

CAPITAL, \$100,000. DEPOSITS, \$500,000.

**Crawford County State Bank,**  
Denison, Iowa.

The Best Security **General Banking Business** Done. Farm Loans at 5 per cent interest for depositors.

Incorporated under the laws of Iowa, giving best security to depositors, as each share-holder is holder not only for amount of stock, but his personal property is held for a like amount also. State Banks are under control of State Auditor, who can examine them at will and published statements are according to his findings, thus depositors have more security than their confidence in the bank's officers. Capital stock can not be used for outside speculation or investment. The Crawford County State Bank is the best incorporated banking institution in the county.

PASSAGE TICKETS SOLD. INSURANCE WRITTEN. LOANS NEGOTIATED. ABSTRACTS FURNISHED.

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Hard and Soft Coal the Best on the Market.....

Deliveries made promptly. Order your winter's supply now and thus get in before the prices go up.

**GREEN BAY LUMBER CO.**

**WHIPS HER TRADUCER**

**Long Island Girl's Vengeance on Male Gossip.**

**SIDESHOW AT BALL GAME.**

Athletic and Angry Young Woman Wields Rawhide on Man Who Talked About Her, While Crowd in Grand Stand Cheers.

While 2,000 persons looked on Miss Freda Horther, daughter of Andrew Horther, a wealthy resident of Mineola, N. Y., horsewhipped Ferdinand Stabb at the Mineola ball grounds. She plied the whip with all her might, cutting great big welts on the man's face, and lashed him at least a dozen times until girl friends, who knew the cause of the horsewhipping, pulled her away.

"He's lucky at that," said Miss Horther. "If I hadn't taken it into my own hands and whipped him my father would have given him worse."

After the whipping Stabb made a very quick departure from the ball grounds, while friends of the young woman shouted to him that it served him right.

The game was a contest between the Mineola and the Pocahontas nines. There is a feeling between the teams



SHE SWUNG THE WHIP WITH ALL HER MIGHT.

that interests about all the baseball enthusiasts in that section of Long Island, and the grand stand was packed. On the outfield and about the diamond as near as they were permitted the crowd filled the field.

Mr. and Mrs. Horther are preparing for a trip to Europe with their family. Mr. Horther having recently sold his business. Stabb is a former employee. It is said he has made many efforts to win the hand of pretty nineteen-year-old Miss Horther, who refused to even consider him.

Recently a friend of Mrs. Horther informed her that Stabb had made remarks about his alleged friendship with her daughter. Miss Horther is an athletic young woman, who holds her head very high and who glories in her health and strength. The mother went at once to her daughter with the story and repeated what she had been informed Stabb had said.

"That creature talked about me!" she exclaimed. "If I were a man I'd teach him better manners, the cur!"

Then Mrs. Horther told her husband, who wanted to do what his daughter had suggested she would do if she were a man, but the daughter restrained him. She declared she was perfectly able and ready to handle any man that talked about her.

When all Mineola was at the ball game and about half the people from the surrounding town were there she started in search of Stabb.

She put a whip under her long white coat and went to the ball game. Leaning against his bicycle, talking to a party of friends, was Stabb.

"I'll teach you to talk about women," Miss Horther declared. Then she swung the whip across his face. The commotion on the lines attracted the attention of the crowd and the ball players.

It does not take long for an athletic young woman to swing a whip a dozen times, and Miss Horther swung it with all her might, while Stabb tried to cover his face. The whip cut his hands, wound itself about the back of his neck and made welts wherever it landed.

The punishment seemed to be a popular one with the crowd. The great majority knew the young woman, and some evidently knew what was the cause of the action. Finally, when every one understood that a girl was horsewhipping a man, the crowd in the grand stand cheered wildly.

After it was over Miss Horther said she was glad she had whipped Stabb as it seemed the only way she could avenge the remarks he had made about her. She said she hoped that every other girl would follow her course and that then some of the young men in Mineola might change the trend of their conversations.

