentenced to thirty days in jail by a jury in the circuit court, when he was found guilty of a charge of aiming a gun at a deputy game warden.

Boy is Killed.

Chester Wachocke, aged ten, suffered injuries when he was struck by an automobile while playing in the street near his home at Michigan City. The car was driven by Lester Sanderwater.

DRIVER'S SAFETY LESSON No. 7



PREPARED BY THE

Hoosier State Automobile Association



DRIVE RIGHT AND MORE WILL BE LEFT.

Mr. Webster says: Courtesy is "The act of genuine and habitual politeness." "Common Consent," "Good mannered acts."

The Accident Prevention Department of the Hoosier State Automobile Association has proposed the following code of ethics or good manners in motoring. Cut this out, paste on your windshield for one week and grade yourself and find out how low your average really is.

"To be a good driver, in the terms of applied ethics, is to be a person of good manners, truly an altruist ready to see and appreciate the problems of others, to make proper allowance for them and to exercise even a little more patience, care and consideration than is actually called for by the letter of the law.

"Driving an automobile through water or mud so as to splash same on pedestrians is a common pastime with some motorists who have peculiar ideas of what constitutes a joke.

"Give proper warning to pedestrians and other users of highway. Even animals should receive reasonable notice.

"The horn should be reserved for safety purpose; not to signal a person inside of a house nor to attract the attention of people passing.

"Give proper attention to headlights. They often cause inconvenience and danger to others.

"Disobeying instructions received from traffic officers and trying to

steal a few feet of space, instead of remaining in a proper spot, not only annoys pedestrians and other motorists, but is a dangerous practice.

"Starting an argument with a traffic officer is not only bad etiquette but is courting trouble with the law.

"Keep in the middle of the road," is a tip that has been construed literally by the roadhog. Drivers of heavy vehicles should keep to the right side of the highway where they belong.

"The expert driver must tone down his skill by not weaving in and out of a stream of traffic moving moderately.

"A common offense against road etiquette is committed when a motor car operator places his car at a cross-filing so as to obstruct pedestrian traffic, thus compelling pedestrians to walk around his machine.

"Drivers who wish to be considerate of other people will concentrate on what they are doing look where they are going, not attempt to gaze at passersby and stay in line.

"The exercise of kindness to others, consideration and true courtesy will prevent any operator from getting a wrong attitude in mind for driving in traffic. Any operator who loses his temper, who becomes sulky, or is abnormal from any one of many different causes is unfit to drive because his automobile provides a medium of expression for his personality. If that personality is upset, he is bound to make trouble for himself or for others generally for both."

THE CHANGE OF TIME.

"Bogardis" Pays His Respect to Clock Changing to Create More Day-Light and Less Joy.

Whenever, "in the course of human events," a crisis occurs in matters of state, a great leader ever arises, as if providently, to point the way and carry on. History is replete with a brilliant galaxy of such spectacular leaders who worked their way into the hearts of their countrymen with a reverence that becomes all the more intense as generation after generation speeds on. And yet with all the grandiose qualities and achievements that distinguish them, their names are rapidly waning, like the stars before the rising orb of day, when aligned with that incomparable genius, who, from the astounding depths of his fertile brain, dreamed the dream that gave to the world the panacea for all human ill, wherever put in practice. Ever will he be man's idol; even once, when, in human life's final stage, when the midday sun shall be but a dull, red globe in the heavens, and the remnants of the races shall be driven along an equatorial zone ever narrowing, as the mighty onrushing glaciers thunder their approach from north and south—yes, even then, in the losing battle with the elements, will man sing acclaims to the great emancipator that made an extra afternoon hour so gloriously possible.

Dull must be he who sees not the manifold blessings on every hand from its observance. Behold Ye! how it soothes the aching heart, and calms the nerve-racked brain; cheers the decrepit and consoles the one in grief; inspires the young, and lends hope to the aged; gives pep to life, and weakens fear of death, makes merry the milkmaid (now generally "the old woman"), as she gaily sips in the morning zephyrs while sweetly singing her favorite ditty on way to the cowshed, and, happiest of all, it serves as the last sweet benediction of him when taking his final, great hike to unfamiliar parts.

