

Ford

THE UNIVERSAL CAR

EVERY ROAD IS A FORD ROAD
EVERY DAY IS A FORD DAY—

The FORD is the one car that is economical to buy and at the same time economical to own and use. There is no bigger time and money saver than the Ford. Have us look after your car with Ford mechanics, Ford materials, Ford excellence at Ford prices.

PERSONAL SERVICE.

Central Sales Company
PHONE THREE-ONE-NINE.

RENSELAEER REPUBLICAN

DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY.
CLARK & HAMILTON, Publishers.
Semi-Weekly Republican entered Jan. 1, 1897, as second class mail matter, at the postoffice at Rensselaer, Indiana.
Evening Republican entered Jan. 1, 1897, as second class mail matter, at the postoffice at Rensselaer, Indiana, under the Act of March 3, 1879.
RATES FOR DISPLAY ADVERTISING
Semi-Weekly.....\$20.00
Daily, per inch.....\$1.50
First Page.....\$1.00

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
Semi-Weekly, year, in advance, \$2.00. Daily, by carrier, 15 cents a week. Single copies, 5 cents. By mail, \$5.00 a year.

RATES FOR CLASSIFIED ADS.
Three lines or less, per week of six issues of The Evening Republican and two of the Semi-Weekly Republican, 15 cents. Additional space per rate.
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Public Sale Advertising—Single column reading matter type, \$2.00 for first insertion, \$1.00 for each additional insertion.
No display ad accepted for less than 50 cents.

MONON ROUTE

Train Schedule Effective March 30, 1919.
NORTH
6:43 a. m. 10:27 a. m.
8:01 a. m. 11:45 a. m.
9:19 a. m. 12:57 p. m.
10:37 a. m. 2:15 p. m.
11:55 a. m. 3:33 p. m.
SOUTH
6:27 a. m. 9:11 a. m.
7:45 a. m. 10:29 a. m.
9:03 a. m. 11:47 a. m.
10:21 a. m. 1:05 p. m.
11:39 a. m. 2:23 p. m.

CLASSIFIED COLUMN

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—Fairly good stove. Would do for wash room. Phone 909-A.
FOR SALE—White Wyandotte eggs for setting from my pen bred hens at \$1.50 and \$2.00 per setting of 15 eggs. Also some young and old rabbits. W. H. Platt, phone 333, Green.
FOR SALE—Cheap if taken at once, a good farm wagon and endgate seeder. Call Allen Hotel, Fair Oaks, Ind.
FOR SALE—Three head good work horses, average 1400 or better. Wm. E. Marion, R. F. D. 4, Rensselaer, Ind. Phone 948-E.
FOR SALE—Pure bred White Plymouth Rock eggs for setting. From good strain. \$1.00 per 15 or \$5.00 per 100. Phone 902-J. Orville Lambert.
FOR SALE—Pure bred Duroc-Jersey male hog, weight 175. Roscoe Halstead, Mt. Airy. Phone 87-F.
FOR SALE—Windsor player piano. \$150. Will take part cash, remainder in good bankable note if terms are desired. Address R. F. D. Box 24, Wheatfield, Ind.
FOR SALE—Two good work horses and a driving horse, also set heavy breaching harness. 24 Plymouth Rock Chickens. Must be sold at once. Rex Ott, R. F. D. No. 1.
FOR SALE—34 ft front lot, desirable neighborhood, quiet street, no dust, close in. 5x150 foot lot one block from court house. Bert Jarrette.
FOR SALE—My 1919 Oakland car. Top and rear part body wrecked, would make a splendid truck. Bert Jarrette.
FOR SALE—Pure bred S. C. Buff Orpington eggs for setting. From big bone strain. \$2.00 per 15 or \$5.00 per 50. Phone 912-F. S. A. Arnold.
FOR SALE—Some good split white oak posts. 5 miles south, 2 west. Riley Tullis, phone 927-E.
FOR RENT—The Oddfellows store room at Gifford. Inquire of Charles Britt, secretary, phone 923-B.
FOR SALE—A few milk cows, choice out of the herd. McCoyburg, R. D. No. 1, mile east, mile south of Moody. Frank E. Fritz.
FOR SALE—Household goods, piano, Rhode Island Red chickens and incubator. Three miles north of Gifford on the J. Wincope place. M. E. Williams.
FOR SALE—At special prices in quantities, 1,000 lbs grain, second growth, white Oak posts. One car of 2,000 just received at storage building, phone 257. R. Forsythe.

