

KERN IS COUNSEL IN RHODIUS CASE

Represents Woman We
to Wealthy Invalid.

ANNULMENT PROCEEDINGS

Matter Is Being Tried Before Judge Robert L. Mason in the Circuit Court at Greenfield—Millionaire Has Been Declared Mentally Incompetent and Now Is Under Care of Guardian. Wife Will Go on Stand and Tell of Wedding and Subsequent Journey.

Greenfield, Ind., Dec. 22.—The suit to annul the marriage of Elma Dods-worth-Rhodus to George Rhodus, a wealthy Indianapolis citizen, held by the circuit court of Boone county to be mentally incompetent and now under the care of a guardian, is under way before Judge Robert L. Mason in the circuit court here.

This is the second step in the litigation that has obstructed Rhodus' hazy horizon since that day, Jan. 21, 1906, when he plunged, or was plunged, into matrimony at Louisville, Ky. The third and final step, perhaps, is the trial yet to come of a criminal charge of kidnapping pending against the woman in the Marion county criminal court. She was the proprietor of a resort in Indianapolis.

Guardian Brings Suit.
The present action is brought in the name of the guardian, James M. Berryhill, under instructions of Judge M. N. A. Walker of the probate court.

Contesting the suit for Mrs. Rhodus are John W. Kern, whose first appearance in the tangle is made in the present action; Ryan & Ruckelshaus and Cass Connaway. William Ward Cook is local counsel.

The annulment proceedings are expected to prove ever more interesting than the insanity hearing at Lebanon, since the latitude allowed for the introduction of evidence will naturally be greater. A detailed account of the wanderings of the wedding party from the time Elma Dare helped Rhodus down the stairs of the Circle Park hotel at midnight, Jan. 20, until she was brought back under arrest from Cambridge Springs, Pa., several weeks later, will go into the court record, if it expected.

Will Tell Her Story.

The guardian has for a star witness Mrs. Rosa Stonestreet, former county superintendent at Louisville. Her testimony in the insanity proceedings, telling graphically of the marriage ceremony itself, was largely responsible for the appointment of a guardian.

Witnesses are on hand to tell of the long flight from Louisville to New York, New York to Rochester, Rochester to Pittsburgh and Pittsburgh to Cambridge Springs and thereabouts. Mrs. Rhodus is present, and will tell her own story for the first time in open court. The manner in which she stood the attorneys' fire in deposition-taking makes it certain that she will be an interesting witness.

ELECTORS TO MEET

Governor Hanly Has Issued Commissions to Chosen Republicans.

Indianapolis, Dec. 22.—Governor Hanly has issued the commissions for the fifteen presidential electors chosen at the November election to cast the vote of Indiana for president and vice president of the United States.

The electors will form their own organization, select their presiding officer and tellers, cast the vote and select from their number a messenger to carry a copy of the result of their vote to be delivered to the speaker of the house of representatives.

The Indiana electors will meet in Indianapolis in the chamber of the house of representatives at 10 o'clock a. m., Monday, Jan. 11.

TO HONOR STUDEBAKER

Testimonial To Be Presented at Banquet Tonight.

South Bend, Ind., Dec. 22.—South Bend and Mishawaka will be represented in a testimonial to be given J. M. Studebaker, head of the vehicle manufacturing company, at a banquet at the Oliver hotel tonight.

It will be presented by a number of leading citizens of the two cities.

About 300 men and women will occupy seats at the table. Dr. Sol C. Dickey of Winona, and H. J. Heinz of Pittsburgh, will be two of the few invited guests outside of South Bend and Mishawaka.

The exact nature of the testimonial has not been made public.

PRIZE CORN ON SALE

One Winner Dissatisfied With Bids for Prize Ears.

Franklin, Ind., Dec. 22.—The prize-winning corn from the county of Johnson, which was sold at the National Corn exposition at Omaha, Neb., has been taken to other states, the bids left by the local "corn kings" being too small. M. Clore left a bid of \$75 for his ten ears of prize corn that won the national champion sweepstakes.

However, an Iowa editor saw the advantage of an advertisement and paid \$25.00 for the ten prize ears. For the seventy ears on which Mr. Clore won his automobile he left a bid for \$75, but this bushel of corn was sold for \$100.

A SAD EXPERIENCE.

"I'll tell you, gentlemen," said the colonel, "that in this life of mine I have had at least one experience that would drive some men to drink." And the colonel looked around suggestively.

