

# WALKERTON INDEPENDENT

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WALKERTON, INDIANA

Among the laboring classes in Germany meat once a week is the rule.

A medical "expert" advises women to smoke. Anything to get your name in the papers.

The German emperor is probably ready to join the party whose platform is: "Let us alone."

England, which was 200 years in passing the deceased wife's sister bill, is not likely to grant women the ballot this year.

London did not have an adequate water supply till 1906. Two-thirds of it comes from the Thames, the rest from artesian wells.

The Panama canal is one-third completed. Evidently there is more work going on than talk in the enterprise under its present management.

Overcrowding in Scotland is not so bad as it used to be. The proportion living more than four per room fell from 18.67 per cent. in 1861 to 9.56 in 1901.

We would be deeply interested in Mme. Melba's statement if she meant that the women we know are to be more beautiful 100 years hence than they are now.

Some young Chinese women are reported en route to this country to study housekeeping. Can we teach them anything on that subject, or are they probably better capable of teaching us?

A British medical investigator advances the theory that high speeding cheeks the tuberculosis germ in chauffeurs. It is, however, also conducive to sudden deaths for the intersecting part of the population.

Hereafter men will think twice before they spend a half-dime, for the other day a half-dime of the issue of 1802 sold for \$715. But after they have thought twice they will spend it, for there are not any more coins like that in circulation.

Of the 1,125,000 persons in Berlin who support themselves or themselves and families only \$8,611, or less than 54 per cent, have incomes of \$714 or more a year. About 1,066,000 have less than that amount and more than half of these even less than \$214 a year.

A distinguished Methodist preacher, Rev. Charles Goodell, expresses a somewhat prevalent notion when he rises to remark that if the superfluous money of Mr. Carnegie and of Mr. Rockefeller is really tainted it is incumbent on the churches to take it and relieve it of its taint.

Prof. Goodwin of New York, who thinks that the organization of the public schools of the largest cities must be revolutionized, says that he would form the pupils into groups, one for learning trades, another for preparation for commercial life, and a third for the college and university. It is so easy for a ten-year-old boy to decide whether he is going to be a haberdasher or a minister!

A Japanese lady of rank, who has been traveling in this country, says American women are unhappy and discontented, and she ascribes this to the fact that they are so well taken care of that they miss in their lives the stimulating influence of a little neglect. The inference is that if their husbands beat them now and then they would be more in a position to appreciate their happiness.

An election board chairman in New York made trouble for a woman suffragist when she tried to register lately. She camped on his trail, found out he had a home in New Jersey, lay in wait for him to vote, and had him arrested and deprived of his vote and his job on the ground that he was a non-resident. So much for what a woman can do, even in politics, when she makes up her mind to get even.

Why should the merits of the proposed model husband contest in Chicago be based solely on their comparative speed in buttoning up the backs of the embroidered shirt waists of their respective wives? Has the good temper displayed by them while performing the task and their ready compliance in undertaking it as often as requested nothing to do with it? Yea, rather!

"While the southern states suffer the stigma of night riders we cannot justly point the finger of scorn at any nation on earth," says the Pilot. And while there is so much crime and lawlessness here in the north none of us can afford to point the finger of scorn at the southern states. Pointing the finger of scorn is poor business, anyway, remarks the Boston Globe. It is a great deal better to be charitable to our neighbor's shortcomings and to do all in our power to correct our own.

Every American girl is a queen, according to the old song, but they cannot all have warships to accompany them on their journeys back to the homes of their husbands, like some that might be mentioned.

In the presence of an ordinary crop failure one may remain unmoved, but it is grievous indeed to learn that the recent forest fires will cause a shortage of Christmas trees. The least that Santa Claus can do in such circumstances is to permit good children to hang up more than one stocking.

Everything comes in fashion if you only wait long enough. The latest news from New York is that it is no longer stylish to have one's letter-paper adorned with a monogram. It must be marked with a thumb print. The new style differs from the old only in that the thumb print must be engraved and printed in gold or silver about half an inch from the top of the page. It would be much more distinctive and individual, thinks Youth's Companion, if each person marked his own paper by the actual print of his thumb.



