

**Congregational Church.**  
The Congregational church announces the following programme for Easter Sunday, and invites the public to worship with them.

Morning service 11 o'clock.  
Organ prelude..... Mrs. W. S. Evans  
Doxology.....  
Scripture—The Visit to the Tomb.....  
Response—"Sanctus"..... Choir  
Hymn—"Jesus Christ the Son".....  
..... Congregation  
Scripture—The Visit of Peter and John to the Sepulcher.....  
Prayer.....  
Response..... Choir  
Announcements.....  
Offertory..... Mrs. W. S. Evans  
Solo—"The Lord is Risen"..... Lanning,  
..... Miss Galley  
Sermon—"Easter Its Larger Outlook"  
Anthem—"Praise Ye the Father".....  
..... Choir  
Benediction.....  
Postlude.....  
Evening programme 8 o'clock.  
Organ prelude..... Mrs. W. S. Evans  
Gloria Patri.....  
Invocation.....  
Hymn—"Resurrection of Jesus Christ the Son"..... Congregation  
Scripture—The Burial of Jesus.....  
Solo—"The Endless Day"..... Johnson,  
..... Lester C. Dibble  
Scripture—The Empty Tomb.....  
Response—"Sanctus"..... Choir  
Anthem—"All Hail"..... Choir  
Solo—"Christ is Risen"..... Mrs. Feaster  
Announcements.....  
Violin Duets—"The Alp Maiden's Dream"  
Lubitzky Misses Marion Reeder,  
Adria Lay.....  
Prayer.....  
Lord's Prayer, Chant..... Choir  
Anthem—"Resurrection"..... Choir  
Offertory.....  
Solo—"The Voice of Triumph".....  
Stalitz..... Mrs. Rathburn  
Chorus—"Christ is Risen".....  
Benediction.....  
Postlude..... Mrs. W. S. Evans  
WILLIAM L. DIBBLE, MINISTER.

**Platte County Teachers' Association.**  
Columbus High school April 15, 1911, at 1:30 p. m.  
Vocal Solo—Selected..... Hazel From  
"History in Primary Grades".....  
..... Jessy Maw, District No. 8  
"School and Life".....  
..... Gideon Braun, District No. 16  
Vocal Solo—Selected.....  
..... Prof. O. Collett, Columbus  
High School  
"Consolidation of Schools".....  
..... Prof. J. Engelman, Monroe Schools  
"Rural Life".....  
..... Prof. J. Stephenson, Lindsay Schools  
"Domestic Science in Rural Schools".....  
..... Elsie Adams, Monroe Schools  
Vocal Solo—Selected.....  
..... Prof. C. Otravovic, Platte Center Schools  
Reading of minutes of Humphrey meeting.  
Roll Call.  
Eighth Grade Examinations. State Superintendent. Ordway has designated April 20 and 21, May 11 and 12 as the dates of the final eighth grade examinations. Do not forget the dates, as this will be the only notice you will receive. Examinations will be held at usual place.  
Important—Blanks for the final report to this office have been forwarded to each teacher. Please leave a complete record of the work of the school year, whether you expect to teach in the same district or elsewhere. All reports should be forwarded within one week after the closing of school.  
Platte County Institute will convene June 12, and remain in session five days. No excuses will be granted, except to those who are in actual attendance at a summer school during the time the institute is in session.  
Teachers' examination will be held April 21 and 22. Teachers whose certificates expire during the summer should commence work for renewals on the above dates.  
F. B. Leeson, County Superintendent.

