

## EVENTS FOR CLOSING OF HIGH SCHOOL

PROGRAM FOR THE EVENT WHICH WILL MARK THE END OF THE PRESENT SCHOOL YEAR IS ADE PUBLIC

School superintendent E. C. Dodson has made public the program for the closing events of the year for the junior and senior high school. The speaker for commencement exercises as not been chosen.

The "Princess Crysanthemum" the Japanese Operetta which will be given under the direction of Mrs. George Christie will be of especial interest. The girls of the high school have been rehearsing for the past few weeks and the production promises to be a musical treat.

The following is the program for the closing events—

April 22...Tale of Two Cities, Motion picture special.  
April 30...Princess Crysanthemum, an Operetta presented by the music department of the high school.  
May 7...Senior Class play, "It Pays to Advertise."  
May 11...High School Night.  
May 14...Annual Eighth Grade entertainment.  
May 21...Junior-Senior Reception.  
May 23...Class Sermon, High School Auditorium 7:45 P. M.  
May 25, 26...Annual Exhibit of Manual Training and Domestic Science Departments, Gymnasium.  
May 28...Commencement Exercises 8 P. M., High School Auditorium.

### BOY, SUCCUMBS TO AN ILLNESS OF MEASLES

The death of William J. Roberts, age 17, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Roberts, occurred at the home on the Rockville Road this morning at near 2:30 o'clock following an illness of measles. The funeral will be held Thursday afternoon at 2 o'clock at the home. Services will be in charge of Rev. A. T. Tidrick. Burial will be in Forest Hill Cemetery.

## GREENCASTLE POPULATION IS NOW 3,780

LOSS OF 10 PERSONS SINCE THE 1910 CENSUS ACCORDING TO FIGURES MADE PUBLIC TODAY BY CENSUS BUREAU IN WASHINGTON

Greencastle is holding its own. In 1910 the Government Census showed that Greencastle had a population of 3,790.

In 1920 the government census shows that Greencastle has a population of 3,780. A loss of ten people or a loss of three tenths of a percent in population.

These figures were given out today by the census officials in Washington.

### \*TERR-YUNDT

Lafayette, April 15.—Franklin Paul Yundt of Greencastle, son of Thomas Yundt and Mrs. Ecu Terry, daughter of Charles Preps of Lafayette, were married Wednesday afternoon by Rev. M. N. George at the parsonage of the Salem Reformed Church. He and his bride will make their home on a farm near Greencastle.—Crawfordsville Review.

### Can't Do a Good Turn.

First-Class Scout—Did you read about the scout who swallowed his teaspoon?

Tenderfoot—No! What happened to him?

First-Class Scout—Oh, he can't swallow a spoon.

### AMERICAN LEGION CONCERT

FOR TONIGHT IS CANCELED Because of difficulties arising, the concert which was to have been given this evening by Josef Konecny, for the benefit of the American Legion has been canceled.

### LOCAL NEWS

Funeral services for Jas. R. Nichols whose death occurred Monday at his home one and one half miles south of Fillmore, will be held Wednesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock at the Fillmore Christian church. Services will be conducted by Rev. A. M. Hootman. Burial will be in the Fillmore cemetery.

The Council of the Business Women's Bible League will meet at the city library Wednesday evening at 7:30.—Irene Selby, Secretary.

Miss Alice Thompson is in Chicago attending the summer millinery openings.

The Domestic Science Club will meet with Mrs. Warren Newgent on Wednesday afternoon.

The Women's Home Missionary Society of the College Ave. Church will hold its meeting Wednesday afternoon at two thirty o'clock at the home of Mrs. R. L. O'Hair on east Seminary street.

Miss Lela Walls, teacher of English in the high school is confined to her home on west Walnut street on account of illness.

C. C. Gautier of the Owl Drug Store was in Indianapolis today to attend the annual convention of the Rexall Drug Men. Mr. Gautier was on the program today for a talk before the convention on a phase of the drug business.

Frank Donner who resides on east Seminary street, was taken to Indianapolis Monday for an examination and probably an operation. Mr. Donner was stricken Sunday night by an illness which is believed by his local physician to be appendicitis.

F. C. Tilden was in Terre Haute today to address the members of the Terre Haute Chamber of Commerce and Rotary Club members at their regular monthly meeting.

The Twentieth Century Club will meet Wednesday afternoon with Mrs. Charles Webb. Mrs. Mary Jones and Mrs. George Fox will have charge of the program for the afternoon.

The S. C. C. Club will meet with Mrs. Will Mc Bride Tuesday evening.

No Gladders  
"There is said to be a great demand for \$100,000-a-year men," remarked Mr. Gladder.

"So I hear," said Mr. Dunderlout. "Any special requirements?"  
"Well, I understand there isn't much talk about a five-day week and a six-hour day in \$100,000-a-year circles. The idea seems to be that a man can work six days a week for eight or ten hours a day without wrecking his health, and he might even look in on the job for an hour or two on Sunday, if necessary."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

His Interpretation.  
Mortland Jones, the five-year-old son of Rev. Rhys Price Jones, pastor of the First Presbyterian church in Franklin, refused to sing "America," with the rest of the members of the primary class in Sunday school. When questioned he gave as his reason the line of the song: "Land where my fathers died." "My father didn't die," he said, "and I won't sing it."—Indianapolis News.

In 1920.  
"I want to buy a battleship," said the lady secretary of the navy.

"Well?"  
"I wonder if I could get the chairwoman of the naval committee interested?"

"Ask her to go battleship shopping with you."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Willful Auditors.  
"Very few people would rather listen than talk."

"Yes," replied the telephone operator: "the only folks I know who are that way are on party wires."

## Hy-Ho-Hum—Spring Is Here



## WEAVER HOME OVER TWO PURCHASED BY THETAS INCHES OF RAINFALL

SPACIOUS RESIDENCE ON SOUTH COLLEGE AVENUE WILL BE UTILIZED BY SORORITY AS A HOME-TO GET POSSESSION JULY 1.

The Kappa Alpha Theta Sorority of DuPauw University now occupying the Tilden residence on East Anderson street as a sorority home, has purchased of Mrs. James Riley Weaver, the magnificent Weaver home property on South College Avenue for a consideration of \$15,250 and will take over the residence as a sorority home. The deal was closed on Monday, Ferd Lucas being the agent in the deal. The Theta's will get possession of their new home about July 1, which will give them time to have it ready for the fall school opening.

## RAIL EMPLOYERS AGAINST STRIKE

Chicago, April 20.—Strike fever among railroad employees suffered a setback today when 30,000 railway clerks and 8,000 freight handlers in the Chicago district announced their decision to await hearing of their wage demands by the railroad labor board at Washington. An unauthorized strike to attempt to enforce granting of increased wages was voted down after an appeal was received from James J. Farrester, head of the brotherhood and member of the labor board.

Freight movement in the Chicago district, hampered by the unauthorized yardmen and engine men's strike, continued to increase today and elsewhere in the middle west and far west traffic conditions were returning to normal.

Worley Timmons, proprietor of the Timmons Barber Shop, is confined to his home by illness. Mr. Timmons has been unable to be at his shop for several days.

Fouts & Newgent report the sale of the Henry B. Longdon property on east Anderson street to S. E. Perry of Fillmore. This is the vacant property east of the residence property recently purchased by the Phi Psi fraternity.

The Maple Heights Bible Class will meet this evening at 7:30 o'clock.

SUNDAY AND MONDAY WERE DAMP DAYS IN PUTNAM COUNTY—STREAMS AND CREEKS OUT OF BANKS AND MUCH DAMAGE DONE BY THE HIGH WATER.

With the several rains of last week followed by a rainfall of nearly two and a half inches on Sunday and Monday, the streams and creeks in Putnam county, are up and booming, being out of their banks and threatening to get much higher.

Monday the rainfall was 1.18 inches, while on Sunday 1.15 inches of rain fell. [The heavy downpour put the branches and creeks out of their banks and much damage was done to the low lands. More rain is predicted and should the fall continue for several days, the flood damage might be great.]

The Brick Chapel Ladies Aid Society will meet Thursday afternoon with Mrs. Oscar O'Hair near Brick Chapel.

