U. B. CONFERENCE CONCLUDES WITH APPOINTMENTS

New Pastors Ordained at Closing Session at Clay City.

By Times Special

CLAY CITY, Ind., Sept. 8.—Four new pastors were ordained and ten other preachers were received from other conferences and other denominations, at the closing session here Sunday of the White River conference of the United Brethren in Christ.

Those ordained: John C. Roberts, Henry McKinley, Paul E. Shalfant and Marion E. Stadler.

Bishop H. H. Fout of Indianapolis, announced assignments of pastors as follows:

Conference superintendent, J. B. Parsons, D. D., Indianapolis, Ind.; Anderson, L. L. Schoonover; Anderson, Bailey Chapel, Charles Webb; Andersonville, Harry Burchard; Attica and Independence, Mack Reed; Attica, Riverside, O. P. Cooper; Bargersville—Honey Creek, Jasper Stadler; Beech Grove, Milford Barrick; Blackhawk Charge, Henry McKinley; Bowers Charge, O. Lewellen; Bowling Green Charge, M. F. Sherrill; Brail, H. W. Robbins; Brazil Charge, Floyd Everly; Cates Charge, V. B. Goss; Center Point Charge, H. E. Conn; Columbus, Wertz Memorial, O. F. Lydy; Clay City, N. P. France; Loverdale, Deane Ferguson; Crawfordsville, C. P. Martin; Crawfordsville Circuit, E. L. Eckerly; Daleville, Roy Schwartz; Dunkirk, I. L. Curts; Dunkirk Circuit, Claude Croy; Elwood, W. T. Sanders; Franklin Circuit, Walter Kitchen; Geneva, J. R. Knipe; Greenfield—Salem, C. O. Hittle; Gwynnville, George F. Snyder; Greensfork Circuit, A. E. Stolder; Hartford City, Roy H. Turley; Hillsdale, W. H. Phillips; Harmony, Roy Davis; Honey Creek Circuit, A. F. Byrne.

Assignments Here

Indianapolis, Belmont, A. M. Shaw; Brookside Park, A. B. Arford; Calvary, L. P. Cooper; First, B. S. McNeely; University Heights, W. R. Montgomery; Community, George E. Shookman.

Kingman, H. A. Lashbrook; Lapel, J. C. Shrigley; Lebanon, F. A. Reed; Lincolnville, D. R. Lusk.

Marion, Christy Street, Landess, Oak Chapel, W. E. Dye; First, T. A. Garriott; Spencer Avenue, F. T. Atkinson; Swayzee Street, C. G. McCrocklin.

Modoc, M. Beall; Modoc, Lynn, O. E. Evans; Mohawk Circuit, D. M. Lighty; Montpelier—Bethel, C. J. Swain.

Muncie, Fountain Square, V. N. Lawrence; Center Chapel, J. R. Simmerman; Industry, C. E. Small; Normal City, J. A. Brenneman; Olive Chapel, Emma Miller; Riverside, J. A. Bray.

Newcastle, T. B. Kelsey; New Goshen, J. O. Lewis; Noblesville, M. E. Stadler; Noblesville Circuit, Bethlehem, Roy Laswell; Union Chapel, Roy Davis; Mt. Zion, C. L. Winters; Pendleton, A. C. Wilmore, D. D.; Perrysville, Gessie, Max, Lucy R. Sharp; Petroleum, J. H. Cochran; Pleasant Grove, C. A. Thorn; Portland, Collett, Center, Fairview, J. C. Roberts; No. 2, D. P. Coddington; First, J. H. Nall; Pleasant Valley, Homer Roberts; Rey Key, M. A. Robbins; Richmond, H. S. James; Riley—North Union, Ora Pemberton; Rockville Circuit, M. O. Mumford; Sand Creek, Milford Barrick; Poplar Ridge, A. D. MacHargue; Rushville, Paul Chalfant; Saline City Charge, W. H. Peyton; Selma Circuit, C. I. Roush; Saratoga, C. Fruth; St. Bernice, S. I. Hart; Smith Valley, C. E. Guthrie; St. Paul Circuit, J. A. Carter; Stone Bluff Circuit, L. E. Smith; Terhune, William Griffin.

