

## COVERS ROUTES IN GOOD TIME ON FIRST TRIP

ECONOMY, Ind., Jan. 6.—The carrier of the new motorized rural route made his first trip Monday without inconvenience. He was accompanied by an assistant as the mails were unusually heavy, there being no delivery on New Year's day....Mrs. Amanda Lamb who has been suffering with pneumonia is slowly recovering....Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hunnicutt, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Peterson were guests Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. W. Beard....Pete Beckman will have a public sale Feb. 1....The Pugh girls entertained a number of friends from Modoc recently....Byram Cole of Muncie, visited here recently....Morton Pugh has returned to his home in Bradford, O....Mrs. Emma Hiatt is slowly recovering after an illness of eight weeks....Mrs. Charles Mendenhall visited Mrs. Clara Mansing Monday....The King's Herald band will meet with Miss Carrie Cranor Saturday afternoon at the Cranor hotel....Mrs. Alice Frazer is in the hotel....Dudley and Richard Bishop were visitors at the Nathan Edwards home Sunday....Miss Stella Kimball is in Winchester....Vine Scott, George Johnson, Tom Stewart and Lon Edwards are cutting wood.

## CENTRAL CHRISTIANS HONOR ANNIVERSARY

Special morning services will mark the observance of the third anniversary of the Central Christian church next Sunday.

While an attendance of 500 members of the congregation and friends is desired, this number may be cut down because of the epidemic of illness in Richmond. It is planned to raise \$500 in contributions and secure twenty-five additions to the membership roll.

A special message will be delivered by Rev. W. R. Motley, pastor, reviewing the work of the last year and outlining plans for 1916, and a special program of music will be arranged by Mrs. Motley.

## LIGHTBOURN OBSERVES FIFTH ANNIVERSARY

Rev. J. S. Lightbourn will celebrate the fifth anniversary of the rectorship of the St. Paul's Episcopal church Sunday. A special sermon will be delivered by Rev. Lightbourn in which he will review the work of the last five years. No special services are being arranged. A large attendance is expected at the morning hour.

## Helen and Warren Series: Story of Their Married Life

"Dear, it's so late—must you go to the office tonight?"

"Got to look over some of that mail before I see Griffin in the morning. This the one you want opened?" Warren was unstrapping one of the trunks.

"Both of them, and you'll have to open this suit-case." Helen handed him the key. "That lock catches."

"Now, see here, don't try to unpack tonight. Just take out what you need and get to bed—don't stay up for me. Here, I'll not want this," taking a steamer cap from his bulging overcoat pocket.

"Wait, dear; do wear your muffler. It's much colder here, and you're not used to it yet."

But Warren, scorning the muffler, buttoned his coat with a vigorous, "Cold? This is fine—not that infernal dampness we got in London."

Anxiously Helen followed him to the hall door, and stood there until with a final nod he disappeared into the elevator. Then she turned back to the dusty, dismantled apartment with a feeling of utter depression.

Had they landed in the morning, it would not have been so cheerless, but there was something inexplicably gloomy about this home-coming at night.

How strange and unfamiliar everything looked! As she switched on the lights and went from room to room, Helen almost wished herself back on the steamer. Even their stateroom seemed now more familiar than this. And their London apartment she pictured with an almost homesick throb.

After the excitement of travelling, there is always a "let down" in getting home. And now, instead of feeling relieved at having left a war-menaced country, Helen had a lurking to be back there.

How she dreaded the unpacking! Every article would bring a rush of memories of those weeks in London that now seemed so wonderful. Even the labels on her trunk were a reminder, as it were, of past pleasures.

Never had her home life appeared so humdrum, so dullly uneventful. She shrank from taking up its daily routine. Yet with the feeling that such thoughts were disloyal, she tried to crush them out.

She had turned on the heat and the sizzling of the radiators emphasized the loneliness of the place. Everything was covered with dust. She gazed about helplessly—where should she begin?

When she had changed her traveling suit for an old kimono, Helen went out to look for a dust cloth. As she swung open the kitchen door there was a sound of dripping water, startlingly loud in the stillness.

Stumbling against a sharp corner of the table, she groped in the dark for the light. One of the faucets in the pantry sink was leaking! No, it was

all these weeks?

Nora was too careless. They should never have left her to close the apartment, but Warren had insisted that it would be all right.

How had she left the refrigerator?

A strong, musty odor greeted Helen as she opened it. Far back were a couple of shriveled tomatoes. In a greasy brown paper was a piece of bacon green with mold. And her last warning to Nora had been to leave nothing in the ice box!

