

## DENATURED ALCOHOL PLANT IN COUNTY

Working Brothers of Hagerstown to Make Addition to Sorghum Factory.

PROFITS WILL INCREASE.

CANE RICH IN ALCOHOLIC PROPERTIES BUT HERETOFORE THE WASTE COULD NOT BE UTILIZED—DROUGHT DISASTROUS.

Hagerstown, Oct. 5.—Denatured alcohol will be manufactured in Hagerstown in large quantities before another year.

Working Bros., who have installed the largest sorghum mill in Indiana at their manufacturing plant here, have arranged to begin making alcohol out of the refuse product of cane. At this large mill there are many tons of waste material, all of which is rich in alcoholic properties which might be used at slight additional expense. A grinding mill and distillery are all that are needed to add to the present equipment. When that is done the net profits from the establishment will be increased by 50 per cent, it is said. As the cane comes from the big mill, crushed and broken, it is thrown into great waste heaps to rot. There are also quantities of skimmings which are not utilized, that can be made into alcohol along with the stalks.

It is known that there are no products of the farm so rich in alcoholic properties as these waste products of the sorghum mill, but are allowed to go to waste for the reason that no method of manufacturing alcohol according to law on a small scale was known until congress passed the denatured alcohol bill. By provision of this bill farmers or any person who desires to manufacture alcohol out of waste materials or any farm product may do so without paying revenue to the government, providing the alcohol is rendered unfit for consumption by being denatured, or compounded with some drug which makes it nauseous to the taste. The expense of installing a still and grinder will be comparatively small, and the process of manufacture is simple, so that expert experience is not required to run it.

### Drought Effects Felt.

Working Bros. installed a cider mill last June with a capacity of 300 bushels of apples an hour, but it has not started yet this fall, and will not, for the reason that the drought destroyed practically every apple in this section of the country.

The drought dealt less disastrously with the crop of cane and there is a big yield of first class quality. The automatic molasses factory installed by Working Bros. has been busy all the time since the season opened. This factory has a capacity of thirty gallons of finished molasses an hour. Everything is done by machinery and gravity and pumps. Even the sirup is tested by thermometers and the raw juice of the cane is tested by a machine so accurately that the amount of molasses it will make is told to a gallon. The juice is boiled by steam in copper pipes which makes scorching impossible. The products turned out at this mill are clear as amber and thick as honey. Farmers for twenty miles distant haul their cane to this mill. A new method of dealing with farmers is to be inaugurated by this firm next year. They propose to pay cash for all cane that can be furnished. They will furnish free seed to all comers and agree in writing to take every ton of cane that can be grown at a fair price per ton.

### A Tip on Housecleaning.

To make housecleaning easy and to see the good effects permanently, avoid soft, yellow soaps, because they only smear and clog up the corners of your woodwork. The best soap for housecleaning is Easy Task. It leaves everything sweet and clean and is a moth and roach destroyer. Bugs move out when Easy Task soap moves in.

### ECONOMY, IND.

Economy, Ind., Oct. 5.—Mr. and Mrs. Charley Morrison are attending Yearly Meeting.

Mrs. Mary Fletcher and son Duke are entertaining Miss Nellie Fraiser of Indianapolis this week.

Levi W. Staum arrived home from Ohio, Saturday evening to stay over Sunday.

O. L. Hiatt attended Yearly Meeting Saturday.

Farmers are still sowing wheat. The recent rain put the ground in excellent condition for seeding.

George Smith of Carlos City was here Saturday. He stated several prohibitionists in Randolph will support Watson for governor.

Miss Mabel Hunnicutt has been away from home the past few days.

Albert Clark is contemplating trips east, soon.

Dr. J. B. Clark is back from Indianapolis where he spent a few days with his son Dr. Ed Clark.

Dr. Frank McKinnon has returned to Losantville.

Several farmers are rushing their hogs to market owing to the shortage of the corn crop.

Blue birds are seen daily passing southward in large droves.

Rev. Anna Lawrence of Dublin will preach at Sugar Grove Sunday in the U. B. church.

The Misses Eveline Haxton, Lucinda Hollingsworth, Hulda Haxton and Howard Manning were out selling wickets for the entertainment.

