

NEW PARIS PEOPLE ATTEND AUTO RACES AT CINCINNATI, OHIO

NEW PARIS, O., Sept. 8.—Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Chenoweth returned Friday to their home at Hollansburg after a visit with their daughter, Mrs. L. J. Reid and family.

Word received from Miss Carrie Reid, who is in Quebec, Canada, states that she is enjoying her trip to the fullest extent.

Mr. and Mrs. William Mull of Richmond spent the past week with Mr. and Mrs. Orla Hager and other relatives in this locality.

Miss Anna Schwab has returned to her home at Mount Healthy, O., after a visit with her friend, Rev. Ruth E. Hemphill.

Rev. and Mrs. Edgar J. Vance and son, Paul, and Miss May Medford returned to their home here Friday after a six weeks' vacation visit with relatives at Newmarket and Sewanee, Tenn.

John O'Dea loaded a car of stock Saturday at the New Paris stock yards and accompanied the shipment to the Cincinnati market.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Burnett and son Joseph of Bellefontaine, O., spent the past week with Mr. and Mrs. Joseph White, Sr., and other relatives.

A large number of local auto enthusiasts attended the race at Cincinnati Monday and report a good time. Among those who went were Messrs. and Mesdames J. L. Westfall, Bud Reid, F. J. Colvin, Messrs. H. D. Collins, Blaine Moody, Emmett Harris, T. L. Melody, William Brown, Adolph Baker, Leslie Sawyer and Marvin Barnett.

J. W. Reinheimer attended the state fair at Columbus Friday.

Mrs. Biteman and children of Gordon, O., spent the past week with her sister and brother, Miss Elizabeth and G. C. Souers.

Miss Gertrude Colvin was the guest of Mrs. Charles Sellers at the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. O. Baker Saturday night and Sunday.

John Cunningham of Columbus, O., and Stephen Maloney of Dayton, O., were guests of Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Cunningham Sunday.

Miss Irene Timmons spent Monday at Oxford, O., with Miss Elma Horner.

TOWN TRUSTEES FIX \$1.21 FOR TAX RATE IN CAMBRIDGE CITY

CAMBRIDGE CITY, Ind., Sept. 8.—The town trustees have fixed the rate of taxation for the coming year at \$1.21 on the \$100.00. The total valuation of property within the corporation is \$1,006,229. Mrs. F. M. Goebel was the hostess of the Bridge club this Friday afternoon. Cards were played at several tables, after which light refreshments were served. J. W. Brown of Cincinnati, connected with the manufacturing interests of this place, was in town Wednesday.

Miss Alma Hull has gone to Chubbuck, Ind., to enter upon her work as teacher of English and German in the high school. Mr. and Mrs. Larkin Macey and daughter, Miss Ethel, and their guest, Miss Edna Macey, attended the wedding of Norman Macey and Miss Ocie Pittsford at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Millikan, at New Castle, Thursday evening. The Mal-Gra Casting company is arranging to open a permanent club room for the benefit and enjoyment of employees and families.

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THE SANDMAN STORY FOR TONIGHT

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HOW MR. FOX GOT HIS BREAKFAST

Mr. Fox had not been successful in getting into the poultry house he visited the night before and he was skulking along toward home, not feeling at all happy, when he saw coming toward him Reddy Fox and Mr. Tom Fox, each with a fat duck in his mouth.

Mr. Fox's wits worked fast, for he was hungry, and he knew it would be of no use to pick a quarrel with either of them, because one would help the other.

So Mr. Fox put on his pleasantest smile and said, "Good morning, my friends, you have been wise and brought your breakfast home with you, I see. I ate mine some hours ago and am now on my way to another farm for my dinner."

He did not even glance at the two fat ducks his friends carried, but talked about the fine weather and how glad he was to see them looking so fine.

"This is a fine day for a race," he said; "I wish I could run, but I'm far from being a sprinter."

Mr. Reddy said he was something of a sprinter, but he hated to talk about himself; he would say though, that he expected he could outrun any one in that part of the country.

"So I have heard," said Mr. Fox, "and I have also heard that your friend, Mr. Tom Fox, can run some, too."

"You have heard the truth," said Mr. Tom Fox, dropping the fat duck he carried to tell of his prowess.

"You may think you can outrun me," said Mr. Reddy, stepping closer to his friend although they did not look so friendly at each other now, "but I know that you would be walking beside me when it comes to running."

This was just what Mr. Fox wanted, so he said, "Now my friends, there is only one way to settle this dispute, and that is to run a race."

"What do you say to trying a race from here to the tree at the turn of this road and back? I will stand here on this stone and the one that touches me first will be the winner. I expect, though, that it will be a very close race."

Mr. Reddy and Mr. Tom Fox agreed to this plan and took their places side by side in front of Mr. Fox.

"Now, ready, start," called Mr. Fox, giving each a push as he spoke. Off they flew and off the stone jumped Mr. Fox and picked up the two fat ducks, and if either Mr. Tom Fox or Mr. Reddy had seen Mr. Fox running they would have thought they were not in it—how he ran and did not stop until he was safe in the house with the door locked and barred.

Back to the place the race started came the runners, panting and hot. Mr. Tom Fox lost his hat and Mr. Reddy's fur was all ruffled up.

They reached the stone where they had left Mr. Fox side by side and sat on the ground a minute to get their breath before speaking.

"Where is Mr. Fox?" asked Mr. Tom Fox, getting his breath first.

Mr. Reddy Fox looked on the ground and saw that the fat ducks were gone and he knew what had happened.

"Can't you guess?" he asked. "The ducks are gone and so is Mr. Fox. He played a fine trick on us and almost made us quarrel too."

"Do you think he started the argument on purpose to get our ducks?" asked Mr. Tom Fox.

