

State Library

# THE VERNON TIMES

THE ONLY PAPER PUBLISHED AT THE COUNTY SEAT

VOL. 8. No. 45

VERNON, IND., FRIDAY, APRIL 23, 1920

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## LOCAL ITEMS

VERNON.  
Wm. Schorler, wife and daughter, of Louisville, visited relatives here this week.

Byfield Hartwell of New Albany visited home folks here this week.

E.T. Milligan of Muncie is here this week in the interest of the Muncie Stone and Lime Co.

Mrs. Isabel visited relatives at Muncie this week.

Dr. Mansfield of Muncie has purchased the Steans farm south of town and will move his family here soon.

### DON'T WORRY!

You can still buy good clothes "MADE TO YOUR MEASURE"

for

\$30 - \$35 - \$40 - \$50

More than 500 smart patterns now on display.

### A.J. Croy, Vernon, Ind.

RUSH BRANCH.

Richard Grinstead and wife were business callers at North Vernon Saturday.

Mrs. Mary Gillispie and daughter of Indianapolis are here visiting her parents Wm. Lett and wife.

The young people attend a party given by Miss Lois Walters All reported a good time.

Mrs. Myra Brooks left for Anderson Saturday.

C.W. Fessell bought a team of horses of John Collyer.

The Ferguson girls of San Jacinto spent Saturday with the Brooks girls. John Losay and family spent Sunday with Tom Schlotman.

**DOLLARS FOR DOGS**  
Young men and women people now for the increasing demand for bookkeepers, stenographers, typists, office girls, etc. EXCELLENT SALARIES FOR EXPERT SERVICE. Your rapid promotion with HIGHEST SALARIES assured. Write today for full particulars and copy of "Young Men's Free Address Book." Littlepage School, 1111 North Bend Ridge, 4th and Walker Sts., Cincinnati, Ohio.

**FOR SALE**  
One two Horse Wagon or will trade for calves

V.J. Shepard.

R.R.2

**FOR COUNTY SHERIFF**

We are authorized to announce the name of Fred Fetter of Vernon township as a candidate for sheriff of Jennings County, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary to be held on May 4th, 1920.

**Guarding His Own.**  
The Patient—Ten dollars for extracting that tooth? Lucky I didn't take gas.

The Dentist—Why?  
The Patient—Cause I have another \$10 bill in my vest that you might have found.

**Relic of Roman Occupation.**  
Digging in Stepney, London, a workman unearthed a Roman burial urn containing human bones supposed to be nearly two thousand years old.

**We have a new stock of Box Papers ranging in price from 15 cents to \$1.50.**

Come in and Look Them over

**NAUER'S DRUG STORE**

WE WANT YOUR TRADE

VERNON IND.

### FRED FETTER A CANDIDATE FOR SHERIFF.

In this issue of the Times will be

found the announcement of Fred Fetter as a Democratic candidate for the nomination of Sheriff subject to the decision of the primary to be held May 4th, 1920. Fred needs no introduction to the voters of the county and especially to the defecatory voters. He was born in Vernon 40 years ago where all his life has been spent. He has been active in politics even before he became a voter. The democrats of Vernon township and of Jennings County have always looked to him to take care of the interests of the party's candidates there which he has done in an honorable and diplomatic way.

It has been many years since the democrats of Vernon township have been represented on the county ticket. It is therefore due the democrats of that township that they have a candidate and they are unanimous in the belief that Fred is the one on whom the favor and the honor should be conferred. There is no doubt of his election if he is successful at the primary. He is one of those cheerful big hearted fellows who always meets every one with a smile and a pleasant greeting. He will therefore not only carry the entire vote of his own party but will win many from the republican party.

