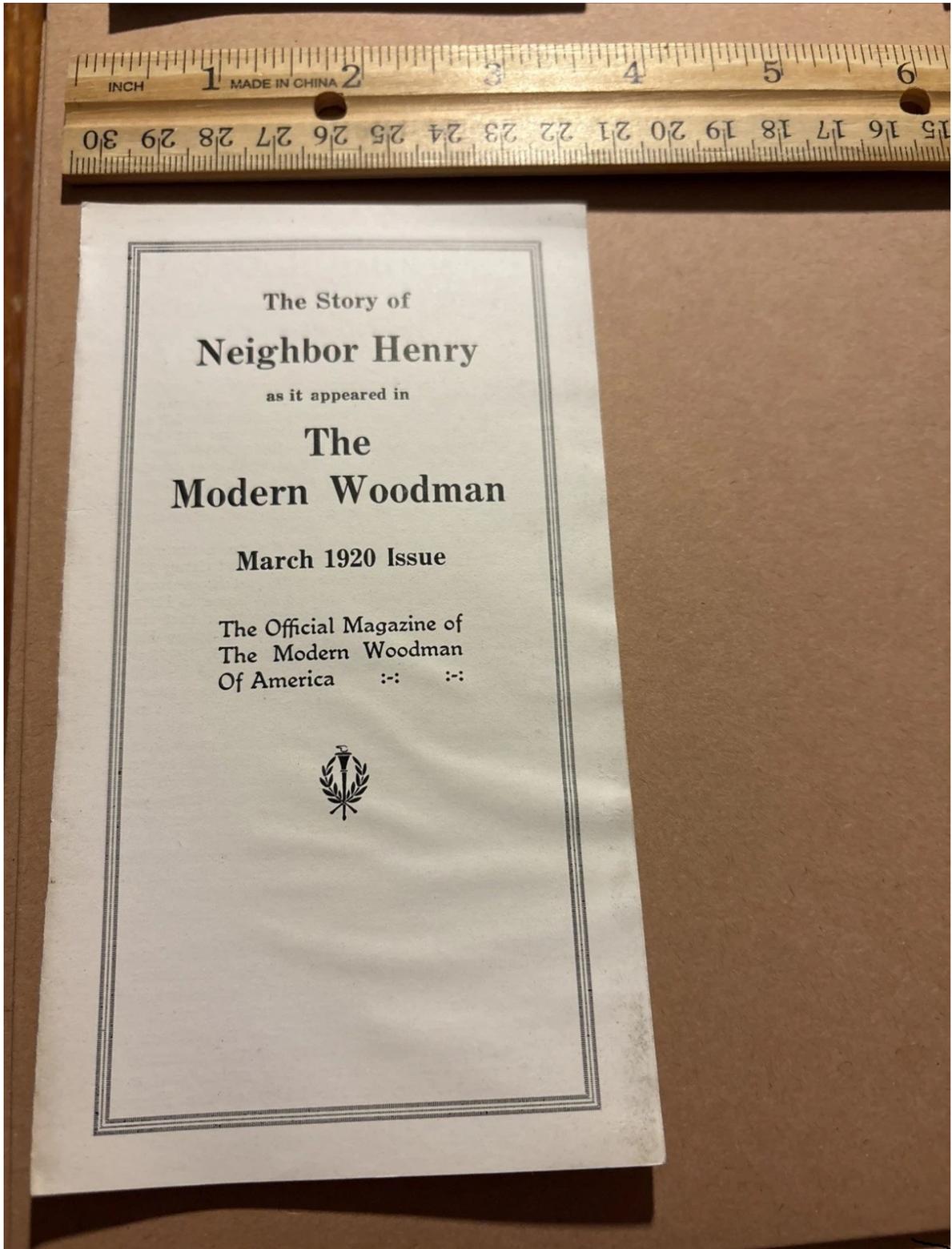


The Modern Woodman - Neighbor Henry - Chiropractor cures eyesight, hearing
Is also in a booklet. PDF from GoogleBooks 2 Stories.



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NOTE—The writer of above article, not being a Chiropractor, used the term treatment where he should have used adjustment, as the Chiropractor does not treat, but adjusts the cause. The results in Mr. Henry's case are common in the experience of every Chiropractor, although very seldom all ailments herein related are found in one case.