And then, again how the gardens have bloomed the bloom of radiant beauty, and how productive they have been, while weeds no longer bathe in

the morning sun and nod to the breezes. That blessed hour has banished to nature's waste places where creepeth the snake and hideth the polecat.

And that now we're again back in the abominable rut of Standard Time, as per orders, let us bravely brush away our copious tears, and but think of next year's good, old summer days when old Sol will again bless the earth with a wealth of green, and we'll be kindly privileged again to steal from old Father Time those blessed sixty minutes. Bogardis.

Farm Home Destroyed.

The farm home of Wayne Van Auker, southeast of Cornua, was destroyed by fire. Everything except the clothing Mr. and Mrs. Van Auker had on their backs was lost in the fire. The furniture, bedding, 600 cans of fruits and vegetables were a complete loss. Insurance of \$2,000 was carried. Mrs. Van Auker sprained both legs when she jumped from the roof of a porch after she found the fire had gained such a headway that she could no longer remain in the house with safety. Her husband was in the field working at the time of the fire.

Explosion Kills Two.

Two men are dead today and one in a hospital with serious injuries, the result of an explosion that wrecked the Labor temple at Marion.

Members of Local No. 35, American Flit Glass Workers' Union were meeting on the second floor of the building and ten were hurled to the basement.

Lawyers Disbarred.

The names of W. Lee Smith and Robert F. McNay both convicted some time ago for law violation, were stricken from the list of attorneys eligible to practice before the Indiana supreme court.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SOCIETY
Services in Weir Block.
Sunday school 9:45 A. M.
Lesson Sermon 11:00 A. M.
Everybody welcome.
Read The Ligonier Banner.

Bidders Set Own Prices on Rare First Editions

There is a recent story of a man who took his old copy of "Alice in Wonderland" to a Boston bookstore to be rebound. The bookstore clerk, who recognized the book as a first edition, is reported to have told the customer that the book was worth \$6,500.

The value of first editions fluctuates with the condition of the copy, and in particular with the person bidding for the volume. The first edition of "Alice in Wonderland," London, 1865, is very rare and consequently much sought by collectors. Its value is approximately \$3,500; a presentation copy might be worth more. This is because the author withdrew the book from circulation shortly after it was published, as he did not think the illustrations came out well. They were by John Tenniel, who was also reported to be dissatisfied with them.

The next edition came out in London in 1866 and is worth about \$350 to \$500. The third valuable edition is the American, imprinted in New York, 1866, and brought out by Appleton and company. This edition was bound up from the English sheets of the 1865 edition. Its value is about \$250.

Rare Varieties of Fox Mere Freaks of Nature

The silver fox is not a separate species. It is merely a variety of the red fox, says the Pathfinder Magazine. The black fox and the so-called cross fox also belong to the same species. Typical silver foxes have a silvery appearance, due to the white tips on many of the hairs. The bushy tail is black with the exception of a white tip. Black, silver and cross foxes are found in the northern part of North America and in Siberia. Totally black specimens of this species are seldom found except in the Far North. As a rule, the fur of the cross fox has a yellowish or orange tone with some silver points and dark cross markings on the shoulders. Pelts of silver foxes vary in color from black with a slight dusting of silver on the head and shoulders to half black and half silver mixed. All these varieties are rare in the wild state and it is believed that they are usually born in litters of normally red cubs.

Much to Learn About Heart

It is only 300 years since William Harvey published his discovery of the circulation of the blood, in 1628. In these three centuries we have learned that its operation is that of a pump. Each expansion draws into the left ventricle, one of the four chambers of the heart, about four tablespoonfuls of blood, which has completed its seven-minute circuit of the body and has been supplied with fresh oxygen by the lungs. The blood passes through the four chambers, being forced out into the arteries through the right auricle.

And that is about all we really know about the heart. There is still much to learn why and how infections and nervous diseases affect its muscles and its valves, throw it out of rhythm and tend to shorten its usefulness.