**Kodol For Indigestion.** Relieves sour stomach, palpitation of the heart. Digests what you eat.

## CAMBRIDGE CITY, IND.

Cambridge, City, Ind., Oct. 5.—George Peet has returned to Indianapolis after several days' visit with his son, Thomas Peet and family, of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Swigget, of Ashville, N. C., is here, the guest of his mother, Mrs. Hester Swigget.

Arthur Miller, of Greenville, O., spent Sunday with friends here.

C. C. Denny, of New Castle, was in the city, Saturday.

Harry Beard spent Sunday with his family here.

Miss May Brandenburg, of Terre Haute, is visiting relatives in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Weaver, of Dalton; Mr. and Mrs. Bennett Weaver, of Hagerstown; Ray Weaver, of Richmond; Silas Wheeler, and Charles Wheeler, at dinner, Sunday.

Mrs. Goldie Baden, of Indianapolis, who has been visiting relatives here, returned to her home Sunday.

A. L. Gould, of Cincinnati, visited friends here the past week.

Miss Mildred Doney, who was so seriously hurt by the train a few weeks ago, is gradually improving. While she suffers much pain from the injured limb, the wound is healing nicely.

The Woman's Home Missionary society will meet with Mrs. Thaddeus Frazer, Thursday of the week.

Richard Ressler and Ora Wheeler will represent the local K. of P. lodge at the Grand lodge in Indianapolis this week.

The guild of the Presbyterian church will meet with Mrs. George Marx, Wednesday of this week.

On the twenty-sixth of September, the descendants of Daniel and Catherine Shidler held their first reunion on the fair ground at Huntington, Ind.

The family is well-known throughout this part of the state, having several representatives in and about Cambridge City. There were 200 representatives of the family present, among them Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Shidler, of this city. A good program had been prepared, after which the time was spent in a social way, in the meeting of old friends, and the recalling of scenes of other days. Another reunion was planned for next year at the same place. Daniel Shidler was elected president, and Joseph Shidler, secretary of the association.

### Get Your Money's Worth.

A pretty good test of a soap's quality is the number of uses to which it can be put. A soap that will cleanse the dirtiest textures, is often of no account for heavy work. Doubtless the soap that does the best under all circumstances is the pure quality called Easy Task soap. Flannels, overalls, butchers' aprons or lace-handkerchiefs are all washed perfectly by it. Only 5c a cake, too.

## CENTERVILLE, IND.

Centerville, Ind., Oct. 5.—Miss Laura Bertsch entertained at supper on Friday Miss Eva M. Doughty of Los Angeles, California, and Mr. George Burney of Indianapolis, who were here attending the Center township Sunday school meeting.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Parrott of Superior, Wis., are the guests of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Nimrod Parrott.

Mrs. W. A. Welfer, Miss Geneve Horne and Miss Bessie Buhl, accompanied by little Miss Clarence Welfer, Fay Hollister and Edna Johnston, went to Milton, Saturday to attend the Dahlia exhibition given under the auspices of the ladies of the Christian church.

Miss Lola B. Oler of Abington, who attended the township teachers' institute held here on Saturday, is being entertained by Mrs. Charles King.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd K. Hill are the happy parents of a girl baby.

### What Five Cents Will Do.

If you could make the most trying day in each week (wash day) easier and pleasanter, wouldn't you do so? There is a remedy—Send five cents to the nearest grocer and get a cake of Easy Task soap. You will be delighted with what ease a big washing is done.

## HAGERSTOWN, IND.

Hagerstown, Ind., Oct. 5.—George Parsons, veteran butcher, has sold his slaughter house, dwelling and business to A. T. Leach, of Atlanta, Ind. Parsons had an outfit or business at the following places to which he made regular trips furnishing meat—Cambridge City, Economy, New Castle, Mooreland, Economy and Hagerstown. Mr. Parsons is 65 years old and has been in this business since before he was of age, and on account of poor health could not oversee such a large business. Mr. Leach will move to Hagerstown and will take charge of the business next week. The slaughter house is located four miles north of Hagerstown.

Mr. and Mrs. George Beeson will move to New Castle, where he is employed.