Free Consultation and Examination

Phone 2931

H. H. REYNOLDS, D. C. CHIROPRACTOR

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The Modern Woodman

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A Happy New Year



January

1920

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THE MODERN WOODMAN

Volume XXXVII.

JANUARY, 1920.

Number 1

A WOODMAN carries an axe, but never a hammer—not if he is a good Woodman. Our artist, this month, catching the idea, pictures an axe with blade partly buried in the wounded trunk of a splendid monarch of the forest, and in the swirling snow and denuded limbs emblazons the mystic figures "1920." Snow-bathed and rising from a silver carpet, the majestic sentinel of the woodland hurls a challenge to the axeman's skill. Perhaps you will have noticed that the axe is lacking a wielder. There it clings to the gash it has made in the sheathing bark of the forest's pride, motionless, impotent. It has a sharp edge—the artist told us so. It has a regulation handle. It has sunk its teeth deep into the bloodless flesh of the stalwart giant.

But the woodman's axe, no matter how sharp, how strong, how beautiful, is a useless thing without the muscular arm at the end of it. It can make sweet music, but it requires the master touch of the trained performer to cause it to give forth its staccato song of "chip-chip-chip." In the hands of the practiced workman, it has leveled forests, put masts on the caravans of the deep, transformed trees into houses, and cradled tiny "Noah's arks" into the hands of little children. The man-power that wields it makes it a well-nigh indispensable servant.

At the threshold of another year, Modern Woodmen of America points to the axe "laid at the root of the tree," and sends out a call for men. The forests are all around. The air is crisp with the tang of winter. The time is propitious. Will you heed the summons of the hour? Will you help make that beckoning axe a living, powerful instrument for the protection of future widows and orphans? It is up to you!

All of which, however, reminds us that we have almost missed the original purpose of this editorial. What it was in our heart to say was—

A happy New Year
 And a glad New Year
 And a year of all years the best.
 A purposeful year
 And a gainful year,
 With a Woodman's crown as the quest.
 And if there's a haze
 That obscures your gaze,
 It will vanish, if you but try
 To catch the glad song
 Of the noble throng
 That will never its FAITH let die.

CALAMITY howlers will doubtless see much to worry them as we cross the hair-line separating 1919 from 1920. Things have been and are pretty well muddled up, it's a fact. The most foolish persons in the world, we

believe, are those who are forever wanting to know "what's going to happen next," and who religiously consult astrologers, fortune-tellers, spiritualistic mediums, and ouija boards in order to find out. Suffering cats! It's the uncertainty of tomorrow that makes today interesting. And so far as social reactions are concerned, we have always had them and always will. The pendulum, they tell us, swings so far and then back, with the accent chiefly on the "back." All of which is supposed to make us feel very bluey-ooey as we face the problems of the new year. Nevertheless, albeit, and notwithstanding, that pendulum metaphor is not so discouraging after all. Did you ever stop to think that no matter if the pendulum does swing forward and back, forward and back, and so on, the hands of the clock always travel in the same direction—ahead? If we're on the back swing just now, don't worry. The old world is going right ahead in spite of it, and we're going with it. That thought ought to make some of you pessimists feel a little more chirky and chipper, if you're not altogether steeped in indigo. Say "Happy New Year," pessie, and mean it!

SAY, neighbor, have you ever stopped to think that if ever there was a rock-ribbed, simon-pure, dyed-in-the-wool, all-American institution, Modern Woodmen of America is IT? Well may we pride ourselves on our loyalty to our country and its flag. In these United States, no one need knock at the wicket of our camps and beg for the arcana of Woodcraft unless he is a citizen of this land of the free and home of the brave, or has made the legal declaration of his intention to become such. It prints its ritual and all its literature and publications in the English language only, and while it welcomes men of all nationalities it insists that they be Americans, if not by birth, then by adoption. We can, therefore,

bear down hard on the fact that Modern Woodmen of America is all that its name implies—American to the core. No Russian "reds" or foreign bolsheviks can lay desecrating hands on our sacred altar or poison the air of our meeting places with their venomous assaults on law and order. It's great to be an American—and a Woodman. Let the eagle scream. We're all nephews of Uncle Sam, and proud of it, b'gosh!