The colonel, a one-armed veteran of the civil war, was the best raconteur of the club and as such was eagerly listened to by the younger generation. A tap of the bell brought a round of his favorite beverage, and after sampling it, with glasses in easy reach, we all settled back in our chairs to listen to the story that was sure to come:

"You fellows have all heard how I lost this arm at Pine Ridge! When I enlisted in the Twentieth, like many another young fellow, I left a sweetheart at home whose promise had been given me, a beautiful, high spirited girl, who kissed me goodby and saw the regiment march away with a cheer on her lips and but few tears in her eyes. Before we parted she slipped a ring on my finger, and as I left she said: 'Wear this, dear. Bring it back with you and be true to your flag and me.'"

"Well, I wore the ring all through our long, hard campaign until that Pine Ridge cannon ball came along; took away arm and ring and left me unconscious on the battlefield. After a hospital experience I finally recovered sufficiently to be sent home, with a colonel's commission, discharged as unfit for duty.

"At the old home I was of course treated as a hero. The young ladies insisted on showing me flattering attentions. I was asked everywhere and was quite the lion of the hour.

"Isabel, my fiancée, was as devoted as before. I suppose, but her nature was such that she was too proud to show her feelings as plainly as my vanity sometimes wished her to do, and as a consequence I began to think that she had changed toward me. It may be that that another girl, a little, plump, black eyed charmer, had something to do with this idea, but at any rate I soon began to notice other charms than Isabel's.

"One night my fiancée and I attended a reception, and Sadie, the black eyed charmer of whom I have spoken, was there also. Isabel and I had tired of mingling with the throng and had found a secluded place in the conservatory. We talked until weary and sat there in silence when Sadie came in. She did not see us, and as she stood by the side of a large palm in an attitude of unstudied grace I thought she formed the most beautiful picture that I had ever seen.

"Almost involuntarily I contrasted her charms with those of the proud beauty at my side. To my eyes the advantage all lay with Sadie. Her beautifully rounded figure seemed to be my ideal of loveliness, and I wished that I might clasp her in my arms—arm, I mean—and tell her how sweet a picture she made. The longing grew almost too strong to be resisted, and I had half risen to my feet, forgetting Isabel's presence, when I was stepped by a strange thing that was taking place. Faintly outlined, a mere vapor at first, but growing plainer with each succeeding second, where Sadie stood there appeared the figure of a man's arm clothed in a soldier's sleeve of blue.

"The arm slowly curved itself around Sadie's waist, and as it tightened itself into a firm hug, like a star of light, a ring on the hand showed itself to my startled gaze. My eyes seemed to be starting from my head in amazement, for the ring was that which Isabel had given me, and the hand that I looked at was the exact likeness of my missing one.

"A cry at my side of mixed fear and rage brought me to my senses. Isabel was standing with outstretched arms pointing to the apparition. 'What does this mean, sir?' she said. Her voice aroused Sadie, who, seeing the image around her waist, promptly fainted.

"I have told this story to several persons, and but one has ever been able to give me any explanation. He was an ascetic from India who was lecturing on 'The Influence of Mind Over Matter,' who told me that my desire to embrace Sadie had been impressed very strongly on my astral being that my astral being had for the time got control over my physical body and that the arm which I saw was the arm that I had lost and, being lost, was trying to follow the impulse that would have controlled it had it still continued to be a part of my body and subject to the control of my mind. Others did not accept this theory, and some, I regret to say, were skeptical, while a few did not hesitate to say that the vision had been induced by a large, well developed jag. You fellows can think as you please. I leave the solution with you."

"But, colonel," cried several in protest, "what became of the girls? Did you marry Sadie?"

"Marry! Huh!" grunted the colonel between swallows. "Don't you know I was never married? Isabel dismissed me then and there for losing the ring she had given me. And Sadie, when I asked her later to marry me, replied with ill concealed horror that she was sorry, but that she could never under any circumstances marry a piece of a man whose dismembered fragments were in the habit of embracing every woman whom their former owner might take a fancy to."

And the colonel set down his empty glass and went to join another group.

Not Her Fault.

"A man is judged by the company he keeps." "That's fair enough. But it isn't right to judge a girl by the company she has to entertain."—Washington Herald.

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

EFFECT OF THE WONDER.

You ought to hear that boy of mine Arise and speak a piece, Just like a lawyer, you would swear, As slick, by Joe, as grease! He doesn't hesitate nor halt As though he were afraid. He starts right in to sawing wood As though it were his trade.

To hear him you would almost think That you could see the Alps That Caesar or Napoleon crossed When after heathen scalps. Or you could view with half an eye Horatius bravely stand And hold the bridge, defying foes That stood on every hand.