He has shown himself to be above the plane of the petty, radical politician and has always done that which was best for his community where he has taken an active part in public affairs. He was elected Trustee of his township over a good, honest and respected citizen which demonstrates his popularity and his popularity and his ability as a *politician*. In his administration as such trustee he did nothing for which an apology is necessary and if elected to the office which he seeks he will look after the duties incumbent upon him in a manner that will not only be an honor to himself but a credit to Jennings County. When he becomes SHERIFF he will be an officer for ALL the people of the county and will not belittle himself by being too of only a few. Give him your support at the primary and then boost for him at the polls in November and you will never be sorry nor ashamed for having done so.

**Atmospheric Camouflage.**  
Mr. Crimsonbeak—I found a clove in this bread you made, wife.  
Mrs. Crimsonbeak—Yes, dear. There is some rye in that bread, and the clove is used so that no one will detect the rye.—Yonkers Statesman.

**Don't Fill the Bill.**  
One day as Harold's father was hanging up a few pictures Harold begged him to let him hang one up. His father gave him a small one and walked into another room. When he returned he found Harold sitting in a chair puffing and mopping his forehead.

“What's the matter, son? Can't you get it up?”

“Naw, I guess I'm too short at one end.”

### GILI

The Jennings County Oil Company, incorporated under the laws of the State of Indiana, with a capital stock of \$125,000, with no bonds, all common stock fully paid and non-assessable, no preferred stock thus making all stock holders share and share alike.

The Company consists of Indianapolis men thus far, some of whom at one time were residents of Jennings County, Indiana and who still have the interest of Jennings County at heart.

The day of opportunity is not over. The Jennings County Oil Company, offers you a chance of a life time to get into the oil business, a business when a success has made many men rich and this Company has every indication of success. You can get into this business with a home company, with men right on the ground where you can see them every day.

How often have you had this opportunity to come into the greatest business in the WORLD—into a business where thousands are making their fortunes—into it with men that you know. Men that you know will give you a fair and square deal?

Your opportunity is now, right now. You are offered this opportunity now by the Jennings County Oil Company, by the men at the head, men who have influence, men who are Indianapolis men. This is an Indianapolis company.

This is why you are offered this opportunity to get in because they want some of their friends here to hold enough of this stock, so that with what they themselves already have control the company can be kept here, in Old Jennings.

A lot of this stock is already contracted for to be sold away from here, but before this is done, this corporation wants the control of the company kept and place in Old Jennings, and if Indianapolis has to furnish the money by purchasing the stock they will want it left in the city of Indianapolis. God helps those that help themselves. Why not give Jennings County a lift by your support, this is your opportunity.

Any stock bought in this company is as sure of a square deal whether it be one share or one thousand. At present the stock is selling at one dollar per share. There is no assurance of how long this will last as the drilling machine is on the lease and is getting ready to operate at once. Drilling will be done with all possible speed. An oil well put up of 1000 barrels a day would make a dividend of over \$500,000. In one year how would you like to be a stock holder with a few shares?

You can send your subscription for stock to J. W. Hargeshimer, Vernon, Indiana, after other members of the public have come in on this issue. Think of your opportunity.

**Warning to Tourists.**

Hugh Walpole, the English novelist, said at a tea in Philadelphia:

“I advise you, if you go to London, to engage your hotel accommodation in advance, for all the London hotels are crowded all the time.

“An American was walking the Strand the other day, when a red-nosed chap touched his arm and said:

“Could you give me a few coppers, sir, for a bed?”

“A few coppers?” said the American. “Why, man, I'll give you a couple of sovereigns. Where the deuce is it? I've been looking for a bed all over this blasted town for two days.”

**All Going Smoothly.**

The chaplain came plodding along the road coming back from the front lines several hours after the infantry had gone over the top.

“How are things going up there?” inquired an artillery lieutenant.

“Fine, fine!” said the chaplain.

“We're knocking them for a goal.”

“Haven't seen many prisoners,” said the lieutenant, skeptically.

“No, and I guess you won't.” replied the chaplain; “our machine guns haven't jammed all morning.”—Home Sec.