The body of Chester, the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Ben Loudon of Indianapolis, who died Friday evening of pneumonia, was brought to Greencastle today and placed in the cemetery vault where it will be kept until weather permits burial. Rev. Kear who accompanied the body to this city held services at the vault.

Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Powell and children, who were here by the illness of Mrs. Robert Irwin have returned to their home in Glennburn, North Dakota. Mrs. Powell was formerly, Miss Ayl. Thomas.

Embraced Opportunity.  
"They skated together, but little they said, for they'd just been made known to each other. But he wished as across the bright surface they sped that through life they might thus go together."

A crush! They were through! "Oh, how awkward!" cried she, "but deep, but has any one seen us?"

"Never mind. Let me tell you I love you," said he, "since the ice is now broken between us."—Houston Post.

Sad Confession.  
"The officer says you were not parking parallel."

"I—I—"  
"Don't you know?"  
"I can't be sure."  
"What is your business?"  
"I am a professor of geometry."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## GOLD PIONEER DIES IN WEST, AGED 100

George Kibbe Had Lived in California Since Gold Rush of 1849.

Fourteen days more than one hundred years was the life span of George Kibbe, pioneer resident of Los Angeles, who died at the home of his son, W. H. Kibbe, 76 Elsie street, Lamanda Park. Mr. Kibbe had lived in California for more than 70 years, going to that state in the first gold rush of 1849. He made the journey around Cape Horn.

From San Francisco Kibbe removed to Los Angeles in the fifties and for a long time drove a government freight wagon between Los Angeles and San Diego. At that time Los Angeles had only a few hundred population.

Mr. Kibbe had been for years the oldest living graduate of Trinity college of Hartford, Conn. He was a native of that state. For many years he conducted a store at El Monte, the pioneer American farming center of Southern California. He joined in the gold rush to San Gabriel canyon in the early days and regularly ran a supply wagon from his El Monte store to the canyon.

Kibbe remained mentally alert until his last illness. At the age of ninety he walked to the Half-Way house on the Mount Wilson trail and back to his Lamanda Park home in one day. He was a familiar figure on the streets of the little town and greatly beloved by the young people.

The pioneer is survived by one son, W. H. Kibbe, two grandsons and a granddaughter.

## GIRL MADE MEMBER OF BRICKMASON'S UNION



MISS KATHERYN STICK of Brighton, Mass., and a student of the College of Secretarial Science, Boston university, was presented a union card recently when she laid the cornerstone for the new building. The presentation was made by Thomas S. Pickett, at right, while Master Mason George W. Downs, center, smiled his approval of admitting the girl to membership in the Boston Benevolent and Protective Union No. 3 of the Brickmasons' union.

## DIPHTHERIA KILLS SIX

Father, Unbalanced Mentally by Shock, Tries to Burn Home.

Black diphtheria caused the death of the six children of Ross Beck, a farmer of Gardner Hill, Pa., in as many days and this is thought to have unbalanced him mentally, with the result that he tried to burn his own home, where his wife is critically ill of influenza.

On account of the contagious character of the disease Beck was unable to obtain help, and as each child died he constructed a casket of rough boards and buried the bodies in graves dug on the hillside overlooking his home. The oldest child was nineteen years old and the youngest four days old.

## MOTHER LEADS HER CLASS

Took Highest Honors at Night School in Pittsburgh.

The highest honors in the graduating class of the Fifth Avenue Night school, in Pittsburgh, went to Mrs. J. W. Schad, mother of four children, who has a large house to care for and must do her own cooking.

Mrs. Schad enrolled in the night school some time ago when she noticed that her children were forging ahead of her mentally and she was no longer able to help them with their studies. She took up English, French and German, and now speaks and writes all three. She is thinking of taking a college course.

## ADD TO INCOME OF FAMILY

Figures of Department of Labor Show That Many Wives Have Other Than Household Duties.

In a survey of family incomes, in nearly 100 cities of the United States, the department of labor found that in Johnstown, N. Y., three-quarters of the wives earn money. The Labor Review explains that this remarkable condition prevails in Johnstown because glove making is the principal industry there and furnishes work which women can do at home. This appeals to them because they are able to earn good wages without leaving their household.

In almost one-sixth of the New York city homes visited women contributed earnings toward the support of the home. In Boston one wife out of ten works; in Buffalo one in twenty-eight; in Cleveland and Cincinnati one in seven, and in Pittsburgh only one in fifty. It is interesting to note that investigators found that a surprisingly large percentage of town dwellers derive some income from gardens and poultry. Ninety-three per cent of those visited in Cleveland had a garden or chickens.—Thrifty Magazine.

## WHEN TEXAS WAS NEW STATE

First Lawsuit Tried, After Independence, Was in "Stone House" in Town of Nacogdoches.

The first session of the District court of Nacogdoches county, Texas, held after the independence of the state had been declared, was in the old historic stone fort in the town of Nacogdoches, March 6, 1837, the Detroit News recalls. The first criminal case in the district was also held in the "stone house," as the fort was designated by the court.

The first case tried in Texas dealt with a contested election between Haden Edwards and Daniel Lacy. Both claimed the office of county and district clerk. Though Lacy received a majority of the votes cast, Edwards claimed that his opponent was not entitled to the commission of election because he was not a bona fide citizen of the county. The jury returned a verdict in favor of Lacy, ruling him a citizen of the county on the day of the election.

Two-Thirds Our Army Workers.  
One-third of the men of draft age in the United States are engaged in agriculture and allied occupations, and one-third in manufacturing and mechanical industries.

For Miss Toodles.  
It was the first piece of mail for "Miss Toodles." When the maid answered the bell, the postman asked: "Is there a Miss Toodles lives here? I know that Mr. F. lives here, so I just wanted to make sure."

The maid replied: "Yes, that letter belongs here and you may have many more of them. While Mr. F. is on his trip in Florida he thinks the dog gets lonesome and this letter is for me to read to Miss Toodles."

## AS PEACE OMEN

Worshippers in Cathedral Looked on Dove's Visit.

At Least an Interesting Coincidence That Bird's Appearance Was Just Before the Series of Battles That Smashed Huns.

How traditions and legends grow up around cathedrals is told in a story by Dr. Edward Hagaman Hall, author of the first guide book of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, which made its appearance on Sunday last, said the New York Evening Sun recently. The book is published by the Laymen's club of the cathedral. The story is about the chapel of St. Boniface in the cathedral, sometimes called the German chapel, and runs as follows:

"In the spring of 1918, some weeks after the great German drive of March 21 had begun and before the beginning of the counter-offensive of the second battle of the Marne in July, the large stained-glass window in the clerestory of the choir above the entrance to the chapel of St. Boniface arrived from England. All the ventilation openings in the cathedral windows are screened to exclude birds, which, however interesting in their natural habits, are a practical nuisance in the cathedral.

"When the stained-glass window was ready to be put into place the temporary window filling the space above the entrance to the chapel was removed for its installation. While the window was thus open, and at a period in the war when the issue trembled in the balance and the world fairly held its breath in fearful expectation of the event, a white dove—very generally recognized as a symbol or harbinger of peace—flew into the cathedral over this chapel.

"On the following Sunday it soared around in the great dome of the crossing and in the choir, alighting in the most interesting places. When Dean Roberts ascended the stairs of the great marble pulpit he found the dove perched on the edge of the pulpit directly before him. The dove then flew around and alighted on the back of a vacant chair between two occupied chairs in the midst of the congregation on the south side of the crossing, and there remained quietly during the sermon.

"When the ushers started toward the altar with the offertory the bird soared across the congregation and alighted on the hat of a woman dressed in mourning, who was sitting near the middle aisle. Its snow-white plumage contrasted strikingly with the somber attire of the bereaved woman, who seemed not to be disturbed by what perhaps she regarded as a happy omen. In a moment the dove flew to another part of the crossing. It remained in the cathedral a few days longer; and then one day went out through an open door.

"Soon after this occurrence the allies facing the Marne salient, including the Americans at Chateau Thierry, began the great counter movement, which finally brought peace. It was at least an interesting coincidence that this white dove came into the cathedral over the chapel at the very crisis of the war, and that almost immediately thereafter began that series of determined events which led the Germans to make overtures for peace."

