

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, Ind., 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 skinnings 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 syrup 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. Stamm 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 Losantown.

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 Lveindue Haxton, Lucinda Hollingsworth, Hulda Haxton and Howard Manning were out selling kets for the entertainment.

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

CAMBRIDGE CITY, IND.

Cambridge, 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 Asheville, 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 Marz, 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 daintiest 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 5¢ 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 Burroughs 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. Weller, Miss Geneva Horne and Miss Bessie Buhl, accompanied by little Miss Clarence Weller, Fay Hollopeter 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 gay 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, Losantown, 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 Munice.

Arthur Foland has gone to the Hoosier Kitchen Cabinet factory.

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

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

SEEKS TO HAVE PAPAL CIRCLES RECOGNIZE HER SECOND MARRIAGE.



PRINCESS ROSPIROSSI.

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 and the Centerville public schools, 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 post Whittier.

"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 Shiver 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. Lyboult, and discussed at some length by others.

John Greenleaf Whittier 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 do her harm 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 it!"

"Well, my child, I—"

"But I don't do it, 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.

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The Coolness of Peter.

By EDGAR WELTON COOLEY.

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BR-E-B-ING," sounded a bell shrill in the stillness. Peter's eyes opened his eyes with a start, then sat bolt upright and red. Not four feet from him stood a man 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? Do you 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 apprehendingly.

"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 absent-minded 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 me 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 last 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 shells. 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 affrighted 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 alread."

"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?"