He rushes up and down the stage And makes the rafters hum, Tells what Pat Henry had to say When he was going home. His "Curfew Must Not Ring Tonight" Is said by one and all To be the best they ever heard From one so very small.

Say, they would have him on the stage If I would give consent, For he's a wonder, honor bright, Or I don't want a cent, And nothing is for that bright chap Too difficult or deep— What's that? Just talking of my boy I've put you all to sleep?

TOLD YOU SO

Seems That Way. Of all the plagues with which this land is actively accursed The man who says "I told you" and "I knew it" is the worst.

How Do They Know?

"There's always room at the top." "So I have heard, but I have my doubts." "Have your doubts?" "I have."

"And why, pray?" "I have always noticed that it is always those who were never there that are prating about it."

That Loud.

"Is Mabel engaged?" "I heard a rumor to that effect." "What kind of a noise does a rumor make?" "This one sounded like a big red auto."

Suspicious.

"Adversity, they say, is often the friend of genius." "Well, I wonder—" "What?" "What sort of pull adversity has."

Sounded Familiar.

"These close, poorly ventilated sleeping cars must be hard on the lungs." "I should think so, and, come to think of it, I believe I have heard people speak of Pulmonary diseases."

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

Being successful is quite often a matter of being busy, belligerent and bluff.

Keep on good terms with your neighbor. He might want you to go his security at the bank, and it would embarrass him so to ask you if you were on ill terms.

It all depends upon where you put the modifier. A miser is one who loves money a great deal, but most of us would love a great deal of money.

A woman does love to have her husband shine in society, but she will insist that he scintillate in her own peculiar way.

There are people who aren't content with being miserable for themselves, but want to assist others to be miserable also.

ON—NEVER NO MORE



If he loses out at poker, what difference does that make to anybody but himself? If he is cross the next day because he has a headache from bad air and other things—mostly other things—he guesses it is nobody's business but his own.

Debt doesn't look half so gay and festive when it is encompassing you as it does when it is inviting you from a distance.

Being lazy is just about all that can be expected of a genuinely lazy man.

Soon as we have a chance to forget about football and baseball we have to begin to worry about those Christmas presents.

FOR THE CHILDREN

I Suspect—A Card Game.

This game is played by any number with one or more full packs of cards, according to the number playing. The cards are dealt one by one, so as to be as evenly distributed as possible. The first player leads a card, face downward, calling out at the same time the number or name of a card, which may or may not be the one he laid down. The next player on the left now plays in like manner and must call the name of the card next higher than the one named by the first player. The others in turn do the same. Thus if A leads, calling "six," the others in turn as they play say "seven," "eight," "nine," "ten," "knave," etc. When the king is reached the next player begins at "one" again. This goes on till some one suspects that the card played is not true to the name called, when he must say, "I suspect." The suspected person then shows the card he played. If the suspicion is correct the offender must take into his hand all the cards on the table. If it was unfounded the accuser must take the cards. He who first gets rid of all his cards is the winner.

The last card should always be suspected, since there is only one chance in thirteen of its being right. If a player has all four cards of the same number in his hand he is sure to suspect rightly any one whose turn it is to play one of those cards. A skillful player rarely plays the right card unless he thinks some one is watching him and saves as many kinds of cards as he can, getting rid of duplicates. These are the rules of the game:

1. No player can be "suspected" after the next in order has played.
2. A player may conceal his hand as he pleases to hide the fact that it is small, but must always show it on demand of any in the company.
3. The game may be continued after one player's cards are gone till all the cards are in one hand. In this case any one out of the game may suspect and if he suspects wrongly must take the cards on the table and enter the game again.

Think of a Number.

Tell some one to think of any number he pleases, but not to tell you what it is. Tell him then to double it. When he has done that let him add to the result an even number which you yourself must give him. After doing this he must halve the whole, then from what is left take away the number he first thought of. When he shall arrive this far, if his calculations have all been made correctly, you can give him the exact remainder, which will simply be the half of the even number you told him to add to his own. For instance:

Number thought of.....	25
Doubled	50
Even number added.....	6
Halved	28
Subtract original number.....	3
Leaves half of even number.....	3

Caterpillar Lace.

It is said that a man in Munich has devised an ingenious plan by which caterpillars are made to spin lace veils from the leaves of plants. He makes a paste of the plant that is the usual food of the caterpillar and spreads it thinly over a stone or other flat surface. Then with a camel's hair pencil dipped in olive oil he draws on the coating of paste the pattern that he wishes the caterpillar to leave open. The stone being placed in an inclined position, the caterpillars are put at the bottom, and they eat and spin their way to the top, carefully avoiding every part touched by the oil, but devouring the rest of the plant. The result is a lace pattern of rare beauty.