# Birth of Jesus

## Bethlehem.

Sheltered within the hallow of her arm  
The Son of Man lay sleeping. On her cheek  
She felt his warm breath stirring, like the faint  
And fragrant breeze that fans the silver leaves  
Upon the slopes of Olivet. Her eyes,  
Still shadowed with the pains of motherhood,  
Dwelt tenderly upon the placid brow  
And cherub features of the infant Christ.  
The babe in swaddling clothes, whose destiny  
Led to Golgotha's summit, where the Cross  
Was yet to groan beneath the sacred weight  
Of his perfected manhood. All the cave  
Was luminous with starbeams, and her face,  
Like some pale lily, drooping on its stem,  
And washed with heaven's dew, gleamed pearly white  
In that strange radiance. Somewhat apart  
And leaning on his staff, the carpenter,  
Joseph of Nazareth, musing, stood:  
"Lord, who art thou?" he marvelled in his soul,  
"That thou shouldst deign from thy exalted place  
To cast thine eyes upon me and to say 'Behold! he shall be warden to this pearl,  
This pearl of perfect womanhood, more pure  
Than any of the daughters of mankind  
From the beginning of the world and down  
Through all the ages that are yet to dawn!  
Lo! shelter she shall find, and sustenance  
And one round arm encircled the fair child  
As if the newly-awakened mother love  
Lay listless, with transparent fingers curved  
As though she clasped some blossom in her sleep—  
Some rare, sweet flower she was fain to keep  
And cherish always. Joseph took the hand  
And held it in his rough, toil-hardened palm.  
Wondering at its softness, the blue veins  
That threaded all its whiteness, and the bloom  
That made a sea-shell of each fingertip.  
But he forebore, though sore his heart did yearn,  
To clasp the little sleeping new-born babe  
Whose golden head lay pillowed on her arm,  
Thinking: "It were not well for her or him  
That he should waken suddenly." A sigh  
Heaved the soft breast of Mary, and her eyes,  
Like heavenly blue flowers, opened wide,  
Meeting the gaze of Joseph, as he knelt  
In reverent adoration. Her low tones  
Thrilled like aeolian strains; her tender smile  
Flooded his soul like sunshine as she spoke:  
"Joseph, my husband, I have dreamed a dream!  
The Angel of the Lord hath been again,  
Saying: 'Behold! that which thou hast brought forth  
This night is the Redeemer of the World—  
Even Messiah!' But a grave voice cried  
As she ceased speaking: "Peace to all within!"  
And, lo, there stood upon the threshold one  
Who bore much gold and frankincense and myrrh  
In his two hands. And Joseph answered: "Sir,  
Peace be unto thee, now and evermore!"  
And, lo, there came two others bearing gold  
And precious spices, who likewise did say,  
"Peace and good will!" And Joseph made reply:  
"Peace unto thee and thine forevermore!"  
Then spake the foremost stranger: "Where is he,  
Born King of Jews this night in Bethlehem?"

Three kings are we that come to worship him,  
For we have seen his star in the Far East  
Beyond the deserts. We have journeyed far,  
Star-led, and lo, it standeth o'er this roof,  
A sign celestial!" Then each laid aside  
His mantle and his sandals, bowing low  
Before the mother and the holy child,  
Crying: "Hail, Redeemer of the World,  
King of the Jews, all hail!" and they drew  
Boxes of precious ointments, and the air  
Was heavy with the perfume of rare gums  
And costly spices, cinnamon and myrrh  
And sandalwood and cedar, and the scents  
Distilled from blooms in gardens of the East,  
And ambergris and frankincense and nard,  
And they laid down their offerings of price,  
Soft yellow bars and bags of shining dust,  
All intermixed with amethysts and pearls  
And carbuncles and diamonds and the pale  
Lack-luster topaz. And the foremost guest  
Unclassed the heavy chain of beaten gold  
That hung about his swarthy throat and showed  
Its curious pendant, fashioned in strange wise  
And hammered from a nugget, soft and fine,  
For uncouth semblance to a rugged cross.  
Speaking in awed, low tones of prophecy:  
"A voice cried in the desert wastes, 'Arise!  
Take of pure gold a nugget large and bright  
And hammer it into a massive cross  
Such as the common criminal, condemned  
To die, yields up his shrinking spirit on,  
And hang it to the chain about thy neck,  
And when thou comest to the journey's end  
Lay it within the mother's hand, that she  
May read therein a sign.' Lo, I have done  
According to the word!" And Mary's eyes  
Grew wide with terror, as her fingers closed  
About the gleaming symbol, for she saw,  
As in a dream, three crosses on a hill,  
And, nailed between two thieves of aspect vile,  
Upon the middle cross, a tortured form  
That moved her strangely with a sense of loss  
And woe unutterable, for multitudes  
Surged round the sufferer and scoffed at him,  
Crying, in mocking tones: "Hail, King of Jew!"  
But he that hung cast downward plying yet,  
Full of mercy, pardon and of tender love,  
Forgive them, Father! Oh, Thy child, for they know not what they do!"  
And in those dying orbs compassionate  
She saw a semblance of the holy light  
That shone within the eyes of her fair babe.  
And moaned: "Take it away—the cross of gold!  
I shudder at the phantasies it brings!"  
At which the strangers out of the Far East  
Arose and gave their blessing to the child  
And passed into the night. And Mary slept  
The sleep of sweet forgetfulness, while he  
Who stood in place of father to the babe  
Watched the sweet pair until the morn awoke  
The songbirds in the clustering olive trees  
And tinged with light the roofs of Bethlehem.