FOR SALE—Nine room house, nearly new, electric lights, good well, distasteful and wash house with cement floor and drain. Inquire of J. N. Leatnerman at the First National Bank.

FOR SALE—Cut flowers and potted plants. Osborne's Greenhouse.

FOR SALE OR RENT—Big 40x10 three-post tent, 10-foot walls. Just the thing for public sales. We are through with it. We are in our white front garage. Kuboske & Walter.

FOR SALE—Second-hand automobiles—Ford, Overland, Saxons, Empires. Kuboske & Walter, phone 294.

FOR SALE—Some good brood sows, bred for March litter. R. D. Thompson.

FOR SALE—City property and town lots. Philip Blue. Phone 412.

FOR SALE—Or will trade for town property, eighty acres of land. Charles Morrill, phone 423.

FOR SALE—Fine navy beans, 10c a pound. Phone 334 E. P. Honan.

FOR SALE—Fine Buff Rock eggs for setting. Mrs. Charles Battleday. Phone 343.

FOR SALE—Seven room house, in good condition, with city lights and water. \$1900, good terms. Floyd Meyers, phone 523.

FOR SALE—Timothy hay in barn. Henry Paulus, 938-G.

FOR SALE—The Col. George H. Wesley residence on South Cullen street. This is one of the best residences of the city. It is modern in all respects. J. P. Hammond, secretary-treasurer of the Jasper County Mortgage & Realty Co.

FOR RENT—Three large unfurnished rooms, first floor and three rooms furnished for light housekeeping. Mrs. B. H. Shields, phone 624.

FOR SALE—Five city properties in fine locations, big bargains for quick sale. Five farms, all bargains. Three good barns that could be converted into residences. Also automobile oil. You will be interested in these. See me. C. W. Duvall, phone 147.

FOR SALE—Modern residence, new 7-room house, 2x36, garage 12x16, corner lot, 5x132. Box 7. Phone 346-Green, Rensselaer, Ind.

FOR SALE—Seven room residence, near business section, close to church and school. Price \$4,000. Terms. Floyd Meyers.

FOR SALE—1 1/2 horsepower International gas engine, good as new and used about 10 days. At the White Front garage. Kuboske and Walter.

FOR SALE—320 acres White county, Ind., between Ellettsburg and Wolcott; black prairie; 175 per acre; liberal terms; must sell because of my business in Indianapolis. Write me for prospectus to see this farm. S. L. Schubach, Indianapolis, Ind. 1002 City Trust Bldg.

FOR SALE—160 acre farm, well valued, most all level; black soil; 5 room house, good barn, corn crib, good well, fine orchard, land all in cultivation. Can give good terms on this. Price \$80 per acre. Charles J. Dean & Son.

FOR SALE—Sewing machine and wood stove. Both as good as new. Rice Porter.

FOR SALE—Hatching eggs from my pure bred strain Goldenbuff Orpingtons. G. B. Porter, phone 559 or 275 or 95.

WANTED.

WANTED—To buy incubator, 50 to 100 eggs. George Reed, phone 606.
WANTED—Saw gumming and furniture repairing. Have new up-to-date machinery and can make old cross-cut and circulars as good as new. ELMER GWIN, Phone 418, 517 E. Washington street.
WANTED—To lease for breaking, sod or small brush dry land, no large stumps or rocks. M. D. Karr, Fair Oaks.
WANTED—To do your scavenger work. Harry Mariatt, 327 E. Elm street.
WANTED—Place to work on farm by the year. P. O. Box 54, care Harry Whitshire, or phone 258.
WANTED—A farm hand. C. W. Reeve, phone 911-R.
WANTED—Chickens and turkeys. Will call for same. Phone 447. C. H. Leavel.
WANTED—Man on farm. Will pay \$50 per month and use the year around. Can use middle aged man. J. F. Nagel, phone 806 L.
WANTED—Motormen and conductors for Indianapolis City Lines. We teach you to work and offer steady employment. Wages \$7c to 42c an hour. Apply or write Superintendent, Indianapolis Street Railway Co., Room 214 Traction Building, Indianapolis.

