

## TABERNACLE MEETING TO END SUNDAY

Seventy-five War Mothers and an excellent representation of the Greencastle Post No. 58 of the American Legion and other ex-service men headed the delegations at the tabernacle last night, and were heartily welcomed by the applause of the audience and by the fitting address of welcome given by Daisy Douglas Barr, the evangelist. Mrs. Barr is the second War Mother of the state of Indiana, and for that reason the welcome was all the more effective. At the close of her talk the Legion presented Mrs. Barr with a beautiful bouquet of flowers.

The younger generation was also represented by delegations last night, when the Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts marched into the tabernacle. In the opening service Mr. Daugherty presented the Scouts with their certificates of registration in the national organization.

Since yesterday was observed as a special Mother's Day in the campaign, all of the meetings carried out the spirit of honor to motherhood. Mr. Daugherty sang the beautiful solo last night, "My Mother's Prayers Have Followed Me."

The sermon which Mrs. Barr preached was on the subject, "Mary, the Ideal Mother," and in an effective manner she set forth the Mother of our Lord as the highest type of motherhood because she was a pure mother, an attentive mother, a devoted mother, and a religious mother. "Every child has a right to be well born," declared Mrs. Barr, "and the only guarantee of this is found in the physical purity of the parents."

The speaker insisted upon the necessity of taking children into the church when they are young, and upon the folly of allowing them to grow old without definite teaching regarding the Christian life.

Twenty people responded to the call, and came forward to begin the Christian life.

The tabernacle was entirely filled again last night so that a great number had to stand, in spite of the rain and counter attractions. This is but another evidence of the great power of the meetings and the hold which they have upon the people of the community.

Tomorrow will be the closing day of the five weeks series of meetings, and a heavy schedule is planned for the Sabbath. All of the churches will have their Sunday Schools in the churches as announced, but at 10:45 there will be a Union Meeting in the tabernacle, at which time Mrs. Barr will preach on the subject, "What is the Bible?"

At 2:45 p. m. Mrs. Barr will give her last lecture to men only at the tabernacle on the subject, "The Lady Barber," at the same time there will be a meeting for women at the Locust Street Church. The last meeting of the series will begin at 7:15 p. m. with the song service led by Mr. Daugherty, and Mrs. Barr will preach on "What will you do with Jesus?"

People from the country and out of town neighbors are invited to bring their basket dinners so that they can eat in the tabernacle and stay for the entire day's program.

In the meetings tomorrow the people of this community will be given the opportunity of showing their appreciation for the great work done by Mrs. Barr in this strenuous five weeks of unselfish and effective labor, by giving her a thank offering. No one can estimate the general and definite good which has come to the community as a result of the meetings and the work of Mrs. Barr, but everyone can give some sort of expression to the love which all feel who know the evangelist, and there is no doubt but what Greencastle is going to keep up her reputation by doing the grand thing about which it can be proud.

The death of Mrs. Clark McCormick occurred at her home in Reelsville Thursday night at 10 o'clock of heart disease. (The funeral will be in Reelsville on Sunday with burial in the Stilesville cemetery.

## DEPAUW GLEE CLUB PLEASES BIG AUDIENCE

The DePauw University Glee Club composed of thirty members gave its home concert in McHarry Hall Friday night before a large and attentive audience. The solos by Martha Trippier, Prof. Omar Wilson, director, Mr. Sayre and Mr. Jones, were heartily applauded. The work of the two male quartets was of a superior nature and very interesting. The two male quartets were composed of Ledger Ford, Wilbur McMullen, Harold Jones, James Mc Adams, Edwin Sayre, Terrance Odgen, Paul Jones, and Elmer Courtney. The string quartet composed of Prof. H. J. Barnum first violin and director, Warren Cook, second violin, Cecil Cella was encored again and again.

The second part of the program entitled "Reminiscences of 1918" was a very interesting sketch presented by the entire club. The scene was in Jim's den where ex soldier and sailor had met for gab fest. Prof. Wilson dressed in a Kilt character, a Lady From Hell. The program was concluded with the singing of the DePauw (Toast by the entire audience and a series of De Pauw yells given by the members of the club.

By the program last night the De Pauw Glee Club showed the home folks that it really merited the state wide praise it has received.

## BOY SCOUTS TAKE AN ALL DAY HIKE TODAY.

The boy Scouts, organized by Mr. Daugherty of the Daisy Barr party, during the series of meetings held here, took an all day hike today. The lads went to the woods early this morning carrying with them skillets, bacon, coffee and other necessities for an all day stay. The object of the hike was to teach the lads to cook and prepare meals while in the woods.

Brown & Moffett reports the sale of the H. F. Sears property on west Elizabeth street to John W. Allee of Putnamville, the Van Gorder property on north Jackson street to H. F. Sears and the Oscar Brann property on west Columbia street to Roy Abrams.

The old residence on the lot at the corner of Indiana and Walnut street recently sold to the Standard Oil Co. by A. B. Hanna, is being wrecked by Billy Thompson who recently purchased the building. Thompson will utilize the lumber in building a rental residence on the Commercial Place. The Standard Oil Co. will soon begin work of erecting a filling station on the lot.

## MASTER VIOLINIST TO BE HEARD HERE IN CONCERT

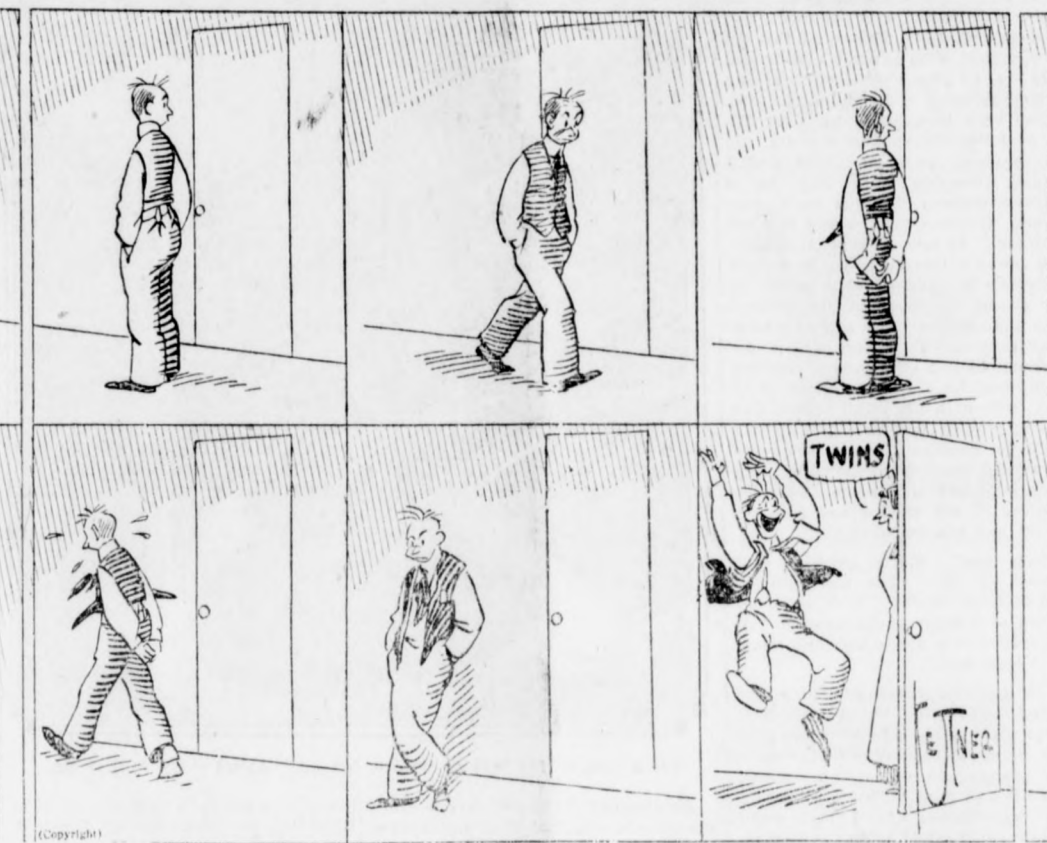
Arrangements have been made for a concert in this city at the High School Auditorium, Tuesday, April 20, by Josef Konecny, the famous Bohemian violinist, under the auspices of the American Legion.

Josef Konecny has played in most of the big musical centers of this country, and in practically every state of the world, and is considered by his critics to rank among the foremost violinists of the present day. He is the son of a Bohemian blacksmith. He studied with Sevik (teacher of Jan Kubelik) and is a shining example of what can be accomplished by indefatigable industry, energy and perseverance.

Mr. Konecny's playing is characterized by great depth of interpretation, tonal beauty and brilliancy of technique, his repertoire comprising works seldom heard even on the concert stage. His technical proficiency enables him to negotiate the most difficult passages with apparent ease.

He will be assisted by Lola Murel Alley, American soprano, and Mary Tris, the brilliant American pianist, both artists of national reputation.

