

ODD FELLOWS HAVE BIG FROLIC TODAY

More Than 800 Lodge Members from All Over County at Centerville.

(Palladium Special)

CENTERVILLE, Ind., June 29.—At 1 o'clock this afternoon more than 600 members of Odd Fellows' lodges over Wayne county were in this town attending the annual picnic which is being held here today. More are coming into the town every hour and it is expected that by 3 o'clock 800 Odd Fellows will be in Centerville.

The morning program was carried out exactly as arranged. The addresses of welcome and the responses to were made.

Promptly at 1:15 o'clock the lodge men formed in line and paraded through the main streets of the town. Lawrence Handley, of Richmond, one of the most prominent Odd Fellows in the county, was marshal of the parade.

The afternoon program was also carried out as prepared by the local committee.

There is no real need of anyone being troubled with constipation. Chamberlain's Tablets will cause an agreeable movement of the bowels without any unpleasant effect. Give them a trial. For sale by all dealers.

GAVE A MUSICAL

A pleasant social event for Friday was the musical given by Mr. and Mrs. Robert G. Shriber at their home in South Eleventh street, when they took this means of entertaining in honor of visiting guests. A number of selections, both vocal and instrumental, were given by the guests. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Gilbert, and son Charles; Miss Gertrude Shriber of Orrville, Ohio, Mrs. Buell, Miss Nell Buell, Mr. Frank Buell, Mr. Charles Buell, Miss Vera Bailey of Hartford City, Indiana, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Canby, Miss Mary Canby, Miss Rachel Thomas of Milton, Indiana, Mr. Willard Reddish, Mrs. Lichtenfels, Miss Cora Lichtenfels, Miss Julia Lichtenfels, Mr. Edward Lichtenfels of Anderson, Indiana; Miss Mable Reller, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Buckley and daughter, Miss Helen Buckley, Mrs. Hamilton and daughters, Miss Audrey and Miss Gladys of Niagara Falls, Canada, Mr. and Mrs. George Becker, Miss Fannie Fryar, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Weeks and little daughter, Mr. Benton Barlow, and Mr. Robert Tomlinson.

Explaining the Matter.
"I want some hose for my husband."
"What kind, madam?"
"Garden hose."

"I beg pardon. Did I understand you to say that you wanted garden hose for your husband?"

"Yes, young man. That's what I said. I want some cheap, thick socks, size 11. My husband has already spoiled several pairs of his best silk hose while working on his onion bed."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Who?

Who taught the raven in a drought to throw pebbles into a hollow tree where she espied water that the water might rise so as she might come to it?

Who taught the bee to sail through such a vast sea of air and to find the way from a flower in a field to her hive?

Who taught the ant to bite every grain of corn she buried in her hill lest it should take root and grow?

Of Course Not.

"I don't eat enough to keep a bird alive."

"You couldn't, my dear, proportionately speaking. Science tells us that a bird eats two and one-half times its own weight every twenty-four hours."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Took Him at His Word.

"Never write letters, young man, that you'll regret in after life."

"You speak us from experience?"

"I do. In early correspondence with her who is now my wife I signed myself 'your obedient servant.'—London Answers.

City Statistics

Deaths and Funerals.

SPALDING—Mary E., widow of Mr. William Spalding, died Friday evening at her home, two miles east of the city after a lingering illness. She was aged forty-seven years. She is survived by two daughters and two sons. The funeral will be held Friday afternoon at three-fifteen o'clock from the home. Burial will be in Earlham cemetery. Rev. I. M. Hughes and Rev. Thomas J. Graham will have charge of the services. Friends may call any time. Mrs. Spalding was a member of the First Presbyterian church. Friends from town who desire to attend the funeral may take the three o'clock interurban and reach the Spalding home in time for the services.