WANTED—To buy large coal heater. Must be in good condition. Phone 538-White.

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—A 4-room house, Apr. 1, \$5.00 per month in advance. Must be a small family. Must move lawn and keep it clean. Marion Cooper, 321 Franklin St.

FOR RENT—Two furnished rooms with bath. Phone 144, 114 N. Weston St. Mrs. James Clark.

FOR RENT—Five room house at eight and a third dollars per month. Charles J. Dean & Son.

FOR RENT—Office and storage rooms, over Hilliard and Hamel Store. A. Leopold, phone 33.

FOR RENT—Furnished rooms, two blocks from court house. 203 N. Weston St.

LOST

LOST—Lap robe, green on one side and black on other, almost new. Elit Tobin, phone 949-J.

LOST—Monday afternoon, Cole 8 starting crank, between Main garage and Rabbit town. Return to Main garage, the best in Rensselaer.

LOST—Between Simon Cook's corner 3 miles east and Charles Lowman place, a heavy saddle. Reward for return. Call 905-R. Charles Lowman.

LOST—The pin set with small brilliant, somewhere in Rensselaer. Leave at Republican office and receive \$5.00 reward.

LOST—A boy's thick baseball mitt. Robert Turfer, phone 300-D.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HAVE PARTY TO BUY—5 or 6 room cottage or bungalow; must be modern or partly so. Any place south of railroad. Inquire of L. H. Hamilton personally, Republican office.

NOTICE TO FARMERS—We handle the Rumley line Tractors, threshing machines and farming implements; also Western Utility one horse-power tractor and implements. At the White Front garage. Kuboske and Walter.

TAKEN UP—Black cow with halter. Inquire at this office.

MONEY TO LOAN—I have an unlimited supply of money to loan on good farm lands at 5% and usual commission or 8% without commission, as desired. Loans will be made for 5 years, 7 years, 10 years or 20 years. See me about these various plans. John A. Dunlap.

MONEY TO LOAN—Charles J. Dean & Son.

HOOVER SUPPORTERS TO MEET

New York, March 25.—A national conference of representatives of state and local Hoover organizations will be held in Chicago within the next ten days, according to announcement last night by John F. Lucey, temporary chairman of the Hoover National Republican Club.

The conference, he explained, was for the purpose of co-ordinating activities for Herbert Hoover as the delegates to the conference will be asked to name a permanent national chairman and to outline policies and future work for a Republican Hoover campaign, if they decide such action is desirable.

At this election the full dinner-pail as a slogan will give way to the full limousine tank.—Minneapolis Journal.

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Burchards
5-10 AND VARIETY STORE

EASTER NOVELTIES

2 for 5c to 40c

CURTAIN SCRIMS

25c and 30c per yard

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HOSIERY

25c and 35c per pair

LADIES' LINGERIE WAISTS

\$2.50 up.

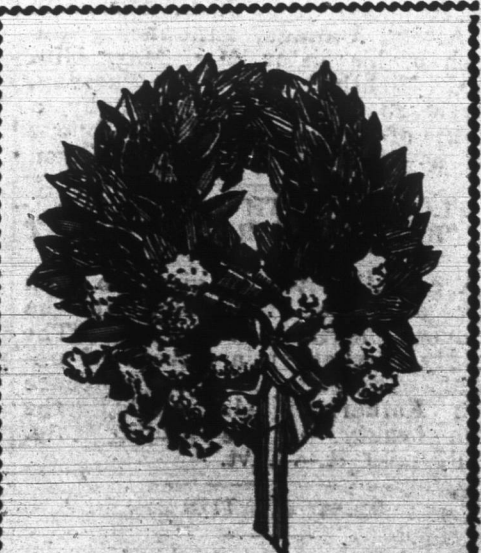
LADIES' AND MISSES' MIDDY BLOUSES

\$1.50 to \$3.25.