**Omaha Will Visit Us.**  
One hundred Omaha capitalists, wholesalers and manufacturers will make a tour through Nebraska May 21 to 27 on an special train. The route includes a visit to about every station on the Union Pacific railroad in Nebraska from Kimball to Omaha, including all the branches.  
While out to boost wholesale and manufacturing business in Omaha, these parties have proved great boosters in the past for the cities and towns which they visit, carrying so they do a number of newspaper and magazine writers who never fail to send in boosts for every town and city which they visit; photographers and moving picture camera operators are always on these trains.  
These men investigate every opportunity and resource of the communities which they visit, have been known to spend several hours looking over live stock, piles of wool, hay, prize grains and city improvements. The cities and towns they will visit on this trip will be of more intimate interest to them, being an all Nebraska trip.  
Many of these men make careful notes about each town, returning with books full of information for their houses and their friends, thus making it not only a trip profitable to themselves, but one which some day will yield good returns to the towns and cities visited.

**Protection for Cranberries.**  
The weather bureau at Washington has decided to establish four stations in the cranberry belt. It is announced that one will be located at Halifax near one of the biggest cranberry bogs in the state.  
The bureau will arrange the station so that in case of cold weather the growers in the Cape Cod district can be notified by telephone service to flood their bogs.—Halifax correspondence Boston Transcript.

**A War on Wild Pigeons.**  
A great slaughter of wild pigeons took place all over the Isle of Wight this week and it is estimated that quite a thousand guns were enrolled for the campaign, among them being landowners, occupiers and shooting tenants who were publicly invited to take part.  
The guns were stationed in woods and coppices over a wide area. Some big bags were obtained. The farmers have suffered terribly owing to the depredations caused by the wild pigeons.—London Evening Standard.

**A BROKEN LIFE-PRESERVER**  
Homer Davenport Tells About His Experience in Learning to Skate on Rollers.  
When Mr. Homer Davenport was a boy roller skating reached Silverton. In his book, "The Country Boy," he tells of his plan to learn without getting hurt, as he thought falling about the skating rink was no joke. He borrowed a pair of overalls of the stoutest man in the village, and a long pillow from his mother's bed, and believed the game as good as won when he entered the door of the rink.  
I lowered the pillow into the seat of the overalls after I had put them on, and then got a boy to hold the pillow up against my back while I put my vest over it, and I dived out into the thick of the skaters. To my astonishment, I didn't fall. I leaned back and tried to fall once to see how it would be, and I couldn't. I'd been skating fifteen minutes when I did fall, but fell forward and slammed my hands on the floor.  
An elderly lady, who had had some troubles of her own that afternoon, skated up to me and told me she thought perhaps we went at it too fast; so we were leaning against the wall talking over the scientific points of it, when I gave the audience a rare treat.  
While leaning there talking, all at once my feet, that were close together, started, and rolled out toward the middle of the room. I don't think I bent a finger, but I fell exactly like a tree, and I could behold the pillow burst. It must have been five minutes before they got through laughing all over the house. In that time the feathers were so thick they followed in a boiling streak after every skater.  
The manager declared a recess of ten minutes while they swept out the hall, and at this point came another big laugh, as three men had been sweeping twenty minutes and they hadn't got over three feathers out into the street.  
Some fellow suggested sprinkling, so they did; but most of them were in the air, and wouldn't come down to be sprinkled, so they had to close the rink for the afternoon.  
The manager of the rink tried to collect damages from my father, and I think there was a compromise made.—Youth's Companion.

**Old-Time Squirrel Rifle.**  
When Col. W. A. Toombs returned recently from the old homestead near Colton he brought back with him his father's squirrel rifle, which has been continuously in possession of the family since 1846. It is hand-made throughout and was of that full stocked type common among the hunters of Tennessee and Kentucky three generations ago.  
The barrel is 47 inches long and is furnished with the finest level sights for long range shooting. Its original caliber was 120 bullets to the pound, but having been dressed out and re-rifled several times it now carries 60 to the pound. The lock is of the back action type and it is in as good condition today as when it left the maker's hands 70 years ago. The triggers are a marvel of workmanship. They are of that kind known as "double" or "hair" triggers and are governed with a set screw which regulates them until they will respond to the slightest touch.—Madisonville Hustler.