BENNING—Anna M. Benning, aged sixty-four years, died Friday afternoon at three o'clock at her home, 128 South Tenth street. She is survived by her husband, John Benning, one son, George, two daughters, Mrs. J. A. Speckner, and Miss Effie Benning. The funeral will be held Monday morning at ten-forty-five o'clock from the home and will be private. Burial in Earlham cemetery. Friends may call Sunday afternoon or evening.

RYLE—The funeral of Crystal Ryle, the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Ryle, who died Friday morning took place at nine o'clock this morning from the home, 412 North Third street. The interment was in Earlham cemetery.

VENEER NOT DEEP

Scratch the Surface and You'll Find Something Else You Weren't Expecting to See.—If Christianity Does Not Spell Courtesy, It Isn't Worth Much.

BY ESTHER GRIFFIN WHITE.
A reporter learns a lot of things. Among them that the veneer is not deep.

And the thinness where you might expect it to be the thickest—in fact when you think it would go clear through to the other side and ooze out of the pores in good works.

He finds that the average private citizen cannot be elevated to a position of authority without some damage to his point of view.

Even if the authority is not great.

A dog catcher will have a lot more to do than the Mayor and the President of the United States alone ranks the garbage man.

Humans can't stand it. "I like to run things," said a charming woman the other day after relating her experiences as chairman of a committee to get up something or other.

"So does everybody else," said the other person.

The charming woman deprecated this. She didn't want to be like every body else. Didn't want to seem to be herded with the multitude. Preferred an elegant isolation as the only person in the world who liked to "run things."

It is ever thus. We must be different. We really are all the same but if we think we're different, what's the odds.

However it's only the big soul that can stand an election to office. Not matter if but the ward meeting or the ladies aid society.

The reporter will tell you this. He will tell you, also, that the simplest in manner, easiest of approach and most courteous and accommodating is the really great.

You find somebody harder to get at than the president of a railroad or the head of a theatrical syndicate and who, when found, puts on "God Almighty" airs put it down on page two of your little book, hardly the black mark that he used to hold corn in Uncle Abe's back lot or sold peanuts at the entrance to a circus.

There is no fine lady so haughty as the mistress who has graduated from the kitchen to the parlor. The woman who bullyrags her servants, ten to one, hasn't had 'em long.

George Ade writes an amusing tale, referred to here before a time or two, about some magnate or celebrity who was in abject terror for fear somebody would find out that the head waiter who was serving the banquet being given in his honor went to school with him back at the cross-roads. In the meantime he writhed under the calm, amused and derisive gaze of this functionary who knew he had him just "where he wanted him."

The reporter has to be "on to his job."

He has to get the news. It's his business.

And what people want in the paper no matter how ostentatiously and conspicuously they retire into their holes upon the sinster and impudent approach of the low down reporter.

The very ones who stop the paper because you forget to include their names "among those present," and the most insistent in their loud and virtuous lamentations that the papers are full of nothing that's fit to print.

The reporter, in the words of Dr. McKinney, of New York, who has been putting up a pretty good "line of talk" at the Sunday school convention, must "cut his edges straight."

And he hasn't all day to do it in either.

Did you ever start out to report a convention that was holding simultaneous sessions in three different churches and known that you had to "cover" it all—details and speeches and every single infinitesimal item that possessed any significance?

Do it in a given time while the city editor and the foreman waited impatiently until you rushed in at the last minute to sit down and arrange your memoranda, whip it into shape on the typewriter, edit it and rush it to the composing-room?

In the meantime you have had nothing to eat since the day before and on account of the temperamental peculiarities of your celebrated street-car system have been forced to walk many sun-heated cement blocks which otherwise might have been traversed more expeditiously, if somewhat acrobatically on our jerk-water cars?

Did you ever do this?

The reporter has.

And he finds out in the accumulation of his incububus that he must gird on his armor of indifference to the villainies of the uncou.

Curiously he may find that the so-called "good" people will be the nastiest to handle. Those that you expect to be disagreeable will be the nicest.

The writer has reported all sorts of conventions, interviewed all classes of persons.

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