## The End of a Perfect Day



## MISCELLANEOUS SHOWER FOR MISS CLARICE KNIGHT.

Mrs. Chester York entertained a number of friends Thursday afternoon at a miscellaneous shower in honor of Miss Clarice Knight who is soon to become a bride. The bride to be received many beautiful and useful presents. The afternoon was enjoyed socially and refreshments were served. Those present were: Mrs. Ella Scobee, Mrs. John Browning, Miss Lela Browning, Mrs. Winnie Arnold, Miss Leona Oliver, Miss

## MARY PICKFORD IN COURT AGAIN

MINDEN, Nev., April 16.—Suit to set aside the decree of divorce granted by District Judge Langen to Gladys E. Moore, known as Mary Pickford, from Owen Moore, was filed here late today by Leonard B. Fowler, attorney general of Nevada. The suit was filed in the interest of the state of Nevada.

The decree of divorce was granted on March 2, 1920. The complaint is based on allegations of fraud, cohabitation and collusion between Moore and Douglas Fairbanks, to whom the former Mrs. Moore was married a short time after her divorce was granted.

## LOCUST STREET CHURCH Rev. H. F. Clippinger, Pastor

Bible School, 9:30.  
Baptism service and members received at close of Bible Study.

Meeting for women in this church, 2:45.  
Junior League, 2:00.

Special evangelistic and prayer service Thursday night.

Maple Heights Mission School, 2:00.

Preaching services will be resumed next Sunday night, April 25, by student pastor, I. Carnes.

## UNIVERSITY SERVICE TO BE HELD TOMORROW AFTERNOON

Walter S. Athearn, professor of religious education at Boston University, will deliver the first of the series of Beamer lectures at the April University Service in McHarry Hall, Sunday afternoon at 3:15. Professor Athearn will lecture in McHarry Hall on Monday and Tuesday evenings at seven o'clock.

Bertha Huffman, Mrs. Jake Huffman, Mrs. Earl O'Hair, Mrs. J. F. O'Hair, Mrs. George Hendrix, Mrs. Orville Stewart, Misses Velma and Ada Braden, Miss Ferrell Ferrand, Miss Lorraine Knight, Mrs. John Knight, Mrs. Bell Kesterton, Mrs. Orville Rice, Miss Edith York, Mrs. Harvey York, Miss Lettie York, Mrs. Julia Scobee, and Mrs. Jane Gibson.

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## LOCAL NEWS

To regular meeting of the Boston Club has been postponed until April 26.

Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Gilmore arrived home Friday after spending the winter in California.

The interurban line was out of commission for several hours Friday afternoon. High tension trouble caused the suspension of operations.

Rev. A. M. Hootman will fill his regular appointment at the Fillmore Christian church next Sunday morning and evening.

Mrs. Charles Barnaby went to Indianapolis today to visit her son Howard and Barnaby who is in St. Vincent Hospital.

Mrs. Jesse Allee Byrd who has been in the Methodist Hospital in Indianapolis for the past thirteen weeks ill of pneumonia, has been brought to her home in this city.

Mrs. S. R. Raridan who has been in St. Vincent's Hospital in Indianapolis since Monday has returned to her home in this city.

Greencastle Crescent Rebecca Lodge No. 763 will meet Monday evening in regular session. There will be initiation of candidates, Alice Halton, N. G. Minnie Kiefer, Sec.

Miss Ruth Margaret Fenynson and Victor V. Thomas, both of Evansville, Ind. were united in marriage Saturday morning at 9:30, at the Presbyterian Mans. by Rev. Victor L. Raphael.

## CELESTIAN CHURCH

Levi S. Hall, Pastor.

Sunday School 9:30—9:50

Miss Hinton and Mr. Daugherty will sing a duet.

Union Preaching at the tabernacle at 10:45 by Mrs. Barr.

Baptismal Services at the church at 2:00.

Men's meeting at the tabernacle and women's meeting at the Locust street church 2:45.

Christian Endeavor at church at 6:15

## COLLEGE M. E. CHURCH

Blaine E. Kirkpatrick, Minister.

A special Bible class for Business Women has been organized. It will have its first session tomorrow morning. All business women who are not otherwise connected with Sunday School are cordially invited to join in this class.

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## SHERIFF CHARGED WITH NEGLECT OF HIS DUTIES

Indianapolis, April 17.—Robert F. Muder, sheriff of Marion county, was indicted by the county grand jury today on a neglect of his official duty. Other indictments were returned and the grand jury, in a comprehensive report recommended many changes in the equipment and method of management at the county jail as well as a legislation to abolish the fee system for feeding prisoners. The names of other men indicted will not be made public until they are arrested.

## PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Victor L. Raphael, Minister.  
Sunday School, 9:30. Special Program Young People's Christian Endeavor 6:15 O'clock.

Junior Christian Endeavor, Tuesday afternoon at 4:00 O'clock. Please note that we have gone back to our regular day.

Prayer Meeting, 7:30 O'clock Thursday evening.  
Morning worship and Evening Service will be held in the tabernacle Sunday at 10:45 and 7:15 O'clock, respectively.

Men's meeting in the tabernacle 2:45 O'clock Sunday. Women's meeting in Locust M. E. Church 2:45 Sunday.

## HAVE "ALL KINDS OF MONEY"

Estonians Need "Rapid Calculator" When They Have to Make Change for a Cent.

London.—One advantage enjoyed by Great Britain, says the Daily Chronicle, is that although the exchange situation is adverse, the people know the worst.

According to the Board of Trade Journal, the Estonians haven't this advantage. Their currency includes:

Estonian marks, Czar rubles, duma rubles, Kerensky rubles, Yudenitch rubles, Finnish marks, Danish kroner, Swedish kroner, "Ost" rubles and marks, relics of the German occupation, English notes and German marks.

Bank Notes Cut Up by Car Wheels.—Carried under the wheels of an express train by the high wind when it was thrown from the train at Windsor Locks, Conn., a mail pouch containing 1,000 \$5 bank notes was ground to pieces.

Wakes Lunch on Funeral Expenses.—Lunch at the wake may be properly charged against the estate as part of the funeral expense, according to a decision by the court of appeals at Frankfort, Ky.

## KISSING NOT WHIM, BUT PART OF LIFE

Wife of College Professor Makes Interesting Observations on the Subject.

"Kissing is not a whim at all; it is a part of our daily life," says Mrs. Edward F. Buchner, wife of Dr. Buchner of Johns Hopkins university, Baltimore, apropos of the edict of Pittsburgh university coeds.

A number of Baltimore women regarded kissing as a pretty serious proposition which should not at all be considered in the light, frivolous fashion with which most people regard kissing, especially young people.

Though the coeds of the University of Pittsburgh and the Margaret Morrison school of Carnegie Tech have received the commendation of many for cutting out osculatory demonstrations during high school days, they "started something" when they claimed that kissing is a "man's whim."

Mrs. Buchner says: "Kissing is not a whim at all; it is a part of our human life and is born of an impulse of our natures to demonstrate affection. I most certainly do not approve of promiscuous kissing, and think that the students who decided to stop the practice are quite right."

"Young folks should have their time so filled with school studies and activities that they would have no time for such awkwardness. The wholesome, clean boys of the day do not respect girls who allow unwarranted liberties."

## MYSTIC INDIAN SEER POPULAR IN ENGLAND



Photo shows Sadhu Sundar Singh, a Sikh by birth, who is to lecture in some of the principal Anglican churches of England.

He is living with the famous Cowley Fathers while in London. He was converted when about sixteen, after going to a small mission school of American Presbyterians.

While traveling through the Nepal he was put in prison and subjected to tortures which normally would have ended his career, but much to the astonishment of his persecutors he survived. It evidently filled them with superstitious dread. There are numerous instances of the sadly being wonderfully delivered from difficulties and dangers. He travels without money, bag or baggage and he does not seek money. He does not represent any society or any cause.

## TRAINED DOWN TO 440

Man Weighed 668 When He Started in on Reducing.

Emory Tutman used to be a fat man; in fact he was so fat that when he got into a little difficulty with the law in New York it was impossible to find a cell big enough to accommodate him; but now he weighs a mere 440 pounds, which is trifling compared with his former figure of 668.

Emory says the secret of reduction is simple. He attained his present severe proportions by means of a few months' work in a Turkish bath and is willing to bet he will be down to 400 by July 1. Physicians say that the loss of 228 pounds since last fall has not affected Tutman's health in the least.

Agnes—But how in the world can you get him to propose?

Madge—Oh, easily enough. I told him that you were crazy about him and reminded him that it was leap year.—Boston Transcript.

## TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION

Possible and Impossible Romances Spring Up in New York

## SAYS CZAR'S DAUGHTER LIVES

Story of Escape to New York Has Many Believers in East Side—More Incredible and True Stories Packed Into Foreign Section Than All Movie Directors in World Could Shoot in Month of Sundays.

For months I am told, many people on the lower east side have believed that one of the czar's daughters escaped the bolsheviks, who would have murdered her, and managed to get in New York. There is not an atom of known fact to justify this rumor, but one of these days it may rise to the dignity of the tradition of the lost dauphin of France, writes Herbert Corey in the Chicago News.

"Her old nurse saw her the other day," the girl who was being involuntarily molded to my form in last night's subway crush told her friend. "I know a girl who knows her old nurse. She says there is no doubt of it."