LILITA LEVER.

## Why Children are Spanked

How the Settler Prepared the Young Ones for Christmas.

On the morning of the day before Christmas I dismounted at the door of a North Dakota cabin to inquire the whereabouts of a man living in that neighborhood, and the sounds from within told me that one of the children was being spanked. When the spanking had been concluded the settler opened the door and invited me in. I saw nine children standing up in a row, and the tenth one sitting down on the other side of the room. The man thought some explanation should be made, and he said:  
"It's the way I do every Christmas time, and I had just begun when you rode up. Can you wait till I have spanked the other nine?"  
"Of course, but may I ask why you

do it? They look to me to be nice, well-behaved children."  
"They are as good children as you will find in the state, sir; but the spanking must go on."  
"Yes, the spanking must go on," added the wife.  
I couldn't say any more, of course, and I went out to the gate and waited. The nine were called up one after another and put through the machine, and then the man, who was breathing hard from his exertions, joined me at the gate and said:  
"There, the last one of 'em has been licked, and now I'll show you where Brown lives."  
"Thanks, but would you take it amiss if I asked what your ten children had done to deserve punishment?"  
"You may ask, sir, and I will explain," he replied. "They hadn't done nothing. I was licking 'em so they wouldn't expect any Christmas presents in their stockings to-night!"  
All life is music if we but touch the notes rightly and in time.—Ruskin.

## NABBED FOR FRAUD

HAROLD BURNS, LONG SOUGHT, CAPTURED IN CHICAGO.

PUT IN JAIL AT AURORA

Directory Swindle, of Which He Is Accused, was Worked on Merchants in Northern Illinois Cities.

Chicago.—Harold Burns, 46 years old, for whom the police have sought for two years on a charge of promoting a million-dollar business directory swindle, was captured in Chicago Saturday afternoon.

He was hurried out of the city by Frank Gibson, a private detective of Aurora, Ill., landed in the Kane county jail, and until Monday the story of his arrest did not come out.

The swindle in which Burns is accused of having been implicated has been worked on merchants in Chicago, Rockford, Joliet, Aurora, Kewanee, Streator and Peoria. It began 15 years ago, and so successful were the operators in covering up their tracks that the first arrests in the case were made two years ago.

Edward Reeves and Emery Hartzig, said to have been employed by Burns, were captured in Kane county. They were sentenced to Joliet penitentiary, and are now serving indeterminate sentences.

They are said to have implicated Burns in their confessions at that time. The police have been searching for him since.

The detectives learned that Burns was carrying a large amount of money with him. It was said to be the spoils left from the gleanings of the directory promoters. He was to go to Europe, plant the money, and meet Reeves and Hartzig when their terms in prison expired, the police assert.

Burns and his wife, who is a beautiful woman, left Chicago one month ago. They went to New York. They were to take a boat from that city to Liverpool.

On the day that the two were to embark for England a message came to Burns that a friend living in Thirty-first street, in Chicago, and whose name the police of Aurora refuse to disclose, was ill. He was requested to return to Chicago at once. Mrs. Burns was left in New York and her husband took a flyer for Chicago.

Burns arrived at the La Salle street station and was hurried to the home of his ill friend. The Chicago police had no knowledge of his arrival in the city. However, Detective Gibson of Aurora was tipped off as to the man's presence here, and arrested him after a chase.

WARNS FLOCK OF HIS DEATH.

Toledo Pastor Calmly Announces That He Cannot Live Long.

Toledo, O.—"I won't be with you much longer. The doctors tell me that I may live a month, but not longer than six months."

In a voice that showed no more emotion than he might exhibit in one of his regular sermons Rev. John P. McCloskey, assistant pastor of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, and one of the best loved of Toledo clergymen, told his congregation that his death is near. He informed his listeners that he was suffering with cancer of the esophagus, an incurable disease, and that his physicians had told him an operation would be useless. He is 46 years of age and was ordained 20 years ago.

DYING MAN AT THE THROTTLE.

Engineer of Great Northern Train Found with Crushed Skull.

