

BATTLED FOR THEIR BRIDES.

The Most Thrilling Wedding Day in the World's History.

Do you know what was the most thrilling wedding day in the history of the world? There have been many romantic marriages and many nuptial services that had to be deferred because of the opposition of parent or rival, but all of them pale into dingy gray when compared with the colorful spectacle of the abduction and recapture of the Venetian brides in the early winter of 1923, when Candino II, the noble doge, was lending his presence to the biggest wedding party in the history of the Church of San Pietro. It had long been the custom for all the noble brides to be married on St. Mary's day. It was, moreover, the custom for the brides to bring with them all their jewels and their dowries, in gold coin, inclosed in handsomely carved chests.

The latter fact was well known in Trieste, that ancient Roman colony which was the harbor for bands of pirates who were most clever navigators. On this richest of all St. Mary's wedding days the ceremony for more than a score of brides had already begun when the pirates from Trieste burst into the church, captured the brides and their dowries and carried them to the waiting boats. Thanks to the Trunkmakers' union, there were several boats waiting, and in these the be-
 reft bridegrooms and the sturdy trunk-makers gave pursuit. There was a battle royal, one of the most thrilling sea fights on record, dowries and brides were recovered, and before midnight all had been safely married.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

GET RICH QUICK SCHEMES.

For Big Investors They May Work, but Not For Small Ones.

"Those who labor hard for their money and who have a still more arduous struggle in saving small sums," says a banker in the American Magazine, "naturally fall easy victims in many instances to the desire for sudden riches. But the fatal error lies in supposing that the person of small means can afford to take the chance. If he or she loses they lose all. The large capitalist and the professional money lender have the law of averages working with them. They can afford to sink money into twenty ventures if they make a thousand per cent on one. They are protected by the law of chance, the average safety of their investments depending upon no single risk."

"Risk is a necessary part of business, but should be borne by the strong, never by the weak. The promoter who talks about the small investor being given the same opportunities as the very rich is indulging in 'bunk.' He always forgets to say that a safe 5 per cent bond or a 6 per cent mortgage, 'cold, impersonal depositories for funds,' will at the end of five years have paid their owners 30 per cent to 35 per cent (allowing for compound interest) and that the vast majority of new ventures with big promises will have paid nothing."

"Only the man who can afford to take risks has any business to look for an investment that will make him rich quickly."

Disraeli and the Editor.
 Disraeli would dearly have liked to suspend the London Globe years ago when that paper, then a Whig organ, fell foul of him over his "Vindication of the English Constitution." Few editors have ever been so roughly abused as in Disraeli's letter to the Times: "It is not my passion for notoriety that has induced me to tweak the editor of the Globe by the nose and to inflict sundry kicks upon the baser part of his base body, to make him eat dirt and his own words, fouler than any filth, but because I wished to show to the world what a miserable poltroon, what a craven dillard, what a literary scarecrow, what a mere thing, stuffed with straw and rubbish, is the sordid director of public opinion and official organ of Whig politics."—London Opinion.

Kick of the Gun.

When a young American joins the national guard or, following that instinct which not even long city life can entirely kill, takes a gun and starts out as a hunter, one of the earliest surprises he gets is that nasty hard kick his firearm gives him.

But the kick of the big guns in war is tremendous. Some of the guns jump into the air. In others mechanism takes up the rebound and the gun slides back into place.

It is a curious fact that each of these great guns takes its kick in a way all its own.—New York World.

Strychnine.

The number of plants used for medicinal purposes in the Philippines is very large. A few are recognized as sources of standard medicines, but the number having commercial value is decidedly small. From one, the St. Ignatius bean (Strychnos ignatii), the strychnine of commerce is extracted.

Patient.

Her Father.—The fact is, I cannot give my daughter a dowry just at present. Sutor.—That's all right, sir. I can love her for herself alone in the meantime.—Boston Transcript.

Combination Spoiled.

He.—She married a fool with barrels of money. She.—Then why isn't she happy? He.—Marriage brought him to his senses.—Boston Transcript.

We only see in a lifetime a dozen faces marked with the peace of a contented spirit.—Beecher.

ILLITERATE FOLKS ARE BEING TAUGHT

Work Being Carried on Into Dark Corners of America.

KENTUCKY TREATED FIRST

Moonlight Schools Established in That State in 1911 and Now Work Is Being Copied in Other States—Founder Tells What Work Means To Backward Thousands.

Lexington, Ky. — "Amusing indeed have been the various impressions that have prevailed throughout the country in regard to moonlight schools," writes Cora Wilson Stewart, founder of the famous moonlight schools of Kentucky. "Some have imagined them to be schools where children studied and played and scampered on the green like fairies in the moonlight. Others have believed them to be ideal court-ship schools."