HAS the spirit of Woodcraft slipped a little? We do not believe it has, but here is one thing that suggests itself to us. There is too much of a disposition on the part of camps and camp officers to rush through the business and give the candidate the very shortest form of initiation possible. A proper impression will never be made on a candidate unless he is properly initiated. We have the most beautiful ritual in print and it should be fully exemplified. There are beautiful lessons to be taught the candidate; not only beautiful, but impressive and instructive. He will receive a lesson in the teachings of our ritual that will make him a better man, a better Woodman, and a better citizen. Quit commercializing; get down to more fraternity. Let your foresters take charge of the initiation. It's a mistake to kill off this great forester department by never permitting them to initiate a candidate. Let us old fellows step aside and let the young fellows have their day. You remember, when we were young, what great fun we used to have initiating candidates? That was the true spirit of Woodcraft. The night was never too cold; the weather was never too stormy for us to drive six, or eight, or ten miles to a camp adoption. The ritual is just the same, only better. Woodcraft is just the same, but we are getting older, neighbor. We must not get so old that we'll stand in the way of the young man. Don't like the horse play? Perhaps not, but the young fellows do; so, we say again, don't commercialize the Modern Woodmen. Keep it a great big, grand, fraternal organization.

AT THE time you were up against the proposition of finding coal and didn't have any in your basement, you were condemning yourself slightly, perhaps, and thinking it was a mistake that you did not lay in a supply last spring. Remember how the coal dealers were urging you to buy coal? Just like a deputy trying to get your friend's application to join the Modern Woodmen. There is just this difference: When your friend is dead he won't miss the insurance. "He may

The Modern Woodman

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JNO. F. HARRIS, Editor, Rock Island, Ill.

The Modern Woodman for January, 1920.

ties, both as a local booster, Illinois Head Physician, and member of the Board of Directors, Doctor Rutledge will be chiefly honored in history because of his great work at our Woodmen sanatorium. When he was appointed to the superintendency of that institution it was still in its infancy and its affairs had been left in a chaotic state by his predecessor. All the administration buildings and patients' cottages were canvas shacks, the only permanent buildings being the supply buildings. During the time he was superintendent he directed the expenditure of over \$2,000,000 in improvements, maintenance and upkeep of the institution and saw it grow from a capacity of 150 patients to its present accommodations for 250. Beautiful and substantial administration, hospital and utility buildings have been erected and all cottages made of permanent structure, heated by steam and lighted by electricity. He always insisted on building the best possible structures within the means and they are the pride and admiration of the Woodman, and not excelled in the United States.

His special concern was aiding the

sufferer from tuberculosis to make his fight a winning one and he never lost sight of a discharged patient if it was possible to keep in touch with him. Each year he had them make reports, and in recent issues THE MODERN WOODMAN has been publishing some of these statements from former beneficiaries of the institution. All speak in most glowing terms of the sanatorium and of Doctor Rutledge's personal interest in their welfare. This was characteristic of him and he will be remembered as much for his humanity as for his business and professional talents.

His genial personality, his whole-souled generosity, his unflinching zeal in combating the great destroyer, his wise planning, and his tactful generalship marked him as a truly great man. With bowed heads, the members of this great Society pay devout tribute to his memory and extend to his stricken wife

pg 97 Chiropr cures eyesight - 1st story; Read it, DONE
its great! All pg is read and is PERFECT! DONE Sept
18, 2025 and pg 532; DONE
Chirp Dr. Becker cures him

and affectionate tribute to his memory — is the triumph and the reward to reclaim and loyal efficiency. It is a monument of which any nation may well be proud.

the Tacoma building, Chicago, a chiropractor, after looking him over thoroughly and examining him, expressed the belief that he could give him assistance and relief, and told him and his wife that if they would come back to Chicago he would give him six months' treatment absolutely free. Eventually the offer was accepted and treatment began in June, last year.

The first reward came after thirty-five days, when the sufferer was relieved of the pains in his head which had afflicted him for seventeen years. In September he became able to move his upper limbs, and finally his feet and ankles, his faithful wife spending hours each day in massaging the affected parts. As the treatments progressed, Neighbor Henry began to experience new sensations in his eyes and ears. Shortly he was able to distinguish between whistling and shouting. A close examination of his eyes showed wonderful improvement, and more rigorous treatments were resorted to. Finally, the patient responded and on November 18, while the doctor was treating him, his eyes opened and he said, "Doctor, I can see!" Then, a little later, "Oh, my wife, I can see you again!" This was a little too much, and both wife and husband, who had faced so many trials with a smile, broke down and cried in the excess of their joy, and that is where the sun begins to shine again for John G. Henry and his faithful companion.