At Terre Haute

Terre Haute, Barbour Avenue, J. B. Connett, D. D.; Breden Memorial, W. A. Settle; First, W. H. Todd; Fort Harrison, J. H. Williams; Second Avenue, J. L. Brandenburg; Tabernacle, E. A. Struble; Circuit, Alfred Emmert.

Upland, William Milburn; Veedersburg, M. F. Dawson; Wabash, First, R. S. Parr; Second, James A. Reynolds; Circuit, Flossie Farley; Warrington, J. C. McCaslin; West Terre Haute, Charles W. Leader.

General Secretary of Evangelism, J. E. Shannon, D. D.; Superintendent of Montana Conference, L. O. Blake; Evangelists, G. R. Powell, D. D.; Ida and E. B. Cunningham, Elizabeth Chappelle, C. A. Modlin and T. H. Duvall; Students in Bonebrake Seminary, L. A. Huddleston and L. B. Vanatta; Secretary and Treasurer of Indiana Central College, N. A. Schull; Professor of Bible Chair of Indiana Central College, S. E. Long, D. D.; Superintendent's Council, A. B. Arford, W. R. Montgomery, L. P. Cooper, S. E. Litteral, I. J. Good and U. E. Bethel.

District chairmen are: Greenfield, T. B. Kelsey; Indianapolis, A. B. Arford; Lebanon, F. A. Reed; Marion, C. G. McCrocklin; Muncie, C. I. Roush; Portland, J. H. Nall; Terre Haute, W. H. Todd; Veedersburg, M. F. Dawson.

Those receiving conference licenses and received into the conference:

Milford D. Barrick, Alfred E. Emmert, Ernest E. Lewellen, George E. Shookman, Irene Roberts Rudd, McKinley C. Reed and Herbert A. Lashbrook.

KOKOMO HAS CANDIDATE

Record Delegation to Attend Kiwanis Meeting at Evansville.

By Times Special

EVANSVILLE, Ind., Sept. 8.—Evansville is looking forward with interest to the part Kokomo Kiwanians will have in the annual convention of Indiana Kiwanis Clubs, which will meet here Thursday and Friday.

Kokomo, according to word received here, is coming with the intention of putting over Lloyd McClure, prominent Kokomo attorney and Bible teacher, as State president. The delegation will wear white caps and other special regalia, it is said.

More than 1,200 are expected to attend the convention. Large delegations are also expected from Indianapolis, Marion, Ft. Wayne, South Bend, Hammond, Lafayette and Terre Haute.

DIPLOMAS FOR READING

Eighty-Five Children Win Awards for Summer Reading.

Eighty-five children were awarded diplomas for vacation reading at the West Indianapolis public library.

This is the largest number that has ever finished the summer reading course at this library.

Grace Blakeman was awarded a copy of Lorna Doone and Dorothy Fuller a copy of Black Beauty as prizes in the contest.

Hoosier Briefs

MISS HENRIETTA COLEMAN is well fortified for the hum drum of teaching school at Rushville. She just returned from Europe and came on the same boat as the Prince of Wales.

Patrolman Corns of Frankfort says he threw away his cigar when he arrested a St. Paul man on a drunkenness charge, fearing an explosion. "He emitted fumes worse than a Ford radiator on the first warm day in spring," said Corn.

"Come around tomorrow and I'll tell you how it happened," Marion Shepard, automobile mechanic, told Washington newspaper reporters. He was struck on the head by a 100-pound wrench when he stooped under a bench, and was badly dazed.

The weatherman is no Elk, according to lodge members at Elwood. Weather has been so bad the lodge had to postpone the annual picnic.

John Graham, Elwood, was loser in a fight with a flivver. He received a broken arm, trying to crank it.

IT will cost Jacob Babb of Marion $10,000 for being a sheik, if Henry W. Siders wins his suit for damages. Siders alleges Babb stole his wife's affections.