## Science in Zululand.

On May 29, 1919, at Metet, Kamerun district, West Africa, there was witnessed a total eclipse of the sun. It was in the afternoon. All the "boys" ran to their houses, locked the doors and went to bed. Some were sure they would die out of doors. An observer for the Carnegie institute came to take notes on the sun's location, and the inclination of its rays. The natives called him "the man who put the sun out," and were puzzled to know why he took the trouble to come to put it out in Kamerun.

When he commenced to use his instruments they wanted to know if he was looking at God's town up in the sun. What did God's town look like, what did God look like, whom did he see, what good did it do to look, anyway, could he see the road to heaven, was it hot in heaven because it was hot on the sun?

## Florida's Sponge Fisheries.

The sponge fisheries at Tarpon Springs, Fla., do more than a million dollars' worth of business annually. The industry was built up by a Philadelphia banker, who went to Florida on a real estate development proposition and quickly saw the possibilities of making Tarpon Springs, centrally located on the Gulf of Mexico and with railroad connections, the headquarters of the industry. This has resulted in the building of a beautiful little city with 4,000 inhabitants. In 1905 he revolutionized the business by bringing divers from Greece to operate in 30 to 130 feet of water, instead of the old-style method of "hooking" the sponges out of shallow water with a hook on a long pole.



## HERALD

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Charles J. Arnold.....Proprietor  
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TELEPHONE 65

## 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—Pay 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. Eitle-jorge 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 Gildewell, 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

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.

## WHAT PUZZLED THE MAJOR

Hard to Understand Why He Was cited, in View of Lack of Culinary Knowledge.

Homeward bound, an engineer regiment which had fought the entire war at Bordeaux was surprised to find several citations posted on the ship's bulletin boards. While this regiment had been among the first to reach France and its personnel had volunteered with the idea of going directly to the front, they were shifted to the base port in the summer of 1917 to build docks and kept there during the whole of the hostilities.

None having been sprayed with German 77's and all having been denied the usual avenues of becoming heroes, the regiment greeted the announcement of the citations with a stampede to the bulletin boards. There it was revealed that the greater share of the men chosen for the honors consisted of a mess sergeant and five cooks, who had "maintained a high standard of morale" by serving beans a la Bordelaise and providing other delectable dishes that helped make the men contented.

Among the officers cited by the regimental order was a major who had been particularly conspicuous for his good work in unloading shiploads of food and ammunition when the Americans were in the midst of the Argonne drive. This major, a democrat, and popular officer, was immediately besieged with congratulations.

"I don't see why they cited me," he explained modestly. "I can't cook."—Home Sector.

## CASE OF REAL HARD LUCK

No Wonder Washington Jones Was in No Mood to Extend Sympathy to His Side-Kick.

It was in the Argonne. A regiment of colored pioneers from Dixie who had been inducted into the service had just received a batch of mail. But neither Jefferson Madison Monroe nor his particular side-kick Washington Jones was manifesting any great elation. In fact, they both looked decidedly in the dumps.

"Wash," mourned Jefferson. "The hard-luckin'est nigger what was ever. I done just got a letter from mah gal and she's gone and went and married another."

"Oh, man, man!" wailed Wash. "You don't know what hard luck am. Me, I just got a letter from the draft board what says I'm exempt!"—Pittsburgh Post.

## Oh, Don't Mention It.

A number of the neighbor women just stopped in to have a little gossip and one of them said: "Who do you think I saw downtown yesterday? He was buying some strange woman a soda and I'll bet he never said a word about it to his wife." She then told the name of the woman.

It was not until the last neighbor was gone that little four-year-old Ruth said: "Mother, I don't think Mrs. So and So (mentioning the name of the woman who had told the story) has any room to talk about other women's husbands. I never told you, but one day last week Mr. So and So bought me a soda. And when I said, 'Thank you' to him, he said, 'Oh, don't mention it.' And I never would have told it if his wife did not think she was so smart."

## Knew His Manners.

A man from one of the back country ranches visited Los Angeles for the first time and went into a restaurant to have dinner.

All went well until the waiter brought him a serviette. The eyes of the rancher flamed and, pulling a six-shooter from his hip pocket told the waiter his mind.

"Take that blamed thing away at once," he said evenly. "I reckon I know when to use a handkerchief without having them darned things thrown out!"

## Spanish Women Advancing.

Miss Chrystal Macmillan, British suffragist leader, who recently returned to England from Madrid, says the woman suffrage movement is making rapid progress in Spain. A number of women hold important educational positions and others are working as journalists on leading newspapers, but as yet there are comparatively few women physicians. The women of four Spanish nations, Spain, Argentina, Uruguay and Cuba, have now applied for affiliation with the International Women's Suffrage alliance.

## World's Two Big Capitals.

New York is undoubtedly the largest city, in respect to population, in this country. Whether it or London is the largest populated city in the world cannot be definitely stated until the census reports of New York for 1920 and London for 1921 are published; metropolitan London is smaller than New York, but Greater London, with about 8,000,000, is probably larger than New York.

## A NEW SUIT.

By OTILLIA PFEIFFER.

(Copyright, 1920, Western Newspaper Union.)

"It is a lovely piece of goods, and it becomes you just beautifully," pronounced Florence Brill with sincere admiration.

"My first silk dress since I was a girl," said Mrs. Wardell, and her face softened with a grateful smile. "And a present, too."

"From—Barton?" inquired Florence, and there was the slightest quiver of emotion to her voice as she spoke the name.

"Yes, the dear boy! He has been a blessing to us from the first day he came to us, a poor little orphan, whose mother was my second cousin. He was only twelve then, and he has wound himself about our hearts until we miss him now as we would an own son."

"But you hinted that he was coming back?" suggested Florence anxiously.

"Yes. The people he is working for are very much pleased with him, have promoted him right along and he writes us there is a prospect of their starting a branch here."

"That will be delightful!" declared Florence, and then she flushed as if she had evinced too much interest in the subject of discussion.

"He always asks after you in his letters, dear," said Mrs. Wardell. "And he is always sending father and me some pretty present. Last month it was a new set of dishes for me. Next week, he tells me, he has a great surprise for father, who is to go to the county seat about some election business."

"And then there is his vacation, isn't there?" pressed Florence.

"Next month, dear. I am glad you feel so kind and friendly towards him, for Barton is worthy of regard in any good girl."

Florence went away pulsating with pleasure, and Mrs. Wardell followed her with her eyes. A shadow crossed them as she realized that Florence was the child of the wealthiest family in the district.

She hoped that Barton might not have fallen in love with her, on this account. Then she straightened up with calm dignity, for she was very proud of their adopted son.

"Well, we're to go over to Bayville Monday, Mary," spoke her husband, coming into the house at supper time.

"You are to go straight and see Barton before you do anything else," reminded Mrs. Wardell.

"Oh, sure that! I'm just longing to see the boy."

Mary looked over her husband with a little sigh. Plain, homespun John Wardell he had ever been, and she felt regret the next day as she neatly did up his shirts and collars and brushed his Sunday best suit, a good deal the worse for wear. For Barton's sake she would have liked him to present a better appearance.

"I wanted to be sure of capturing you before you got immersed in the political maelstrom," greeted Barton as the train arrived at Bayville, and told the three associates that they had a little private business to transact.

Then, linking his arm within his own, Barton bore away the smiling-faced John to his hotel, ushered him into his room and pointed to the bed. Across it lay a new suit, hat, shoes, a shirt, even handkerchiefs.

"That's the present I've been longing to get you ever since I went to work on my own hook," said Barton.

"See here, I'm not used to it. Why, they'll think I'm bound straight to ruin if I togged up in that style," remonstrated John; but Barton, with gentle insistence carried out his purpose.

"I declare!" ejaculated John as he looked into the mirror. "A hair cut and a little trimming of whiskers and I'll look quite respectable, hey?"

"Like a regular statesman, yes," applauded Barton.