According to the doctor, the hardest part is over now, but he advised the patient to return home for a rest and come to him later for another six months' free treatment, when he is confident he will be able to finish the improvement already begun. Neighbor Henry will recover his sight completely, the doctor says, and will have the use of one ear, and be able to walk.

Meanwhile, Neighbor Henry and his wife are back at 1224 Derry St., Harrisburg, selling soap by mail and endeavoring to raise the funds necessary for another six months' sojourn in the western metropolis; for their living expenses must be met. If he can do this, our afflicted neighbor will be a man among men again in a very short time. He has undergone much suffering, braved many sorrows and through it all has remained a cheerful, uncomplaining, smiling optimist. He appreciates all that his neighbors in Woodcraft have done for him.

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DEPUTIES WANTED.

I have territory for two good district deputies. In Montana we have the coming country. The greatest trouble I have is that there are so many opportunities for men out here it is hard to hold them. I would like to hear from men who want to come west.—G. O. Crayne, State Deputy, Butte, Mont.

The Modern Woodman for March, 1920.

Eyes Long Closed Opened

For Seventeen Years Neighbor J. G. Henry of Harrisburg, Pa., Met One Misfortune After Another with an Heroic Smile, but Weeps As Lost Faculties Begin to Return and He Sees Again.

THIS is not an advertisement, although at first glance the heading seems to bear familiar earmarks.

It is just a little story of intense human interest and, incidentally, an acknowledgment of the wonderful work of the good samaritan who has restored the joy of hope and the light of life to a member of Modern Woodmen of America, whose unfortunate case was so exceptional that less than three years ago a general appeal for aid in his behalf was addressed to all camps in the Society's jurisdiction.

Probably there is not a Modern Woodmen camp that has not heard of Neighbor J. G. Henry of Camp 5250, Harrisburg, Pa. In October of 1902, just seven months after his marriage, burglars entered his home in Harrisburg, and as a result of injuries received at that time, he successively lost the entire use of his lower limbs and then his hearing, and on December 3, 1914, was stricken totally blind. In the early stages of his affliction Harrisburg Camp did everything in its power to render aid to this unfortunate neighbor. It almost entirely depleted its general fund. It even went so far as to send him to Philadelphia at its own expense and placed him under the care of a specialist, but he grew worse and worse, until the results followed which have been enumerated above. During the first three years after the assault, la grippe, pneumonia and fever further weakened his condition and in one of his falls he broke his right arm. His

wife became ill, and in looking after her during a nine weeks' confinement to her bed, he fell downstairs sixteen times. Through it all, both he and Mrs. Henry remained cheerful and optimistic, meeting every new misfortune with a smile.

Neighbor Henry managed to be present at the Chicago Head Camp in 1917 and his helpless condition so affected the Head Camp officers and delegates who saw him that at the session of the Executive Council next following a general appeal to the entire jurisdiction was authorized in his behalf. (Many of the delegates to the 1917 Head Camp who read this article will recall seeing Neighbor Henry in the lobby of the Sherman House in a wheel-chair. They will remember he had a little board, bearing the alphabet in raised letters. They would put his fingers on these letters and thus communicate with him.) From the proceeds of this appeal stipulated sums have since been turned over to him regularly for his sustenance. He has also been helping to support himself by doing a mail-order soap business. So much for the black side of the story. Through it all Neighbor Henry would say: "Don't cry, mother; we can still enjoy life anyway." But now comes the sunshine.

