

TOM KELLY SPEAKS TO YOUNG FRIENDS

ECONOMY, Ind., Sept. 12.—Tom Kelly, a student in the Theology seminary, Hartford, Connecticut, delivered an address for the young people in the Friends temporary church Friday night relative to the teaching of George Fox, and a general review of the Friends church from its infancy up to this date. Mr. Kelly is sent out by the Indiana Yearly Meeting to give talks before young Friends at Spiceland, Dublin and Walnut Ridge. Mrs. Tillie Clark has returned from Indianapolis where she spent four weeks with relatives.

Visit in New Castle. Mrs. Essie Weyl and son Karl were at New Castle recently. Gus Weyl and Simpson Pierce and others who attended the State Fair report a fine time and a good fair.

Return Home. Merrill Polhemus returned to Muncie Friday. Mr. and Mrs. Charley Peterson, of Carolina, have moved in one of the John Taylor properties. Mrs. Amanda O'Brien, Mrs. Jessie Bond and Sam Helbert, were visiting Mrs. Bryan and family, today. Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Peterson are visiting Michigan relatives.

ATTENDANCE IS LARGE

WILLIAMSBURG, Ind., Sept. 12.—Mrs. Daisy Klengto had as her weekend guest, Mrs. C. C. Howard of Richmond and Hazel Davis of Indianapolis. Mr. Link Watkins came near losing a valuable horse the past week of acute indigestion. Mrs. Melvin Catey is slowly improving from an attack of lagrippe.

Attend Revival. Many persons from here are attending the Greensfork meeting. The school opened with a large attendance.

Events in Liberty

Mrs. Charles D. Johnson and children, who have been spending the summer in Bay View, Mich., returned home Monday. Miss Helen Mitchell left Monday to enter her second year in Oxford college. Mr. and Mrs. Eli Pigman came Saturday from Birmingham, Ala., for a visit with Dr. and Mrs. Garrett Pigman. Misses Florence Stevens and Margaret Wood, left Monday for Indianapolis, where they will enter Miss Blake's Kindergarten Training School. Mr. and Mrs. Bert Epperson, of Advance, are the guests of relatives in Liberty this week. Harold Hughes and Gordon Crecraft left Sunday for Oxford, where they will enter Miami University. Mrs. Bina Magrath came Saturday from her home in Noblesville, for an extended visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Gilmore. Allen McMahan left Monday to take up his school work in Purdue University. Miss Mary Rebecca entertained with a slumber party Saturday night for Misses Florence Stevens and Margaret Wood, who leave for Indianapolis Monday. The guests were Misses Nell Harrell, Vivian Dauthit, Helen Mibach, Mildred Clark, Martha Freeman, Ruth Kitchell and Charlotte Husten. Mrs. Smith Mitchell and daughter, Helen, were shopping in Cincinnati Saturday. Mrs. Albert Berlich and children, Dorothy and Maxwell, returned home Monday from Bay View, Mich., where they have been spending the past month.

NO WHITE LIGHTS NOW.

CHICAGO, Sept. 12.—Miss Vivian Woodward, 18, was on her way back to Kouts, Ind., today, deciding, with the aid of Chicago's police, to defer her visit to the bright lights for a time. Vivian's father wired the police to put her on a homeward bound train immediately on her arrival. They did.

STYLES FOR THE Woman's Eye



Sufficient unto the flare is the fur thereof—which means yards and yards of skunk trimming for this new, flaring coat of Hudson Seal, built in the season's fashion, to outline the shoulders and their swing jauntily out beyond the skirt. The length is modish too, revealing of the frock and the lustrous foot.

The Iron Claw

[Read this story in the Palladium and see it at the Palace.]

It was as he maneuvered to bring about this shift of position that the ever-watchful Legar, alert for the most trivial advantage, saw his chance. Swinging his body suddenly free from its footing on the narrow ledge of metal where he stood, he pendulumed towards his momentarily unstable opponent, throwing his feet forward and upward, as he did so, with all the force of a football player kicking a double punt.

The force of this unlooked-for impact was too much for the man in the mask. He tottered back, caught frantically at a soot-covered steel bar beside him, dropped the full length of its diagonal course before he could make sure of his clutch, and came into violent collision with the heavy iron block of a crane ladle. There, half-stunned by the blow, he fell sprawling across a polished steel cable which drooped forward between the block and its empty metal pot. He tried to clutch that cable as he fell, but his speed proved too great and his overtaxed fingers were too weak. As he fell along its polished surface, however, it offered sufficient resistance to carry his limp body beyond the peril of that open lake of molten metal, which, his frantic brain kept telling him, meant death. And as he dropped weakly from the cable loop to a pile of molding sand lying between a casting box and an empty spill trough, a score of watching men gave utterance to a shout of relief and a score of waiting hands were there to help him to his feet.