The remark was almost prophetic. It happened that when the four delegates met the head and center of the party which they represented, the selection of some one to run on the ticket for the Warrenton district was to be made by that autocrat. One of the delegates was collarless, another wore a shapless and shabby straw hat, a third had barnyard cowhide boots on.

In contrast, the slick appearance of John was impressive, and he went back home the chosen candidate for office. He was really the best man of the quartette, but it was his new suit that had won him distinction.

John Wardell, candidate for state senator, arrayed in broadcloth and linen, somehow was a different proposition from humble, homespun John Wardell, slipshod small farmer.

Barton Wardell, manager of a prosperous branch store, fulfilled the good-will prophecies of the friends with whom he was popular. He and Florence were together a good deal.

One day Mary viewed the pair narrowly as they returned from a row down the river. A mutual loveliness shined in their eyes.

Mrs. Wardell was a good deal flustered when, glancing up from the window next morning, she saw Mrs. Brill coming up the garden path.

"I suppose Barton has told you?" she interrogated pleasantly.

"Why, no—what about, Mrs. Brill?"

"His engagement to Florence. They are rather young to think of marriage for a time yet, but he is a son to be proud of, and Mr. Brill and myself long since decided that where he

have went our friendly interest should

## A PAIR OF RUBBERS.

By GEORGE ELMER COBB.

(Copyright, 1920, Western Newspaper Union.)

Irrationally jealous, piqued, angry at pretty innocent Doris Blake, mad at himself and feeling resentful toward the world at large, Cyril Vance lifted his hat resentfully as he passed the home of Miss Ophelia Blinn.

It was also the home of that lady's adopted niece, Doris, and there the cankered anxiety rested. She and Vance had been something more than friends for over a year. He had been pretty exclusively in her company, and he had fired up very forcibly when a close friend remarked to him:

"I see that Rutgers fellow has broken into the good graces of the Blakes."

"That Rutgers fellow" was a dashing young man who had come to the town a week previous. He was looking for a factory site, he gave it out, and had plenty of money, good clothes.

"All flash and glitter," was the way Vance set him down, and the next day when Rutgers dashed by in an automobile in company with Miss Ophelia and her pretty niece, there could be but one construction to the presentment.

Doris was, of course, the attraction, for Miss Blake was a confirmed old maid. Vance paid no attention to a casual suggestion he overheard that as Miss Blake owned considerable property about town the alleged factory representative might be negotiating with her for a building site.

And now, as Vance observed the lady in question seated on the porch with Rutgers and her niece, he paid no attention to a pleading, inviting expression upon the face of Doris.

"I'll drop her if she is encouraging that braggart!" soliloquized Vance hotly, but at dusk the ensuing evening strolled past the Blake home, secretly hoping that Doris would appear.

Victor, his faithful dog, ran up on the porch as if reminding the young man of his many past visits, but Vance kept on. Beside the door was a pair of rubbers, man's size, and within the lighted room Vance caught sight of his fancied rival.

He whistled to the dog and strode on, never noticing that the animal carried something between his teeth until they came under a lamp post.

"Here, what have you got?" challenged Vance, and as Victor laid a rubber at his feet Vance picked it up. At once he comprehended that it was one of those he had noticed on the Blake porch. As he turned it over he observed casually a deep brownish stain where the instep curved. He was debating if he should repossess the house and restore the rubber to its companion when he was conscious that a keen-eyed man was at his side interestedly regarding the flitched rubber.

"Yours?" he inquired.

"No," retorted Vance curtly. "My dog took it from a porch down the street."

"Where—which porch?" pursued the stranger.

"Second house back. Why do you ask?" demanded Vance suspiciously. The man mumbled something about being an inquisitive sort of a fellow and as Vance turned around and retraced his steps flung the rubber over the fence of the Blake home. The stranger watched Vance closely and then disappeared in the darkness.

Later, through a cautious detour, he reached the Blake home, glided up to the porch and carried away both rubbers and chuckled in a pleased though sinister way.

The town had been greatly stirred up two days previous by the announcement that the great tannery at the edge of the town had been visited the night previous, its office broken into and a small fortune in cash and Liberty bonds secured from its safe. Officers from the county seat had been sent for and Vance, thinking later of the inquisitive stranger, wondered if he was not some detective attempting to ferret out the perpetrators of the burglary.

It was the next morning that Vance came face to face with Doris turning a corner. He flushed with some embarrassment and she paled as though under a strain of some fervid emotion.

"You have not been to the house lately, Cyril," she spoke in a subdued half reproachful tone.

"You seem to have plenty of company," retorted Vance and then was ashamed of himself, for the quick tears came into those gentle eyes.

"You mean this Bryce Rutgers," said Doris. "It is of him I have wished to speak to you all along. Oh, Cyril, he has made an impression on Aunt Ophelia and I am nearly distracted. I know he is after the property and that he is not the kind of a man who means what he says. Can you not do something to save poor sentimental Aunt Ophelia?"

At that moment the mysterious man of the evening previous came into sight. He looked invitingly at Vance and then beckoned to him.

"Those rubbers belonged to that Rutgers fellow," he said. "I owe a successful case to you. The minute I saw the red marks of the heel on the tannery I knew the fellow was the man I was after. I nabbed him and most of the plunder. I have sent him to the county seat in handcuffs."

Aunt Ophelia took the disposition of her fond single-life romance rather hard, but only for a time. Then she settled down to making the reunited

## THE STRAIGHT PATH.

By WALTER DELANEY.

(Copyright, 1920, Western Newspaper Union.)

Wade Denham was in bad company and was ashamed of it. When he looked back upon the time when he was the trusted employee of a large grain firm, socially recognized and, with apparently promising prospects, and contrasted that condition with the present he drooped his head humiliated and disheartened.

The more so because the little home-like cottage at the door of which Ben Devins, bold and aggressive, had asked for something to eat had for its mistress a refined, white-haired old lady who scanned Ben in a striking, fear-some way, but plain pity came into her face as her eyes rested upon his younger companion, and she murmured something about "better days." Then she called:

"Myra, dear, come here."

Then had appeared a young girl of perhaps twenty, fair of form and feature. Her eyes, too, pierced the mask of unrepentance of the young fellow whose ragged and unshaven face showed that he was not in his right element.

The young lady made no comment but went back into the house and reappeared with some cold meat, bread and butter and a pitcher of milk. Ben proceeded to dispatch two-thirds of the lunch and then strolled carelessly about the yard. Denham was finishing a last crust of bread when the young lady reappeared, a child of about seven, apparently her sister, holding a plate containing a piece of pie.

"Nellie insists on your having this," spoke Myra Ward gently.

"Oh, yes, the poor man looks so hungry!" prattled the little one.

"Wait," added the young lady, setting the plate upon the porch, and hastened back into the house and brought a silver fork.

There could be no more delicate compliment or recognition. Denham lowered his eyes, for the quick tears came. The young lady, a letter in her hand, went around to the front of the house as if to place it beside the letter box for the mail carrier to take up, returned, and a minute later Ben beckoned urgently.

"We'd better make tracks," he said, and Denham could not understand his haste. "This is no good town if the village constable spies us."

"I want to reach Southport before dark," Ben apprized him. "We've been living on handouts for a week. I want something better."

For only a few days Denham had tramped it with Ben. When the firm he had worked for so long failed he had been unable to get on his feet again. Then came a spell of sickness, no work later and then absolute poverty.

When they reached the city Ben still further surprised Denham by taking a room in a fairly respectable hotel. Denham noticed that he paid for the same with a fifty-dollar bill.

"I had that stowed away all the time," asserted mendacious and tricky Ben. "I wanted to surprise you. There's a five. Go around and enjoy yourself until I come back" and he did not reappear until midnight, almost riotous as he showed an immense package of bank notes.

"Five hundred!" he gloated. "My luck at cards held firm. Now then, partner, while I'm in funds I'm going to get back to friends. I'm no piker, so I'm going to stake you to go where you please. Here, I'll stow two twenties in my old wallet. Take it, nothing but a new fancy pocketbook will do me just now."

Denham could scarcely believe his good fortune as he started for his home town the next morning.

But a vast surprise greeted him. An uncle had died leaving him a small fortune and lawyers had been seeking for him everywhere. The transition from poverty to wealth dazzled him. Then a strange discovery started him on a singular quest.