**Cruel and Unusual Punishment.**

Bigamists in Hungary are compelled to submit to an odd punishment. The man who has married two wives is legally forced to live with both of them in the same house.—London Tri-Bits.

**SOFT SHELL PANIC.**

**Crabs Capture New York Street Railway Car.**

**SLEEPER'S DINNER ESCAPES.**

Visions of Psychopathic Ward Scarcely, and the Women Display Their Fluffy Ruffles as Crustaceans Emerge From Their Paper Prison.

It was a Broadway (New York City) car, northbound, near Forty-sixth street, just after the rush hour the other night. Marvellously enough, although all the seats were occupied there were no "standees," so that everybody had a fine view of the proceedings.

These began when a short, thick set, well fed looking individual, who had been enjoying casual dozes which were



"THERE GOES MY BIRTHDAY PARTY!" frequently punctuated by quizzical catches and gurgles in the throat, pulled himself together and opened his eyes. Immediately afterward he violently grasped the arm of his next neighbor, and with a wild stare at the floor of the car opposite his feet, whispered hoarsely:

"Say, old pal, do you see anything over there?" and he pointed a fleshly finger.

Before "old pal" could answer there came a shriek in a feminine voice, and a maiden lady of a former generation jumped up and stood on the seat, with her ruffy ruffles swishing at a considerable distance above her ankles, while she screamed frantically: "Take it away! Take it away!"

"Thash all ri," murmured the thick set man, with a smile of relief, and he settled back to finish his nap. But there was to be no more slumber for him. An instant later women made a rush for the doors, some of them by way of the seats, for it happened to be a closed car. About this time the mot passengers had become interested, and as they all saw the same thing they all laughed contentedly. The floor of the car was alive with soft shell crabs which, perhaps alarmed by the chorus, were executing all sorts of maneuvers.

Only one person was undisturbed. He was a man of about thirty-five years, and he sat in a corner near the front platform absorbed in an evening newspaper and with a bag on his lap. He remained so abstracted until the conductor, after vainly attempting to quiet the women, brought the car to a stop and investigated. By an association of ideas he connected the crabs, the bag and the nonchalant man and asked him if the animals belonged to him.

"Gee whiz!" exclaimed the other as he dropped his newspaper and surveyed the situation. "I didn't know what the row was about. There goes my birthday party!"

He promptly fell to his knees and chased the crabs back to the bag.

Then the owner explained. He said he was John Gillon of 707 Ninth avenue and that he was returning from Fulton market, where he had bought 100 crabs for a party he was to give to some of his friends.

"Well, we'll forget it this time, old chap," remarked the thick set man after Gillon had explained. "But, say, you threw an awful scare into me for a minute. It came near being the spring cart for mine!"

**A Fourteen-year-old Hero.**

George Halliday, seven years old, of 69 Green street, Long Island City, was rescued from drowning in a swimming pool at Jackson avenue and Anabak street, Long Island City, by Charles Jones, fourteen years old, of 48 Academy street, Long Island City. The smaller boy dived into the pool and did not come up. Jones went after him and brought him out unconscious. The patrolman Robert Bauman, hearing the shouts of the other boys, arrived just after the rescue. He tried to resuscitate the boy and then carried him to St. John's hospital.

**Snoored on Scaffold; Saved and Fined.**

Taking advantage of Labor day and the absence of mechanics from the job, John Thomas, a Trenton man, climbed to the top of a high scaffold at Trenton, N. J., and went to sleep. He snoored so loudly that a policeman was attracted. Help was summoned and the sleeper was rescued just as he was about to roll off into the street. He was fined \$5 for disturbing the peace.

**GOOD LUCK OF WAIFS**

**How Missouri Couple Is Making the World Happier.**

**THEIR AIM IS TO DO GOOD.**

Mr. and Mrs. Russ of Ravenwood, Mo., Having No Children of Their Own, Have Taken Into Their Home Eleven Tots to Raise—May Adopt More.