So intent were those astounded ironworkers on watching that perilous fall, however, that they paid scant attention to the second figure climbing spiderlike higher along the blackened ironwork of the blackened roof. They caught no glimpse of him as he scrambled, sooty and panting, through the ventilating flue that opened on the roof itself. Nor did any eye follow him as he crept, gorilla-like, along the perilous slope of that roof until he came to the end of the building. Along this end he found a lightning rod, running from the peak of its roof to the ground. He promptly tested the strength of this wire, satisfying himself carefully, foot by foot, by means of one hand and an iron hook which struck and clung to the metal with the vicious tenacity of an eagle's claw.

When he reached the ground, still breathing heavily, he looked cautiously about. Then, making sure he was not observed, he slipped into the shadow of a pile of iron ingots, once more waited and listened, and then, crouching low, crossed the foundry yard and climbed the high board fence surrounding it. And a moment later the darkness of the night had swallowed him up.

ELEVENTH EPISODE

The Saving of Dan O'Mara

Young Peggy O'Mara was troubled in mind. She had become suspicious of her own father. On more than one occasion of late that debt-harried toiler from the Applewaite works had been visited by a stranger who impressed the sophisticated young Peggy as anything but attractive. And an honest man, Peggy argued with herself, finds no need for stealing up to a house at night and closeting himself with its owner behind the locked door of a cellar workshop. So the spindle-legged daughter of Dan O'Mara, watching for her chance, decided to investigate.

But the girl's chances for investigation were limited, for Peggy was a hard-driven young housekeeper, with a bedridden mother to look after as best she could. Late one night, however, when Dan O'Mara had led his mysterious visitor into his cellar workshop and locked the door behind him, the girl slipped off her broken-toe shoes and stole silently down to that underground chamber of mystery.

There, with her ear to the keyhole, she overheard enough to confirm her darkest suspicions. She waited until the mysterious visitor had stolen out through the house, with a parcel under his arm, and then once more made her way down to her father's workshop. The door, this time, was unlocked. So she entered noiselessly and crept over to where Dan O'Mara sat staring at the wall with unseeing eyes.

"Pop, what're you thinkin' about?" suddenly asked a tremulous voice close to his shoulder.

He swung about like a shot.

"What should I be thinkin' about?" he demanded.

"You're thinkin' about that man who was down here ten minutes ago," was the girl's answer.

"What man?" equivocated the culprit.

"Chinatown Charlie."

"And how'd you know he's called Chinatown Charlie?" demanded rebellious-eyed Dan O'Mara.

"I know more'n that, pop," said the girl, with a gulp. "I know that city crook's rovin' you in for work I never thought you'd do!"

"Work? What work?"

"There's a bunch of opium smugglers got wise to the fact that the dye works is bringin' in tons of that Kalsow wood from China. And certain o' them blocks is goin' to come in hollow with secret marks, and you're goin' to dig the opium out o' them and hide it here until that hop runner for Chinatown Charlie comes and carries it away in a laundry bag!"

"Ain't your mother got to have med-

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John?" demanded her father. "Ain't we behind in our rent? And ain't the company docked me ten a month since that one-armed man had me machine work taken away from me?"

"But you'll have more'n your machine taken away from you, pop. You'll be queered with the company, for tamperin' with stock, and then the bills 'll get wise and send you up the river for smugglin'!"

"I've thought that out, me geril. I've no love for goin' against the law, at me time o' life, but I guess we've got to take chances. We've got to, or go under for good and all! For I'm thinkin' your poor mother was right when she said there was no crime so black as the crime o' bein' poor!"

"But they'd promised to raise your pay, over to the dye works!" she reminded him.

"Instead o' which they took off me machine and gave it to that one-armed switch who claimed I'd been workin' against the company by tryin' to invent a chemical color that'd soon be sendin' their old logwood plant 't the scrap heap!"

Silent as Peggy O'Mara remained on the subject of her discovery, she brooded long and darkly on this heavier cloud that hung over her home and her father's good name. It haunted her thoughts as she worked. It filled her blind young heart with a spirit of revolt. It converted her into a diminutive yet lowering-browed Ishmael. She hated the owner of the work, she told herself as she carried her father's dinner pail to the factory the next day, and she hated the hard-worked foreman of the shaft room. She turned to stare belligerently towards Anson Applewaite, the immaculate son of the factory owner himself, as he ushered into the room of whirling shafts and flying belts a small group of visitors.

Yet the Ishmael-like young face softened a little as she looked at one member of that approaching group. For one fair-haired girl of about twenty, dressed in black, whom young Applewaite piloted about amid the roaring and clattering machinery and repeatedly addressed as "Miss Golden," was beautiful enough to bring a wayward pang of envy to the breast of Peggy O'Mara. As she watched her eyes suddenly widened in alarm. For Margery Golden, in starting about the room, had unconsciously moved closer to one of the ponderous machines. There the loose end of her motor-cape was snapped at by a spinning cog wheel, as a bound snaps at a bone. The next moment the whirling teeth had fastened themselves in the fabric of the garment edge, carrying it back between the jaws of the twin cogs that quickly closed on the cloth and seemed to reach out for more.