**Ancient Greece.**  
Three-fifths of the interest which the modern Greeks take in themselves—and that is much—comes from their worship of their assumed ancestors, the Greeks of the historic period from Homer to Honorius. Every year we discover new things about this vastly interesting people—some broken bits of art, some fragment of a literature which has nine-tenths perished, or sleeps in undiscovered crypts or Egyptian dustheaps—or else some new theory of origin and pilgrimage, invented and elucidated by ingenious scholarship in England, France or Germany, and of late by excavators from America. Vase-painting, for instance, a Greek art coeval with Greek poetry—older perhaps, but we know nothing accurately of the beginnings of either—and more persistent even in its fragments than the later art of the grand painters, Apelles, Polygnotus, Zeuxis, an dthe rest, of whose known work nothing remains.  
Mrs. Judkins a Veteran Deer Hunter.  
Mrs. Walter Judkins of Portland is a woman with the lure of the Maine woods is strong. She has just returned from her twenty-third season in the autumn forest, with a record of 28 deer to her credit. Mrs. Judkins shot her first deer when a girl of fifteen while in the woods in search of partridge in her home town of Gilead.  
Mrs. Judkins during her twenty-three years of hunting experience has tried many varieties of hunting costumes and has finally settled upon what she deems the most practical. She wears in the woods a stout gray sweater, a pair of very full bloomers, the stout huntsman's stockings and shoes similar in shape to a moccasin and waterproof, with top of skin and vamp and soles of heavy rubber.—Kennebunk Journal.

**Proud of Fine Hall.**  
The Daughters of the American Revolution are proud of the fact that they have completed their \$300,000 memorial hall in Washington without a lawsuit or a strike. The furnishings cost \$50,000 and the hall is all paid for except the mortgage put upon it by Mrs. Donald McLean, and that is being decreased each year.

**A Bargain Sale.**  
"If you are looking for bargains," said the broker, "I can suit you. I can offer you some stocks at ten cents a share."  
"But why are they so cheap?" demanded the lady shopper.  
"You see, they have been slightly damaged by water."  
What She Forgot.  
A lady who had given a workman a glass of beer, afterwards asked him if he had drunk it.  
"It is pure beer. I brew it myself, and it is composed of nothing but malt and hops."  
"And water?" joined in the man.  
"Ah, yes, certainly, and the water. Had forgotten that."  
"So, you didn't forget the water, mamma; maybe it were the malt and hops you forgot."

**MUST THANK JESTER**  
ASKING GIRL'S PA NOW EASY FOR THE SUITOR.  
Old Custom is Happily Falling into Disuse—The Bride is the One Who is Now Taking All the Chances.  
We've often wondered why it is always the bridegroom who is rattled during the marriage ceremony, when it's the bride who is taking all the chances. Not that this question has anything to do with what we are going to talk about; but neither has anything else, and one must start somewhere.  
And really it is strange how cool the girl always is. Our theory is that this is because a person doesn't easily get rattled at the complications that follow the business in which he is an expert. The type is the one who is nervous. Getting married a man is entering ungetting married. The girl, on the other hand, has the whole field plotted. Getting married is her business—it is the man's fate.  
Where the man falls down first is in the horrible ordeal of "asking papa." This old custom is happily falling into disuse, but in many old-fashioned families it is still considered necessary. The conventional picture shows a timid young man, hat in hand, approaching an ogreish old person to whom he has to introduce himself. The young man fully expects to be killed, but he usually gets off with a few minor bruises. This is the way it is done in the funny papers and in some of our more conservative families.  
In real life the man has an easier job. The girl casually announces at breakfast that she intends to marry Jack. Mamma screams: "What! Didn't I tell you I didn't approve of him?" "Yes," answers the daughter, cheerfully, "but that'll be all right. He doesn't approve of you, either." Papa doesn't even get a look-in. To save his feelings the young chap consents to call on him. "I suppose Mollie told you we were going to get married," he observes, handing out a cigar. "Hope you and I won't let it interfere with our friendship."  
"Are you sure you love my daughter?" asks the old man.  
"Great Scott!" exclaims the younger, with a giggle. "You aren't going to get sentimental at your time of life, are you?" The father blushes and offers to buy a drink.  
Sometimes, to be sure, it is an ordeal for the suitor. He considers it a doubtful proposition when he says: "Can I have your daughter?" and the old man says: "No; but I'd like to give you a job with my firm. I hate to see such nerve as yours going to waste." There are so many comebacks to the "Can you support her in the style to which she has been accustomed?" gag that the modern suitor has his prospective father-in-law licked before the conversation is fairly started. Life and its problems are simplified by a sense of humor.