In the old wallet he had found a letter. It was all crumpled up and was directed to "Edwin Ward." It told of an inclosure of fifty dollars and it implored "dear brother" not to lose heart, that small as was the amount, and spared with difficulty, it must be made to serve its recipient to carry out his plans.

The letter was dated at the town where the young lady had given Denham and Ben that free meal. At once Denham surmised the truth. Ben must have overheard the girl and her mother discussing the contents of the letter, had wickedly stolen it from the letter box and had appropriated the inclosure.

Wade Denham could not rest until he had located Edwin Ward, to find him striving to make his way in the literary field. Just in time he reached the discouraged one to save him from abandoning all his energized ambitions.

To the brother Denham told all, insisting that he allow him to help him with his ample means. Six months later, the invited guest of his new friend, Denham found himself once more at Rose Cottage, but under what strangely contrasting circumstances!

Myra Ward knew him at a glance. She was apprized of the truth and all the truth. The real soul of him who had once been a penniless wanderer shone forth too clearly to have her refrain from sympathy for one she had

known that had earned so much else.

And the skies cleared before sunset, for Vivian was glad to receive the addresses of a true and worthy man, and Edwin Brooks, apprized of the real facts of the case, impulsively substituted an engagement ring for

the one that had earned so much else.

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## THE PROMISE RING.

By VICTOR REDCLIFFE.

(Copyright, 1920, Western Newspaper Union.)

"Don't say a word, please. Just listen to me for a moment before the others come around. I've wanted to speak to you all this afternoon, but I did not have the chance. Miss Clare, I shall be back in town next week. Then you must find time to listen to me about a matter that lies directly next to my heart."

Pretty Myrtle Clare looked surprised, confused, almost frightened. It was at a lawn party and all the afternoon she had noticed Walter Pierce fidgeting about in her vicinity. He was a quiet, bashful sort of a young man, and while he now spoke the strain of some deep emotion was evident.

"I—I don't understand, Mr. Pierce," said Myrtle, half surmising that in a preliminary way he was making love to her.

Pierce was hurried, almost incoherent, for at any moment others might intrude upon the bush-shielded spot where they were. He pressed close to Myrtle in his agitation even seizing her hand and speaking in low but vehement accents.

"My happiness, my future depends upon my telling you all!" he whispered. "If you fail me I shall be wretched. It will be next Thursday. At the little park spot where the junction roads meet. Oh, say that you will be there at two in the afternoon."

"But—why—I cannot comprehend."

"But you will come?" implored Pierce. "Oh, say so! Really, you must! You are a good, kind-hearted girl. Everybody says so. Promise! Ah, some one is coming. Here. Take this. It is a pledge. It will be your promise ring. Next Thursday at two o'clock."

With that Pierce vanished as merry voices told of others approaching. They passed by Myrtle without noticing her. She stood rooted to the spot, lost in a variety of emotions she could not subdue. She looked down at the golden circlet with eyes wondering and distended. A promise ring generally covered an arrangement where an engagement in time was to follow.

Had she pledged herself to Walter Pierce through her silence and bewilderment? All in a rush Pierce had fairly carried her off her feet. She did not dislike him, but love!—Myrtle flushed and pulsated as she thought of Elwyn Brooks, who of all her young male acquaintances was most close to her as a dear, dear friend—and something more.

"It can't be that Mr. Pierce is in love with me," she reasoned finally. "It is ridiculous to suppose so. If he was he had time to say so. No, no, I won't believe it. It must be concerning something else he wishes to speak to me about. I'll wear the ring just for the novelty of the thing, and I will meet him as he wishes just because I am curious and interested."

Maybe he is in some trouble and needs a counsellor, a confidant, and gentle, innocent Myrtle tried to feel quite sisterly and compassionate.

Her sister Vivian noticed the golden circlet as they were in their room that night. It had been placed on the engagement finger and Vivian's eyes expressed decided interest.

Vivian was the exact opposite of Myrtle. She was of regal beauty and her manner did not make her approachable by the opposite sex. She rather chilled by her supposed hauteur, which, however, was really the mask of a warm, generous nature but had become a confirmed mannerism.

"A new ring?" she suggested interrogatively.

"Why, yes; a promise ring, Vivian. It belongs to Walter Pierce."

A half suppressed gasp issued from the lips of Vivian. She paled. Then, like one turned to marble, she pretended to busy herself, putting away the jewelry she wore and spoke not another word. The mother of the girls entered the room at that moment and the full effect of the extraordinary demeanor of her sister was lost on Myrtle.

And now trouble came to poor, sympathetic Myrtle. A hint of the promise ring led to surmise and exaggeration and Elwyn Brooks received a distorted notion of the circumstance. He avoided Myrtle and the Clare home, while Vivian became strangely silent and downcast.

"Oh! I must see this Walter Pierce and give him back the ring, and tell him I do not care for him and get this troubling matter straightened out," determined Myrtle, and at two o'clock Thursday afternoon she was at the rendezvous of the appointment.

"I am so glad you have come," spoke Pierce at once. "I felt from the first that your kind heart would be inclined to calm the fears and aid the hopes of a man deeply in love, and so impressed with the superiority and rare character of your sister that you would try and help me to win her affection."

"Then it's Vivian," began Myrtle, and paused, dazzled, enlightened by the revelation.

And the skies cleared before sunset, for Vivian was glad to receive the addresses of a true and worthy man, and Edwin Brooks, apprized of the real facts of the case, impulsively substituted an engagement ring for

the one that had earned so much else.

And the skies cleared before sunset,



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## Do You Believe In Kissing?



Lew Cody in

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Will convince anyone

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Wednesday

### NOTICE

Tuesday April 20 1920  
No 1 and 2 Pack Mill of The American Zinc Products Co. will start at 7:00 p.m. today. Slab Mill will start at 7:45 A.M. Wednesday.

The pack Mills will work 6 hours turns this week. Rollers will work on the following schedule:  
7 P. M. today—Beltz & Williamson  
1 A. M. tonight—Rosson & R.W. Hill  
7 A. M. Wednesday—Owens & Ralph Hill  
1 P. M. Wednesday—Christy & Huskey.

FOR RENT: Two furnished rooms 417 E. Washington St. Phone 771

FURNITURE SALE: I will sell at public auction my entire household, Good rugs and good furniture, Thurs. day April 22 at 1:30 P. M., 710 Crown street, Harold Burks, Dobbs & Vestal auctioneers. Paul Albin, clerk. 2t

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SOCIETY  
Sunday morning service in the Ader block on the second floor at 11 o'clock.  
Sunday School at 10 o'clock.  
Wednesday evening testimony service at 8 o'clock.  
Everybody welcome.

## Last Night's Dreams—What They Mean

DID YOU DREAM OF THE DEAD?

DREAMS of the dead are exceedingly common and are generally very vivid; which is ascribed by Ellis to the fact that in such dreams two opposing groups of memories contend in one of which our relatives or friends are alive and in the other dead; and the effort of the dream consciousness to adjust these two groups causes an intensity in the dream emotion experienced. The conflict of these opposing forces is the reason that frequently in our dreams of the dead we are at first perplexed to find our dear ones with us and say to ourselves: "But he (or she) is dead." But the "stream of images which represents them as alive comes from an older and richer source, is the more powerful," so that it overcomes the dream consciousness seeks to adjust the difference by some such thought as that the person dreamed of is not really dead but was only reported to have died. Sometimes the older emotional stream is so much the stronger that we do not experience this perplexity. In all cases where we see our dead in dreams as alive our dream consciousness accepts it as a fact that they are alive.

To the mystics to dream that we see the dead alive is accounted a very favorable omen, especially if they speak to us. If they look reproachfully at us, or demand of us an accounting of some of our acts, it is a sign that we had better hasten to correct our lives and take greater heed to our behavior. In this connection the words of Doctor Radcliffe, the eminent English investigator, are interesting. He says: "You are more or less at liberty to believe that the dead and living may exist together in a world of spirit in which the so-called living are less living than the so-called dead; and that, in fact, the dead may command, as they do in dreams." For a long time materialistic writers, Herbert Spencer among the number, have attributed the belief of primitive man and savages in a spirit world to dreams of the dead. Before 1895 no attempt was made at a scientific analysis of dreams of this type but they are now attracting much attention.