Instruction Points

The teaching load refers to four factors conditioning the efficiency of instruction and are: (1) The pupil-teacher ratio, as shown by the average daily attendance; (2) the number of classes taught by the teachers; (3) The number of student hours per teacher; (4) The number of students in a class. The North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools recommends the following as normal: (1) Pupil-Teacher ratio, 25; (2) The number of classes taught by the teacher, 5 daily; (3) The number of student hours per teacher, 150 per day; (4) the number of students in a class, 25.

Stone Revealed History

The famous Moabite stone, set up by Mesha, king of Moab, to commemorate his name and his victory over Israel, has thrown light on Bible history. And until not long before the World War, the name of Hezekiah outlasted well-nigh twenty-six centuries, unseen and unsuspected, upon the wall of the wonderful tunnel, one-third of a mile in length, that he carved through the rock beneath Jerusalem to connect the Virgin's spring with the pool of Siloam within his city walls.

Chains of Habit

Steamboat men say, "Once a riverman, always a riverman." Sailors never are immune to the lure of the sea. Railroad men like to be near the railroads, to smell the smoke and hear the trains, even after years of retirement. Newspaper men, in the same way, yearn for the smell of winter's ink.

The habits of years are not easily broken. The job that has become a part of one's life is not easily abandoned.

Time Out

The brothers and their families were spending an evening together. Brother A's four-year-old was strutting his stuff. Finally Brother B, remembering that his baby, age two, always called time "8 o'clock," slipped into the next room, noted the clock said 7:40, and rushed the hand up seventeen or eighteen minutes.

Of course the clock soon struck. "What time's that, Junior?" asked Brother B.

"Eight o'clock," cooed the baby.

The Badge of Servitude.

By BERTHA McDONALD

(Copyright.)

"IF THAT'S the way you feel about it there's no use my wearing your ring a moment longer!" stormed Peggy Daniels, dragging a solitaire from her engagement finger and thrusting it into the hand of her astonished fiancé. "I should see it as a badge of servitude every time I had a look at it."

With that she dashed into the house and Clayton Elford was left standing alone on the porch, feeling very much as though the earth were caving in about him. They had quarreled over such a little thing he could scarcely believe Peggy would be so silly as to end everything between them.

And then Peggy decided that she must get away from Norwood at once, at least for a time.

Hester Sanburn, at whose wedding with Chester Cleveland she and Clay had been attendants three years before, had been clamoring for a visit from Peggy for some time, and in her emergency the bewildered girl looked to the fruit farm the Cleverlands called home as a haven of refuge.

During all the lonesome journey she was a prey to her gloomy thoughts. The years seemed to stretch out before her, empty and desolate without Clay, but better that than life with a man who thought woman's only sphere was in the home.

To be sure, no other thought had entered her mind during their engagement but that she would be the contented keeper of her beloved's home and the proud mother of his children, but all this was changed when he objected so seriously to her speaking at a woman's political meeting.

When she reached St. Jo, she immediately boarded the trolley which would deposit her at station 25—just opposite the Cleveland place, but when she alighted at station 25, the Cleveland house seemed strangely, inhospitably quiet. Could it be that Hester had not received her letter?

She hurried up the walk to the door, expecting every moment to be enfolded in Hester's warm welcome. Instead, she discovered an envelope bearing her name hanging from an old mail box.

"Peg, dear," she read, "Bobbie developed strange symptoms this afternoon, so I hurried him right to the hospital. Find key in envelope—icebox stocked for a full two days. By that time either Chet or I or all of us will be back. Be not afraid—no one ever disturbs Peachbloss Farmers—Hester."

What a fiasco! Evidently Hester had forgotten her harrowing experience with burglars a few years ago, which had left her a nervous prey to fear of being alone at night. Her first impulse was to take the next trolley back to some hotel in St. Jo, but on second thought she decided that was a most inauspicious way to begin a career which was to show her discarded fiancé what the new woman could do.

She let herself in, determined to brave it out.