Mrs. Mollie Hixon, Monticello, had to do her sewing all over again. She stitched her finger to the dress she was making.

Elwood business men are saying mean things about Postmaster General New. Postoffice won't collect mail there after 7 p. m.

Fred Guttrick of Wabash wanted to find a leaky gas main under his house. It was dark. Used a match. Fire department.

MONMOUTH, once a rival of Decatur for county seat honors has lost another landmark. The old barn where Martin Lord changed stage horses when he drove the stage coach over the old plank road, is being torn down.

Mercy Hospital at Gary was visited by Cupid recently. Stella Prusicekt of Indiana Harbor, and Edward Pris, of Whiting, injured in an auto wreck, were married as they lay in adjoining beds.

When L. L. Dearing, Petersburg farmer hears "caw caw" he almost swears. Crows destroyed 100 bushels of corn on his farm.

KOKOMO YOUTH KILLED BY TRAIN

Decapitated in Leap From Automobile.

By Times Special

KOKOMO, Ind., Sept. 8.—Kokomo was shocked today by the death of Luther Albright, 25, insurance man and bank employe, who was killed Sunday night in a leap from an automobile truck by a locomotive at a crossing near here.

Albright was riding in a roadster with William Coughlin, 24, pressman at a local newspaper, and William A. Jansen, 21. Coughlin, who was driving, did not see the train, which only consisted of a locomotive and a caboose. Albright leaped, falling onto the track. He was decapitated. The other youths escaped injury, although the machine was practically demolished.

Albright was one of the best known young men in the city. He was a member of the Kiwanis Club. Recently he returned from Terre Haute to help his father, a Kokomo grocer. Funeral arrangements have not been made.

FIREMEN ARE OVERCOME

Clouds of Smoke Pour Through Philadelphia Building.

By United Press

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 8.—Six firemen were overcome by smoke when fire swept through the building of the North American shortly after 7 a. m. today.

Clouds of smoke poured up the elevator shaft and air ducts of the twenty-story structure, forcing many persons to leave their offices.

Three alarms were turned in before the fire was placed under control.

The United Press Philadelphia bureau is on the eighteenth floor of the North American Bldg. The operator remained at his key as smoke poured up through the building.

K. of C. Deputies Meet

Plans for additional vocational work and a new dormitory at the Gibault home for boys at Terre Haute were considered today by George Veneman, Evansville, Ind., and sixteenth district deputies of the Knights of Columbus. The report on the home was discussed Sunday night by the school trustees at the Claypool Hotel. A noon luncheon was scheduled at the Claypool for the deputies.

BURCHNELL SPENT LONG TIME IN A HOSPITAL

Following Attack of Malaria, but Did Not Regain Lost Strength Until He Tried Tanlac.

"Since taking Tanlac I can speed up all day at the factory without even making a dent in my energy and then go home at quitting time happy and smiling," is the striking statement of James O. Burchnell, 714 Broadway, Muncie, Ind., a valued employe of a large steel and wire manufacturing company here.

"Following a three month's siege of malaria last fall that pulled my weight down from 142 lbs. to 96 lbs., and laid me up in a hospital 52 days, I found Tanlac just the thing I needed to build me up.

"Tanlac brought back my appetite, set my stomach in order, stopped my aches and pains, restored my lost weight and strength and left me feeling as vigorous and energetic as if nothing had ever been the matter with me. And as for my health now, I never had better. I eat fine, sleep fine and feel the same way."

Tanlac is for sale by all good druggists. Accept no substitute. Over 40 Million bottles sold.

Take Tanlac Vegetable Pills for constipation.—Adv.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN

OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

THE OLD HOME TOWN—By STANLEY

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—By BLOSSER

The NERVOUS WRECK

by E. J. Rath

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BEGIN HERE TODAY

The "Nervous Wreck," an eccentric young easterner, is driving Sally Morgan from her father's ranch to the station when they run out of gasoline. At the point of a gun, the Wreck takes five gallons from a passing car.