PLAIN AND FANCY RIBBONS

5c yard and up

WE HANDLE LEONARD'S BULK GARDEN SEEDS.



Say It With Flowers
Holden's Greenhouse

TARZAN AND THE Jewels of Opar

By
EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Author of
"Tarzan of the Apes"
"Son of Tarzan"

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Hiding in the jungle after killing his captain in a fit of brooding madness, Lieut. Albert Werper, Belgian officer, is captured by Achmet Zek, Arab slave-raider, who spares his life and proposes to him a scheme to kidnap Jane, wife of Tarzan (Lord Greystoke) and sell her into slavery. Werper accepts.

CHAPTER II—Posing as Jules Fresco, French traveler, Werper is hospitably received by the Greystokes. He learns his host is in financial straits and plans an expedition to the treasure vaults of Opar to procure gold. Werper informs Achmet Zek of the opportunity to seize Lady Greystoke, and follows Tarzan to learn the secret of Opar.

CHAPTER III—Spying on Tarzan, Werper sees him load his blacks with gold from the treasure chamber of the Sun Worshipers. A convulsion of Nature causes the collapse of the vault imprisoning both men.

CHAPTER IV—Werper recovers from the shock and finding Tarzan apparently dead he leaves him, seeking a way to safety. Werper is seized by priests of the flaming God, a degenerate race. He is about to be offered up as a sacrifice when the priest is interrupted by the appearance of a hunger-maddened lion.

CHAPTER V.

The Arab Raid.

After their first terror had subsided subsequent to the shock of the earthquake, Basuli and his warriors hastened back into the passageway in search of Tarzan and two of their own number who were also missing.

They found the way blocked by jammed and distorted rock. For two days they labored to tear a way through to their imprisoned friends; but when, after Herculean efforts, they had unearthed but a few yards of the choked passage, and discovered the mangled remains of one of their fellows they were forced to the conclusion that Tarzan and the second Waziri also lay dead beneath the rock mass farther in, beyond human aid, and no longer susceptible of it.

They gave up the search. Tearfully they cast a last look at the shattered tomb of their master, shouldered the heavy burden of gold that would at least furnish comfort, if not happiness, to their bereaved and beloved mistress, and made their mournful way back across the desolate valley of Opar, and downward through the forests beyond toward the distant bungalow.

And as they marched what sorry fate was already drawing upon that peaceful, happy home!

From the north came Achmet Zek, riding to the summons of his lieutenant's letter. With him came his horde of renegade Arabs, outlawed marauders, these, and equally degraded blacks, garnered from the more debased and ignorant tribes of savage cannibals through whose countries the raider passed to and fro with perfect impunity.

Mugambi, the ebion Hercules, who had shared the dangers and vicissitudes of his beloved Bwana from Jungle Island almost to the headwaters of the Ugambi, was the first to note the bold approach of the sinister caravan.

He it was whom Tarzan had left in charge of the warriors who remained to guard Lady Greystoke, nor could a braver or more loyal guardian have been found in any clime or upon any soil. A giant in stature, a savage, fearless warrior, the huge black possessed also soul and judgment in proportion to his bulk and his ferocity.

The raiders were still a long way off when the warrior's keen eyes discovered them. He issued orders rapidly. In compliance with them the men seized upon their weapons and their shields. Some ran to call in the workers from the fields and to warn the tenders of the flocks and herds. The majority followed Mugambi back toward the bungalow.

The dust of the raiders was still a long distance away. Mugambi could not know positively that it hid an enemy; but he had spent a lifetime of savage life in savage Africa, and he had seen parties before come thus unheralded. Sometimes they had come in peace and sometimes they had come in war—one could never tell. It was well to be prepared.

The Greystoke bungalow was not well adapted for defense. No palisade surrounded it, for, situated as it was, in the heart of loyal Waziri, its master had anticipated no possibility of an attack in force by any enemy. Heavy wooden shutters there were to close the window apertures against hostile arrows, and these Mugambi was engaged in lowering when Lady Greystoke appeared upon the veranda.