There were no clean dusters. Nora had left them all in the bottom of the broom closet, black as floor cloths.

Not having the heart to investigate further, Helen turned off the kitchen light. In the hall closet rag bag, she found one of Warren's old undershirts which she took for a duster.

Even the toilet things on her dresser Nora had not put away, and the air had tarnished the silver and rusted the pine in the cushion.

The first thing tomorrow she would call up that Danish employment agency. She would never take Nora back of that she was now grimly determined.

The snow blew in from the outside sill as she raised the window to shake out the dust cloth. It was piercingly cold. The wind was growing stronger. It rattled the window panes with a dismal whine. Oh, why had Warren gone down to the office on such a night? How desolate it must be in that great deserted building with only the night watchman on guard!

She pictured him unlocking his dark office with the silent covered typewriters, the ciled desks and safe. He had taken her there once at night, and she had never forgotten that impression of deathlike stillness, of tense suspended activity.

Again she dreaded the unpacking! Every article would bring a rush of memories of those weeks in London that now seemed so wonderful. Even the labels on her trunk were a reminder, as it were, of past pleasures.

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come. Then at last, "Cortland 1428 don't answer!"

"Oh, ring them again, central. I'm sure some one's there."

Another long wait, then central's voice with a note of finality, "They don't answer. I'll ring you if I get them."

Baffled, Helen hung up the receiver. He must be there! It was only thirty minutes to his office, and it had been an hour since he left.

Vaguely anxious, she went back to her work. Taking off the dusty sheet that had protected the bed, she turned down the covers and laid out her night-dress and Warren's pajamas.

Somehow the bed, now ready for the night, gave the first touch of home to the place.

Three times within the next half hour she called Warren's office, but still that baffling, "Cortland 1428 don't answer."

Even if he had started home before her first call, he would be here by now. What could it mean? Every gruesome possibility now obsessed her—an accident in the subway, in crossing a dark street, or in the elevator, run by the sleepy watchman. Was this a swift punishment for her rebellious thoughts at the monotonous routine of their home? Was this routine to be broken by some tragedy?

Abject in her remorse, with a tempestuous change of feeling, her home life now seemed ideal. If only nothing had happened to Warren!

By 11 o'clock Helen had worked herself into a state of feverish anxiety. Unheeding the stinging cold, she had thrown up the library window and was leaning far out, hoping to recognize Warren in every muffled figure that came up the street. Once more she turned to the telephone.

"Central," pleadingly, "see if you can't get that number now!"

Again the empty buzzing and again central's indifferent, "They don't answer."

Then, with a desperate determination, Helen found the number of a well-known cab company and called for a taxi.

In blind, trembling haste she got back into her traveling suit. This suspense she could not bear a moment longer. She was going down to his office. If he was not there or had not been there—then she would have to call up some of his family.

She was slipping on her long steamer coat when the front door banged. A breathless second was followed by the sound of Warren's heavy step.

He was struggling out of his overcoat, as with an inarticulate cry Helen rushed into the hall.

"Oh, I—I—"

But just then the telephone rang out clamorously.

"Who in thunder knows we're home?" Shaking off Helen's clinging arms, he strode into the front room to answer it.

"Hello what's that? A taxi? You've got the wrong number," crossly. "We didn't order any taxi here."

"Oh, yes—yes, we did," excitedly Helen caught his arm. "You'll have to go down and give the man something—and send him away."

Warren stared at her.

"Oh, I couldn't get you on the phone—and I was terrified! I though something had happened—I—I was going to the office!"

"Going down to the office? Of all blithering—"

"Don't, dear, don't scold me now! If you won't send that cab away—I'll have to!"

"You stay where you are!" Warren caught her by the shoulders and almost flung her back into the room. Then the hall door slammed after him.

When he came back, Helen was curled up on the couch, her face in the dusty sofa pillows, sobbing nervously.

"Now what I'd like to know is," Warren stood over her, his hands in his pockets, "if it's softening of the brain—or if you're just plain dippy?"

He listened grimly, with an occasional snort, while Helen sobbed out an account of her telephoning and her frantic anxiety.

"What number did you call?"

"Why, Cortland 1428."

"Got the new book, haven't you—right there by the phone. Why in blazes didn't you look in it? My number's changed to Broad 8120. Now if you think we've had enough dramatics for one night—I'd like to go to bed."

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"Hello!" joyfully.

"Number, please," snapped central. "Why—you called me!"

"Mistake. 'Cuse it, please."