"Of course he did; Mr. Fox is a sly fellow and he almost made us enemies, too; served us right for listening to him," said Mr. Reddy.

"I know where he lives," said Mr. Tom Fox; "let us go there and get the ducks."

"Get the ducks?" said Mr. Reddy with a laugh. "Why, the feathers even have disappeared by this time, and Mr. Fox, I will wager, has the door locked and barred and is sound asleep by this time. We would only make ourselves a lot of trouble and get nothing for it, my friend; besides,

not knowing what that fellow might do to us in his own house—a kettle of boiling water or a brick on our heads would not surprise me. No, we will keep away from him and the next time we see him coming we will cross over on the other side of the road—he is bad company for two friends to meet."

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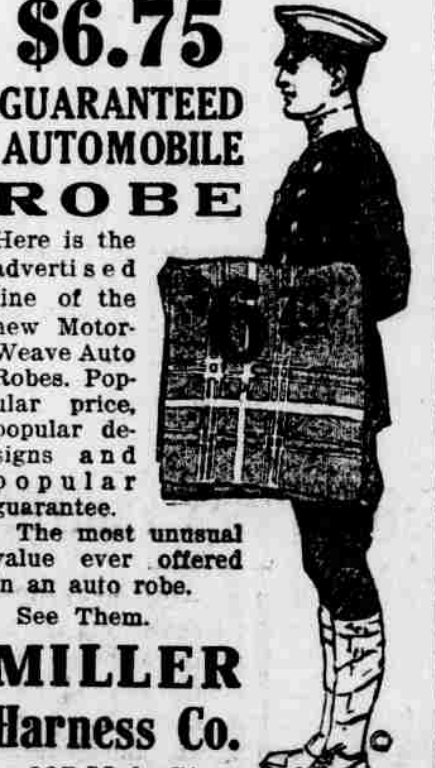
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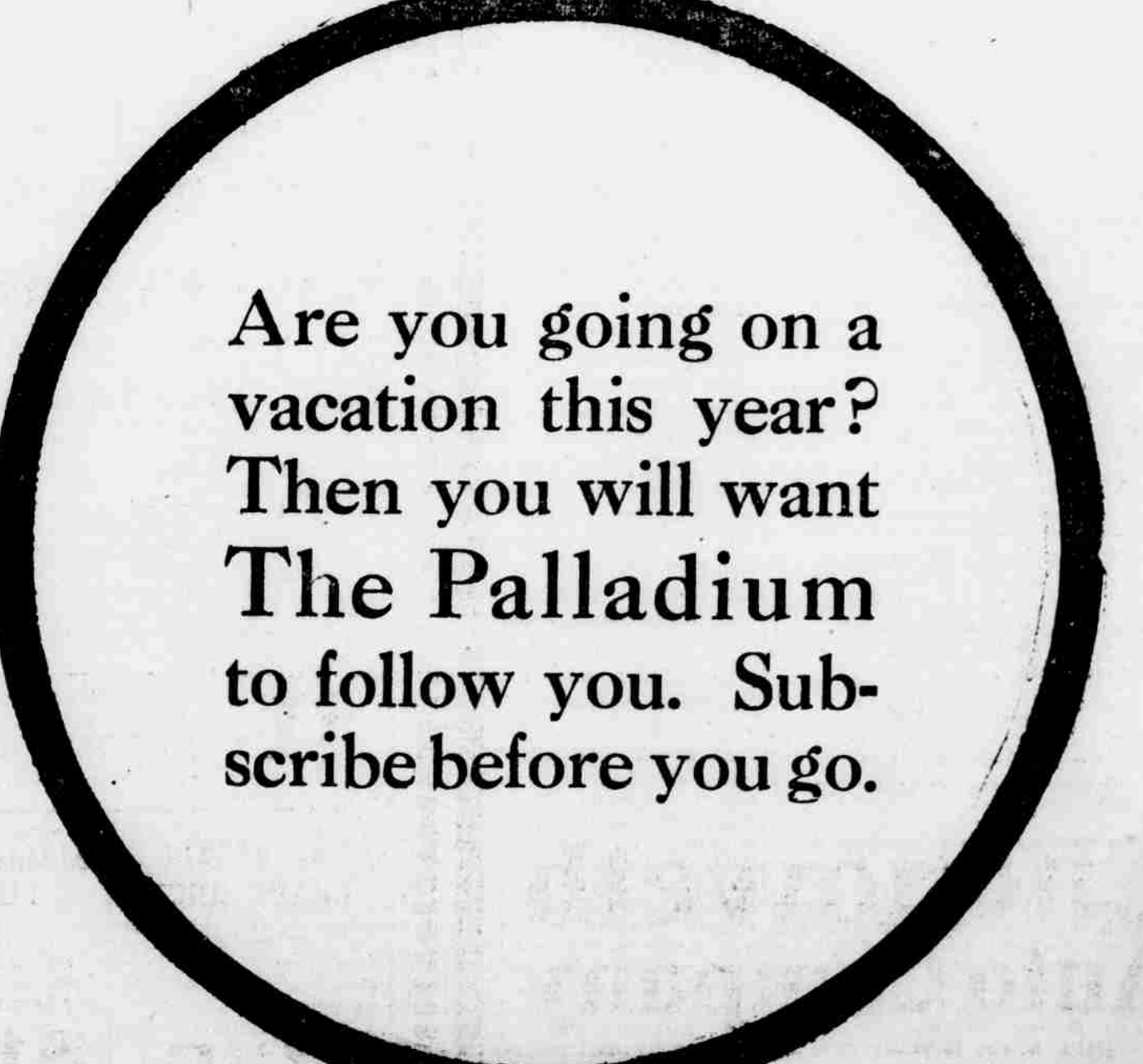


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