They are held captive at a ranch owned by Mr. Underwood, who was in the car which they held up. They finally escape from the ranch, run into a camp of real bandits, are captured a second time, then escape again. Fleeing from the bandit camp, they are suddenly confronted by Sheriff Bob Wells. Wells, who is Sally's fiance, is at the head of a posse searching for the "bandits" who held up Underwood. Sally breaks off her engagement with the sheriff and says she is going to marry the Wreck. The Wreck, with the upper hand, orders the sheriff and his men to put his overturned car on its feet.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XXV

—And the Flivver Rolls

THE Wreck bossed the job. He took an arrogant tone, particularly toward the sheriff, and Sally was glad. She was glad because the bossing job gave the Wreck something to do, and in its performance he forgot his embarrassment about other things, at least temporarily.

He was terse and confident in his commands. Not a finger would he lift himself; he had four men working for him. It took their united strength to put the flivver on four wheels. Bob Wells wanted to get it over with and be on the trail again.

"Not that way!" called the Wreck, sharply. "Want to buckle a wheel for me? You can't push her sideways."

Sally listened to this with a sense of satisfaction.

The flivver was back in the abandoned road, but Henry Williams was not through with his helpers. They expected that he would fill up the gasoline tank, turn the crank and say good-by. But he said it would have to be rolled for quite a distance, perhaps all the way to the main road. The sheriff scowled.

"You ran her in here, didn't you?" he inquired. "Why can't you run her out?"

"Ran her in here in the dark," said the Wreck. "Didn't know what chances I was running. Won't run 'em again. Roll her."

"We haven't time."

"No? Well, I have."

So they rolled her. The Wreck condescended to sit in the flivver while they rolled the thing up a heavy grade, with Bob Wells sweating and cursing under his breath and the members of his posse silently bending themselves to the humiliating task.

"THEN THE ENGAGEMENT'S OFF, I SUPPOSE."

On the down grades the Wreck dismounted and let the posse do the steering. Then it was that he found himself walking behind, with Sally Morgan at his side. Proximity gave him a queer thrill. He stole glances at her, when he thought she was unaware of it. Engaged! He blushed whenever he remembered it. Of course, it was all a mere makeshift. But there was no illusion about the breaking of her engagement to Bob Wells, if it had ever really existed. And with that broken, Sally was free, affianced to nobody, except theoretically to himself. Perhaps it would be necessary to have a formal talk about it. He dreaded the thought. He was not a coward in most things, but in this he was an utter craven.

It made matters a great deal worse because he had achieved a discovery—he did not know how he was going to get along without Sally Morgan to take care of him. It was one of those insidious influences that fasten a grip before you are aware of it. He leaned on her. She might not know it, but he did. Of course, he might shake it off after he returned to Pittsburgh; but he could not be sure. He walked behind the flivver in a pleasant but forbidden dream, with Sally walking at his side.

"Hey, you boneheads!" He would rouse himself like that. "Keep her in the road. What are you trying to do; put her up a tree?"

Then he would look at Sally, his mood would soften and the old embarrassment would descend on him like a shroud.

"We'll get out of here, all right, Sally. Don't you worry."

"I'm not worrying."

"I mean about—" he caught himself.

"About what, Henry?"

"About afterwards."

"Oh!"

Sally had long silences herself.

She wished it were all over; that Bob Wells and his posse would hurry up and take themselves off and vanish absolutely out of the picture. She found no joy whatever in the peonage to which the sheriff and his posse were subjected; she believed that most of it was unnecessary, even from the standpoint of punishment. But at the same time she did not want to be left with Henry Williams. That was the woman of it.

"Don't you worry," repeated the Wreck, suddenly bold. "You don't have to—Hey! Don't you know which way to turn the wheels on a curve? Want to upset her again? Want to wreck her?"

Sally looked at the Wreck.

"I don't have to what," she asked.

"Oh." He was caught unawares. "Why, you don't have to—That is, unless—That's not it, either. What I mean is, you're not really engaged."

It was a reckless speech and he felt instantly that he ought not to have made it. Sally was looking straight ahead.