**The "Dear Fiends."**  
A prominent sportsman, who is president of an equally prominent club of fellow sportsmen, recently had a scrap with them and it became necessary for him to write them a letter. His stenographer, in gay and lighthearted mood peculiar to the members of her craft, inadvertently dropped an "r" and began the letter "Dear Fiends." The president, preoccupied with the subject matter of the letter, signed it without observing the omission and the communication reached the club as originally written. The president pro tem is a man of gentle voice, beseeching manners and limpid humor. In sweet, almost girlishly silver tones he announced at a club dinner, "I have here a letter from our esteemed president, who is not with us this evening, and it becomes my pleasure to read the communication to you at this moment. It is signed, 'Dear Fiends.'" Here he paused solemnly, but for only a moment. The club members, recognizing the situation, yelled one mighty yell, as men may at a stag dinner, and the scrap with their president was over. This may one touch of the typewriter artist make the whole club kin.

**Private Fortunes of Sweden.**  
By order of the secretary of the treasury a careful investigation was made of the value of all estates of deceased persons for the years 1906-1908, and a calculation based on these figures was worked out, indicating the approximate value of the total of the private fortunes in Sweden, says Consul General E. D. Winslow, Stockholm.  
The result of this investigation gave the citizens of the kingdom credit for \$2,197,000,000,000 divided among 1,238,590 estates, viz: In the provinces, 1,622,390 estate, aggregating \$1,180,000,000,000; in the cities, 216,200 estates, aggregating \$1,017,000,000,000; the private estates in Stockholm were estimated at \$482,000,000. The average assets for each individual for the kingdom were \$402; for the provinces, \$250, and for the cities, \$760, except Stockholm, where the fortunes were estimated at \$1,425 for each citizen.

**Many Suns to Give Light.**  
"During the day we say that the sun shines; during the night we should say that the sun shines," writes a Boston correspondent of the New York Times. "During the day one sun reigns over us; during the night many suns sparkle and scintillate upon us. The only difference is that our sun of day is so much nearer than our suns of night; but there is one sun of night that, during our winter, far outshines the other sparkling sky gems. That sun is Sirius whose distance has been estimated at 50 billions of miles, whose size has been conjectured to be as vast as that of seven thousand suns like our own."

**The Mean Old Thing.**  
Mrs. Scraggington: "You provoke me, till I am almost beside myself!"  
Mr. Scraggington: "Then stand off a little way from yourself and see how ridiculous you look!"—Puck

