

Keep Your Baked Foods Fresh

You can bake more at a time when you use Dr. Price's Baking Powder, and keep it fresh longer because it is in the nature of pure Cream of Tartar Baking Powder to keep baked foods fresh. This is only one of the reasons why so many women use

DR. PRICE'S CREAM Baking Powder

Made from Cream of Tartar derived from grapes

Contains No Alum—Leaves No Bitter Taste

Refining Tapioca.

This elegant and delicate starch is the product of a plant that is cultivated very extensively in the Malay peninsula, where its culture is almost entirely in the hands of the Chinese. The tubers of the plant (Manihot utilisima), which weigh on an average from ten to twenty-five pounds, are first scraped and then carefully washed, after which they are reduced to a pulp by being passed between rollers. This pulp is carefully washed and shaken up with abundance of water until the fecula separates and passes through a very fine sieve into a tub placed beneath. The flour so obtained is repeatedly washed and then placed on mats and bleached by exposure to the sun and air. It is finally converted into the pearl tapioca of commerce by being placed in a crude shaped frame covered with canvas. It is slightly moistened and subjected to a rotary motion, by which means it is granulated. It is next dried in the sun and finally over the fire in an iron pan greased with vegetable tallow and is then ready for the market.

Brides in India.

A bride in India never sees her husband until after the marriage ceremony. The parents choose the wife for the son of the house without consulting either party. Sometimes the bride is as young as fourteen. The child is gorgeously dressed and placed on a dais behind a sheet, the women of the family being in attendance. On the other side of the sheet are the bridegroom and many of his young men friends. The groom keeps throwing over jewels attached to flowers, which the women on the bride's side remove and place in her lap or on her person. This first ceremony is called the shadee, and, although a man is allowed four wives, no other ever holds the same position as the first chosen for him. The others are of little importance, living their lives more or less as servants to the first wife. As the first wife gets to middle age she is known as the begum.—Pearson's Weekly.

Mystery of a Diplomat.

Of disappearances most mysterious was the case of Benjamin Bathurst, who vanished Nov. 25, 1890, while engaged on a secret mission for the foreign office. Vienna was the young diplomatist's objective, and, with his friend and valet, in a post chaise, Perleberg, a small posting town in north Germany, had been reached. Here Bathurst supped and slept, awaiting the arrival of fresh horses. Waking, he asked were the horses ready and passed out of the door to make inquiries. Eight people saw him go out, but none ever set eyes on him again. Various theories were set afoot—Napoleon's spies, robbers, illness. In 1912 in the forest near Perleberg a skeleton was discovered with a hole in the skull as from a heavy blunt instrument. Was it that of "the English lord," as Perleberg people surmised?

Battle Hill.

Several attended the Memorial exercises at Kellerton, Sunday afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Oliver McGahuey and children spent Sunday with the former's parents, Edward McGahuey and family. Mr. and Mrs. George Ross had business in Kellerton Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. James Percy and son Marion were Kellerton callers Saturday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Al Payton spent Sunday with the former's parents James Payton in Kellerton. Mrs. Edward McGahuey has been on the sick list the past week but is some better at this writing. Miss Hazel Brown, of Leon, closed a successful term of school Friday at Battle Hill. A nice picnic dinner was held and quite a number of the neighbors were present. G. W. McGahuey and daughter Opal took dinner at Edward McGahuey's Sunday.

Franklin.

Bert Kentner and little daughter Viola, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Miller and daughter, of near Hunston, spent Sunday afternoon at the Jack Kentner home.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Kendall and Harry Kendall spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Still, of near High Point.

Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Christensen and little son Lawrence spent Sunday with his brother Harry and family of near Leon.

Will Honn and wife of near the Grove, spent Sunday at the Wilse McCullough home.

Don Knapp and family spent Sunday with Mrs. Knapp's parents Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Teaney.

Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Duffield and family of Linville, and Miss Jimmie Koh ate Sunday dinner at the Sam Duffield home.