(Copyright)

## Mother's Cook Book

We play at our house and have all sorts of fun.  
An' there's always a game when the supper is done.  
An' at our house there's marks on the walls an' the stairs.  
An' some terrible scratches on some of the chairs.  
An' ma says that our house is really a fright.  
But pa says and I say that our house is all right.  
—Edgar Guest.

### Meat Substitutes.

Meat, though wholesome and well liked by the majority of people, is not essential to a well-balanced meal and many housekeepers who are interested in lessening the food bill, substitute some other foods equally or more nourishing and at less cost. Foods to take the place of meat should be rich in protein and fat. Cheese is a staple food with which everyone is familiar and one which may be used in a variety of ways.

In substituting cheese or any food for meat, especial pains should be taken to serve dishes which are well liked by the family.

### Cheese Custard.

Spread sufficient slices of bread to supply the family, rather generously with butter. Place in a shallow baking pan and pour over a custard using one egg for each cupful of milk, salt and paprika to taste. Bake covered until the custard is set and serve at once while puffy and light.

### Rice Croquettes.

Warm two cupfuls of cooked rice in a double boiler with enough milk to soften it. Add two tablespoonfuls of butter, salt and cayenne to taste, with two tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley. Spread the mixture on a plate to cool, then shape. Roll in fine crumbs which are seasoned with salt and pepper, dip in beaten egg and roll in crumbs again. Cook in deep fat a delicate brown. Serve hot with cheese sauce. Add a cupful or less of grated cheese to a white sauce.

### Pittsburg Potatoes.

Cook one quart of cooked potato with one small onion until the vegetables are tender, using salted water. Then add half a can of sweet peppers cut in pieces and cook five minutes longer. Drain and put into a baking dish. Make a sauce of two tablespoonfuls each of butter and flour, one teaspoonful of salt and a pint of milk. Cook until thick then add half a pound of grated cheese. Pour this sauce over the potatoes and bake a golden brown.

### Cheese and Celery.

Select short white stalks of celery with deep grooves in them. Mix cream cheese with salt and finely chopped pecans. Fill the grooves with the mixture and chill. Serve cut in small pieces, on lettuce with French dressing.

## REMARKABLE FORM OF MANIA

Women Evidently Thoroughly Believed They Had Communion With Spirits of Evil.

In these days, when the civilized world is being stirred up by the wave of occultism, spiritism and the demand for psychic phenomena, it will be interesting to read of the cases of two women—Margaret and Philippa Flax—who were burnt for the alleged crime of witchcraft at Lincoln, England, on March 11, 1618.

With their mother, they had been confidential servants of the earl and countess of Rutland, and, becoming dissatisfied with their employers they were led into the practice of hidden arts in order to obtain revenge. According to their own confession they had entered into communion with familiar spirits by which they were assisted in their wicked designs. The mother's familiar spirit was in the form of a cat, which she called Rutterkin. These women used to get hair of a member of the family and burn it. It may be remarked that this same practice is indulged in by the old southern negroes in our own country.

They would steal one of the earl's gloves and plunge it into boiling water, or rub it on Rutterkin, in order to effect bodily harm to its owner. They would also use frightful imprecations of wrath and malice toward the object of their hatred. Upon the earl and members of his family they worked their spells, and his son died and others became very ill. On being apprehended the mother denied her guilt, but the daughters confessed and described visions of devils. There were three other women implicated in the affair, and all of them made confessions to the same purpose—that they summoned spirits in the form of cats, dogs, moles and other animals.

### Wise Old Sea-Dog.

Capt. A. G. Thompson, who retired the other day from the service of the Scandinavian-American steamship line, kept going until he had reached the age of 71. He made 223 trips across the ocean without suffering a single solitary mishap. He dealt with storms and men and with things under all sorts and manners of conditions. Now he is through and content to retire to the shade of his own vine and figtree, spending the evening of his life in comfort and content. Lucky Captain Thompson! Retaining the vigor and strength of a young man, the old sea-dog has this to say:

"You ask for my rules of living? I never have worried. I have faith in mankind. I flee from fanatics. I eat plenty, but not too much. I try to get at least five hours sleep a day. I keep my feet warm, my head cool, my conscience clear and my lungs full of good fresh air."

Not such a bad nor yet a rigorous recipe, is it?

### A Matter of Rings.

Kenneth Jeffries, who was graduated from Technical high school in January, 1918, was selected as one of the marines to escort President Wilson on the trip to France. One day when the liner was plowing through the middle of the Atlantic, Jeffries was viewing the water from the deck. Another marine, approaching him, inquired about the Tech graduating ring on his finger.

"I have a right to wear that," answered Jeffries. "I'm from Technical high school."

"I have one to match that," answered the other, and produced a similar ring. He was a member of the first Tech graduating class of 1912.—Indianapolis News.

### Double O Fools Them.

What's in a name? Well, there's Frank L. Moore, first aid to John B. Orman, manager of the Indianapolis Automobile Trade association's automobile show.

"Funny thing how many people call me Wood," said Mr. Moore. "I guess the double O in my name fools them. And I have to be careful, too, about how I give my name, although Moore is almost as ordinary as Smith, Jones and Brown. When I give my name to a person who doesn't know me I always say: 'Moore, Frank L.' If I don't they put it down Frank Elmore."—Indianapolis News.

### Ferocious Artists.

"What are those Paris Apaches we hear so much about?"

"Denizens of the underworld, my dear."

"Are they as desperate as we have been led to believe?"

"I hardly think they are as wildly wicked as they are made to appear in the movies. If they were they'd drink blood instead of brandy."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

### Unfinished Business.

Sambo—Say, Doc, what was that you gave me? I dreamed I was chasing a large chicken and just as I was about to grab 'im I woke up.

Doctor—Why, that was a quarter of a grain of morphine.

Sambo—Please squirt 20 more grains in me—I want that chicken.

### Kind to His Relative.

"Ma, is Mr. Fulhouse very old?"

"No, dear; why did you ask?"

"I think he must be, 'cause I heard pa say last night that he raised his ante."—Boston Transcript.

### Appropriate Path.

"This is a complicated sort of place to get anywhere. How can I find the way?"

## Electricity in Next War.

That the use of high explosives in modern warfare has about reached the end of its development, is the opinion of a French inventor of one powerful compound of that nature. Neither can poisonous gases, it is indicated, be made much more dangerous than were those contrived in the world war. Flying mechanisms of various types promise much greater menace, and it is probable that any new developments in scientific warfare visible in the next international disagreement will be electrical in their nature. Electricity's use in the last war was relatively small.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

## Fireproofing Mine Timbers.

A coating of magnesia cement on the timbers of mines is declared to be an economical and efficient assurance against fire, especially in the arid regions where timber becomes highly inflammable and is difficult to replace. The magnesia stucco, which is abundantly available on the Pacific coast, is applied in two coats, each 1/4 in. thick, putting the second on before the first has set. When dry, it is elastic, adheres firmly to almost any surface, and is stable and durable. It is an insulator, and resists fire, water and climatic changes.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

## The Success Trick.

John Adams Thayer, the secretary of the New York Publishers' association, said at a dinner:

"The successful publisher must be quick in the uptake. He must be the first, or nearly the first, to discern the merit in new writers. Of him above all men it may be said:

"It isn't enough that he should know a good thing when he sees it—he must seize a good thing when he knows it."

## Easy to Tell the Time.

One of the cleverest of foreign clocks now common among the expatriates who had an opportunity to go shopping abroad, is the clock without hands. It in nowise resembles the ordinary clock with round face, but is made with groups of cleverly arranged clusters of celluloid leaves. The leaves in one cluster turn every hour—in the other, every minute—so it takes but a glance to see the exact time stated in plain Arabic figures.

## For Government Regulation.

"I presume you're mighty glad the war is over."