It was in the obscure position of county superintendent of Rowan county that Mrs. Stewart began four years ago the work that has carried the alphabet and spelling book into the darkest corners of her state. Today she is president of the Kentucky illiteracy commission, author of "Country Life Readers" and has the satisfaction of seeing her work copied in many other states. How that work began and what it has meant to the backward thousands of her state she herself tells: "When I was superintendent of Rowan county schools I served as secretary to a number of illiterate folk—a mistaken kindness. I ought to have been teaching them to read and write. Among these folk was a woman whose children had grown up without education, except one daughter, who had had limited schooling. She had gone to Chicago and there had profited by that one advantage at least which the city possesses over the rural district, the night school. Her letters were the only source of joy that came into that aged mother's life, and the drafts which they contained were the only means of relieving her necessities."

"Often she brought the daughter's letters over the hill, seven miles, to the county seat, for me to read and answer for her. After an absence of some six weeks she came in one morning fondling a letter. I anticipated her mission and said: 'A letter from your daughter? Shall I read and answer it for you?'"

"With dignity and pride, she replied, 'I kin answer it fer myself—I've learned to read and write.'"

"In amazement I questioned her, and this is the story she told: 'Sometimes I couldn't get over here to see you, and the "cricks" would be up between me and the neighbors or the neighbors would be away from home, and I would not get a letter read and answered for three or four days, and anyway it jist seemed like thar wuz a wall 'twixt Jane and me all the time, and I wanted to read with my own eyes what she had writ with her own hand. So I went to a store, and I bought a speller, and I sot up at night (till midnight and sometimes till daylight, and I learned to read and write.'"

"Incidents like this led directly to the establishment of the moonlight schools. The public school teachers of the county were called together. The fact that there were 1,152 men and women whom the schools of the past had left behind was dwelt upon. The teachers were asked to volunteer for night school service, to open their schools on moonlit evenings—to give these people a chance. This they cheerfully agreed to do, and on Labor day, Sept. 4, 1911, these teachers celebrated by visiting every farmhouse and every hovel, inviting people of all classes to attend the moonlight schools."

RAT BIG AS A CAT.

Sexton Thinks a Large Rodent Ate Up Two Smaller Ones.

Hazard, Ky.—John Sexton tells a rat story. He says he baited his rat trap one night, and the next morning he found that two of the rodents had become ensnared, so he thought he would just let them remain in the trap over the next night, and perhaps they would attract others.

On the second morning John again inspected his trap and found—only one rat, but he, as John described him, was as large as a tomcat! The two caught on the previous night were of ordinary size—"full grown," John said. There was a mystery. "What became of the first two rats you caught?" was asked, and John solemnly declared that "the big rat had eaten up the other two."

BOY SKATERS IN PERIL.

Fall Through Ice, but After Much Difficulty Succeed in Getting Out.

Crosby, Minn.—Clinging to the edges of the ice, the freezing waters of Serpent lake chilling them to the bone, Trig Burnd and Oscar Anderson, Crosby boys, recently battled for their lives for some time, until, realizing that no help was at hand, they used their pocketknives to gain a hold on the slippery ice and managed to pull themselves to safety.

Although badly chilled, they suffered no severe consequences from the experience. The boys had been skating and ventured out where the ice was thin.

Give the Boy of the Country Town a Chance to Develop a Future for Himself at Home

What is the matter with the business man in the smaller towns of this country? Why is it that he is everlasting asleep? The Country Merchant represents the very best development in American manhood. He is healthy, strong and unusually intellectual, but he simply will not get out of the rut made in the road of his kind of trade, by the footsteps of his predecessors.

Here is the whole story in a nut shell; contrast the following examples: On one hand we have the present prosperous condition of the country, originating in extraordinary good crops. We never had better. Then there must be demand. An over-supply without a market is almost as bad for the farmer as no crops at all. The demand, as well as the price, were never better than at present.

Next comes the wage earner. His condition is undeniably better than it has been for years. Because the vast sums of money that must change hands during the next year, to gather and transport the immense crops, the laborer's services will be well paid for. Money sent to the farmer from the purchasers in the east will be used for improved equipment. Old farming implements will be discarded and replaced by new. The harvesting machinery business is a good barometer indicating this condition.

Now comes the Country Merchant, the Doctor, the Lawyer, Hotel Man, etc., and the Amusement Man. Their share of the harvest depends entirely upon their ability to keep abreast with rapidly changing conditions. The Merchant in the rural districts, who imagines that he can handle his business on the same slipshod plan as that employed by his predecessors forty years ago, is badly mistaken. He has new conditions to face, new forces to contend with, almost unsurmountable obstacles to overcome. These, like Banco's ghost, will not down. They come one after another, thick and fast.