The nurse talked with her, according to the story. They met face to face on a Broadway car, and at first the little princess tried to deny her identity. But the nurse knew her and loved her too well, and so the czar's daughter told her pitiful tale. She had been left for dead, but a servant found that a spark of life remained and smuggled her body out of the pit into which the corpses of the Russian, and of her mother, the zarina, and of her royal brother and sisters had been thrown.

## Romances in the Slums.

The story of the czar's daughter is to the last degree improbable, but it is not quite impossible. It might have happened, though one may be certain that it did not. But if it did happen, it would be the most natural thing in the world for the princess to come to New York. This is the natural repository for old world romances. It is a greedy, bad-mannered, pushing, guttural, good-natured, bullying, cringing generous city—and there are more incredible and true stories packed into that district south of Fourteenth street and east of Broadway than all the movie directors in the world could shoot in a month of Sundays.

Within the last week I have heard of the legitimate holder of a title whose business here is blackmail. Of a man who was a millionaire in Moscow and who is living on the earnings of his pretty daughter, who clerks downtown. Of a French "countess" who was once a figure in the gay world in Paris and who now is a shoe clerk. Of a leader of the Anarches of Paris, who has become a respectable business man. Of the captain of a German "U" boat who is a bookkeeper.

Such are the takings of but a few days' fishing in the waters of east side gossip. Not one of these tales may be true. I haven't looked them up. But they are pale and lifeless compared to some of the proved stories that have come from the slums. Run-away banker, crushed aristocrat, professional murderer, fanatic, adventurer, unfortunate—every tragedy in Europe, one thinks sometimes, has an echo in these dark streets.

## She's Being Assimilated.

Two months ago a nice little girl from Cincinnati came to town as private secretary for the head of a big western concern. She is quiet, demure and ladylike—but with a full share of western independence and self-respect and pep. The first week she wrote home to her mother:

"This is a detestable town. I am forced to ride to and from work in the subway, in which I am mauled about by crowds of foreigners. They jostle each other like cattle, they are odorous and they are incredibly impolite. It seems sometimes that I shall be physically unequal to the strain of pushing and shoving through these subway jams. It is rare to see a man offer a seat to a lady and then he is a westerner. No one has ever said 'Excuse me' to me."

Yesterday she wrote: "Home again after the uptown battle in the subway. I no longer resent the pushing and shoving of the crowds. Poor things, some of them are half speechless with fatigue. They are almost fainting on their feet. One gets more pay in New York—but one pays in strength and courage a disproportionate price for every dollar."

"That night she went to a movie and had a corking good time and this morning she refused her employer's offer to transfer her to a western town. She said she was growing sort of fond of New York."



## HERALD

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Cards of Thanks  
Cards of Thanks are chargeable at a rate of 50c each.

Obituaries.  
All obituaries are chargeable at the rate of \$1 for each obituary. Additional charge of 5c a line is made for all poetry.

## POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENT

FOR CONGRESS—Jacob E. Cravin of Hendricks County announces his candidacy for the Democratic nomination as representative to Congress from the Fifth Congressional district, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary election.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE—W. E. Gill, of Cloverdale, announces to the Democratic voters of Putnam county, that he is a candidate for the nomination for representative of Putnam county.

CHARLES S. BATT of Vigo County Democratic candidate for Representative in Congress, Primaries, May 4, 1920.

FOR PROSECUTING ATTORNEY—Fay S. Hamilton announces his candidacy for prosecuting attorney of Putnam county, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary election.

FOR TREASURER—Otto G. Webb of Marion township announces that he is a candidate for treasurer of Putnam county, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary election.

FOR SHERIFF—Fred Lancaster of Madison township, has announced his candidacy for sheriff of Putnam county, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary election, May 4, 1920.

FOR SHERIFF—Edward H. Eiteljorge announces to the Democratic voters that he is a candidate for the nomination of sheriff of Putnam county, subject to the decision of the primary election, May 4.

FOR SHERIFF—Allen Eggers, of Jackson township, announces that he is a candidate for the Democratic nomination for sheriff of Putnam county, subject to the decision of the Primary election, May 4, 1920.

FOR SHERIFF—Will Gldewen, of Warren township, announces that he is a candidate for sheriff of Putnam county, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary, May 4, 1920.

FOR SHERIFF OF PUTNAM COUNTY—Sure vote for Jesse M. Hamrick, at the Democratic primary, May 4, 1920. Your vote appreciated.

FOR SHERIFF—Of Putnam county, E. S. (Lige) Wallace of Greencastle announces his candidacy for sheriff of Putnam county, subject to the decision of the primary election, May 4, 1920.

FOR SHERIFF—Harkus L. Jackson of Greencastle, formerly of Marion township, announces that he is a candidate for sheriff of Putnam county, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary election, May 4.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER—For commissioner of Second district, Reese R. Buis of Marion township announces his candidacy for commissioner of the Second district, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary election, May 4, 1920.

FOR COMMISSIONER—Third district, David J. Skelton of Washington township announces his candidacy for commissioner of the Third district, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary election, May 4, 1920.

FOR COMMISSIONER OF THIRD DISTRICT—J. J. Hendrix of Washington township announces his candidacy for commissioner of Putnam county from the Third district, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary election.

FOR COMMISSIONER—O. A. Day of Marion township, announces to the Democratic voters of Putnam county his candidacy for commissioner of

the Second district, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary election, May 4, 1920.

FOR COMMISSIONER—L. M. Chamberlain, of Cloverdale township, announces his candidacy for commissioner for the Third District, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary, May 4, 1920.

## TOPIARY REVIVES IN ENGLAND

Trees Shaped as Peacocks Are Old Curiosities, and Many Others Are Being Formed.

Travelers on the great highways which leads through Staines by the Belfort church can see two ancient yew trees cunningly trained and clipped to represent peacocks, which stand on either side of the village gate. They are large trees, ages old, and how many years of care and skill with the pruning knife they stand for none can tell. These are, perhaps, the most familiar examples of the topiary art near the metropolis, but in formal gardens of many stately old country houses they like may be seen in abundance. They are accepted as curiosities, survivals of times past when men had more leisure on their hands than today.

The shaping of living trees into birds and beasts of prey, into spirals, pillars, cannon balls, and any other fantasy chosen, still exists as a British industry. In the Royal Kew nurseries, close by Richmond town, is the largest collection of topiary in the world—nearly 3,000 trees, each one of them trimmed to some animal or bird or architectural form. The work has been done in this open studio, and it has required exemplary patience. The trouble about establishing a formal garden in years past has been that you do not live to see it. The next generation may enjoy it; but with forms that take 40 or 50, even in some cases 80, years to bring to maturity, it is only the grandchildren who can hope to witness their full perfection.—London Daily Telegraph.

## HALL OF FAME FOR TREES

Many Historic Perennial Plants Have Been Nominated for a Place in Institution.

"The great Tree on Boston Common," and "The Green Tree Hotel" at LeClaire, Ia., the most famous tree on the Mississippi river, have been nominated for a place in the "hall of fame for big trees," being compiled by the American Forestry association.

The great tree on Boston Common was blown down in a storm February 15, 1918, the centennial of the year in which the colonists gathered around the tree and started for Lexington to give battle to the British.

The Green Tree hotel at LeClaire is well known on the Mississippi river, because to the river men it was the waiting place of men out of a job and looking for a trip. Therefore they gave it the name of the Green Tree hotel. It is considered to be 120 years old.

Other nominations for the hall of fame include the De Soto Oak at Tampa, Fla., from which De Soto started for the Mississippi and the West; the octopus tree, in Charles City county, Virginia, the largest and oldest tree in the state; the two oaks at Marlinton, W. Va., marked in 1751 by Gen. Andrew Lewis; the tallest tree in the Balkans at Podgoritz, nominated by the Red Cross, which had headquarters near it during the war.

Importance of Music.  
What an empty place the world would be without music!

Ever since the creation birds have been pouring forth their song of cheer.

The art of music has progressed to a remarkable degree. Heretofore people have always regarded this art as a luxury, but the recent war has shown us most emphatically that it is a necessity. "Music is the medicine of the mind." This saying has been justified. Music has produced a wonderful effect on shell-shocked men who served in the war.

Patriotism and music combine, but so do religion and music. Does not music add beauty to church services, thereby exalting the thought? Is not music one of the chief attractions, if not the chief attraction at a place of amusement?—Chicago News.

Nothing So "Cheap" as That.

## TWO NANS

By MILDRED WHITE.

(Copyright, 1920, Western Newspaper Union.)

I sat in the attic beside the long closed trunk which held Aunt Nan's girlish finery. I could not remember Aunt Nan. She had gone away when I was a child, and later she died. But it seemed that the memory of this departed aunt, with her name bestowed, was to be my continued warning against frivolity and light-mindedness. I had been brought up by Aunt Minerva in loneliness and severity. It was mother's cross, and hers, that I should resemble Aunt Nan to a marked degree; bringing back constantly recollection of sorrow and humiliation. It seemed that Aunt Nan had brought this suffering into Aunt Minerva's life and to many others by her charm of attraction, thoughtlessness and—so her sister said—by utter heartlessness. But ever in my disciplined childish mind was a sneaking admiration for this same witch of an aunt, who with her small brown face had triumphed in love. And as she could not keep all the love bestowed, I reasoned, what could she but cast it back again? I used to study the painting of my mother and her two sisters and ponder over it.