Resentful and disappointed, Helen turned away. The wind was now shaking the windows with a whistling

wall. She thought of it howling through those deserted canyon-like streets around Warren's office.

Impulsively she turned back to the phone—she would call him!

"Cortland 1428!" Then she waited eagerly. It had been so long since she had heard Warren's voice on the wire. There had been no occasion to phone him in London.

She could hear the buzzing at the other end, but the expected click of his taking down the receiver did not

## HELEN HUNT CLUB ELECTS MRS. KNIESE LEADER FOR YEAR

CAMBRIDGE CITY, Ind., Jan. 6.—

The Helen Hunt club has elected the following officers for the coming year: Mrs. Charles Kniese, president; Mrs. W. H. Doney, vice president; Mrs. Willard Petro, secretary; Mrs. F. J. Harvey, treasurer; Mesdames W. H. Doney, R. P. Lindsey and Ed Tweedy, executive committee....The schools opened Monday with the usual full attendance. No cases of grip among pupils or teachers have been reported.

The many friends of Mrs. Myra Malone of this city, regret to learn of her serious illness at a hospital in Paducah, Ky....Mrs. John Thurman has re-

turned after a visit of ten days with her mother, Mrs. Jacob Doty, at Indianapolis Tuesday were Miss Rose Greising and Albert Ohmit....Mrs. Irvin Sears of Richmond is spending the week with Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Watkins....Mrs. John Toms has returned from a visit of several days with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Toms at Indianapolis....Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Zehring and Mrs. C. M. Bailey spent today at Connersville the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Harry Zehring....Miss Elizabeth Morris of this city, and Charles R. Gordon of Indianapolis were married in the latter city Friday evening. Miss Morris formerly taught in the Dublin schools, but during the last six years has been connected with the Indianapolis schools. Mr. Gordon is a salesman for the Haven & Geddes company. They will reside in Indianapolis....Mr. and Mrs. O. U. Toppin were the guests Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Vanderbeck at Lewisville.

## BREAK UP BRONCHIAL COUGHS, CROUP AND COLDS PROMPTLY

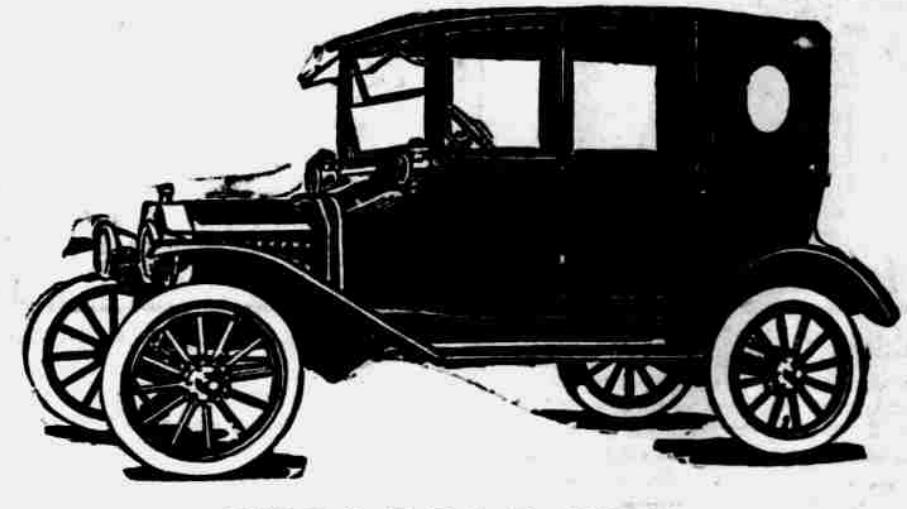
Make the Best Remedy at Home—128 Teaspoonsful for 50 Cents.

Don't neglect your first cold, cough or any Bronchial affection, this fall, but commence treatment immediately, and through using the proper medicine, it can be checked from the very start and promptly cured, but if neglected probably will hang on all winter; if it does not develop into something more serious, such as Pneumonia or Consumption. True, there are hundreds, yes thousands of cough remedies on the market. While some are good, there are many which are not, but are positively harmful, due to the narcotics which they contain. But why experiment with these different remedies purely on the strength perhaps of some testimonials or on the exaggerated claims of manufacturers, when Schiffmann's New Concentrated Expectorant is sold by Clem Thistleton-Walton on such a positive guarantee to give perfect satisfaction, yes even more—money will be refunded by them if it is not found the best remedy ever used in Severe Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough or Croup, and it will also be found excellent for Bronchial Asthma and Bronchitis. Besides these druggists guaranteeing "that it will be the best remedy ever used," it will likewise be found the most economical, because one bottle (50 cents' worth) makes a full pint (128 teaspoonsful) of the most excellent medicine for any of the above afflictions, when mixed at home with one pint of granulated sugar and one-half pint of water. It makes as much, or more, than would cost you \$2.00 to \$3.00 of almost any of the ordinary ready-made kinds, sold in bottles holding only 24 to 32 teaspoonsful. You will be the sole judge yourself and under the same positively "Money Back" guarantee which the druggists make for the famous Asthmador. Absolutely no risk is run in buying this remedy.—adv.