Minneapolis, Minn.—Unknown to passengers or trainmen, a dying man's hand controlled the throttle of the east-bound Great Northern coast passenger train as it sped on its way from Robbinsdale to Clear Water Junction late Monday afternoon. The man was George P. Irwin, the engineer, who died a moment after he was taken from the train in Minneapolis.

Irwin was found unconscious and leaning out of the cab window by his fireman, George Ridgeway. Pulling the limp form of his companion back into the cab, Ridgeway noticed the engineer's skull was fractured.

Canada Premier in Wreck.

St. Vincent, Minn.—Two cars on the noon local of the Great Northern railroad from the Twin Cities were thrown into the ditch here Monday by a broken rail. In one of the cars was Sir Wilfrid Laurier, premier of Canada, who was among the passengers shaken up, although no one was seriously injured.

Bank Robbery in Portland, Ore.—Portland, Ore.—The East Side bank was held up by three men and robbed of \$15,000 Monday.

Noted Architect Dies.

New York.—William Martin Alken, supervising architect of the treasury department, under the Cleveland administration, and one of the foremost architects in the country, died at the New York hospital here Monday after undergoing an operation.

Bennett Gives Aviation Prizes.

Paris.—James Gordon Bennett has presented to the French Aero club an international aviator cup, valued at \$2,500, as well as three sums of \$5,000, to be added as prizes.

Actress Is Freed from Debts.

New York.—A discharge in bankruptcy was granted Monday to Mrs. Caroline Leslie Carter Payne, the actress. According to her schedules Mrs. Payne's liabilities amounted to \$194,418, and her assets to \$67,926.

Daniel J. Keefe Sworn In.

Washington.—Daniel J. Keefe, president of the Longshoremen and Transport Workers' Union of America, was sworn in Monday as commissioner general of immigration. Secretary Straus witnessed the ceremony.

OF TWO EVILS, ETC.

Youngster Evidently Had His Own Idea as to the Choice.

My neighbor, writes a correspondent, has four young sons, whom he and his wife duly lead to church every Sunday. Just as the sermon was about to begin last Sunday one of the boys was observed to look very uncomfortable, and, having explained the nature of his sufferings, was sent home. His younger brother, in an urgent whisper, demanded of his mother: "Where's Tom gone?"

"He's gone home."

"What for?"

"The mother whispered, low: 'He's got toothache.'"

And the lad, as he sat up to listen to the preacher, muttered, in a stage whisper: "Lucky dog!"

AMONGST THE BULL-RUSHES.

LAZY LARRY—Wool! Just to think, with all this wasted effort, I could have won the Marathon race!

UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM SOUTH CAROLINA PRAISES PE-RU-NA.

Ex-Senator M. C. Butler.

Dyspepsia Is Often Caused by Catarrh of the Stomach—Peruna Relieves Catarrh of the Stomach and Is Therefore a Remedy for Dyspepsia.

Hon. M. C. Butler, U. S. Senator from South Carolina for two terms, in a letter from Washington, D. C., writes to the Peruna Medicine Co. as follows:

"I can recommend Peruna for dyspepsia and stomach trouble. I have been using your medicine for a short period and feel very much relieved. It is indeed a wonderful medicine, besides a good tonic."

CATARRH of the stomach is the correct name for most cases of dyspepsia. Only an internal cathartic remedy, such as Peruna, is available.

Peruna Tablets can now be procured. Ask your Druggist for a Free Peruna Almanac for 1909.

320 Acres of Wheat Land IN WESTERN CANADA WILL MAKE YOU RICH

Fifty bushels per acre have been grown. General average greater than in any other part of the continent. Under new regulations it is possible to secure a homestead of 160 acres free, and additional 160 acres at \$3 per acre.

"The development of the country has made marvelous strides. It is a revelation, a record of conquest by settlement that is remarkable."—Extract from correspondence of a National Editor, who visited Canada in August last.

The grain crop of 1908 will net many farmers \$20.00 to \$25.00 per acre. Grain-raising, mixed farming and dairying are the principal industries. Climate is excellent; social conditions the best; railway advantages unequalled; schools, churches and markets close at hand. Land may also be purchased from railway and land companies.

For "Last Best West" pamphlets, maps and information as to how to secure lowest railway rates, apply to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or the authorized Canadian Government Agents.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Bowel Complaints. A perfect remedy for Bile, Nausea, Headache, Dizziness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

PISO'S Keep It on Hand! 25 cts. Coughs and colds may seize any member of the family any time. Many a bad cold has been averted and much sickness and suffering has been saved by the prompt use of Piso's Cure. There is nothing like it to break up a cold and clear the throat. There is no bronchitis or lung trouble that it will not relieve. Free from quinine or harmful ingredients. Fine for children. At all druggists, 25 cts. CURE