"You see," Nan's twinkly eyes seemed to say, "I'm more sinned against than sinning. It is my elder sisters who enjoy the advantages; if I happened to win love here and there, can I help that?"

The pathetic curve of Nan's lips begged the question. Startled, I turned to the glass to see another small face with the same twinkly eyes, the same lips drooping in the mirror grieved with life as it was. The "resemblance" was remarkable, as I had heard mother and Aunt Minerva so often remark; and because of that resemblance, I lived until the age of twenty-five the secluded life of a cloister. Aunt Nan's unforgivable sin was the winning of a heart—which had been duly given and signed to Minerva. Aunt Minerva's fiancé had not happened to meet the elusive Nan until after he was publicly betrothed to Aunt Minerva. But as soon as he did know the queer little creature it was all off with Minerva and he told her so honestly. He could care for no one else thereafter, he said, but the little girl who had bewitched him; and though Aunt Nan would have nothing to do with the man after that, he lingered only long enough to learn of her affair with David, then he went away forever. David Burnie was the only son of the old Scotch doctor whom everybody loved; and David was studying medicine in the city that he might soon fill his father's place. David had played with Nan when she was a schoolgirl. He'd loved her throughout high school days; and though Nan laughed and treated him in her charming impersonal manner, still David's hope was to win her for his wife when he should be through with his college, and take her to his father's home to dispense happiness there as his mistress. Nan allowed him to think that perhaps this hope might come. Then as David was about to graduate Nan wrote him from California, where she had gone to visit, that if he'd throw over the doctor business altogether and go out there where there was a wonderful opening for him in her uncle's business concern, she might marry him there. David threw over his career without a regretful thought and went to her; and the old doctor, who was getting too old to carry on his practice longer, closed his office door in silence and closed his heart to David. And when David reached California, Nan was married. She "had not meant to be," she told David tearfully, but this man who loved her had felt so terribly when he learned of David's coming. And this was the Nan who had been held up to me in warning. David never came back. No one knew what became of him. There were stacks of David Burnie's letters in the trunk which Nan left so long ago here in her home. I loved to read them on long idle afternoons and I pictured David to myself a man of noble sympathies, the hero of every book I read. There was a picture of David, too, and I liked the fine seriousness of his face. And on this particular afternoon I drew from the trunk a muslin dress covered with lavender roses and fancifully I tied its violet ribbons about my waist, then standing before the mirror I parted my brown hair as Aunt Nan's was parted in the picture and I smiled again at the replica of myself. Perhaps some of Nan's mischievous daring may have been evoked from her dress for I started with unwonted gaiety down the stairs to flash myself upon Aunt Minerva's gaze. She was not on the veranda, as I had expected, but a man stood there, a man who had been ringing the bell without response. He was a stranger, a man of distinguished appearance. Then all at once I recognized his face.

"David," I cried impulsively. "David Burnie!" for it was he—the same fine face, so seriously kind. There were patient wrinkles now about his mouth and eyes, his temples were touched with gray, but this was my hero still, the man whose character I had read in the lines of his letters. And David stood there as one bewitched. Indeed I think he was.

"Nan," he murmured, unbelievably. "Nan—come back again." And I knew that it was to be mine to make up to him for that he had lost—that I was

## A PHILIPPINE TRAVELOGUE

THE ROMANTIC ISLANDS OF THE FAR EAST. PICTURES OF THEIR NATURAL BEAUTY AND HISTORIC SPOTS—BEING A MECCA FOR TOURISTS AND A POPULAR WINTER RESORT.



The Zigzag on the Way to Baguio, Summer Capital of the Philippines.

All aboard! Let's go! We're starting from Manila, the great picturesque, Americanized Oriental city, and will travel by automobile 200 miles to the north to Baguio, the summer capital of the Philippines. The trip can also be made by train.

We have ahead of us one of the most scenic, spectacular and thrilling automobile trips in the world. We will have excellent roads all the way. The Philippines are, in fact, a paradise for motorists, possessing 3,500 miles of fine macadamized roads.

The first part of the trip is through typical small towns and then across the central plain of Luzon and through several rich and fertile provinces, where tropical vegetation is seen at its best. Here one is impressed with the great agricultural wealth of the Philippines, which represents one of the East's greatest producing areas, with the advantage of immense natural resources for the development of further production. It is regrettably true that even in the United States there is far from any real understanding of the potentialities of the islands.

At some points rice fields, looking in the distance like the greenest of green lawns, stretch away as far as the eye can see. If you want color, if you want to feel the romance and mystery of an Oriental twilight, pass this way as the red eyed sun at the end of the dying day is slowly sinking behind the unending expanse of green fields. At first you cry out in ecstasy at the gorgeous scene. But as you ride along, your eyes fastened on the panorama of tints and colors, and with the impenetrable black Oriental night coming on fast, you become enthralled. You no longer try to express your feelings. You cannot. You realize that those now fast changing, colorful masterpieces in the heavens and on the landscape are pictures that no man can adequately describe nor human hands duplicate. So what's the use of trying?

True, these are but impressions, but the travelogue considers himself justified in mentioning them, for they are a part of the trip to Baguio and return. Indeed, the gorgeous sunsets in all parts of the Philippines leave an impression on the mind of the tourist that is everlasting.

We leave the palms and tropical foliage and enter the zone of rugged pine. We pass from the soft, incense laden air of the warm lowlands to the crisp, invigorating ozone of the temperate zone, all within a few hours' time.

For mile after mile the road now follows the tortuous course of a river, the road lying in the bottom or on the rocky sides of a granite canyon.

The Philippines are rich in hydro-electric possibilities. This power is the cheapest power on earth. And it is everlasting. Your travelogue is neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, but he predicts that one day there will be innumerable Philippine government owned hydro-electric plants in this canyon we are now passing through. Think of the possibilities of such a project! Today the trip from Manila to Baguio is too expensive for the average Manila worker and his family, many of whom may live and die without beholding the wondrous beauties of their own island of Luzon. Think of what a blessing it would be to Filipino mothers and children to feel upon their fevered brows the cool, invigorating breezes of the mountain tops, now so near and yet so far! With the Philippine government owning its own electric railways and hydro-electric plants it would be possible to bring

the trip to Baguio within the means of hundreds of thousands of Filipinos. Not only is there sufficient power in this river to electrify a line from Manila to Baguio, but to operate the street railways of Manila, light the city and furnish power for manufacturing concerns.

But we have now arrived at Camp One. From this point the scenery rapidly changes as the elevation increases. We are traveling over the famous Benguet road, the construction of which through the mountains is a most remarkable engineering triumph.

At places the road is blasted out of the solid granite. Riding on the edge of a 100 foot precipice makes one feel like



At times we seemed perilously near the jumping off place.

he is on the rim of the world. Some of the turns are so sharp it is impossible to see 20 feet ahead, and we seem to be perilously near the jumping off place. We wonder if it is safe to lean out and peer into the canyon far below, and when we do we are perfectly satisfied we are flirting with death. Yet the trip is a safe one, providing our driver has better nerves than our own.

All too soon we reach the outskirts of Baguio, a city among the clouds, and are rather surprised at the modern city we find it to be. In ten years Baguio has grown from a village of huts to the now justly famed mountain resort of the Philippines, sometimes called the Philippine Simla. It is undoubtedly destined some day to become a large city.

Baguio ranges in elevation from 4,500 to 5,500 feet and is surrounded practically on all sides by high mountain ridges and "hogbacks" towering into the skies at a height of almost 8,000 feet.

Aside from the scenery, which is noteworthy, the great blessing of Baguio is its temperate climate, which is indeed a godsend to those impoverished by the tropical temperatures of the lowlands. Not only is the mountain air rich in ozone, but it has been demonstrated to be extraordinarily free from germs of all kinds.

Each year during the hot season the school teachers of the entire archipelago are enabled by the government to spend a month at the teachers' camp in Baguio for recreation and conference on school work. American army officers and their families also go to Baguio for the hot months.

And now that your travelogue has you in Baguio, he believes he will leave you there, for there are many interesting side trips to take, and, besides, Baguio is the most delightful place for a vacation in the entire Orient.

C. H. T.

## LONG IDOL OF SMALL BOY

Famous "Deadwood Dick" Lived and Died in Full Appreciation of His Great Popularity.

Deadwood Dick is dead. His real name was Richard Bullock, and he died most conventionally at an age of seventy-five years in a hospital at Glendale, Cal.

Deadwood Dick should have been the happiest of men. Few men can pass twilight years illumined by the glow of their past. Few men are privileged to read heroic lies about themselves which are founded on a modicum of truth. Achilles never read the "Aeneid." Satan never read "Paradise Lost," unless he had perused it since Milton's day by the fitful flames of his phytionic abode. Siegfried never scanned the "Nibelunglied." The greatest heroes of the greatest lies by the greatest liars have met their end believing they would be unhonored and unused by posterity.