Mrs. Rachel Petty and son Wilbur are visiting relatives at Anderson and Muncie.

Arthur Foland has gone to New Castle where he has work in the Hoosier Kitchen Cabinet factory.

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Dr. Frank McKinnon has returned to Losantville.

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## SEEKS TO HAVE PAPAL CIRCLES RECOGNIZE HER SECOND MARRIAGE.



PRINCESS ROSPIAGLIOSI.

The Princess's second marriage was not recognized by the Papal circles. She is now endeavoring to gain recognition in Paris.

## TEACHERS' SESSION WAS OF INTEREST

Pedagogues of Abington and Center Township Meet.

Centerville, Ind., Oct. 5.—The second teachers' institute of the school year for Abington and Center townships, met on Saturday in the high school room at Centerville.

The institute was called to order by the chairman, Prof. E. E. Oldaker. The responses at roll-call were from the poet Whitlitter.

"The School and Its Life" was the first subject for discussion, and was led by Miss Elizabeth Lashley.

The subject of suitable "Opening Exercises in the Public School" was next under consideration. Miss Fannie Silver leading in the discussion.

"The Theory of the English Government" was the first subject on the program at the afternoon meeting. This was led by Lyman H. Lyboubit, and discussed at some length by others.

John Greenleaf Whitlitter was the poet under consideration at this meeting. Miss Mabel Bollinger introduced the theme, outlining the biography and the characteristics of the poets writings, and in which others participated.

The institute adjourned to meet at Centerville on Saturday, November 7.

One on the Rector.

The little daughter of a local clergyman has reached the age where big words are apt to floor her and where she is very sensitive to the remarks of an older brother.

Not long ago she came running to her father.

"Papa, papa, George called me names."

"Why, what did George say?"

"Oh," said the little girl, with a strong expression of disgust, "he said I practiced what I preached! I don't, do I?"

"Well, my child, I—"

"But I don't, do I, papa? I don't any more than you do, do I?"

And then the rector choked up. But he took a half hour from his sermon and explained the meaning of the obnoxious expression to the best of his ability.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Doctor—Now, my little man, put your tongue right out this time.

Little Man—I can't. It's stuck at the bottom.—London Opinion.

## CHURCH IS NOT AN OPERA HOUSE

Economy Methodists Want Entertainment Elsewhere.

Economy, Ind., Oct. 5.—Some of the members of the Methodist church of this place have decided views as to the proprieties governing the use to which a church building shall be put.

The school pupils had arranged for an entertainment and it had been announced it would be given at the church, but lo, and behold, the church folks—or some of them, objected to such "misusage" of the holy edifice and the entertainment was given in the high school building. Those persons who opposed the use of the church said they did not want it converted into an opera house.

Premature Explosion.

"Madam," said the street car conductor, "is this your boy?"

"Yes, sir; he is," she snapped. "And I am not going to pay any fare for him, either. He isn't five years old yet!"

"I didn't dream of asking you to pay fare for him, ma'am. I was only going to tell you he's the brightest and handsomest little fellow I've seen for many a day."

Then he passed down the aisle, leaving the portly dame speechless and gasping for breath.—Chicago Tribune.

Dogs of Luxury.

The appearance of little dogs as objects of luxury goes back to the most ancient times, says the London Globe. Documents are not wanting to show that Greek and Roman women had pet dogs which they idolized. Even men, particularly among foreigners, were ashamed to walk the streets of Rome without pet dogs under their arms. Plutarch relates that Julius Caesar, seeing one day in Rome some strangers thus loaded with their dogs, asked them ironically whether the women of their country did not bear children. Tertius, the daughter of Lucius Aurelius Paulus, was so fond of her dog that in the moment of bidding farewell to her father, who was about to leave his country and his family to wage war against Persians, king of Macedonia, she frankly admitted that the sadness imprinted on her face was due to the death of her pet dog Persa.

## The Coolness of Peter.

By EDGAR WELTON COOLEY.

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"B-R-R-RING!" sounded a bell shrill to the stillness. Peter, who had been sitting bolt upright in bed, not four feet from him, started with a mask over his eyes. He was holding a dark lantern, flashing the light glaringly in Peter's face.