The Vision of City Children.

A well known English surgeon called attention some time ago to the inability of city children to see well at a great distance, caused, he said, by their restricted line of vision. The other side of the street is about as far as they have an opportunity of using their sight. It is different with country children, who have an expanse of landscape to look at and can practice their sight on a great variety of objects at a distance. He suggests that city children should be given every possible chance to do the same and thus train the sight and strengthen the eyes at the same time.—Chicago News.

Conundrums.

Which is the heavier, a full or half moon? The half moon is the heavier, for a full moon is as light again.

When is a lady's arm not a lady's arm? When it is half bare (bear).

Why are ripe potatoes in the ground like thieves? Because they ought to be taken up.

Why is the north pole like an illicit whisky manufactory? Because it is a secret still.

In what ways do women ruin their husbands? In buy ways.

Why is a short negro like a white man? Because he is not a tall (at all) black.

Christmas Morning.

Just look in there and see my tree! It's blazin' with light candles And covered with big shiny things, Ma says, that no one handles. I'm mighty glad I ain't a girl, A-gettin' dolls and bragsin' That there's best of all the things. Why, I got a red wagon! I got a horse that rocks like this And has a tail and spots on. I'm glad I got a big one, 'cause It's that I'll ride just lots on. I'm happier 'an I ever was! Old Santa brought me gladness, 'Cause after all the talk I got He quite forgot my badness.

A Second Hand Love Affair.

By MARTHA COBB SANFORD.

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Dan Hewling, graduate of Harvard, famous athlete and popular society man, started his aristocratic intimates by refusing to follow the smoothly beaten trail prepared by his progenitor and by starting in literally at the bottom of the mill.

The mill, a plant manufacturing cotton thread, was situated in a little far-away New England town that no one had ever heard of until Dan discovered it.

While his friends and family stood around amazed or weeping Dan laughingly gave his dress suit a farewell pat and instructed his man to fold his brand new overalls carefully. He wouldn't have them creased for anything. Fancy making one's first appearance in mused up overalls! It would blight his whole career.

But the following Monday morning, when he groped his way down to the factory in the sunless dawn, the situation seemed less comic than he had pictured it. Dan was no quitter, however. He proved that as the long, arduous days went by.

The mystery to his friends was on seeing him over an occasional week end that he appeared not only plucky and determined to make a success of his work, but actually happy.

No amount of comradely interest in his fellow laborers, no mere appreciation of simple country life, they argued, could account for that.

And they were quite right.

The direct cause of Dan's enthusiasm over his work was Mary Brown. She worked in the room where he was now over, but for several weeks they had worked as second hands side



"IT WAS ONLY A SECOND HAND ONE," LAUGHED ELISE.

by side and exchanged the scant courtesies of each working day as it passed. Gradually Dan fell into the habit of walking home with Mary at night, their boarding places being near together.

Their conversation at first centered around their one mutual interest—their daily work. About herself Dan could not make Mary talk. She seemed shy and embarrassed, but she was evidently genuinely pleased with his rapid promotion.

In the wholesome presence of this pretty, bright, unsophisticated girl Dan came to feel himself better understood, more stimulated and more contented than with any one he had ever known. In fact, he woke suddenly to the fact that he loved her.

With this realization came the serious contemplation of his future. What would his family say if he should tell them that he contemplated marrying a "second hand" in the mill?

Why was he not free to act independent of all the rest of the world? Here was he, young and strong and bound to make his way. And here was Mary, young and strong, too, and beautiful and the one human being toward whom his soul yearned. Why should any one else matter?

"Mary," he began earnestly as they were tramping along a country road one mild winter Sunday—every one called her Mary—"are you happy here in this little town?"

She glanced up at him quickly, her cheeks all glowing from the brisk pace they had been going.

"Of course I am!" she laughed.

"What a silly question!"

"How can you be?" he urged so vehemently that it startled her.

"Why," she answered slowly, evidently thinking out her reply as she spoke, "I'm interested in my work. That's the main reason, I suppose."

"What are the others?" Dan demanded.

"And I like the people I work with," she added frankly.

"All the people," he probed, "or some one in particular?"

"I did not mention any names," she evaded, laughing lightly.

"I noticed you didn't," Dan continued, entirely unabashed. "But in my opinion the main reason for being happy is liking some one in particular."