Mrs. U. S. Muck and daughter Miss Elizabeth spent Wednesday night with Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Scott. Several from this vicinity attended the Senior class play in the Grove Wednesday evening. All report a good play, exceedingly well given.

Myrtle Kendall spent Saturday night at the Carl Kendall home. Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Plummer of Tie Siding, Wyoming, a fine boy, last week.

Misses Willah Gibson and Eva Scott called on Misses Hazel and Myrtle Petticord Sunday afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. John Scott spent Sunday at the Lew Smith home near Woodland.

Little Vivian Teaney is spending this week with her sister Mrs. Tour Boyce. She certainly has earned her visit for last Friday afternoon she decided to pay a visit to her sister and all unbeknown to her mother, she left her home and walked to the home of her sister, a distance of about two and a half miles, barefoot. That was doing pretty well for a six year old, we think.

Misses Hazel and Myrtle Petticord spent Sunday evening at the Sam Duffield home.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Delbert Smith and Mr. and Mrs. Glen Petticord, and son called at the Sam Duffield home Sunday afternoon.

Welcome Ridge.

The click of the corn planter is heard in nearly every field, the work is still progressing. Mr. and Mrs. Will Roades called on James Woodmansee's Monday.

Several from this neighborhood attended the funeral of A. S. Ross Monday at Elk Chapel. Lester Smith returned home Monday from overseas.

Clarence Stephens from Van Buren, Arkansas, is visiting friends and relatives this week. Misses Carrie and Nora Stephens called on their aunt, Mrs. L. S. Stephens Tuesday.

George Woodmansee, Jr., was seen in these parts one day this week. Misses Bessie Lovell and Hazel Mills called on their friends Misses Iva, Carrie and Nora Stephens Wednesday evening.

Mrs. W. B. Stanley and son Forest were Lamoni callers Tuesday. The Baker school was out Thursday and those present, besides the scholars, were Mrs. Charles Mills and Mrs. Lensy. Several from this neighborhood attended the school program at Lamoni Friday evening. James Woodmansee and John McLaughlin called at George Woodmansee's Friday. Mr. and Mrs. Earl Wise were seen in these parts Sunday. Loren Stephens and cousin Clarence Stephens called on their uncle, James Stephens and family Sunday.

Elk Creek.

A. S. Ross, of Van Buren, Ark., was buried at Elk cemetery Monday afternoon. Ellen and Laura Gravatt were Lamoni callers Tuesday.

Miss Susan Bedell went to Fairfield Tuesday to see her brother Henry Bedell who is very ill. Clarence Stephens, of Van Buren, Ark., is visiting relatives and friends in this neighborhood this week.

Ellen and Laura Gravatt and cousin Clarence Stephens were Decatur callers Wednesday. Miss Carrie Stephens went to Weldon Friday to visit with her sister Mrs. Numan Worden. Those who spent Sunday at the Gravatt home were Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Norman, Clifford and Lowell Norman, L. N. Stephens, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Stephens and daughter Iva, and Nora, Loren and Clarence Stephens, Mildred Johnson and Malcolm Hart.

It is not so much efficiency that we lack to do things, as it is the time to do them. It is funny how easily we always see that moral precept exactly as the other fellow.

THE CHURCHES.

Tuskegee Baptist Church.
Gospel meetings at Tuskegee Baptist church next Saturday evening at 8 p. m.
Next school at 10 a. m. Meeting for the children and everybody, conducted by Mrs. Armstrongs. Everybody welcome.
Evening sermon by the Evangelist, Com. J. A. Armstrong and Wife.

Brethren Church.

Sunday school next Sunday morning the usual time. There will be no evening services on account of the Baccalaureate sermon that evening.
Prayer meeting on Thursday evenings.

Union Chapel.

Sunday school at 11 o'clock, followed by preaching at 12.

Presbyterian Church.

A very large congregation enjoyed the musical program last Sunday evening. The choir and assisting soloists rendered some wonderful music which was appreciated by all present.

Next Sunday morning we will have the great pleasure of listening to Rev. Herbert A. Mosser, D. D., pastor of the First Presbyterian church at Fairfield, Iowa. Dr. Mosser is one of the most eloquent ministers in the state, and it is a rare privilege to listen to him.
Next Sunday evening we will unite in the Baccalaureate service for the graduating class of the local High School, Rev. G. T. Ronk will preach the baccalaureate sermon, and it is needless to say that it will be good.

Sunday school attendance continues good. A number of folks are able to get in from the country now, and we appreciate their coming. Get in line and join us.

Methodist Church.

The Epworth League elected Sunday evening, the following officers: President, John Stockton; Secretary-Treasurer, Walter Officer; 1st Vice President, Maurine Merwin; 2nd Vice President, Bernice Alexander; 3rd Vice President, Fernie Estess; 4th Vice President, Margaret Shields. Plans are also being made for the entertainment of the district League convention held here the second week in June.

The new Sunday school class has christened itself the "Win On" class with the motto of "Only once a stranger."

Those who missed hearing Mr. Kidder at the supper missed not only a fine address but the inspiration which is the most successful christian man.

Sunday evening service will be omitted in behalf of the High School Baccalaureate services. Morning sermon theme, "The Strong Good Man." Remember the Sunday school hour at 9:45.

Christian Church.

While the attendance at Bible school was no so good as usual yet it was a session of special interest to those present as both old and young enjoyed the missionary story and historical sketch of the life of one of the pioneer missionaries of India, given by Mrs. John Harris. At the close of Memorial sermon a dinner was served in the basement of the Christian church by the young married people of the church. After dinner the assembly decided to organize themselves into a class, also elected their officers. A temporary teacher was decided upon until a permanent one could be secured. The organization of the class is largely due to the active effort of Mrs. Stout, and means not only great strength to the Bible school, but a strong factor in the work of the church.

The Missionary Society will meet with Mrs. Minnie Sanger, Wednesday, June 4, at 2:30 p. m.

The Ladies Aid Society will hold their next social meeting at the home of Mrs. Lee Little next Tuesday afternoon. Every lady of the church is invited.

A number of the young people were absent last Sunday, being in attendance at the C. E. convention at Pleasanton.

Remember Sunday school and prayer services at usual hours next Sunday.

Where Locusts Keep Themselves.
Where has the 47-year "locust" been keeping himself these many years?

This question is answered in a bulletin from the National Geographic Society telling of "that weirdest of all insects" which is about to emerge from its Rip Van Winkle seclusion.

Incidentally the quotation marks are used about "locust" since the insect known by that name is not a locust at all, but a creature which is as unlike this monster as it can be, with soft white body and mole-like front legs. It hurries to the ground and disappears beneath its surface sometimes to a depth of a hundred times its length—20 feet it is said. For 17 years it digs its way around in the absolute darkness of this underworld, and then, as though by some prearranged agreement, it comes to the surface to join in a large reentry of a few brief weeks in summer with its kinsmen of the same generation who disappeared as it did into the darkness 17 years before. But somewhere, wide beneath the ground, the mole-like creature has become transformed from the lowly larva to the strangest actively walking pupa imaginable, and when it issues from its grave, as it were, and climbs to some conspicuous branch or tree trunk, it is a full-fledged creature of the air, though encased still in grave clothes of parchment; but it soon splits these up the back, pulls itself out, dries its powerful wings, and flies away with the whirr of an aerodrome.

"Most insects live for a few months only, and one, indeed, the male at least, for only 15 or 20 minutes, but the 17-year cicada, the oldest of late insect world, lives as long as a cat or a dog. But what a life! Seventeen years of it in the dark and a few weeks in the sunlight. And yet, compared to the life of an anglerworm, condemned to the darkness forever, what an interesting career!"

Can't men sing as well as women? You hardly ever see many men in the church choir.

It is funny how easily we always see that moral precept exactly as the other fellow.

PICKED UP IN MID-OCEAN.

Airman Forced to Alight Because of Engine Trouble.