"Well, I don't 'jest' know about dat," answered Mandy. "Cose Ise glad to have my Sam back home an' all dat, but I 'jest' know I ain't never gwine to get money from him so regular as I did while he wuz in de army an' de government wuz handlin' his financial affairs."

## CHICHESTER'S PILLS

THE BEST PILL BRAND.  
Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chichester's Pills for a Pleasant and Safe Relief from all the troubles of the female system. Sold by Druggists Everywhere.

## CLASSIFIED ADS.

We have farms to trade for city property. Brown & Moffett, 2t Apr. 9-10

FOR SALE—Single comb, brown Leghorn eggs. E. R. O'Hair, Fillmore, Ind.

FOR SALE—Single comb brown Leghorn eggs. E. R. O'Hair, Fillmore, Ind.

FOR MORTGAGE EXEMPTIONS—See county recorder, O. T. Ellis.

WANTED—ALL KINDS OF TRUCK hauling.—Phone 210

Architect, Contractor and Landscape Gardening. W. H. Evans, Greencastle, Indiana.

FOR SALE: S. C. White Leghorn eggs for hatching. Earl Bunten, Fillmore.

WANTED—All kinds of truck hauling. —Phone 210, Raymond Thompson.

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## FLOWERS ALWAYS ON TABLE

With a Little Planning, Housewife May Have Blooming Plants During the Winter Months.

One of the problems before every housewife is the making of her home a bright and attractive place, and not at too great an expense. Flowers always give the cheer and sunshine so admired, but we usually think of flowers for the home and table as luxuries to be enjoyed on Christmas. Thanksgiving, birthdays and other special occasions. However, by using care and judgment in the selection of the plants one can have blooming plants the entire winter.

There are a few varieties that we can make no mistake in cultivating. There are the primroses. They were our grandmothers' favorites and they are still admired.

The seed can be secured at any seed store, sown in a box in June, in the fall transplanted into pots in rich, loose soil. Give them a bright window and keep them moist. If allowed to become dry just once it will check their blooming, and they never will be so beautiful. If rightly cared for they will furnish a center piece for the table all winter. Then there are the cyclamen. They are a real investment. They are as dainty as a flock of butterflies when in bloom, and will bloom for months. These two come from the seed and must be kept moist. There are a number of varieties of blooming begonias that are beautiful in foliage and bloom.—Thrifty Magazine.

## CLOSE STUDENTS OF NATURE

Examination Papers Proved That Pupils Must Have Made Keen Observations of Their Subjects.

A nature study and biology teacher sent the Nature Study Review the following from her pupils' papers, regarding their observation and conclusions in the domain of nature:

"Organic matter is when you have something the matter with your organs."

"Five devices by which seeds are scattered are wind, water, explosion, torn up, taken out and thrown away."

"The peculiars of an insect are some of them bring diseases, others destroy food, suck the blood, spoil the flowers, lay eggs and kill babies."

"The grasshopper, when he walks, either jumps or hops."

"The jaws of a grasshopper move east and west."

"A larva is an unfinished animal."

### Free Tin Boxes.

There are countless uses for tin boxes.

Most dealers in cigarettes have on hand boxes of this kind, eleven inches long, six inches wide and four inches deep, which are thrown away. Some dealers are glad to accommodate persons who desire these tin receptacles and will give them away without cost.

The following are some very good ways in which the tin boxes can be utilized:

Lunch boxes when out camping or fishing, as they will hold a good supply of lunch.

Covered with a white enamel and used as a cake-box or bread-box.

Keeping food away from rats, mice and other pests.

Painted and used as a flower box.—Thrifty Magazine.

### Cause and Because.

"Doctor," said a beldam of a rural village, "can you tell me how it is that some folks be born dumb?"

"Why—hem—why, certainly, madam," replied the doctor. "It is because they come into the world without the power of speech."

"Dear me!" remarked the old lady, "just to see what it is to have a physical education. I be right glad I axed you. I've axed my old man a hundred times that there same question, and all he would say was: 'Cause they be.'"

—Boston Transcript.

### Where Ignorance Was Bliss.

A farmer saw a boy picking apples from one of his best apple trees. He tried to catch him, says the Weekly Telegraph, but the boy was too quick for him, and so the farmer changed his tactics.

"Come here, my little son," he said in a soft voice, with a counterfeit friendliness, "come here to me a minute! I want to tell you something."

"Not likely!" replied the boy. "Little ones like me don't need to know everything."

### Life's Little Problems.

"George, dear!" began the worried woman.

"Yes, wotisit?" grunted George, without looking up from his newspaper.

"Would you mind helping me with a little bit of arithmetic?" she pleaded.

"Not at all."

"Well, if we pay the new cook the wages she wants will we have enough money left to buy anything for her to cook?"—London Answers.

### All Spoiled.

Her Mother—I think Harold's vacation plan is a fine one and I don't see why you oppose it. It's what you've always wanted.

Mrs. Justus—I know I've always wanted it. But, don't you understand, mother, I forgot to mention it and so he proposed it first.

### Had Enough.

"What's the fuss at the fountain? Cholly has been drinking there all day."

"Yes, and the druggist has refused to sell him any more ice-cream soda."

—Louisville Courier-Journal.



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## WELCOMES THE OPPORTUNITY TO TELL ALL FACTS

MRS. BYERS, DEEPLY GRATEFUL FOR AID, WANTS OTHERS  
TO KNOW TRUTONA'S MERIT.

Terre Haute, Ind. Apr. 19—"I am glad to have the opportunity to tell the wonderful benefits Trutona has given me," Mrs. Rebecca Byers, who lives in Terre Haute, at 857 North Third street, said recently. Mrs. Byers' gladness is explained as follows:

"For the past three years my system has been in a run down condition. My kidneys had been giving me a lot of trouble and my stomach was in such shape that I had to be careful about my eating. I suffered constantly from pains in my back and I know that my liver wasn't in good condition."

"My appetite had almost failed me completely when I began using Trutona. But thanks to this treatment of the perfect tonic, I can eat anything I want to and thoroughly enjoy

it. For the first time in three years my back doesn't bother me, and I sleep as sound as any human being can."

"Trutona did all this for me after other medicines had failed to relieve my troubles, and I'm sure if one bottle will help me so much, a few more will put me in splendid health. Furthermore, I'm confident that Trutona will do the same for others if they'll take it according to directions."

Trutona's healthful action reaches every portion of the body, and performs its work faithfully and efficiently. Trutona rebuilds diseased nerves and tissues, creates a healthful appetite and aids in the assimilation and digestion of the food.

Trutona is now being introduced and explained in Greencastle at R. P. Mullins Drug Store.

## Thought 3 Little Children Needed Mothers Care

"My stomach suffering was so severe that I could not have lasted much longer. I did not care so much for myself but did not want to leave my three little children who needed a mother's love and care. A cousin in California wrote me about Mayr's Wonderful Remedy and I took a course of it. I have since been entirely well." It is a simple, harmless preparation that removes the catarrhal mucus from the intestinal tract and allays the inflammation which causes practically all stomach, liver and intestinal ailments, including appendicitis. One dose will convince or money refunded.—Sold every where.



Charming Bessie Barricault, one of the most winsome "movie" stars, was born in New York. She is a blonde, has brown eyes and is of medium build. She has her own company of silent drama actors, the company being under the direction of her husband, Howard Hickman.

## Off Again On Again STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN (Copyright) ANCIENTNESS.

The oldest thing that there can be, Is your-forget-me-not's motorcar— Yes, you can take the word from me, Those are the oldest things there are.

The pyramids that dot the sand There in the Sphinx's neighborhood, Are still so new they wear their brand, Compared with this, 'tis understood.

Just ask an agent, who would sell A next-year's model bright and new, And he will either hint or tell That what I've stated here is true.

To thresh your wheat or oats with flails Is no less ancient than to arrive Along the Erie-Lincoln trails In something with a right-hand drive.

Finnigan Fillosy. The poorest-paid occupation in all the world is worryin'.

**THIS MATTER OF NAMES.** A young man in Maryland recently married a girl named Umbrage. It was an elopement, and the bride's mother was in conformity to their desire to keep it dark. However, the young man is not the first benedict who took umbrage on the very day of his wedding.