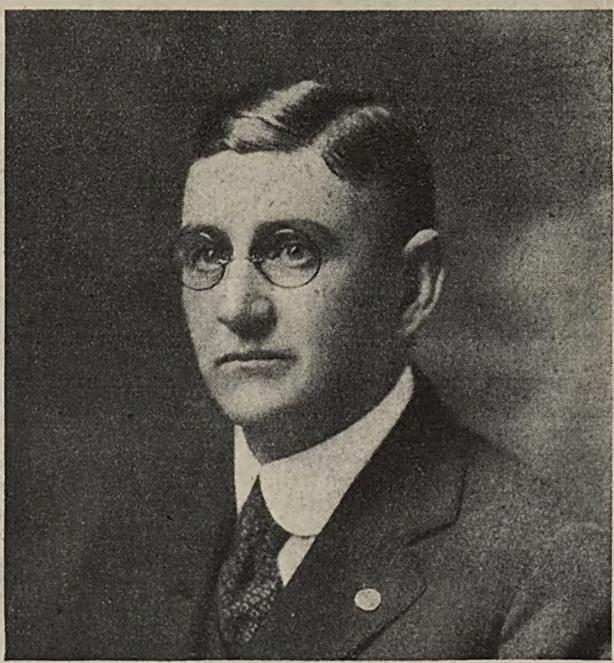
While attending the Head Camp in Chicago in 1917, many noted specialists came to the hotel to see Neighbor Henry and make a diagnosis of his case. All pronounced him incurable, but a certain Dr. Gustav Becker, whose offices are in

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Modern Woodman

March, 1921



J. G. Ray, Head Clerk.

Cloud Has Silver Lining

Victim of Burglars Eighteen Years Ago Suffers Loss of Sight, Hearing and Use of Limbs—Made Whole Again.

DO YOU believe in miracles? Rather a strange question to ask, now isn't it? Nevertheless, there are miracles performed in this twentieth century if we just investigate a bit. The one we wish to mention concerns Neighbor John G. Henry of Camp 5250, Harrisburg, Pa. Readers of THE MODERN WOODMAN are familiar with this case as in March, 1920, we ran a little story of how Dr. Gustav Becker of Chicago examined Neighbor Henry in 1917, at the time of the Head Camp, and commenced treating this victim of misfortune in June, 1919. For the benefit of our readers we will give a brief resume of our neighbor's case:

In the month of October, 1902, Neighbor John G. Henry of Penbrook, Pa., was awakened by burglars, and upon descending to the first floor was struck in the face by an unknown assailant. The force of the blow broke the bones of his nose and face and he fell against a piano, injuring his spine at the waist and at the base of the skull. After regaining consciousness he suffered torturing pains in the forehead and at the base of the skull. Within the next twelve years, as a result of the attack, he successively lost his sight, hearing and the use of his limbs. He was repeatedly critically ill of pneumonia, pleurisy and other diseases, and during an illness of his wife fell down stairs sixteen times while caring for her needs, but never gave up hope of ultimate recovery.

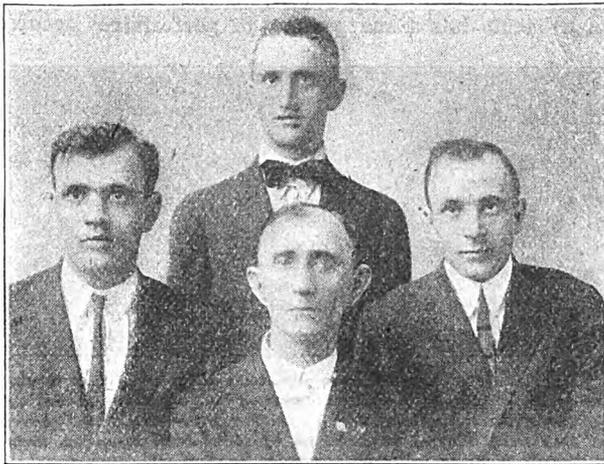
The miracle we speak of has come into Neighbor Henry's life eighteen years after he experienced his misfortune. Through the scientific attention of Doctor Becker he has regained his sight and hearing and is now learning to walk. This learned physician upon making his first examination promised a cure and his efforts have not been in vain. He will give further treatments beginning in March and says positively that in three months' time Neighbor Henry will be restored to his normal manhood and take his place in the business and industrial world.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry have been enabled to carry on this long fight for the life and health of the former by a mail-order soap business conducted by Mrs. Henry and with the assistance of Modern Woodmen of America and the professional and financial aid of Doctor Becker. Camps and individual members of our Society all over our jurisdiction have purchased hundreds of dollars worth of this soap and have also contributed in many other ways, to this deserving case, thus practicing and liv-

The Modern Woodman for March, 1921.

ing that beautiful ritualistic teaching—that noble thought which we endeavor to inculcate on the mind of every neighbor at the time of his adoption in a camp of Modern Woodmen of America—Thou Shalt Love Thy Neighbor As Thyself.