"How dare you?" began the man with the mask, offended—"how dare you set an alarm clock to go off at the very moment I'm ransacking the house? D'ye want to scare me to death? How do you know but I might be subject to heart failure or something, and that the sudden fright?"

"I'm sorry," began Peter humbly. "I didn't mean to disturb you. I—I can't sleep comfortably on one side all the time, you know, and I have to set the alarm to awaken me so I can turn over."

"Oh," said the man apprehensively. "Well, don't let it occur again."

"I'll try not to," replied Peter obligingly. "But, you know," he hesitated, "you can't always tell about that clock. You can't always anticipate its behavior. It is a very absentminded clock and possesses some very peculiar notions of its own. Really it is the most aggravating clock you ever saw. Why, once I set the alarm for 4 o'clock in the morning, I wished to go to the station to meet my uncle, you know. He was a very rich bachelor, with no immediate family. Besides, he was in exceedingly poor health. And, would you believe it, that miserable clock betrayed the confidence imposed in it?"

"And your uncle?" asked the man interestedly.

"My uncle was compelled to hunt me up and ring us out of bed. It was very embarrassing. Of course we had to make some kind of an explanation. But unfortunately, you know, my wife and I had no opportunity to consult together. We told entirely different stories. That made my uncle suspicious."

"Naturally," said the man. "Then, to make matters worse," resumed Peter, with a sigh, "my uncle was a chronic story teller, one of those people who take a frenzied delight in relating a long narrative with a joke at the end of it—the kind of a joke, you know, that you don't really laugh at until the next day."

"I understand," said the man, taking a seat on the edge of the bed resignedly. "I've heard them kind of jokes myself. I call 'em vaccination jokes. They have a point to 'em all right, but they don't take until later. Besides, they are pretty near as bad as having the smallpox."

The man chuckled softly. "Well," Peter continued, "at breakfast that morning this uncle of mine told one of his stories. It was during the days when nearly everybody had one of those silly little things they called chestnut bells. You remember?"

"Perfectly," said the man. "Well, at the very moment my uncle sprang his joke and leaned back to enjoy our mirth that clock—that unregenerate, malicious clock—Peter laughed long and loudly."

"Don't!" cried the man in a hoarse whisper, glancing furtively about. "You'll arouse the household."

"There isn't anybody else in this part of the house," reassured Peter, "but my wife, asleep in the next room, and she's deaf, you know. Really she is so deaf that I can wear a red necktie, green checkered trousers and a purple vest and come home any hour of the night without awakening her."

"You're lucky," said the man, "and being lucky?"

"Lucky!" repeated Peter. "I'm so lucky!"

"Never mind about that," interrupted the man. "I was just going to remark that I never saw a lucky man who didn't have money."

"Money?" replied Peter. "Of course I have money. Really, I've got so much money that I can't fall down without breaking a bill, you know. Once I—"

"Just hand it over, then," interposed the man with the mask commandingly. "Do I understand that you wish me to hand my money over to you?" queried Peter cautiously.

"That's what I remarked," replied the man, "and you'd better be quick about it if you don't want—"

"My dear sir," said Peter impressively, "as one who has speculated more or less successfully, I beg to give you a little timely advice."

"See here," said the man irritably, "I ain't going to waste any more time with you. I've wasted too much already."

"Why, so you have," remarked Peter thoughtfully, "but you see it isn't exactly my fault! I didn't invite you here, and, really, I'm not insisting upon your staying, you know. Maybe you're waiting for me to order you out?"

"Well, you are cool," said the man admiringly.

"Of course I'm cool," replied Peter. "It's very convenient to be cool sometimes—on a cold winter's night, for instance. You see, your wife won't put her feet against you if you are cool."

The man with the mask laughed softly, then arose to his feet. "Look here," he said, "are you going to give me that money or ain't you?"