Not so with Deadwood Dick. His saga was at his elbow these several decades. All he had to do was to take down one of the volumes over which the boys of a generation or two ago pored to realize what a great man he had not been. And all the time he had the consciousness that he really had passed wonderful days on mountain and plain, hauling gold by stage through perils created by nature and by man—that there was enough of the hero to justify the modern minstrel.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

## PEAT ESTABLISHED AS FUEL

In Denmark It Is Employed to Furnish Power for Many Lines of Big Industries.

In 1919 peat established itself as a fuel more firmly than ever in Denmark. It is used now by nearly all the industries, by the private railroads and in the country districts, where it is practically the only fuel. Twelve million peat bricks were taken from the marshes in the Odense district in 1918, and while figures are not available for 1919, it is estimated that the number was considerably larger. The electrical works of the town of Svendberg have successfully used peat gas instead of petroleum. As a locomotive fuel it proved to have some disadvantages, requiring a larger boiler and giving off many sparks.

Peat producers have complained that the government's maximum price on this article has made its manufacture difficult. There have been a number of failures. However, the quality of peat has been greatly improved during the last five years, and more has been learned of its possibilities. It will therefore undoubtedly figure much more than previously as an economic factor in Denmark.—New York Sun.

## Physique of Country and City Boys.

Under the selective draft law, registrants were given two physical examinations, one by the local draft boards and another by the army surgeons after the men who passed the local board examination reached camp. Analysis of these records of physical examinations shows that the country boys made better records than those from the cities; the white registrants better than the colored, and the native born better records than those of alien birth. These differences are so considerable that 100,000 country boys would furnish for the military service 4,700 more soldiers than would an equal number of city boys. Similarly, 100,000 whites would furnish 1,240 more soldiers than would an equal number of colored. Finally, 100,000 native born would yield 3,500 more soldiers than would a like number of foreign. The importance of these figures may be appreciated by noting that 3,500 men is equivalent to an infantry regiment at full war strength.

## Endurance Test.

The setting for the tale is La Jolla, a small town near San Diego. It is a place that boasts of great swimming and many other attractions, besides a museum. A little maiden, whom we will call Nellie, was passing the museum with her mother. Both were newcomers in the town and were taking their first sightseeing tour. Nellie glanced up at the sign in front of the museum—"Man-eating shark. Fifteen cents admission." So the two passed on. Two or three hours later, mother and daughter came back by the same route, and again passed the museum. The sign, of course, was still there. Nellie could not be silenced. "Is that man still eating the shark?" she asked. "I should think he would get tired."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

## Diplomats at Washington.

There are 42 accredited representatives of foreign governments in Washington. Besides these there are many unofficial representatives of nationalities seeking recognition from the American government. Chief among the latter are representatives of the Irish, Ukrainians, Armenians, Lithuanians and Albanians. Only the states of Monaco and San Marino, two of the smallest republics in the world, are without representatives.

## Polar Caps on Venus.

According to Edward M. Nelson, writing in the English Mechanic, polar caps were plainly visible on Venus last June in his three-inch refractor, power 160. They are described as of intense whiteness, resembling that of the crater Aristarchus on the moon. A similar observation is reported from M. Flammarion's observatory at Javal, France.

## GROUND UNDER HEAVY TAXES

People in Bible Times Completely at Mercy of Extortionate Extractors of Tribute.

People in the Bible times were taxed heavily. They were on a straight levy, not based on incomes or excess profits. Payment was compelled and no excuses made, nor were there any exemptions to married men or heads of families. Although there were no army or navy establishments and no airplane program, the people paid their assessments in both gold and silver.

"King Solomon compelled the Canaanites who were left in the country to pay him tribute. The rebellion of Jeroboam on account of the heavy taxes levied by Solomon, afterward growing into the revolt of the Ten Tribes, was the most pretentious kick against the levy of the powers in Bible times. Jeroboam was at first compelled to take refuge in Egypt, and it was on account of the taxes and levies laid by Solomon that the Israelites said to Rehoboam, the son of Solomon, upon the latter's death:

"Thy father made our yokes grievous; now therefore make thou the grievous service of thy father and his heavy yokes which he put upon us lighter and we will serve thee."

When Caesar Augustus was in power and Quirinus was governor of Syria, after having just been elected for a third term because he had kept the Syrians out of war, the first named issued a proclamation signed by his secretary of state that the whole world should be taxed. And all the people went to their own city to be taxed. The later editions of the Bible speak of the act as the people being "enrolled."

## HISTORY MERELY A LESSON

Paints Pictures Only That They May Be an Inspiration to Future Generations.

History does not relate for the sake of relating; it does not paint for the sake of painting; it relates and paints the past that it may be a living lesson of the future. It proposes to instruct new generations by the experience of those who have gone before them, by exhibiting to them a faithful picture of great and important events with their causes and their effects, with general designs and particular passions, with the faults and virtues that are found commingled in human things. It teaches the excellence of prudence, courage, and great thoughts profoundly meditated, constantly pursued, and executed with moderation and force. It shows the vanity of immoderate pretensions, the power of wisdom and virtue, the impotence of folly and crime. Thucydides, Polybius, and Tacitus undertake anything rather than procuring new emotions for an idle curiosity or a worn threadbare imagination. They doubtless desire to interest and attract, but more to instruct; they are the avowed masters of statesmen and the preceptors of mankind.—Victor Cousin.

## For a Headache.

A correspondent recommends the following simple remedy for headache—sick headache particularly. Cut a lemon in half and squeeze the juice into a tumbler. Add a few—very few grains of sugar, and fill the glass nearly three-quarters full of cold water. Now stir in half an eggspoonful of ordinary baking soda. This will fizz up, of course, and the draught must be swallowed during effervescence.

If one does fail to relieve headache, repeat it three hours after. Taken fasting, the first thing in the morning. It will do much to settle the stomach after the sick headache, and probably prevent its recurrence for some time to come. This kitchen physic has prevailed when phenacetin and other nerve-quieters have signally failed to do so.

## Teach Child Courtesy.

Good manners in children as well as grown people are the expression of an innate consideration for the rights, privileges and opinions of other people.

Years of experience have crystallized this feeling into certain conventional forms of expression, which every child should be taught. The little habits of courtesy, which should be a part of every day life, are really the "outward and visible sign of an inward grace." Few acquisitions are more valuable to anyone than that charm of manner which wins the immediate regard of everyone with whom they come into contact.

## One at a Time.

One Saturday afternoon two girl friends and I boarded a crowded street car. We managed to get to the front of the car. As we didn't care to hang to the straps, we held to each other's arms. I was standing next to a man and a woman. The car gave a sudden jerk and I fell into the man's lap, pulling my friends with me, while the man said in a surprised tone, "Never mind pulling the others; one is enough." Everybody roared. O death, where is thy sting?—Chicago Tribune.

## Comparison.

"I believe in free speech!" exclaimed the vociferous man.  
"So do I," rejoined Uncle Bill Boletolet; "so do I. But in one respect free speech reminds me of the free lunch in the old days. You hate to see a man making a pig of himself just because something's free."



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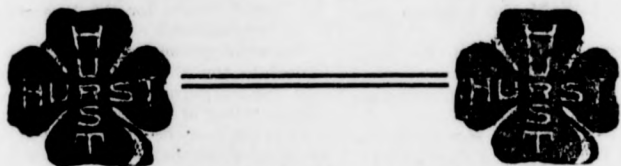
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kee, Wis.—Adv.

## THE FOREST'S EDGE

By JACK LAWTON.

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Nathan had lived so long at the edge of the forest, that he seemed a part of the growth about him. The tall trees were friends to Nathan, and the wide spaces his breathing place. Twice, he had attempted city life.

The walls of Nathan's bungalow were lined with books and on tables covered with various skins were always the latest magazines. Nathan liked to pick out accompaniments to his singing on the piano which filled a further corner, and old Charlie, attended quietly to Nathan's needs. Charlie was, in his own recommendation, "a natural born cook," and Nathan required no other. So he lived. When he returned from some enforced stay in a faraway city, lying upon the bank of a stream with fishing rod in hand, Nathan called that, and not the busier life, living. And if he missed a woman's touch or ministrations he contented himself with the thought that here he had made his choice. Resting satisfied in his decision, Nathan looked up one fall day to find a young woman standing before him. He stared, surprised at her appearance in his fisherman's seclusion, and his stare was prolonged when he took in the sweet charm of her. She was a smiling thing, lips with dimpled, smiling corners like those of a child, her gray eyes deep and shadowed as one knowing sorrow. The girl's golden brown hair blew in wisps across her dark lashes; and as she raised her hand to confine it beneath her hat she smiled. "I have lost my way," the girl said, "will you direct me? I am looking for Rawley's shack."

"I have taken the school up at Belton's Pass," she said, "and I did not care to board in that vicinity as former school teachers did; so I looked the country over—and rented the only available walls and floors called a house. It's Rawley's shack."

"You mean," Nathan asked, "that you intend to live there—alone?"

"It is for that reason I rented the place," she replied, "so that I could be alone."

He glanced at the modish suit the girl wore, at the simple hat, which bore the mark of style.

"I'm afraid," he said gently, "that you do not realize the situation."