"Of course not," she said, in a low voice.

The Wreck cursed himself. He knew that he was clumsy, and yet he was desperately groping for an understanding.

"What I mean," he said, "is that it's working backwards, if you can understand. First we were supposed to be married. Then that's off. Then we're supposed to be just engaged. And then that's—for the love of Mike! Don't put your shoulder against that mudguard. You'll bend it! Get hold of the body. And shove. Shove! Don't they grow any brains in Montana?"

The sheriff and the posse glared—and shoved.

"And then?" remarked Sally.

The Wreck remembered that he had started something.

"Why, then the engagement's off, I suppose," he said, as he glared at the posse. "Which leaves everything exactly where it was at the start."

There! He had reached the subject at last. He had dealt with it boldly, perhaps roughly; but he had not dodged it. Sally's eyes had a queer, uncertain look. There was something blurring, even when she looked at an object as plain and familiar as the flivver. Silly, of course; but she could not get the blur out of her eyes unless she rubbed them, and she scorned that, with the Wreck at her elbow.

"Let go of that steering wheel!" commanded the Wreck. "Can't you see that she'll stay in the ruts? All you've got to do is to get busy and shove. You act like you were pushing a five-ton truck. No. No! The other way. Are you trying to bust a spring? If you haven't got any brains, can't you have a little beef?"

He came back from the bossing job with a glance in the direction of Sally. What? She was crying? He could feel his soul squirm. She was crying, but it was so unobtrusive, so nearly tearless, that the Wreck knew he was not expected to observe it.

"I'm sorry everything has gone busted," he said.

"Oh, nothing much is busted," said Sally, quickly. "That's all right.

"Oh."

He stole another glance. She was not crying, after all; at least, not now. Strange people, women. You never could tell how long they were going to stick to one thing. Still, if there was anything he could do for Sally Morgan, all she had to do was to say the word.

"Of course, we don't need to tell the sheriff it's all off," he said suddenly.

"No?"

"What's the use of giving him the satisfaction? We could just keep on—"

He broke off in a cry of rage. The flivver was diving into the brush again and the posse seemed unable to stop it. He leaped to assist, slammed on the emergency brake, brought the cantankerous thing to a halt and fired a broadside of denunciation. But it was more amazing to see that they not only endured it, but followed his directions about putting the car back on the road.

When he came back to her she hastily smothered a laugh. Not for the world did she want him to know that he amused her.

"They don't get anything right," he complained.

"Still, I think they're trying," she said generously.

"But they don't understand."

"Lots of people don't understand things."

"Huh?"

She meant something; he felt certain. Did she mean that there were some things that he did not understand? Well, if so, what were they?

"What don't they understand?" demanded the Wreck.

"All kinds."

"Now you're just talking nonsense—in circles."

"I suppose so," said Sally.

"Do you mean me?" he asked, sharply.

"Oh, don't let's quarrel again."

"I'm not quarreling. I never quarrel. My nerves may get on edge, but I'm always pleasant. I'm always—"

They were doing something wrong with the flivver.

Eventually they got it right again and once more resumed painful progress toward the main road. They were not far from it now; almost to the top of the last rise. When the Wreck returned to Sally he was mopping his forehead.

"Excuse me," he said, "but they get me all worked up. Once we get to the main road, we're all right. Plain sailing then. We'll be almost at the end of this foolishness."

"Yes," agreed Sally.

"I bet you'll be glad."

She bit her lip until it made her wince. He was probably the most impossible person in the world.

"Get you home in no time after we hit the road," he added.

(Continued in Our Next Issue).

CHRIST HISTORY FOUND

New Book Is Discovered by Library Superintendent.

By United Press

NAPLES, Sept. 8.—A history of Christ, reporting the Savior's matyrdom, written in 58 A. D., has been discovered by Commander Delia, superintendent of the Government libraries here, according to a report to the ministry of education.

The discovery is expected to create a sensation throughout the world, as the new book, antedating any previously known histories of Christ's life, is said to contain accounts of many hitherto unknown incidents.

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