Her hunger appeased, she tried to read, but the pages of her magazine seemed filled with visions of Clay, and every little noise made her start with terror. Despite the fact that it was a warm evening she closed all the windows and turned the catch in the door, then tried to read again.

Finally she sat up, every sense instantly alert. A vague foreboding had aroused her from the light sleep into which she had fallen, and her heart beat violently. She sat with her back to the door, but she could distinctly hear a low, even knock upon it, and suddenly she remembered she had not pulled down one of the shades in front. She extinguished the lights and began creeping stealthily toward it. As she moved, a man's head outlined itself against the glass. Then a ray of moonlight disclosed the door-knob turning and the door opening slowly. Realizing that she must have turned the catch to open instead of lock the door, she gave a piercing shriek and crumpled into a heap on the floor.

In an instant the room was flooded with light and the burglar was gathering Peggy into his arms. "Peggy!" she heard him say, as in a daze. "I'll never let you go again—new woman or old!"

"But Clay," she faltered, when she sensed who it was, "why—why did you follow me when—"

"I didn't follow you," he interrupted. "I was so miserable I sent Chet a special the night we quarreled, telling him I was coming here, without the least idea you would be here, too. I—I've still got the ring—the ring in my pocket, dear. Won't you let me put it on again?"

Her right arm stole gently around his neck while she extended the left for the ring, and she said softly, "I think I could even wear a badge of servitude for you, Clay. I've done a lot of thinking since that night, and somehow I'm afraid I'd be an utter failure in any capacity without your protection."

At that moment the Cleverlands swung breezily in through the open door, and Hester said laughingly:

"How about it? Did we stay away long enough to give you two foolish lovers time to patch things up?"

"Oh, yes," answered Peggy gayly. "You see, I'm wearing my badge of servitude along with the rest of you misguided women!"

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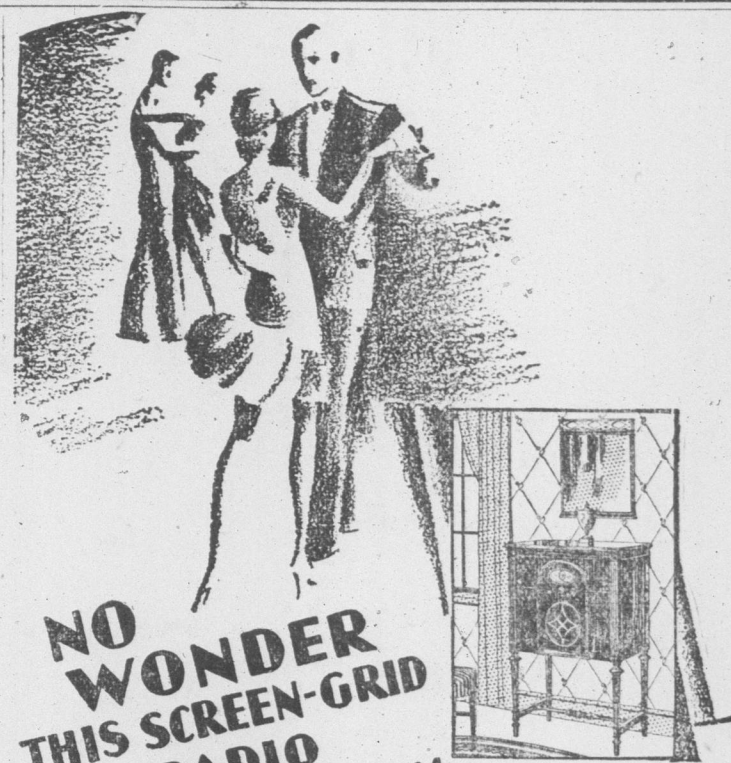
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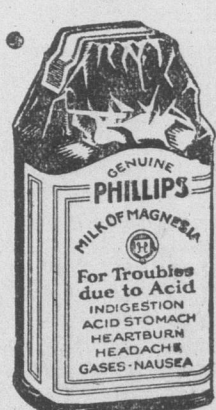
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