The new school teacher looked interested.

"Then," she told him, "I shall have to lay in a larger supply of food and fuel than I have intended. You say I do not realize the situation. Why, it is much better than I anticipated. I just passed a house back there, yours I suppose. I shall have neighbors, people of my kind whom I did not hope to find in this desolation. Your wife would be friendly, would she not, with a stranger?"

"I have no wife," Nathan answered. Just an old man who acts as house-keeper. He's a silent old chap, but would not doubt help you in an emergency. There are no women—none—in all the forest. It would be wiser to accept the poorest board that Bolden's Pass would offer. How do you expect to reach the school house in winter?"

"The school is half way between," she said, "I shall make it some way. I've brought my own horse and a bob sleigh," her eyes were shining. "Oh! You'll see," she finished. "I wish you would be less pessimistic." Nathan sighed; he arose and went with her to show her the way to Rawley's shack. After that Nathan's visits there became a matter of course. The little teacher showed him her housekeeping transformation. With crochets, bright rugs, and simple home furnishings she had made the interior of the weather-beaten cottage a place of actual beauty. He formed a habit of meeting the girl toward the end of autumn days as she came down the road on her tramp from school, and long ere this, Nathan acknowledged to himself that he loved, with a man's one true and faithful love, this little Mollie Gail. His absences from her were filled with visions. And Nathan hoped fearfully, and at times almost confidently, that the solitude would be solitude for him no longer, with her presence always near. He told Mollie of his simple life, with its outer glimpses of farther lands. Mollie did not reciprocate, making no reference to her past. When the story of Nathan's love had forced his lips, Mollie trembled, at last whispered her story. She, too, had learned to love Nathan. But there could be no betrothal. A purpose had brought her to this world. For a year she had lived under the shadow of crime. It was her father, they said, who had committed the great bank robbery—Mollie's father, the cashier. When he was convicted he had run away. Where—even Mollie could not guess. Certain of her father's innocence and fearing that the shameful strain had been too much for him, Mollie had determined to follow the clue of a map he had left in his room, which marked accurately the very route she had followed to its destination. It was only when she was on her long journey that she read her father's innocence published in the papers, with a confession of the real culprit.

"My father is here!" Mollie ended her story. "I feel it. I shall never go back until I have found him. I cannot marry you, Nathan."

"Sir," said old Charlie's gentle voice behind them, "Jake is at the house, waiting orders. I came to tell you." Mollie Gail turning, gave a sudden cry. Then her arms went out to Charlie's bent old figure.

"Father," she said. "Oh! Father. It's true," she told Nathan, joyously—I have found him."

## THE GOVERNOR

By DOROTHY M. TRACY.

(Copyright, 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Betty read the letter over again. Of all the nerve, as if she wasn't capable of choosing her own husband! But sister Cora and her mother couldn't understand it. She simply must make a brilliant match. "None of anyone's business who I marry," said Betty. "I'm the one who has to live with him."

Poor Betty! She had managed to sojourn for a month at the seashore, with her girl friend, in hopes of a rest from the ever match-making mother and older sister. And such matches as they picked! Betty shuddered. And now Cora simply had to interrupt her vacation by a letter of introduction to a Mrs. Percy Haskell, an old college chum of Cora's, "who it is said has the most charming brother," and of course Betty would meet him, just look at him and most assuredly he would marry her. At least that's the way they thought, it seemed to Betty.

"Say, Louise," she exclaimed to her chum, "I have a good mind to marry the first 'haysucker' that I see, and put an end to this whole business. Once married they can't bring me another eligible in a hurry. I would not mind if they would at least suggest some one of my class."

"I'll tell you right now, Louise, I won't look up any Mrs. Percy Haskell or Mrs. Percy Haskell's brother, for all the money in the world! I promised Jack Laurence I would go swimming this afternoon, and I'm off. He's a regular fellow, even if he don't have his nails manicured and hair marcelled every other day." Betty slammed the door, but not before Louise had exclaimed: "I hope the water is cold. You need cooling off!"

Betty strolled down the road towards the beach. She couldn't help but think how nice it would be if she wouldn't have to go back to the city, and another winter of husband hunting.

Suddenly she saw Jack coming. Big, strong, husky Jack! Somehow he had grown to mean a great deal to Betty in the few weeks she had known him, even if he was a horrible dancer, and walked all over her. Of course, he drove "the governor," so he had explained when she told him she had seen him speeding down the road a few days ago. Jack never would say much about his occupation. If Betty would ask him what he had done in the morning it was generally the same answer: "Oh, I drove the governor," and that was all.

"Thought you were never coming," so walked down to meet you. Glad," asked Jack. "You just bet," answered Betty. "Suits me." "And Betty," said Jack seriously, "do I suit you just a little? You know I have been doing a lot of deep thinking lately. It won't be long before you will be starting home, and I hate to see you go back. I'm not so badly situated financially—er—er—to make a long story short, Betty, dear, will you marry me?" Betty contemplated; here was her chance to marry a haysucker, who would be her pal, and make life worth living, or marry money and become hardened to the idea that there was such a thing as love. Again, she thought of her mother and sister—they would be cross, but she looked at bright-eyed, honest Jack, with that expectant look on his face, and answered in a manner very pleasing to Jack.

After the ceremony Jack suggested a quiet dinner at a quaint little roadside house. The dinner was far from quiet, for no sooner had the newlyweds stepped into the dining room when—"Why, hello, Jack!" came from a middle-aged man. "What are you doing here?" Jack blushed and turned to Betty. It was Betty's turn to blush, so Jack proceeded: "Well, governor, brace yourself for a good one. This is my wife—until an hour ago Miss Betty Cobb. Betty, meet my brother-in-law, Percy Haskell, commonly called 'the governor.'"

Betty almost fainted. Jack Lawrence's brother-in-law, Percy Haskell! She had married a wealthy man after all, and life looked rosy, but she could even now imagine her mother and sister, when they heard of her marriage, saying: "Well, she might at least have had a wedding."

#### Plant Tenebrous of Life.

There is a creeping moss found in Jamaica, in Barbados and other islands of the West Indies which is called the "life tree," or, more properly, the "life plant." Its powers of vitality are said to be beyond those of any other plant. It is believed to be indestructible by any means except immersion in boiling water or the application of a red-hot iron. It may be cut up and divided in any manner, and the smallest shreds will throw out roots, grow and bud. The leaves of this extraordinary plant have been planted in a close, airtight, dark box, without moisture of any sort, and still they grew.

#### Bird Slaughter a Mystery.

A most mysterious thing happened at Pwllheli, in Wales, on a spring day some years ago. The residents found part of the harbor full of dead birds. Some were floating, some dead on the beach.

They were all found within a circumference of 300 yards, and there were many hundreds of the poor little corpses. It is true that there is a lighthouse at the Gimet rock, but the dead birds were not found close under the lighthouse, where they would have fallen had they beaten themselves to death against the glass.

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## A HERO'S WELCOME

By DAISY M. TWORT.

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"Conrad is coming tonight!" Louise Pearson cried as she paused beside the counter behind which Frances Keith stood measuring off a yard of ribbon for a waiting customer.

"We can't tell just what time, but as soon as his mother knows that he is in town, she is to phone everyone on the street, and we all are going to turn our lights on, and so have a grand illumination by way of a welcome home. As you have no phone, you'll have to keep watch, and when the lights go on, you can set a lamp in your window. It will look awfully old-fashioned, but I suppose it is the best you can do. If your folks didn't belong among the old families, your poor little house would have been hustled off the street years ago," and with an irritating laugh, Louise turned away.

Conrad Roberts was the most popular boy in the small town of Firsex, and the girls had vied with one another in showering attentions upon him while he had been in France.

During high school days, he had shown a decided preference for the society of Frances Keith, but now he was coming home as a hero, it was rumored that Louise Pearson would be the favored one. Not only was she unusually attractive, but she was also a favored child of fortune, and her pretty clothes and her runabout were the envy of all the other girls.

Louise herself took it for granted that Conrad would seek her out first. She was sure he had written to her more often than to any of the other girls; an opinion which Frances did not share.

Extracts from Louise's letters found their way into the local papers, and were read at the afternoon clubs. Frances felt that hers were too sacred to show to anyone excepting her mother. It seemed to her quite too good to be true, that Conrad was on his way home at last; and it was with difficulty that she calmed herself sufficiently to pay attention to the wants of the people who found their way into the store that afternoon.

It was not until she was on her way home, that the remembrance of Louise's irritating laugh came to trouble her.

"I don't believe I will light our lamp at all," she said to her mother. "It will only emphasize our poverty, and seem such a stinky welcome to Conrad when all the other houses on the street are brilliantly lighted."

"Don't be foolish," Mrs. Keith advised. "If Conrad is the boy I think he is, he will realize that old-fashioned things are sometimes the most dependable. Set the light in the front window, and run up the shade, so as to give the house a cheerful look, then busy yourself about something that will take up your mind. It is more than likely that Conrad will not come tonight, but walk in upon us sometime in broad daylight, when we least expect him."