**SOME ODD SKINS AND HIDES**  
Queer Pets That Find Their Way Into American and Canadian Markets.  
Among the skins and hides which find their way into the American and Canadian markets are the bear skins, which come from Mexico, and the hide of the Mexican peccary, with fur or bristles of a pepper and salt mixture in color, the best being a savage looking animal alive. Like deer skins, bear hides are shipped dry. The bear skin makes a heavier leather than deer skin and is used for glove trimmings.  
Goat skins in large numbers are imported from the various Latin American countries, including the West Indies; but the great sources of the world's supply of goat skins are China, Russia and the East Indies in the order named. From those countries there are exported annually millions of goat skins which are made into leather, 90 per cent. of which is used in the manufacture of shoes. Goat skins are shipped principally dry.  
From the countries to the south of the United States are brought annually some thousands of alligator hides, mostly from Mexico and the United States of Colombia, with some from Ecuador. These alligators are shot or are speared from boats. Alligator hides are shipped wet salted. If they were once dried they never could be softened sufficiently to be made into leather.  
To be kept in perfect condition in the hot countries the alligator must be skinned and the hide salted right away. The supply is still sufficient, but in the countries from which the hides are now mainly brought alligators are diminishing in number. There are too many hunters and too many young alligators are taken.  
Formerly some alligator leather was used for shoes and boots, but now it is used chiefly in the manufacture of handbags and suitcases.  
Occasionally a few manatee or sea cow hides, which come from Mexico, find their way north. These hides are shipped wet salted. The manatee hide tans into a very thick leather, cheaper than walrus leather but used like it for the making of buffing wheels for polishing purposes.  
From Mexico also come a few tiger cub skins, which are tanned and made up into rugs.

**Repulsed Their Hero.**  
George Barr McCutcheon is noted for his shyness and retiring disposition, and some there are mean enough to credit these not entirely unworthy traits to the fact that he figures that his "Bill Nye countenance" and "shining pate" are apt to cause a coldness on the part of matinee girls and others who worship the romantic hero, says the New York Herald. The following story concerning him is worth repeating. Two young girls were discussing him: "I just dote on McCutcheon. Don't you think 'Berery of Graustark' is just about the sweetest book you ever read?" Said Mame to Gert: "Indeed I do. I'd give anything for a photograph of McCutcheon, and if I could only meet him, o-o-o!" McCutcheon heard the young lady; he arose from his seat, donned his best "Graustark" smile, and then—Said Gert to Mame: "If that bald-headed onion that's been making googoes across the aisle for the last half hour dares to speak to me I'll slam him on the map with my umbrella." And McCutcheon folded his tent like the Arabs—and beat it. Poor says if Mame and Gert cast their optics on this page they will realize how near they came to meeting their favorite author.

**Ignorance in High Place.**  
Funny stories are current of high officials in England at the present day. Grant Duff answers for one. School boys ought to know that there is a town on the Persian Gulf called Bushire, once great and still of high importance strategically. A personage was sent there from India on diplomatic business. In due time he forwarded the items of his expense at Bushire to the foreign office, along with others incurred. The amount was transmitted to him with these latter deducted. On inquiry he was told that the foreign office could not recognize "bus hire. May one dare to impute ignorance to Charles Darwin? Certainly he was the first to laugh. In after years, he recollected advising Sir Joseph Hooper to write to "Wien," "that unknown place—where—they publish—so—many books. Where is it, by-the-by?" When his fame was already worldwide, Darwin did not know that Wien is Vienna.

**Happy Idea.**  
Two Jews had long been bitter enemies and had often done each other all the damage they could. With one of them this enmity became a mania and finally he had a vision. An angel appeared to him and said that he could have one wish, his dearest wish, gratified, but with this proviso: Rosenthal, his enemy, was to receive twice or double the blessing conferred on him. "Veil," said Ike, "if I wish for a million dollars, he gets two million, and I don't want that." After puzzling over the problem for some time, a happy idea struck him, and putting one hand over one eye he said: "I wish dot I had one blind eye."  
Astute Marplot.  
"You are going to interest yourself in this reform enterprise?"  
"Certainly," replied Senator Scraggum.  
"But I thought it was unfavorable to your friends."  
"It is. And I'm going to interest myself in it far enough to let me offer suggestions that will render it impractical."  
A Trunk-Packing Hint.  
One girl who is something of a traveler has for her trunk a large sheet of blue muslin. This is put in the bottom of the trunk before the packing is started. When everything is in it is folded over the top of the clothes and firmly pinned with safety pins.  
With this precaution the girl is sure to find her garments as smooth at the end of a trip as at the start.  
Another of her packing methods is to stow in the hatbox of the trunk all the loose tissue paper that comes to the house. This does away with a mad search for tissue paper when packing is to be done.