London, May 28.—Missing for days and virtually given up for lost, Harry G. Hawker and his navigator, Lieut. Commander Mackenzie Grieve, British airmen who essayed a flight across the Atlantic ocean without protection against disaster save what their frail airplane afforded, are safe. Some 1,100 miles out from Newfoundland and 800 from the Irish coast, on Monday, May 19, the aviators, making the best of an engine which was failing to function properly, were forced to alight on the water.

The little Danish steamer, Mary, bound for New Orleans and Norfolk for Aarhus, Denmark, picked the wayfarers up and continued on her northward voyage.

Lacking a wireless outfit, the captain of the steamer was obliged to withhold the good tidings of the rescue until he was opposite Butt of Lewis, the northernmost point of the Hebrides, off the Scotch coast, where the information was signaled, by means of flags, that Hawker and Grieve were aboard his ship.

Immediately word was flashed to the British admiralty, which sent out destroyers to overtake the Danish vessel and obtain confirmation. Destroyers were also sent to meet the British airmen off, and later transferred them to the flagship Revenge.

From this safe haven, Hawker sent the following message from the Revenge to the Daily Mail:

"My machine stopped owing to the water filter in the feed pipe from the radiator to the water pump being blocked with refuse, such as soot, the like shaking loose in the radiator."

In the Water Ninety Minutes.
"It was no fault of the Rolls-Royce motor, which ran absolutely perfectly from start to finish, even when at the water had boiled away."

"We had no trouble in alighting on the sea, where we were picked up by the tramp ship Mary, after being in the water for ninety minutes. We leave Thurso at 2 p. m. Monday, arriving in London Tuesday evening."

It is officially announced by the admiralty that the aviators were picked up in latitude 50°20', longitude 29°30'.

The airplane was not salvaged. Steamer Signals Day With Flags.

The first report of the aviators since their "jump off" last Sunday came when the Mary, which was bound from Norfolk to Aarhus, Denmark, rounded the Butt of Lewis today and witnessed the fact that she had Hawker and Grieve aboard.

"Saved hands of Sopwith plane," was the signal.
"Is it Hawker?" was the question sent out by the flags from the Butt of Lewis, the most northerly point of the Hebrides group, off Scotland.

"Yes," laconically replied the Mary.
The admiralty sent out fast torpedo boat destroyers in an endeavor to intercept the Mary and take off the aviators. There was an anxious wait of several hours, when word was flashed that the destroyer Woolstan had come across the steamer and transferred Hawker and Grieve, and was taking them to Hurboro, on the northern coast of Scotland, about 100 miles east of the Butt of Lewis.

Nothing except some great battle has excited London more than today's unexpected tidings. The public was disposed to question whether the first report could be trusted, and the admiralty statement that it was taking measures to verify the report indicated doubt, which the Woolstan's message dispelled.

Mrs. Hawker Gets the News.
Mrs. Hawker, wife of the aviator, received the news from the Mary

early this morning at her home near Sarbiton and posted a notice outside her home reading:
"Mr. Hawker has been found. He is on the boat Mary, bound for Denmark."

The modest Hawker home near Sarbiton was quickly the center of interest. Crowds swarmed there.

Mrs. Hawker, who had only on Saturday received a telegram of condolence from King George, said:
"I had a presentiment all along that I would see my husband again. I was confident all the time, although every one consoled with me. I am overjoyed and too overcome to talk now."

The London Daily Mail, which offered a purse of \$50,000 for the first flight by a heavier than air craft across the Atlantic ocean, will give Hawker and Grieve a consolation prize of \$25,000.

Left One Week Ago.

St. Johns, N. F., May 26.—It was a week almost to the hour since Hawker and Grieve left here on the trans-Atlantic air journey that the seemingly veracious report of their safety reached those already long mourning them for dead. When a message arrived that Lloyd's signal station at the Butt of Lewis, in the Hebrides, reported both men aboard the freighter Mary, bound for Denmark, the associates here of the Sopwith pilot and navigator were at first skeptical and disinclined to heed the good news.