While the annual farmers' picnic was in progress in Ravenwood, Mo., a few days ago a big, comfortable farm wagon rolled into the grounds and discharged its human freight of nine happy, hearty boys and girls upon the grass under the trees, writes a Ravenwood correspondent of the Kansas City Star. These nine boys and girls were soon engaged in gleaming all the joy that childhood can gather from candy, peanuts, lemonade and gayly colored balloons. The oldest child was fifteen years old, the youngest five.

"An interesting and happy group," said a stranger. "Is it possible that they all belong to one family?"

"They do and they don't," said a bystander. "The man and the woman you see with them are Mr. and Mrs. Oliver P. Russ. They are the foster parents of the entire nine."

Mr. and Mrs. Russ do not run an asylum for orphans or a school. They have taken these nine little folks into their hearts as well as into their big comfortable home, a home which beyond a doubt has not its duplicate in Missouri and probably not in the nation.

Mr. and Mrs. Russ have no children of their own. They have, however, a goodly supply of this world's goods and a desire to do their part in making the world better and happier. In the furtherance of this ideal they have taken, in all, eleven children under their roof. One of these children, a girl, has grown up, married and has a home of her own. A boy died in young manhood. Of the nine children they now have five are girls and four are boys. Eight were taken from institutions for orphans. One is a distant relative of Mrs. Russ. One of the older girls is a sister of two of the boys.

"No, we did not take these children because we were lonesome," said Mrs. Russ. "I was never lonesome in my life. We were not extravagant. We had a home. We wanted to accomplish some good in the world, but where and how to do it puzzled us. At last we fell upon this plan as being the one most apt to result in the most good with the time and money spent."

The home that Mr. and Mrs. Russ had was roomy and comfortable enough for them, but when their family began to grow by leaps and bounds it soon overflowed, and Mr. Russ had to enlarge it. An addition was built to the building, and the house now has thirteen rooms.

Mr. and Mrs. Russ give their foster children all the advantages they would give children of their own—all the advantages, in fact, that a well to do northwestern Missouri farming community affords. The Russ family home is one-half mile from a church and three-quarters of a mile from a school. All the children go to Sunday school. Those old enough go to district school. The girls take music lessons. One of them, Mrs. Russ says, with pride, shows unusual ability. One of the younger ones also gives promise of being a musician.

"The children are not prodigies," said Mrs. Russ, "but we are pleased with their work. We believe in heredity to a certain extent. We get a child with fine mentality if possible, but we do not look for that altogether. We seek moral qualities in the little ones, not brilliancy of mind. We know at least a part of the history of all the children. All are of legal parentage."

"Do you ever become discouraged and regret having undertaken this task?" Mrs. Russ was asked.

"Never," was the decisive reply. "We considered it well beforehand, but we were willing to endure it all for the reward of knowing that we had done our duty."

Mr. Russ, a tall, rather heavy man, with red hair and whiskers, appeared rather aggrieved that he had been given more credit for the work he and his wife were doing than he believed he was entitled to. Mrs. Russ gently objected, but Mr. Russ insisted.

"What could I do without her interest and co-operation in my plans?" he asked. "I can attend to my stock, I can care for my crops, but this—why, she has the heavier part."

Mr. and Mrs. Russ said that they have found it necessary to whip only two of the children they have taken. They prefer to use moral suasion, but believe in using the rod when the necessity arises.

"I want to say," interjected Mrs. Russ, "for it is due them, that no one ever saw children show more respect for parents than these children do for us. That little fellow, for instance," indicating an attractive, sturdy, black eyed boy of seven or eight years, "never takes a drink without bringing me one. When they go to bed it is always 'Good night, father,' 'Good night, mother.' We don't ask if of them. They give it to us."

It is possible that the limit of the Russ family has not been reached even yet. Mr. and Mrs. Russ may take still more children.

"We are considering the matter, and if we see our way clear we will do it," said Mr. Russ.

**The Ant.**

If we moved our legs proportionately as fast as an ant, it is calculated we could travel nearly 800 miles an hour.

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