

**PURE FOOD SHOW  
STIRS INTEREST**

Merchants Ask for More Space  
Than Ever Before.

The pure food show that will be held at Tomlinson Hall the week of Dec. 6-11 under the auspices of the Indianapolis Retail Grocers Association will mark the revival of an institution that before the war had become an annual event of more than usual importance.

While the war was on the association decided to abolish the show and this will be the first one since 1916.

The association is planning to make this year's event the largest and most pretentious in the history of Indianapolis food shows.

More exhibition space has been provided than ever before and the decorations will be on an elaborate scale.

Manufacturers of food products are taking great interest and the committee in charge has received many applications for space.

An automobile and more than \$1,000 worth of other prizes will be distributed to the general public.

The committee in charge comprises Ralph Orr, chairman; E. S. Whitaker, secretary; D. R. Sturgeon, George Amt, Phil Kerz and M. A. Vogt.

**Maybe You're Able  
to Answer This One**

Here is a pertinent question from Mrs. Collins, 2855 North Olney street.

Maybe some of you who read this will be able to answer it. The question follows:

Editor The Times—I want to know if Indianapolis express and paymen't gasoline and auto service city Inspectors to take their families marketing? These Republican henchmen are doing the thinnest work in rotten Republic's city administration.

I, for one, think these jobs should be given to honest men, regardless of politics, who would use their time to serve the city.

MRS. COLLINS,  
Indianapolis,  
2855 North Olney St.

**Patrolman's Funeral  
to Be Held Saturday**

The funeral of Patrolman Michael Reidy, 538 North Oxford street, who died Oct. 13, will be held at St. Phillip's Church Saturday morning at 9 o'clock. Mrs. Reidy has requested that Patrolmen Martin O'Connor, Patrick O'Connor, James Burke, D. Moriarty, Martin O'Brien and Patrick Shea be pallbearers.

**Freight Movement Increases.**

WASHINGTON, Oct. 15.—An increase of 37.4 per cent in the amount of freight handled by the steam railroads of the country in the first seven months of this year was made over the corresponding period in 1919, the Interstate Commerce Commission reports. The roads handled 248,998,000 ton miles of freight as compared to 212,706,000 for last year.

**Rubber Plant Begins  
Operations Shortly**

The machinery and equipment of the Rub-Tex Products, Inc., has been installed in the company's plant at North West and Fourteenth streets, and it is the belief of Louis E. Klug, vice president and superintendent of the company, that the operation of the plant will be commenced the first of next week.

The machine was obtained from the Evansville Rubber Company plant at Milwaukee, which was taken over by the Rub-Tex Products, Inc., some months ago and brought to this city for the manufacture of door mats, automobile floor mats, stair treads, rubber heels and soles, valves and kindred articles.

**FOUR GO TO REFORMATORY.**

SOUTH BEND, Ind., Oct. 15.—Four men, three of them self-confessed automobile thieves and one a clothing thief, were taken to the Jeffersonville Reformatory this morning to serve sentences of 10 years.

An automobile and more than \$1,000 worth of other prizes will be distributed to the general public.

The committee in charge comprises Ralph Orr, chairman; E. S. Whitaker, secretary; D. R. Sturgeon, George Amt, Phil Kerz and M. A. Vogt.

**Now in the last story the little Dwarf's wife was just about to tell Puss Junior the reason why she and her husband lived way down under the mountain, when I had to stop because there was no more room to write another word.**

But, I very glad to remember what she said, for otherwise I'd have to let you guess what she really did say, and that would be very bad, for I'm supposed to tell the story you know, and not let you guess what happens next.

Well, Puss Junior sat down on a little stool, and the Dwarf, after he had hung the little coat on which he had sewed the walnut buttons, as I told you in the story before this, sat down in a chair by the fire, and then the little woman paused, and, looking over to her husband, asked him to go on with the story. So he took it up where she had left off, and Puss turned around on his stool so that he could hear what the little man had to say.

"Of course, this was all very long ago," said the dwarf, "and what I'm telling you, you will have told it to me by now. Well, and then the Dwarf, and his wife, and his grandmother, and his grandfather, told him, and by and by a race of Giants came upon the earth, and all sorts of strange, wild animals, and then, all of a sudden, one day, a great rainstorm set in and if the Giants hadn't made deep rivers for the water to flow into the ocean I guess everybody would have been drowned."

"But how did you come to live here?" asked Little Puss Junior, and he looked around the room at the rows and rows of little green coats with walnut shell buttons.

"Well, I'm the little dwarf tailor," said the dwarf, "and my wife and I make all the coats for the Little Men of the Mountain." And in the next story I'll tell you where Puss went after saying goodbye to this little Tailor Dwarf.—Copyright, 1920.

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