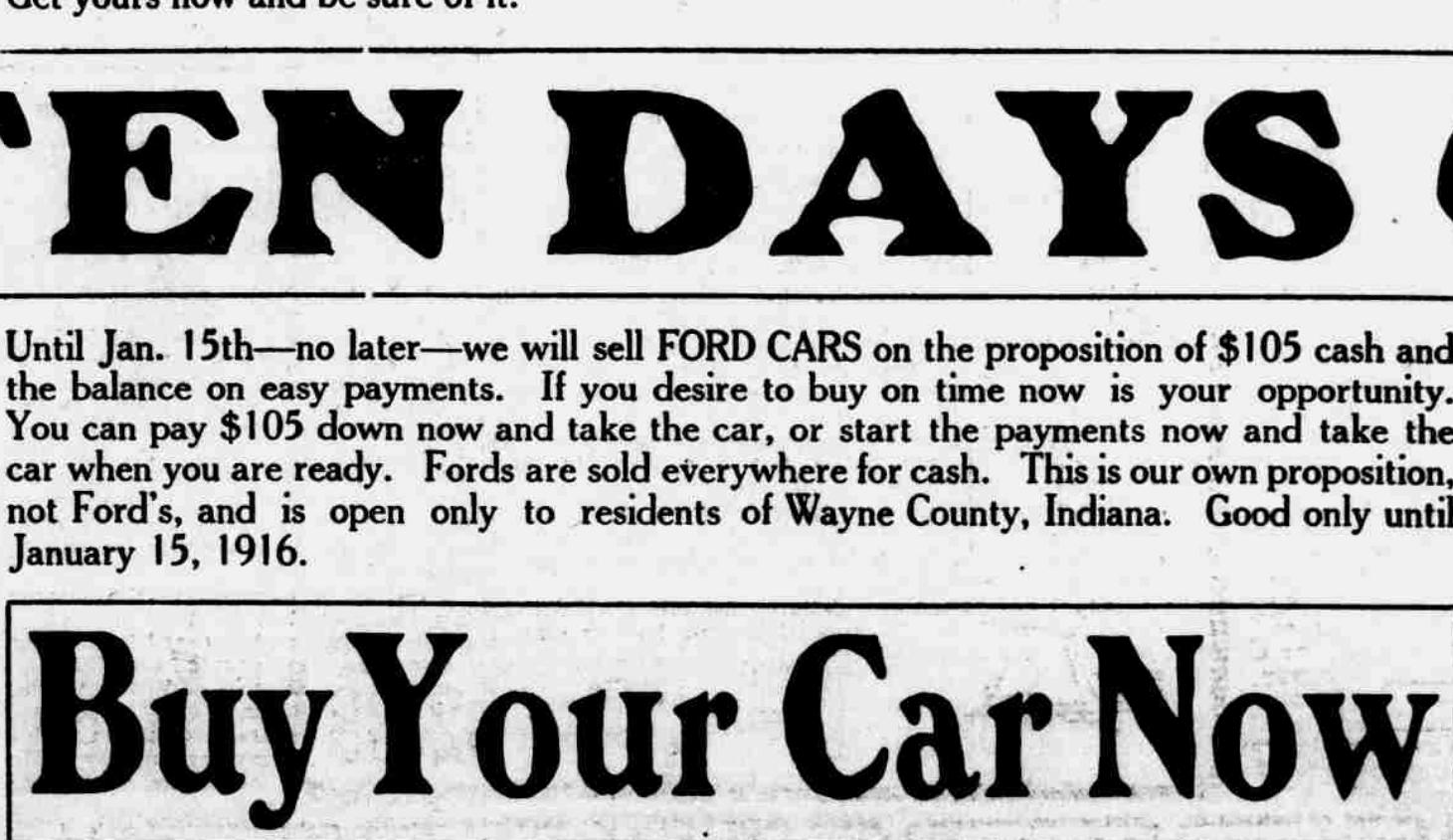
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