We are telling you of this case as our members all over the jurisdiction are interested in Neighbor Henry, and our hearts are filled with gratitude for his recovery and we extend our congratulations and best wishes to our friend and neighbor who has spent almost a score of years on a couch of pain and



"A wise son maketh a glad father," says Solomon, so a father who has three sons wise enough to follow him into Modern Woodmen of America must be thrice glad. Such is the good fortune of Neighbor W. J. Cooper (center) of Camp 175, Fenton, Ill., but now living at Morrison. To the right is W. S. Cooper; left, H. L. Cooper, and rear, A. H. Cooper. All belong to Camp 175, except H. L., who hails from Camp 14, Erie, Ill.

misery, but never losing faith for an instant in God, his Creator, knowing that ultimately he would be able to resume the place in life which was denied him for so long a time.

Do you believe in miracles? Yes, we do.

A SOUTH DAKOTA YOUNGSTER.

This good-looking chap is Walter H. Busack and he was presented a Modern Woodmen benefit certificate as an anniversary gift upon becoming 17 years of age—and the great event took place at 3:45 o'clock in the morning. We haven't been able to determine whether an all-night meeting was held or not, but it doesn't make much difference when the unusual hour at which the adoption took place, still it does show a wonderful interest in Woodcraft by the neighbors of Camp 3063, Chamberlain, S. D. The oldest member in the state in years of membership is also a member of this camp, he having joined the Society on



December 21, 1886. Allen Lee is the good clerk and he is a hustler with a capital "H."

WONDERFUL WORK IN WYOMING.

A drive for new members under the leadership of District Deputy H. McClenahan netted the enormous total of 147 candidates for Casper Camp 12325 of Casper, Wyo. This was the largest class ever adopted in the state and most of the candidates were young men. Casper Camp was inactive for some time, but when McClenahan was appointed for this field he merely looked the situation over and then went to work. After getting things lined up and pumping some enthusiasm into the members, business was started, and at the final meeting of the campaign State Deputy E. E. Kester came and assisted us in the drive.

There were more than two hundred Woodmen present the night of the class adoption, the work being put on by State Deputy Kester and District Deputy McClenahan, in a high-class manner. Following the initiation a series of pictures were thrown on the screen and a lecture was given. At 12 o'clock luncheon was served by the Royal Neighbors and following this dancing was enjoyed. Past Consul Bert Wagner furnished the music and everybody had a delightful time.—A Member.

LET'S NAME IT "T. R."

The good ex-clerk, Jos. Palek, writes us that he noticed in the February issue where a camp had twenty fathers, whose twenty-six sons were members of that camp. "Now we want to tell you something about what our camp has. We have nine fathers who have twenty-two sons that are members of this camp, one father with six sons, one with five, one with four, one with two and five with one. In other words, out of a membership of sixty-three, thirty-one of them are fathers and sons. Where is there a camp that can beat this record?" We feel quite sure that if our most eminent ex-President Roosevelt were alive, he would make a trip over to Elkhorn, Ill., where this camp is located, and pin some medals on some dads over there. Hence, we suggest that this camp ought to have the name of Roosevelt.

WONDERFUL TRIP IS PLANNED.

Our-old-time friend, William M. Beale, of Chicago, manager of the Carter-Beale tours, is arranging to conduct personally an excursion party to seven European countries during July and August. We have known Neighbor Beale for a good many years, and we feel sure that anyone who is interested in this trip, which will be at the very nominal price of \$785, including all expense for a seven weeks' tour, would be well repaid to investigate. If any of our friends are interested, a letter to Miss Fannie Divers, Rock Island, would receive personal and careful consideration.

Cobb and Davis Lead

Head Consul's Report Shows Ranking of Fifteen Leading District Deputies and Ten Most Productive States for 1919.