With a sigh of impatience, Frances arose to follow out her mother's suggestion. Going into the kitchen she took from the shelf a large lamp, carefully trimmed the wick and polished the chimney until it shone. As she lit it, she fervently wished that she had a fairy wand, by a wave of which she could change the feeble glow of the kerosene lamp into a bright light that would send a welcoming ray far down the street.

"Conrad never will notice it," she reflected dismally as she placed the lamp in one of the front windows. Having done this, she returned to the living room, where she settled herself to work upon the sweater that was to make her little sister happy on Christmas morning.

So busy was she that the minutes slipped by unnoticed, and it was with surprise that she heard the clock strike eleven.

"Oh! do you suppose that Conrad has come?" she cried, springing up and running to the door to see if the other houses were lit up. As she looked out, she was astonished to find that the street was in darkness, not a light to be seen.

"Why, mother!" she called out. "It is perfectly black out-of-doors. Even the street lights are out."

As she spoke she caught the sound of a footstep and the next moment a familiar voice said:

"Is that you, Frances?"

It was Conrad. "Of all dark places this town is the blackest," he cried, as he made his way up the steps and into the hall.

"There must be some trouble at the power station," Frances said, trying to steady her voice. "Mother told me that old-fashioned things were sometimes the most dependable. How glad I am that I lit our lamp after all."

"I am not sure, but I should have lost my way, if you hadn't," Conrad said. "I missed the last train from Rockville and had to foot it. When I reached Firsex I found it in darkness; not a light in town excepting yours. It was my heaven star, just as you have been, dear heart."

"But Louise thinks it is she for whom you care," Frances returned in a troubled voice.

"Louise is well enough in her way," Conrad made answer. "But she is apt to be uncertain as her light was, and for a welcome home a fellow wants a light and a love that never fails."

Ancient Cities Built Near Water.

Every ancient city of note was located on or near the sea or a river.

## STANDARD THE WORLD NEEDS

High Moral Example Set by Robert Louis Stevenson Well Worth Living Up To.

Robert Louis Stevenson, refusing to take all that was offered him for a poem he did not think his best, wrote: "I do not live much to God and honor, but I will not willfully turn my back on both."

In the modest words lies deep the only standard by which a man can hope to satisfy himself with his life. It is a standard the world today sorely needs. We hear of unrest and shall hear of it. Why not, with so many men and women trying to live up to a standard set by someone else? If they succeed, there is no happiness in it, for it has no sanction from their own hearts.

The man we count successful in material affairs and expect to find happy is never one who has reached a certain place. But when a man has set a mark for himself in possessions and has kept that mark in view until he reached it, we call him successful. It may have been a \$10,000 home; it may have been one million dollars. But it was his own goal.

It is not less true of his inner life. We do not expect much of a man who has no standard for himself of right and wrong. And he cannot claim any right to contentment. If his only moral standard is the law, he earns only the minimum of satisfaction. Stevenson, refusing money which he needed because he thought he had not earned it, is a thousand times more to be envied than the man who takes a hundred or a million dollars he has not earned, because no law will punish him.—Milwaukee Journal.

## TO EXTERMINATE CROP PESTS

Scientist Plans to Use Flame Throwers and Other Methods to Destroy Enemies.

In 1918 and 1919 the territory near the delta of the Rhone suffered greatly from swarms of the Moroccan cricket, which multiplied so excessively as to be of great injury to the crops. At a recent meeting of the French Academy of Sciences a report was made by M. Vayssiere on the use of the "flame throwers," employed in the war for throwing liquid fire, to exterminate these pests. With an apparatus holding about twelve liters of petroleum an extent of 200 square meters can be so thoroughly swept with flames as to kill all the insects. Asphyxiating gases had but little effect but applications of powdered chloroform were much more satisfactory. While vegetation suffered somewhat the effects were only temporary. Lastly, M. Vayssiere made use of poisoned bait with a basis of arsenic like that employed in Italy and in the United States and obtained good results. He proposes to utilize all three methods—first the flame throwers to exterminate the hordes of young larvae in all cases where their use does not involve danger of fire; secondly, chloroform powder where the flame throwers would be dangerous; and thirdly poisoned bait in irrigated meadows where no cattle are pastured.

## Kept Gowns of a Lifetime.

Looking round the prodigious display of the late Princess Lohanof's clothing at the Hotel Drouot made you wonder if she ever gave or threw away anything in her lifetime. Three hundred or more tea gowns and evening frocks, disposed of in the recent sale of her effects, were of every date since her wedding tresson. Her body linen also was of every style from the primitive simplicity of early Victorian ideals to the luxurious garments adopted by the Parisian coquette to day.

But the embroidered and laced house linen, the fine sheets in bundles of 36, found more eager buyers than the clothing. Her furs were of great beauty and variety. There were coats and cloaks of sealskin, of dark astrakhan, all in bewildering quantities.—From the Continental Edition of the London Mail.

## His Way.

"I felt kinda lost for a spell after I sold the old place and came down to live with my niece," admitted the retired farmer. "I missed the familiar tasks, and there weren't enough new ones to keep me busy. The familiar sounds, too, were absent, and at first I couldn't get used to the new ones; the young lady on the left tinkling the piano, the folks on the right running their talking machine, the feller across the street practicing his clarinet, and so forth. They bothered me. But bimby I took to going out on the back porch and filling a saw to quiet my nerves. And it always done so; after a good spell of filling the noises of the neighborhood didn't pester me at all."—Kansas City Star.

## He Looked Musical.

An officer of the reserve was tired after a hard day's work, and thought he would like a cocktail, which he ordered. Then he bethought himself of the breach of discipline involved in serving a drink to a man in uniform.

Pretty soon the darky returned with the cocktail neatly "dotted up" in a cup surrounded by cracked ice, as orange juice is served. The officer looked sternly at the waiter and asked him if he did not know better than to serve a drink to an officer in uniform. "Is you an officer, sah?" said the darky, innocence oozing from every pore of his face. "Pa, de Lawd, I thought you was one of dem Sousa's band."

## LURE THAT TEMPTED MANY

Adventurers as Well as Dreamers Sought Vainly for the Fabled Fountain of Youth.

In that far-off, never-to-be-discovered country in that region which has shifted and changed just as men's minds alter and expand, in that mystic Bimini was thought to be the spring which, if tasted by mortals, would assure them immortal youth. On that island bubbled a fountain whose waters healed all manner of sickness.

The lure of the Fountain of Youth seized upon not only the dreamer, but caught the fancy of the bold adventurer. Ponce de Leon, and the redoubtable De Soto sought to taste of its life-giving fluid, and it is perhaps the mystery and wonder, coupled with desire, that brought about the discovery, not of the fountain, but of that part of our country known as Florida.

It was on the 27th day of March, 1513, that Ponce de Leon sighted land which he thought was an island. On April 8, which was Easter Sunday, he took possession of the country in the name of the king of Spain and called it Pascua Florida in honor of the day. He explored the country and was obliged to battle with the Indians, and after many adventures, which included another voyage in 1521 to found a colony, this intrepid navigator succumbed to a wound inflicted by a savage, and died while his vessel was making for the island of Porto Rico.

## DANGER IN ELECTRIC CURRENT

Neither Fixtures Nor Appliances Should Ever Be Touched by Anything That Is Wet.

No electric appliances should ever be placed where a person in a bathtub can reach them. Such is the assertion of Dr. A. Zimmer in the Presse Medicale (Paris) in commenting on the death of a colleague. Electrocutation has taken place with a current of only 110 volts under such circumstances.

The reason is that the water on the hands and body provides exceptionally favorable conditions for conduction of the current. It is not safe to touch even an electric light, heater or bell when in the bath. Doctor Zimmer cites recent cases as follows:

A woman killed by holding an electric light in one wet hand while turning a water faucet with the other; a woman killed by wiping with a wet cloth the current distributing apparatus for an electric heater; a man receiving a severe shock by taking hold of a chandelier while holding an electric light suspended by a wire.

It is very dangerous to change an electric bulb when the hands are wet or the floor is wet; a slight defect in the insulation may cause a severe shock or even death.

## Measuring Sludge.

An ingenious method of measuring the depth of sludge in deep sedimentation tanks is employed at the sewage disposal works of Fitchburg, Mass., says a Canadian writer. The measurements are made by means of a pitcher pump and 28 feet of 1-inch rubber hose, marked in 1 foot lengths. The pump is screwed to a 3-foot plank and attached to the hose by a union coupling. In making measurements the plank is placed across the top of a gas vent and the hose pushed into the tank until it is near the supposed sludge level. The hose is then lowered an inch at a time. Between each shift sufficient pumping is done to insure a complete change of water in hose. When the sludge level is reached, the pump will raise sludge; the length of the hose below the chimney top is then noted, and as the distance from top of chimney to bottom of tank is known it is an easy matter to estimate the depth of the sludge.

## Mexicans Wary of Snow.

It is possible on almost any day in the year to see snowbanks from Mexico City, yet few of the natives there had ever touched snow until one day last winter, when there was quite a perceptible fall, the first in many years in the Valley of Mexico.

The mountain peaks of Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl, clearly visible from the capital, are always snowclad, but they are some sixty miles away.

Barefooted or lightly shod natives stepped gingerly into the strange element, and afterward spent most of the day huddled in their homes or in sheltering nooks and corners. The snow flurry was due to a sudden drop in temperature during a light rain.