"But, my dear sir," protested Peter humbly, "if you could just manage to get along with a trifle less—just a trifle, you know—perhaps some time in the future I can repay your kindness and consideration. You see, tomorrow morning before breakfast is the day and the hour when our cook expects her week's wages. Possibly you lack the experience that would enable you to thoroughly understand the situation, but really, you know, I cannot imagine any position more embarrassing in which a man could be placed than to be forced to face his cook on such a momentous occasion without a cent in his pocket, and my cook unfortunately is a very robust cook. Really I shudder to even think of such a predicament."

"To thunder with the cook!" replied the man shortly. "I want to know if you're going to—"

"And, then, there are the gas man and the ice man," resumed Peter. "Of course I realize, if you have nearly as much claim upon my money as they have—really it is rather difficult to discriminate between you—but it wouldn't be just right, you know, to give you all the money and not save a cent for the other holdup men, now, would it? Of course I understand that between you all you will get all my money anyhow, and I'm really not much concerned who gets the most, only I don't want to appear partial, you know."

"You can do just as you please," replied the man determinedly. "You have your choice between giving me all your money and taking the consequences. I'm not here for my health, I tell you."

"Oh, well, if you feel that way about it," said Peter resignedly, "you'll find my trousers on a chair at the foot of the bed. My purse is in the right hip pocket."

The man with the mask walked to the chair, slipped his hand in the pocket indicated and pulled out a black wallet. Emptying the contents upon the bed, he counted the deliberately.

"See here," he said indignantly, "there is only \$10.24 here!"

"What!" gasped Peter breathlessly, leaping out upon the floor. "How—much—do you say?"

"Ten dollars and twenty-four cents," replied the man.

"Are you sure?" demanded Peter in an agony of despair. "Are you certain you haven't made a mistake?"

"No," said the man. "That's all there is."

"Oh, dear, dear!" wailed Peter. "I

## THE BOSTONIAN SHOE For Men

Build on reasonable lines. Every curve and swell of the foot finds a corresponding form in a "Bostonian" shoe. That means actual and unequalled foot-comfort, because tired feet, sore joints and those agonizing little things called corns, are caused by shoes which attempt to shape the foot to themselves rather than shape themselves to the foot.

"Bostonian" shoes fit like a sock—they touch all over but they do it easy; and when you come to "Bostonian" style and wear, there's nothing to be desired.

Cunningham & Lahrman

money or ain't you? I've got a gun in my hand, it's pointing at you, it's loaded, and my finger is on the trigger."

"It certainly is very kind of you to warn me of my danger," replied Peter gratefully. "The light of your lantern blinds me so that I had not noticed you had a gun. But, really, won't you please point it in some other direction? It makes me nervous, you know, and when I get nervous my memory fails me quite suddenly. I might forget where I put my money. I always experience considerable trouble in remembering what I do with all my money anyhow."

"Come, come," said the man. "Hand it over. Fork it out. I can't stay here all night. I want to be going."

"Since you speak of it," replied Peter wearily, "I really wish you would go. I would enjoy going back to sleep, you know. I'm tired. You see, I was out to the lodge last night. Do you belong to any lodge? No? Well, the union, then—you belong to the union, of course?"

"I see very plainly," said the man resolutely, "that you do not intend to give me that money peacefully. Guess I'd better—"

"Why, my dear sir," responded Peter humbly, "I haven't refused, have I? Really I beg your pardon if I have appeared backward in complying with your most natural and reasonable request. I am not unmindful, you know, that you are at this moment a guest in my house, and I certainly meant no disrespect. How much money do you want?"

"All you have," replied the man gruffly.

"But, my dear sir," protested Peter humbly, "if you could just manage to get along with a trifle less—just a trifle, you know—perhaps some time in the future I can repay your kindness and consideration. You see, tomorrow morning before breakfast is the day and the hour when our cook expects her week's wages. Possibly you lack the experience that would enable you to thoroughly understand the situation, but really, you know, I cannot imagine any position more embarrassing in which a man could be placed than to be forced to face his cook on such a momentous occasion without a cent in his pocket, and my cook unfortunately is a very robust cook. Really I shudder to even think of such a predicament."

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see it all. I didn't want to believe it, but I guess it must be true. It really is too bad. I don't see why she did it. She might have known—"

"She?" said the man. "Who?"

"My wife," replied Peter tearfully. "I am exceedingly sorry, but she beat you to it, you know."