"Why, Mugambi!" she exclaimed. "What has happened? Why are you lowering the shutters?"

Mugambi pointed out across the plain to where a white-robed force of mounted men was now distinctly visible.

"Arabs," he explained. "They come for no good purpose in the absence of the Great Bwana."

The raiders had halted a hundred yards out upon the plain. Mugambi had hastened down to join his war-

riors. He advanced a few yards before them and, raising his voice, hailed the strangers. Achmet Zek sat straight in his saddle before his henchmen.

"Arab!" cried Mugambi. "What do you want here?"

"We come in peace," Achmet Zek called back.

"Then turn and go in peace," replied Mugambi. "We do not want you here. There can be no peace between Arab and Waziri."

Achmet Zek drew to one side of his horde, speaking to his men in a low voice. A moment later, without warning, a ragged volley was poured into the ranks of the Waziri. A couple of the warriors fell, the others were for charging the attackers; but Mugambi was a cautious as well as a brave leader. He knew the futility of charging mounted men armed with muskets. He withdrew his force behind the shrubbery of the garden. Half a dozen he sent to the bungalow itself with instructions to keep their mistress within doors and to protect her with their lives.

Adopting the tactics of the desert fighters from which he had sprung, Achmet Zek led his followers at a gallop in a long, thin line, describing a great circle which drew closer and closer in toward the defenders.

The Waziri, justly famed for their archery, found no cause to blush for their performance that day. Time and again some swarthy horseman threw hands above his head and toppled from his saddle, pierced by a deadly arrow; but the contest was uneven. The Arabs outnumbered the Waziri; their bullets penetrated the shrubbery and found marks that the Arab riflemen had not even seen; and then Achmet Zek circled inward a half mile above the bungalow, tore down a section of the fence, and led his marauders within the grounds.

Mugambi saw them coming, and, calling those of his warriors who remained, ran for the bungalow and the last stand. Upon the veranda Lady Greystoke stood, rifle in hand. More than a single raider had accounted to her steady nerves and cool aim for his outlawry; more than a single pony raced, riderless, in the wake of the charging horde.

Mugambi pushed his mistress back into the greater security of the interior, and with his depleted force prepared to make a last stand against the foe.

On came the Arabs, shouting and waving their long guns above their heads. Past the veranda they raced, pouring a deadly fire into the kneeling Waziri who discharged their volley of arrows from behind their long, oval shields—shields well adapted, perhaps, to stop a hostile arrow, or deflect a spear; but futile, quite, before the leaden missiles of the riflemen. Mugambi withdrew his force within the building.

Again and again the Arabs charged, at last forming a stationary circle about the little fortress, and outside the effective range of the defenders' arrows. From their new position they fired at will at the windows. One by one the Waziri fell. Fewer and fewer were the arrows that replied to the guns of the raiders, and at last Achmet Zek felt safe in ordering an assault.

Firing as they ran, the bloodthirsty horde raced for the veranda. A dozen of them fell to the arrows of the defenders; but the majority reached the door. Heavy gun butts fell upon it. The crash of splintered wood mingled with the report of a rifle as Jane Clayton fired through the panels upon the relentless foe.

Upon both sides of the door men fell; but at last the frail barrier gave to the vicious assaults of the maddened attackers; it crumpled inward and a dozen swarthy murderers leaped into the living room. At the far end stood Jane Clayton surrounded by the remnant of her devoted guardians. The floor was covered by the bodies of those who already had given up their lives in her defense. In the forefront



In the Forefront of Her Protector Stood the Giant Mugambi.

of her protectors stood the giant Mugambi. The Arabs raised their rifles to pour in the last volley that would effectually end all resistance; but Achmet Zek roared out a warning order that stayed their trigger fingers.

"Fire not upon the woman!" he cried. "Who harms her, dies. Take the woman alive!"