**QUARREL IN PRIVATE**  
MAGISTRATE LAYS DOWN LAW ON FAMILY TILT.  
In Spite of Better Manners Human Nature is Unregenerate—Instinct for Privacy Seen in Most Degraded.  
"If you want to quarrel with your wife," so the magistrate's oracular words are reported, "you must do so strictly in private." Thus does the law champion the commonweal. Matrimonial quarrels it holds, no doubt, to be an outrage on decency, and corrupting to the morals of the young. The point, perhaps, seems too obvious to be interesting. Some instinct demanding privacy for these affairs is to be detected even in the most degraded. Even when the quarrel leads to physical violence in the street, husband and wife are agreed in considering it a private matter with which neither the law nor public opinion has any concern. The ministrations of neighbors and police are alike resented.  
And why, you ask with indignation, do these superficial paragraphs concern themselves with such ugly and sordid scenes? Purely for edification. We are agreed that in the extreme and brutal case the law and the public may very well interfere, not only for the protection of the sufferer, but for the prevention of incidents which are disgusting. But we do not maintain with sufficient vehemence that all kinds of matrimonial quarrels are disgusting to the sensitive mind. You have probably a right to think your husband a fool. You have no right to call him fool before anyone else. Not for the sake of his feelings, but for public decency.  
Who, you inquire with indignation, does call her husband a fool? Such language belongs to the same low stratum as black eyes. This is a mere prevarication. People of education and breeding, do not, indeed, call spades spades or husbands idiots, but they imply with a violence that far surpasses any mere unadorned speech. Of course it is not suggested that the wife is any worse than the husband. He also allows himself tones and phrases which are designed to sting.  
The old tale of Lord Braxfield still has its moral. He was at what, when his partner displeased him, and he broke out: "What are ye doing, ye deamart auld—" and then recollected himself with an "Eh, eh, your pardon be begged, ma'am. I took ye for my ain wife." Manners have changed for the better, but human nature remains unregenerate. Husbands and wives, when the weather is bad or a train is late, still allow themselves counterchecks and quips quarrelsome which are none the less ugly for being decently wrapped up.  
What they do in private is as the magistrate sagely suggests, their own affair. A word that cuts or a tone that burns in private can be privately cured with speed. You are unwise if you cannot forget at leisure what was said in haste, so long as it was said without a witness. But the public sneer is another matter. An audience multiplies the effect of everything.

**Siberian Wild Flowers.**  
Siberia seems to have a set program for her flowers, which are beautiful in variety and coloring. September gathers the blue flowers to her bosom, and under her languid and caressing touch blossom myriads of dainty bluebells on long and tender stems.  
In the rocky soil of the hilltops blue scabiosa shares its playground with drab blue snapdragon, and in the shady spots of the road grow, tall and hardy, purple blue chrysanthemums.  
Earlier in summer yellow holds sway—buttercups, daisies and violets, and after them red-pinks and very deep briar roses. Delicious jam is concocted from the seedpods of the wild rose.  
When summer comes an array of jars and glasses and a big kettle join hands with hat boxes and shoe bags and travel countryward. A temporary stove is built of stones not far from the house, and here simmers slowly the year's provision of preserves and jams and jellies, absorbing at the same time great doses of sun and fresh air.—America.