## His Predicament.

"What is the matter with old Riley Rezzidew?" asked the traveling salesman. "He does not seem to like himself."

"I'll tell you," returned the landlord of the Telonia tavern. "Uncle Larry has killed the peach crop for the coming season, got the League of Nations out of the way for the present, and nobody cares a hyper whether the climate of Mars is healthy or not, so he's kinda out of talking points for the present, and hasn't anything to argue about until he gets some new ones."—Kansas City Star.

## Packing Cases for Rubber.

Before the war Japan used to supply most of the packing cases used for rubber sent out of Burma. Owing to the increased cost and the scarcity of shipping the Burma forest department took up the business, and now supplies the boxes required, which yield a fair profit, besides benefiting an important local industry.

## A GREATER PRIZE

By MARY T. NOLAN.

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The pupils of the fourth grade were very sure there wasn't another teacher in the world quite as nice and interesting as their Miss Hall.

She had a pleasing way about her which made each member of her class anxious to do willingly and promptly whatever she asked them to do.

And how the little boys and girls did love to listen to Miss Hall telling them, sometime during the afternoon session, about strange and interesting people who lived in other countries. Or she would speak to them of their own native flowers and trees, and the different kinds of birds and the furry creatures that inhabited the woods.

One afternoon in the late fall Miss Hall gave a talk on a thought-up journey to southern Europe.

When she had finished she smiled upon her bright-eyed charges and then brought the happy tourists back home to their everyday duties. She began to hear their spelling lesson.

Toward the close of the session Miss Hall stepped down from the platform and went to the blackboard, followed by a hundred questioning eyes.

She took a piece of chalk from the groove and began writing in the center of the blackboard.

The first word looked odd to the pupils. A very, very strange word, indeed, thought each child there.

This was the first word on the board: "Quercus."

The word following "Quercus" was "alba."

Miss Hall had resumed her chair. Then a little hand was raised and a sweet voice said, rather timidly:

"Please, teacher."

Miss Hall looked up and toward the signaling hand.

"Well, Lottie?" she inquired curiously.

"Please, teacher, what do those words you just wrote mean?" asked the brightest and most inquisitive pupil in the whole class.

"Thank you, Lottie, for mentioning them. I had intended a little surprise for you, children—a sort of test, if you please, for observation."

Miss Hall showed a small, green-covered book to the class. It was a thin volume, about three inches square, with an attractive leather binding.

"I will present this little book—a very neat and useful book it is, children—to the boy or girl who first gives me the correct meaning of the words that I just put on the blackboard. Now, I know I won't have to wait long, because, children," she smiled encouragingly—"Quercus alba is well known to you, I think."

One somewhat indifferent pupil—a boy named Judd—answered her summons that he'd all the books he wanted already. "A little smartie, like Lottie Blinn, will get that book; you wait and see!" proclaimed young Judd. "Well, s'long, you kids! I'm off to the park for some barberries."

The sour little berries tasted almost as good to Tommy Judd as his favorite delicacy, pickles; and the bushes were red with them.

The teacher happened to be passing and heard Tommy's parting remarks to his schoolmates.

"He would rather roam the woods than study his books," she told herself as she watched the running figure of her unpromising pupil heading toward the park. "I do wish he were more attentive—like Lottie Blinn," she mused.

The air was crisp and invigorating and she walked briskly toward the great city park, a short distance away. It contained many tall, rugged trees. Along the gravel footpath of this beautiful park Miss Hall walked daily and found health and quietude.

The rosy-cheeked teacher became aware of another's presence beside her. The sonorous greeting of one she used to know caused her heart to beat with ecstasy.

"I haven't seen you for a long time, Etta," said Ray Blinn, after the first greetings had been exchanged; "not since I went away, nearly two years ago."

The velvety brown eyes of the pretty schoolteacher looked into those of the stalwart young soldier.

"I'm so glad you are back home again, Lieutenant Blinn," she said.

"Roy, please—like you used to call me. It sounds more chummylike. Don't you think so, Etta?"

"Why—er—yes," she answered, reminiscent; "I think so."

They were walking along the path, when a small boy, wildly waving a cap about his head, as if hornet-chased, and shouting gleefully "The book's mine! The book's mine!" came rushing toward them.

The panting youngster stopped in front of the teacher and gasped out something about a sign he had seen "while I was lookin' at a squirrel runnin' up a tree."

"Come, teacher! I'll show you where the sign is."

Soon they came to a tall tree with a grayish bark.

"Look, teacher! There it is. There's the sign. See th' words—th' words on th' blackboard to-day."

And sure enough, on the tree was fastened a small placard, with this printed identification:

Quercus alba (the-White Oak).

Tommy Judd received the prize next day; but Tommy's prize is a mere trifle when compared with the lovely prize that Lieutenant Roy Blinn hopes to win some day.

## GREAT RECORD AT HOG ISLAND

Ninety-eight Vessels Are Launched at Shipyard in 20 Months.

611,575 TONS FOR THE YEAR

More Than 750,000 Tons Added to the Nation's Merchant Marine by Philadelphia Plant—Vessels Have Steam, Ed One and a Half Million Miles Without Developing Any Structural or Workmanship Weakness.

Adding more than three-quarters of a million deadweight tons of steel ships to the new merchant marine of the United States in twenty months is the world's shipbuilding record established at the Hog Island shipyard at Philadelphia, when the ninety-eighth ship constructed by the American International Shipbuilding corporation recently was launched upon the waters of the Delaware.

The world's largest shipyard, according to figures compiled by the shipbuilding company, during the year ended March 31, 1920, launched a total of 611,575 deadweight tons of steel ships, or one vessel launched every twenty-nine working hours, and delivered 586,875 deadweight tons of steel ships, or one every thirty working hours.

## Record at Hog Island.

The tonnage launched at the Hog Island yard from August 5, 1918, to date is 29 per cent of the total tonnage of steel ships launched from all the shipyards of the United States during that period, and is one-twelfth of the total deadweight tonnage of steel ships launched from all the shipyards of the United States for the Emergency Fleet corporation.

The eighty-three cargo carriers delivered to the shipping board by the Hog Island yard have received the highest rating of the American bureau of shipping and the shipping board inspectors, while fifty of the vessels also received the highest classification from Lloyd's bureau.

Hog Island vessels have steamed 1,500,231 miles and have carried 1,002,800 tons of cargo. Eleven rescues have been effected at sea by the Hog Island ships.

## Gives Good Service.

The Quistconck, the first of the fabricated ships turned out, which was christened by Mrs. Woodrow Wilson in the presence of the nation's chief executive and a crowd of 100,000 persons, has a record of 60,000 miles steamed. After completing 37,500 miles the vessel was drydocked and carefully examined by shipbuilding experts, who found her intact. The bottom of the hull was scraped clean of barnacles and then repainted, and from the day of delivery, with this one exception, the vessel has been in constant service without showing any structural or workmanship weakness.

The figures issued by the shipbuilding company further show that the average daily working force during 1919 was 80,000, and the number of men employed 20,000, as of March 31, 1920. Rivets driven numbered 5,005,781, and 336,602 tons of steel were erected.

The Hog Island shipyard covers an area of 927 acres and has a frontage of two and one-quarter miles. There are thirty-six warehouses in the shipyard and eighty-two miles of railroad track. The floor space of the buildings cover 103 acres.

## U. S. SELLS 3,000 PLANES

Army Air Service Disposes of Machines Below Cost.

The army air service between November 11, 1918, and February 27, 1920, sold 3,000 airplanes and 5,000 engines.

The receipts from planes were \$1,343,963, or 9 per cent of the approximate cost; from engines, \$2,063,618, or 19.5 per cent. The bulk of the sales were to the Curtiss company.

These figures were made public by the war department. They do not include 214 engines transferred to the navy or post office department and 11 foreign motors sold to schools.

Uncle Sam almost broke even in the sale of 26 L. W. F. planes with engines, the approximate cost of which was \$327,000 and for which the air service received \$321,000. These were serviceable planes in good condition.

## SMALL BOY NURSE AND COOK

Seven-Year-Old Boy Administers Medicines and Prepares Meals.

When Mrs. William Bissell of Ginter, Kan., was suddenly taken ill with influenza no one could be obtained to care for her. The husband was miles away helping care for another family. Her seven-year-old son, Asa, was the only other person in the house. For three days the little boy prepared the meals, washed the dishes, made the fires, swept floors and administered the medicine that a physician had prescribed.

## Man Found Dead in Grave He Dug.

When John Olson, sixty-year-old grave digger, of La Crosse, Wis., failed to return to his home for supper, members of the family became alarmed and after a search found his dead body in a grave he was digging for another man.

## Dont Fail to be There

Sunday, April 18th, Closing Day of the

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## TABERNACLE

Greencastle' conducted by evangelist

Daisy Douglas Barr

and party

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10:45 A. M. Union Meeting Tabernacle

2:45 P. M. Mrs. Barr's Lecture to Men

Only "The Lady Barber"

2:45 P. M. Women's meeting Locust St.

7:15 P. M. Last Sermon by Mrs. Barr

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