

HERALD

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Charles J. Arnold.....Proprietor
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Cards of Thanks.

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

Obituaries.

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

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENT

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

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

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

FOR PROSECUTING ATTORNEY—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.

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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 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 lovelight 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.

"I declare!" 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 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."

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

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, fearsome 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 dazed 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 cherished 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

THE STRAIGHT PATH.

By WALTER DELANEY.

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