**Aviators' Superstitions.**  
A chapel in the department of the Charente-Inférieure, France, called Notre Dame du Plantin, has just been dedicated to aviators, and a medal with the effigy of this new Notre Dame is going to be struck and distributed to all flyers who ask for it. It is a curious commentary upon our human weaknesses that the adepts in this newest science or sport, who seem to brave everything, are really rather superstitious persons. Santos-Dumont attributes his immunity from accidents to a medal of St. Benoit, presented to him by Comtesse d'Su, which he wears on a bracelet. Edmond Pottol always carries about with him a four-leaved clover, and is very fond of horseshoes, which he collects. Tabuteau, who holds several records, believes, like a Monte Carlo gambler, the number 28 is favorable to him, while poor Delagrang, who met with his death at Bordeaux, had a passion for the figure 13—for no other reason apparently than that he was born on March 13, 1873.



**Just Received Our New Cadillac Torpedo**

which is the best car on the market today. The Cadillac is noted for its easy riding qualities, and is recognized the world over as superior to any motor car manufactured. All parts are interchangeable. Undoubtedly it is the best car ever brought to Columbus.

Call on us and let us show you that 1911 Cadillac Torpedo. You will certainly admire it. It is the classiest Torpedo car on the market today.

**DISCHNER AUTO CO.**  
Corner 13th and M Streets  
Columbus, Nebraska

**RECORD HARD-LUCK STORY CALMEST MAN IN WORLD**  
"Bill" Jordan Has an Experience That Caps All Stories of Misfortune.  
News That He Has Inherited Big Fortune Does Not Change McCluskey.  
A few days ago the calmest man in the world arrived here, says the New York correspondent of the Cincinnati Times-Star. He is John McCluskey, who, for his sixty years has been a farm laborer in Scotland. Some months ago his brother James died in this city, and left a large fortune of several thousand dollars to the brother; he had not seen since they broke each other goodby in the heather, 40 years ago. Andrew Wilson, an attorney of this city, was named as the administrator. It was his duty to find the lucky brother. "He was slicing turnips for the sheep on his employer's farm, up among the mist clad hills of Scotland," said Mr. Wilson, "when I found him. I had traced his life from the old farm on which he was born step by step through the 40 years of ill-fall and often most unpleasant labor before I approached him. It was not difficult for he had held but a few positions in all those years. Every one in the countryside knew him."  
"Are you John McCluskey?" asked I.  
"I am," said he without taking his eyes from the turnips and the knife.  
"Your brother James is dead in New York," said I.  
"Aweel, aweel, all men must've died," said John McCluskey, slicing away.  
"He left you a great fortune," said I. "I want you to come to the house with me so that I can establish your identity and arrange for you to enter into possession of the estate."  
"I'll talk to ye at six o'clock, young man," said he. "I'll be busy till then. Thy fortune will keep, but thy turnips will not."  
**DISEASE SPREAD BY INSECTS**  
House Fly, Mosquito and Bedbug Are Chief Sources of Contagion.  
A Texas physician has demonstrated that smallpox, admittedly a fifth disease, is communicated only by the bite of the bedbug. That yellow fever and malaria are communicable only by bite of an infected mosquito is also an established fact. The typhoid scourge has its inception in the filth that is distributed by the common house fly. Bats scatter the bubonic plague, and tuberculosis is contracted generally through breathing the germs that are carried in dust. With these facts known it would seem an easy task to reduce or eliminate the hazard to life that is found in these dread diseases. Mosquitoes may be eliminated by proper drainage of stagnant pools or by oiling the surface of such pools. They do not breed in considerable numbers save in dead water. Those that are not eliminated by precautionary measures may be shut out of the homes by proper screening. House flies bred in trash and garbage. Destruction of these breeding places will to a large extent do away with the fly. Those that are left can be shut out of the homes by proper screening. With knowledge of the facts concerning the origin of disease the people are able to make plans for their safety. Concerted effort is necessary, however, and the civic pride of every community should be enlisted in warfare against known dangers such as are found in the presence of flies and mosquitoes.



**YOU are going to LOOK YOUR BEST in that NEW EASTER SUIT.** There's no better time for some new PICTURES and they are ideal Easter remembrances for your friends.

**ELITE STUDIO**