**Well Informed.**

“Does it follow that he is cross-examining the famous mining engineer with so much assurance know anything about mining?”

“Of course.”

“How did he learn it?”

“He told me he studied the subject two hours last night while preparing his brief.”—Birmingham Age-Herald.

**Otherwise Content.**

“Dat husban' ob yours,” one colored wash lady observed to another, over the dividing back fence, “he shore seem a right contented man.”

“He would be,” the other responded. “'Ceptin' for only two things which troubles him. He has to quit eatin' to sleep, an' he has to quit sleepin' to eat.”

**No Smoking Allowed.**

“Did you tell her that smoking isn't allowed?”

“Yes.”

“Did you point out the notice?”

“Yes.”

“Well, what did she do?”

“Lit her cigarette with it.”—The Bits.

**Worth Trying.**

“Mr. Pinfeather—Don't you think if I should go away for a time you could learn to love me? You know, absence makes the heart grow fonder.”

“Doctor Squills—Inasmuch I've had ten extra calls today.—Boston Transcript.

**Plain Diagnosis.**

“Here is the case of a physician arrested because he prescribed whisky for a patient without inquiring what the patient wanted the whisky for.”

“Any druggist could tell that without asking. The patient wanted a drink.”

**Off the List.**

“Don't you subscribe to Blank's magazine any more?”

“No; when I was in France I received a notice from it asking me to notify it one month in advance if I changed my address.”—Home Sec.

**From a Business Standpoint.**

“Doctor Squills—My wife gave a Welsh rarebit party last night.”

“Doctor Pills—Was it a success?”

“Doctor Squills—Inasmuch I've had ten extra calls today.—Boston Transcript.

**Keeping Him Busy.**

“Mr. Pinfeather—Don't you think if I should go away for a time you could learn to love me? You know, absence makes the heart grow fonder.”

“Doctor Squills—Inasmuch I've had no sooner got his daughter off his hands than he found he would have to put her husband on his feet.”

“Miss Marbieheart—You might try it. But be sure to go far enough and stay long enough.”

### GOT MARK TWAIN STIRRED UP?

**Humorist, Tired of Listening to Series of Remarkable Stories, Rose to the Occasion.**

A naval officer said at a banquet in New York:

“Some of the war stories that I hear remind me of Mark Twain. Mark, you know, once sat in the smoking room of a steamer and listened for an hour or two to some remarkable lies. Then he drawled:

“Boys, these feats of yours that you've been telling about recall an adventure of my own in Hannibal. There was a fire in Hannibal one night, and old man Hankinson got caught in the fourth story of the burning house. It looked as if he was a goner. None of the Indians was long enough to reach him. The crowd stared at one another with awed eyes. Nobody could think of anything to do. Then all of a sudden, boys, an idea occurred to me. ‘Fetch me a rope!’ I yelled. Some body fetched a rope, and with great presence of mind I flung the end of it up to the old man. ‘Tie her round your waist!’ I yelled. Old man Hankinson did so and I pulled him down.”

**SOME OTHER KIND OF BISCUIT**

**Mrs. Pomplie Satisfied Cows Were Not Fed on Anything That Was Composed of Milk.**

One after the other, customers had come to the shop and complained about the milk.

“What I want to know,” said Mrs. Pomplie, who looked almost as thin as the milk, “is what you feed your cows on?”

“Feed them on!” snapped the dairyman. “Why, I reckon we feeds them better than a good many human beings I know feed themselves”—this with a chalky stare at the thin customer.

“My cows are fed on the fat of the land, and if their fodder ain't up to the mark, we give 'em the finest biscuits we can buy. And if we can't buy the biscuits, we make 'em. I stop at nothing when I wish to please my customers.”

“I'm not denying it,” declared Mrs. Pomplie, “but I challenge you to contradict me when I declare that it ain't don't Tit-Bits.”

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