The Arabs rushed across the room the Waziri met them with their heavy swords flashed long-barreled

pistols roared out their sullen venom. Mugambi launched his spear at the nearest of the enemy with a force that drove the heavy shaft completely through the Arab's body, then he seized a pistol from another, and grasping it by the barrel brained all who forced their way too near his mistress.

Emulating his example the few warriors who remained to him fought like demons; but one by one they fell, until only Mugambi remained to defend the life and honor of the ape-man's mate.

From across the room Achmet Zek watched the unequal struggle and urged on his minions. In his hands was a jeweled musket. Slowly he raised it to his shoulder, waiting until another move should place Mugambi at his mercy without endangering the lives of the woman or any of his own followers.

At last the moment came, and Achmet Zek pulled the trigger. Without a sound the brave Mugambi sank to the floor at the feet of Jane Clayton.

An instant later she was surrounded and disarmed. Without a word they dragged her from the bungalow. A glint negro lifted her to the pommel of his saddle, and while the raiders searched the bungalow and outhouses for plunder he rode with her beyond the gates and waited the coming of his master.

When the raiders assembled after glutting their fury and their avarice, and rode away with Jane Clayton toward the north, she saw the smoke and flames rising far into the heavens until the winding of the trail into the thick forests hid the sad view from her eyes.

As the flames ate their way into the living room, reaching out forked tongues to lick up the bodies of the dead, one of that gruesome company whose bloody welterings had long since been stilled, moved again. It was a huge black who rolled over upon his side and opened blood-shot, suffering eyes. Mugambi, whom the Arabs had left for dead, still lived. The hot flames were almost upon him as he raised himself painfully upon his hands and knees and crawled slowly toward the doorway. After what seemed to him an interminable time, during which the flames had become a veritable fiery furnace at the far side of the room, the great black managed to reach the veranda, roll down the steps and crawl off into the cool safety of some nearby shrubbery.

All night he lay there, alternately unconscious and painfully sentient; and in the latter state watching with savage hatred the lurid flames which still rose from burning crib and haycock. A growling lion roared close at hand; but the giant black was unafraid. There was place for but a single thought in his savage mind—revenge! revenge! revenge!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children
In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Hitchcock*

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Asa W. Savin et ux to George G. Moellman et ux, Jan. 3, 1920, lots 6, 7, 10 blk. 5, Rensselaer, Weston's second add, \$2,000.

Mary F. Griffin et baron to Horace J. Bartoo et ux, March 19, out lot 9, Remington, pt. n hf nw 30-27-6, pt n hf nw 30-27-6, \$3,000, Carpenter twp.

Frances E. Goff to Jacob Spitzer, March 17, lot 8, blk 4, Fair Oaks, \$130.00.

Theodore F. Dunlap et ux to Floyd C. Ansler, March 6, e hf sw 35-30-7, e hf e hf nw sw, e hf e hf sw sw 35-30-7, \$18,500, Newton twp.

Theodore F. Dunlap et ux to Edward Wuerthner, March 6, pt s hf ne pt n hf se 34-30-7, pt w hf sw 35-30-7, 171 1-3 acres, \$31,696, Newton twp.

George L. Hascall et ux to Claude W. May, Sept. 30, 1919, and hf pt 4, blk 13, Remington, \$1,800.

Lydia J. Biddle et baron to Claude W. May, Sept. 30, 1919, and hf pt 4, blk 13, Remington, \$1,800.

Tippecanoe Land Co. to Murdock Farm Co., Feb. 22, 1917, n hf 25-31-5, sw se, n hf sw, n hf se sw 25-31-5, ne se 26-31-5, 600 acres, \$48,000, Gillam twp.

August Sven Johnson to Anna E. Anderson, Mar. 22, se se 3-31-7, 40 acres, \$1800, Union twp.

Northern Indiana Land Co. to James J. Krueck et al., March 1, other land and pt e hf 35-33-7, pt w hf 35-33-7, \$10,850, Keener twp.

Martha Zehr et baron to Eli F. Zehr, Jan. 18, and hf ne se 7-27-6, \$3,000, Carpenter twp.

James Barber et ux to Edward Ritter, March 24, pt e hf nw 5-30-6, 58.03 acres, \$4,110, Barkley twp.