FOR the year 1919, Head Consul A. R. Talbot reports that the four ranking district deputies are as follows, figures in each case showing the number of benefit certificates issued:

1. M. A. Cobb, Oklahoma.....1,384
2. N. C. Davis, Illinois.....1,299
3. H. Mulkins, Kentucky..... 961
4. Roy Whelan, Kansas..... 761

In 1918 District Deputy Davis forged ahead of Cobb, and stood at the top, but the Oklahoma veteran regained his usual blue-ribbon position last year. Mulkins replaced District Deputy Moore

The ten leading states in production of new business last year are as follows:

1. Illinois7,688
2. Missouri4,441
3. Indiana4,368
4. Ohio4,190
5. Oklahoma3,657
6. Alabama3,348
7. Texas3,296
8. Kansas3,262
9. Minnesota3,013
10. Arkansas2,975

JOINT AFFAIR AT MADISON, ILL.

The Woodmen and Royal Neighbor camps of Granite City, Venice and Madison, Ill., held a joint installation

officers will, we have no doubt, guide and encourage them in the coming year's activities. Neighbor Costley of Granite City installed for the Modern Woodmen. District Deputy O. F. Bernard of Sandoval was present and made an interesting address.—A Member.

FERVID TIME AT LADD, ILL.

The most successful class adoption that has taken place in Illinois for some time was held at Ladd on January 27, under the auspices of Ladd Camp 3681. All the camps of Bureau county participated. Fifty-two certificates had been written and twenty-three candidates gathered from over the county to receive the work, which was in charge of Past Consul M. T. Stevens of Independence Camp 26, Rock Island, assisted by Neighbor A. A. Burt, also of Rock Island, and local neighbors. The Royal Neighbors served a sumptuous banquet,



This is a photograph of the justly celebrated jazz band of the Fifteenth Regiment Hospital corps, M. W. A. F. whose headquarters are at 3037 North Albany Ave., Chicago, Ill. The playing of this band is said to have a wonderfully stimulating effect on any camp goat within earshot and most of the camps in Cook county have enjoyed one or more visits from this jazzy joy-accelerator. The fifth neighbor from the left end, who is trying to conceal his identity behind the big black spectacles, is State Lecturer W. F. Gilroy of Canton, Ill., who is a member of this "musical" organization. For once, "Gil" seems to be blowing his own horn, which shows what association with a bunch of this kind can do to a fellow's modesty. The neighbors in the front row are kneeling merely to keep their headgear from being blown off.

of North Carolina in third place and Whelan crowded District Deputy Wiles of Ohio from the fourth corner.

The second quartet of winners for last year were:

5. Knollenberg of Illinois.....792
6. Williams of Illinois774
7. Wiles of Ohio.....754
8. Moore of North Carolina.....720

Other district men with more than 600 certificates, net, to their credit are headed by District Deputy F. H. Pulver of Nebraska and are as follows:

9. Pulver of Nebraska.....684
10. Wells of Texas.....667
11. Kidwell of Kansas.....653
12. Barnes of Ohio.....652
13. DeLong of Michigan.....644
14. Oldham of Oklahoma.....631
15. Willadson of Iowa.....627

The annual report of certificates issued, submitted by Head Clerk A. N. Bort, shows four states with more than four thousand certificates to their credit.

The Modern Woodman for March, 1920.

of officers at the latter city on January 16. The address of welcome was by Mayor F. A. Garesche, who was in his most happy mood and delivered a talk that those who were fortunate enough to hear it will long remember. He had to hasten away, however, to attend the funeral of Mr. J. Barleycorn.

The audience was well pleased with the address by Neighbor Harris, Editor of the official magazine. The splendid musical program was also enjoyed by all. A reading by Master Mackelden (6 years of age) was a rare treat. If this young man continues to develop his ability as an entertainer, we shall no doubt hear of him behind the footlights.

Mrs. Brumagin of East St. Louis was the installing officer for the Royal Neighbors. The impressive manner in which she delivered the charges to the

followed by an address by Neighbor Stevens and a motion picture lecture by Neighbor Burt. Over two hundred and fifty were present, including many from out of town, among them Postmaster R. L. Russell of Princeton and Neighbor John Devenny of Kasbeer, secretary of the county class adoption committee. Much credit is due District Deputy George B. Jackson, who conducted the campaign, with the assistance of Neighbor Charles G. Edwards, the local deputy. All expressed highest satisfaction with the results achieved and steps were taken to repeat the occasion at some other central point in Bureau county in the near future. These neighbors are a live bunch. Neighbor J. H. Flaherty is clerk of the local camp.

All man is worth is what he leaves when he dies.