First of all, there is the bugaboo of the Mail Order House in the big cities, next is the Parcel Post, then comes the Interurban Car, the Automobile and Good Roads. Rapid and easy methods of transportation makes it comparatively easy for the farmer to get to the large cities and entirely overlook the dealer in the smaller place.

The Merchant, Hotel or Amusement Man in one of these smaller places is quite likely to see customers pass his door en route to the city, if he is willing to rest content with the methods employed by his predecessors. Some are equal to the emergency and promptly lay plans to get their share of the prevailing good times. Others do not.

Now then, here is what we have as a remedy for the disease:

Meet city competition with the City Man's methods of getting business.

A country town which has no pastimes, no athletic sports or no places of amusement that are clean and wholesome, is not likely to be attractive to the farmer and his help, therefore:

The Country Merchant and Amusement Man have one common interest, and that is, make a trade center; get the people to come to town, amuse and hold them; secure the trade of the surrounding country and prevent its going to the larger cities. That is the first proposition. Everybody is agreed on that score.

How do the big stores in the city get the orders of the country trade?

First, by full page display ads. in the big daily papers. These are almost a complete catalog of each of the varied departments of the entire store. Think of a daily issue of a well illustrated catalog with catchy descriptions and skillfully phrased talk about cut prices, spread out daily before 75,000 to 200,000 women, who have money to spend and who need the goods. There can be but one result, which means a sale.

Then again, these same big stores all have their mail order departments, through which catalogs are mailed in great quantities to the farmers and residents of the smaller towns. How long could these big stores exist if they did not use these advertising pullers to draw trade.

The answer is self-evident. Their expenses would eat them up and put them out of business inside of ten months.

Suppose for example, five of the big department stores of Chicago should adopt the method of the average country merchant, cut off their advertising in the daily papers, discontinue soliciting orders by mail, refuse to send out samples and all of the proprietors should sit quietly down and wait for customers to happen along, as is usually done in the country store. Can anyone doubt the result? Contrast the difference between the two methods and the remedy is as plain as the sun in the sky.

Of course, the answer is, that the small store in the country town cannot afford high priced advertisements, costing \$5,000 to \$10,000 per day, neither can he afford to issue a catalog or have a mail order department. That's perfectly true and nobody will try to dispute it, but he has his local newspaper and its working force at his disposal, and its the greatest and best working force in this entire world.

Let us repeat that country newspapers, if properly used, are positively the best advertising mediums in the world for the money.

Mr. Merchant, just store this thought under your hat—every country town that has a daily or weekly newspaper is missing harvest if its merchants do not make it their mail order catalog. Every inch of it should be used. It is a gold mine. Mind you, it should be the cut price catalog, with a good illustration and catchy description of every article of merchandise carried in stock in your town, no matter whether it be a package of onion seed, a gas engine, hay scale or a flannel shirt, and every article shown should be quoted at a fair price that compares favorably with the prices in the advertisements of the city concerns.

There is not a country town in America where three or four pages of this class of advertising would not boom the local trade and put the city stores out of business, as far as orders from that locality are concerned. Their advertisements should resemble a catalog, not bill poster's efforts. Every Merchant should make it a point to advertise his goods and prices, instead of his name.

The country editor should remember that Publicity advertising makes politicians, but Result advertising in the only kind which sells goods and is the best calculated to pull in orders, and should educate his clients into that form as rapidly as possible.

Here is where you get into the firing line, Mr. Amusement Man, Mr. Billiard Man, Mr. Barber, Mr. Doctor, Mr. Plumber, Mr. Lawyer, Mr. Real Estate, Mr. Hotel Man, and many others who get the benefit of improved conditions and who will otherwise die of rot. You have no catalog to publish and your little display advertisement used in the plan herein suggested, would be of little value towards promoting the general welfare by pulling the country orders to town, therefore, you should share in some other way. Yours should be the part of the booster.

Get together and put your shoulders to the wheel. Improve your street lighting; encourage life in the town by promoting amusements. Some towns make the mistake of suppressing them. Remember that idle minds create indolence, the plague before which empires fall. Avoid the fallacy of all talk about patronizing home industry. Let it be known that you are a lot of good fellows with the latch string on the outside, who fight to the last ditch in politics, but welcome the competition of the world in cheap prices, qualities and in everlasting hustle, enterprise and go-ahead progressiveness, and you can bid defiance to the bugaboo of the Parcel Post and the threatened invasion of the big store monopoly of the great cities.

Do it now. Start the weekly catalog in the very next issue of your local paper and keep it up until every item of merchandise in your town is listed for the inspection of the buyers of the county. Your share of the present prosperity will follow just as sure as the light follows the sun.

The Interurban Car, the Automobile and Good Roads for rapid transit to the larger towns are here to stay. So is the Parcel Post. Get ready and meet it. Take advantage of it to reach your trade, and increased business will follow! Copyright 1913 by F. J. Milnes.

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