"And are you happy?" Mary asked naively.

"Very," Dan replied, so emphatically that Mary involuntarily glanced up at him and then immediately looked away again, her heart thumping hard.

"And I am going to mention names, Mary," he said, smiling at her ten-

derly. "I am going to do more than that. I'm going to ask you to change yours."

Mary gave a little start of surprise, and her cheeks flushed still more rosy.

"I have already changed it," she said in a voice so low that Dan just caught the words. "Please let us forget this—this little episode, Mr. Hewling. I know I haven't played fair. I ought to have told you before, but I didn't know it would make any difference."

"Any difference?" Dan echoed bitterly. And for a long time they walked on in silence.

"We are going to be good friends, aren't we, just the same?" Mary ventured at length, her lips trembling.

Dan steeled himself. "Of course," he said. "It has been all my fault. You have played perfectly fair. There was no reason why you should have told me anything."

The following Saturday Hewling took the train for his native city. He felt that he needed a change of surroundings. He had just tossed his suit case up into the rack and was about to settle down when he saw Mary get into the car. But she did not see him.

So she was seeking a change too. He had a dozen minds as to whether he should join her or not, but finally decided not to.

He changed his seat, however, so that he could watch her more closely. Although she had a magazine, he noticed that she did not read it, but continued to stare out of the window, almost immovable.

He noticed, too, how exquisitely pretty she looked in spite of her plain, unfashionable costume. Something of the viking spirit took possession of him for a moment and made him feel like leaping up to the engine and carrying her off at terrific speed into some big, undiscovered kingdom.

Suddenly—or so it seemed to Hewling—the train came to a standstill and people began to leave the car. When the crowd had passed by him he looked again for Mary. She had gone too. Jerking down his suit case and snatching up his overcoat, Hewling made a mad dash off the train, landing almost in the midst of a group of laughing girls on the platform.

"Well, Dan Hewling!" exclaimed one of them, shaking hands with him cordially. "Where did you come from? Is that your usual way of alighting from trains? Oh, Elsie," she called after one of the girls—they had all very tactfully withdrawn—"come back here. You must let me introduce Dan Hewling. Dan, my college chum, Elsie Landers. I'm sure you two people ought to be—"

"Yes, interrupted Dan, his expression a comical mixture of amazement and happiness as he acknowledged the introduction. "I'm sure we ought to be."

"Ought to be what, for mercy sake?" gasped Mary Brown's chum.

"Engaged!" finished the irrepressible Dan. "And we would have been if Mary—I mean Elsie—had played fair."

At this Elsie Landers looked up at Dan appealingly, and her friend stared at the two in astonishment.

"You don't mean that you—oh, how romantic! I'll never say another word against that crazy socialistic scheme of yours, Elsie. She's writing a thesis, as I suppose you know, Dan, on—what is it on, Elsie? I never could remember."

"It doesn't matter," laughed Elsie. "I've almost forgotten myself."

"Then you aren't going back to that dingy little town any more?"

Elsie's eyes met Dan's in a flash of mutual comprehension.

"Oh, I can't promise that—because, you see, the overseer thinks a lot of me, and I think he's going to promote me."

"You bet he is!" came from Dan so explosively that the secret was out in a minute.

"Oh, Elsie, you fraud!" exclaimed her chum. "The idea of your having such a perfectly original romance and never!"

"It was only a second hand one," laughed Elsie.

But only she and Dan understood, squeezing hands on the sly as Elsie's chum went in to break the news to the others.

Jewish Longevity.

Superficial scrutiny of the vital statistics yields the Jew a prominent position in the sanitary world, if longevity serves as any index of hygienic living. With the average length of life for all Christian people placed at thirty-six years eleven months (1900) the Jew may hope to reach forty-eight years nine months.

Neufville (1855), inquiring into the comparative duration of life and causes of deaths of Jews and Christians in Frankfurt, learned that one-fourth of the Jewish population was living beyond seventy-one years, while only one-fourth of their neighbors was living beyond the age of fifty-nine years; ten months. Abbott claims that "they (i. e. Jews) are much less frequently the subjects of tubercular and acute epidemic diseases than any other race of mankind."

Why should this seeming vital superiority exist? According to Richardson, "the causes are simply summed up in the term 'sobriety of life.' The Jew drinks less than his 'even Christian' takes, as a rule, better food; he marries earlier; he rears the children he has brought into the world with greater personal care; he tends the aged more thoughtfully; he takes better care of his poor and he takes better care of himself." To this might have been added that through religious customs hygienic tendencies became an inheritance—Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette.