

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. Cravins 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. Etteljeorge 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 Jess M. Hamrick, at the Democratic primary, May 4, 1920. Your vote appreciated.

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

FOR SHERIFF—Harklus L. Jackson of Greenastle, 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 Cun-
niliary Knowledge.

Homeward bound, an engineer regiment which had fought the entire war at Bordon was surprised to find several citations posted on the ship's bulletin boards. While this regiment had been among the first to reach France 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 77s 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 à la Bordonaise 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 democratic 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. "Ise the hard-luckin'est nigger what ever. I done just got a letter from my man 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, and 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 hints 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.

FOR COMMISER

OF THIRD DISTRICT—J. J. Hendrix 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—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—O. A. Day of Marion township, announces to the Democratic voters of Putnam county

A NEW SUIT.

By OTILLIA PFEIFFER.

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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's 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 presents. Last month it was a new set of d'shes 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 dressed 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.

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 repair 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 fished rubber.

"Yours?" he inquired.

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

"Where—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 previously 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 hemlock pit at 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."

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 have decided that where her love went our friendly interest should

A PAIR OF RUBBERS.

By GEORGE ELMER COBB.

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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 shrinking, farsighted way, but plainly came into her face as he eyes rested upon his younger companion, and she murmured something about "better days." Then she called:

"Myra, dear, come here."

Then had appeared the young girl of perhaps twenty, fair of form and feature. Her eyes, too, pierced the mask of unkemptness of the young fellow whose rags 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.

"But you will come?" implored Pierce.

"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 incited, 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 and vehement accents.

"My happiness, my future depends upon my telling you all!" he whispered.

"If you fall 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!"

"Oh, yes, the poor man looks so hungry!" pratled 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.

"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 with the lighted room Vance caught sight of his fancied rival.

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