But when the shipping record verified the existence of the steamer and showed that it carried no wireless, and a study of the usual route from southern United States to Denmark showed that the course would take the ship within possibly a hundred miles of the Butt of Lewis signal station, some credence was given the report.

Within an hour after the first receipt, a study of all the circumstances, notably the fact that it originated with Lloyd's, and the names of both the ship and signal station were given, brought belief, and turned the grief of the last few days to rejoicing at the two men's safety.

Origin of Man in the Moon.
There is a quaint tradition about how the belief in the man in the moon originated. Like many of these beliefs, it began in Bible times. By many nations the old man is supposed to be the one who first made his appearance in the book of Numbers (15: 32). It is there stated that he was found by the children of Israel gathering sticks on the Sabbath day. He was taken before Moses and condemned and was stoned until he died. One would have thought that that was punishment enough even for so awful a crime, but superstition took him in hand and consigned him to the moon, where, with a bunch of sticks on his tired old back, he was destined to climb forever up the shining hill and never reach the top. The story goes that his faithful dogs were permitted to share his fate and, if you look carefully when the night is clear, you will see them tolling away upon their endless chain.

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SLACK-WATER PERIOD OF DAY

Two O'Clock in Afternoon, Declares Writer, Is for Some Reason a Time of Illusion.

Each period of the day has its own subtle quality, which no arbitrary rearrangement of our own hours of work and rest can destroy. And two o'clock in the afternoon is a time of disillusion, a time when a man has neither great faith nor profound convictions, writes William McFee in the Atlantic.

The morning is gone, the evening too far away. Even teatime seems at an immense and tragic distance. It is the slack-water period of the day. And it is the period when a man may perhaps experience, in the space of a flash, a peculiar sensation of being an impostor! It is, I suppose, in such moments that generals, commanders, chief engineers and the like jump overboard. It is a sensation extraordinarily vivid and brief. No external evidence is of any avail to neutralize its dire and dreadful omniscience. No personal written record, no esteem of lifelong friends, no permanent and visible accomplishment can shield the sensitive human soul, thus suddenly stripped bare by some devilish contrivance of its own mechanism. One feels a hollow sham.

St. Augustine Nights.

By night (in St. Augustine) you may hear the negroes sweeping the streets, doubly darkling over their surface and softly gossiping together, writes W. D. Howells in Harper's Magazine. There are not the only black voices you hear, for their casual race seems to have no more stated hours for sleeping than eating. Their mellow murmurs, especially when the nights are warm, rise in what seems perpetual joking, as if from their humorous pleasure at being alive together in the same amusing world, and if you have no worse conscience than the talkers, their voices will lull you again to the slumbers they have broken. It is as if a swarm of blackbirds, carrying news of the spring northward, had swept chuckling through the trees and fluttered the fans of the palms and the leaves of the magnolias with such comment in their course as would naturally occur to blackbirds.

Making the Potato Popular.

There is a touch of humor in the method employed by the famous French chemist Parmentier to overcome the prejudices against the potato of the peasantry on the continent. He cultivated potatoes in the open fields, in places very much frequented. He guarded them carefully during the day only, and was happy when he had excited so much curiosity as to induce people to steal some of them during the night. Then he persuaded Louis XV to wear a bunch of potato flowers at his buttonhole in the midst of the court on a festival day. Nothing more was wanting to induce great lords to plant them.

THE REPORTER FOR JOB WORK.

BUILD NOW

WITHIN the last few weeks there has been a perceptible advance in lumber prices and those who are in close touch with the information and educational service of the Department of Labor at Washington, D. C., predict further advances.

If you intend to build or repair this year do not figure on decline in lumber prices for conditions do not justify such a hope.

The demand for lumber has not been greater for several years and already it is a question whether mills can supply the demand.

Take Advantage of Present Prices and

Build Now

We have a full line of building material which is priced right. Call and let us figure on your needs. We also have a line of farm gates that are worth investigating.

Miner & Frees Lumber Co.

Leon, Iowa