**New Stuff.** Born to Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Skinner, a baby girl, on Wednesday, October 20, that brought the scales down to the ten-pound mark. Both mother and daughter are doing well, and with careful nursing E. C. will soon be back on three square meals a day.—Rockwell City (In.) Advocate.

**YOU KNOW HIM.** When you hear a fellow boasting like an empty-headed dolt, You may meet him for a member of the Lick-and-Promise club.

**Isn't This Tantalizing?** Miss Rose Gerot of this place, and Esther Riggs of Lone Tree, were married some time Monday. The marriage occurred some place in Johnson county, and that is all we are able to tell. The marriage was a great surprise to their friends and even her parents.—Riverside (In.) Cliner.

**Finnigan Fillosy.** No place is as bad as it seems 't' yer whin ye're homesick in it; an' nather is anny place as good as it seems whin ye're homesick fur ut.

## A TIMELY GIFT.

By EVELYN LEE.

(Copyright, 1920, Western Newspaper Union.)

"Now, then, David, tomorrow is your birthday, and I have a present for you that I may as well give you now."

"Not neckties, or a sport shirt, or a stickpin?" Inquired David Woolson suspiciously.

"Not likely, seeing that you make knotted strings of the ties in a week, never would wear anything but call-co shirts and lost the pin I gave you the second day. No, David, I'm going to give you a watch."

"Why! you gave me one once."

"I did, on the anniversary of our silver wedding, and you let it drop on the floor and put it out of commission."

"No use burdening a man with jewelry who is too busy with farming to pay attention to fal-lals!" pronounced David.

"Well, a watch is something that every man should carry."

"I declare! It makes a fellow feel sort of dressed up to carry a watch, eh, Martha? And you're a dear, whole-souled woman to think that much of a hard-headed, clumsy old fellow like myself!"

David delivered a resounding smack squarely on Martha's lips, and she fluttered and flushed like some school-girl. She had to scold mildly and instruct in detail to get the watch placed in the right pocket and the chain bar in the correct button-hole.

Martha smiled an extra welcome when, on the stroke of six, David came into the house from the field, rather boyishly compared his watch with the kitchen clock, and announced:

"You've had a good time-keeper made of the old wreck of a watch, Martha. It's right to the minute."

Arthur Moore called that evening. He was keeping company with the eldest daughter, Hazel, and was a general favorite with the family. The smaller children had considerable fun repeatedly asking father what time it was, while Hazel declared the watch must be fast when her father observed that it was ten o'clock, which was the usual hour of departure of her lover.

It was two days later when David walked over to Brownsville on some business. The distance was only five miles, and he did not care about sparing a horse from harvest work. It was at Brownsville that young Moore lived with his stepfather, Hugh Griscom. Those two had not been very congenial, and Arthur had told Hazel that the sooner they were married, the better pleased he would be, as Griscom had grown into a gruff, unsociable companion. It seemed that the latter was a second husband of Arthur's mother, who had left quite an estate. The stepfather was to have a life income from the property, but after his death it was to revert to Arthur.

It was about three miles from Brownsville that David paused on the path lining the river, to gaze in astonishment at two persons conversing animatedly under some trees. One was a handsome young woman David had never seen before. The other was Arthur Moore.

The woman seemed under a strain of intense emotion. Her gestures were animated and her familiar manner with Arthur aroused a deep suspicion in David's mind. As she clung pleadingly to his arm David's face darkened. Why was this prospective son-in-law meeting a woman clandestinely? She acted as though she was pleading with Arthur as only a woman stirred by love or some kindred emotion was likely to do.

For over half an hour David watched the pair. He resolved to seek an explanation of the apparently recreant love. Finally the twain parted. The woman went away weeping. Arthur came up the river path, his face serious and troubled. He acted startled as David steadily confronted him.

"I have been here some time," spoke David. "What does this mean, your meeting a woman secretly?"

"If I tell you in confidence will you regard it as a pledged secret?" inquired Arthur.

"Yes."

"Very well; I came to meet that woman, the deserted wife of a close friend, to see if I cannot bring about a reconciliation."

"Oh! by the way, what is the time?" half-jocularly inquired Arthur as he turned where their paths parted.

"Half-past four," reported David. "Coming over tonight?"

"Oh, surely!"

Arthur Moore did not go to the Woolson home that night. Before dusk a telephone message announced to the startled David that Arthur had been arrested, charged with the murder of his stepfather at three o'clock that afternoon—the motive the possession of his mother's estate.

At the hour stated a servant had heard a shot. She rushed to the living room of the house, to find Hugh Griscom lying dead on the floor, shot through the heart. She observed a scurrying figure in the garden resembling in build the stepson.

Back to Brownsville sped David. It took only a few moments to convince the marshal that his evidence would absolutely clear Arthur Moore. An empty, rifled drawer in a cabinet where Griscom kept his money indicated that some common burglar had committed the crime.

So Martha's birthday present had aided an innocent man; at least had saved him from serious trials and tribulations.

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Money back if it fails. The  
genuine box has a Red  
top with Mr. Hill's  
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At All Drug Stores

## PESKY BED BUGS

Bedbug (Cimex lectularius.) The origin of the name bedbug is unknown but is supposed to be naturally suggested as it is descriptive. There are many local names for these parasites, as for illustration, around Boston they are called "Cinches," from Baltimore comes the name "Mahogany Flat," in New York they are styled as "Red Coats," around Pittsburgh they are called "Pesky Devils," in Cincinnati and the South "Night Riders," in St. Louis and Chicago district "Crimson Ramblers," the great West "Pilgrims." The old saying, "the bedbugs have no teeth but they get there just the same," is correct. Instead of teeth they possess a piercing and suckling beak to draw and rob you of your blood for their own body.

Bedbugs, no matter what you may call them, or where they came from, science has found a way to get rid of them if you will use faithfully the chemical Pesky Devils Quietus "P. D. Q." A 35c package makes one quart, enough to kill a million bedbugs roaches, fleas, ants or cotesies, and their eggs as well. P. D. Q. will not injure bedding, and each package contains a patent spout to enable you to get them in the hard-to-get-at places. Impossible for Pesky Devils to exist where P. D. Q. is used.

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## NOTICE TO BIDDERS

Bids will be received by the county Board of Commissioners at the Auditor's office up to the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. Saturday, May 1st 1920 for the purchase of from 1,000 to 1,500 yards of crushed stone. Same to be crusher run Size 1½ inch and less.

This stone to be purchased for use of the repair of roads in Jefferson and Cloverdale township in said Putnam county, and should be ready to put on the roads by June 1st 1920.

Also the undersigned board of Commissioners would ask for bids for gravel to be furnished for the repair of roads in the north part of county.

Also four car loads of Emascrate and sufficient seal coat material for use in repair of roads.

Witness our hands and seal this 6th day of April 1920.

R. E. Larkin  
C. W. Daggy  
Chas. Craver, Commissioners.  
Attest: R. E. Knoll, Auditor.  
3d. D. April 13 20 27

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THE DRUGGISTS' REMEDY  
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Take one after each meal  
Keeps the bowels regular  
Prevents constipation  
Keeps the blood pure  
Keeps the system healthy  
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Keeps the liver pure  
Keeps the kidneys strong  
Keeps the bladder healthy  
Keeps the prostate gland healthy  
Keeps the testicles healthy  
Keeps the ovaries healthy  
Keeps the uterus healthy  
Keeps the vagina healthy  
Keeps the cervix healthy  
Keeps the uterus healthy  
Keeps the vagina healthy  
Keeps the cervix healthy

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**"KEEP HIM  
WAITING"  
SHE BEGGED**

Joe knocked unexpectedly on Ann  
whisked herself away out of sight,  
saying to mother, "please let him  
wait." Ann knew that her ploy  
was unbecoming and she'd never faced  
Joe without a little rouge.

Persistent pallor, or enema, is due  
to weakness of the blood making and  
purifying organs of the body, and it  
takes spinal adjusting to free the ner-  
ves that give tone and vigor to the  
functions of these organs. Where  
health is good rouge is unnecessary.

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Fragrant Tennessee Cedar Chests, plain, size 42x20x18  
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