At the same moment that Margery Golden turned about to determine the meaning of this sudden tug at her clothing, the alert-eyed Peggy O'Mara made an apparently maniacal spring for that astounded young woman's throat.

With a quick jerk of her thin young fingers Peggy tore the cape free where it was already straining against the white column of its wearer's throat. It was not until Margery Golden saw the iron teeth of the cog wheels swallowing up the last of her vanishing cape that any inkling of her danger came home to her.

Margery Golden stepped back and leaned against a guard rail. Then, after looking steadily at the slattern and slightly abashed figure of her deliverer, she opened her pocketbook and from it took out two or three neat-

ly folded bank notes. These she held smilingly out to the girl with the broken-toe shoes.

But a quick flash spread over the usually colorless cheeks of Miss Peggy O'Mara as she backed determinedly away from the bills.

"Don't you care to take them?" asked the somewhat astonished young woman in black.

"No ma'am!" was the girl's almost sullen retort. "I ain't earned 'em!"

"But I rather think you have," persisted the other, still smiling.

"You see, you saved my life. And surely you won't embarrass me by arguing that it's not worth that much!"

"I don't want your money," announced the sullen-eyed girl, putting her hands behind her. But already young Applewaite was discreetly doing his best to pilot his visitors away from the scene.

Peggy O'Mara stared after the departing group. So intently did she stare after them that she was oblivious of the movements of the one-armed man who had been stooping low over his machine, in a pretense of filling its oil cups.

He crept out to where a small gold locket had dropped from Margery Golden's neck during the encounter. He caught it up from the oil-stained floor, looked at it for one short moment, and then slipped it triumphantly into his pocket. After that he stood behind his machine, well out of sight, watching the fair-haired girl in black as she stepped out through the factory door. His eyes, as he watched her, were both calculating and sinister. But the pallid-faced girl standing so close beside him had no means of knowing that this preoccupied and stoop-shouldered workman who had lost his right hand was Jules Legar, long known to his enemies as the Iron Claw.

That mysterious one-armed man, however, was destined to become better acquainted with Peggy O'Mara than she imagined. For that night, when the uneasy-minded girl knew her father to be once more shut up in his cellar workshop, she was further disturbed by the sound of stealthy steps across the bare wooden floor of her home. She tiptoed out through the door, crossed to the cellar steps, and crept silently down into the darkness.

There, vaguely outlined against the door cracks in the wall shielding her father, she could make out a stealthily inquisitive figure. And she knew that figure could mean no good to the house of O'Mara.

[To Be Continued.]

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MISS CHENOWETH TO ENTER DEPAUW

LYNN, Ind., Sept. 12.—Link Hatt and family, Ora Study and family, Mrs. John Roland and daughter Echo, Elias Williams and family, Frank Daly and family, Clell Robbins and Mrs. Anna Robbins were the Lynn visitors at the Worth museum at Springfield, Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Denzil Anderson spent Sunday with Harry Johnson and family. Mrs. E. B. Hopkins returned Saturday from a visit of several days with Portland relatives. Miss Leah Chenoweth left Monday for Greencastle where she will enter school. Mr. Frank Mikosell and family of Winchester, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Lon Isenbarger. Gorman Howell of Muncie, spent Sunday with G. F. Chenoweth and family. Miss McCready of Mansfield, O., was the guest of her brother, Dr. McCready over Sunday.

CASE ENDS IN ARREST.

CHICAGO, Sept. 12.—The burlesque tastes of Mrs. John Staal landed her in a cell. Employees of Loop stores grew suspicious when Mrs. Staal purchased cheap articles and had them charged to a wealthy woman. Investigation showed the wealthy woman was out of town.

The most valuable pearls are perfectly round in shape, next comes the button-shaped.

News from Modoc

By Allyn Hanson.

Mrs. Ella Beverley has returned to her home in Colorado after a visit here with her father, Wesley Hunt and other relatives. Mrs. Charley Hunt and son Virgil were here last week and attended the Gaddis family reunion. The members and friends of Rev. Richards and family gave them a very pleasant surprise last week.

Visits Lynn. Miss Pearl Jackson has been visiting at Lynn. Mr. and Mrs. Roe Wimmer were here last week from Hagerstown.

EXHIBITS FREAK CORN. INDIANAPOLIS, Sept. 12.—J. N. Persinger has sent Edward Barrett, state geologist, a cornstalk which has been accorded a place in the state museum. It is 18 feet high, has three ears of corn on it and shoots for two

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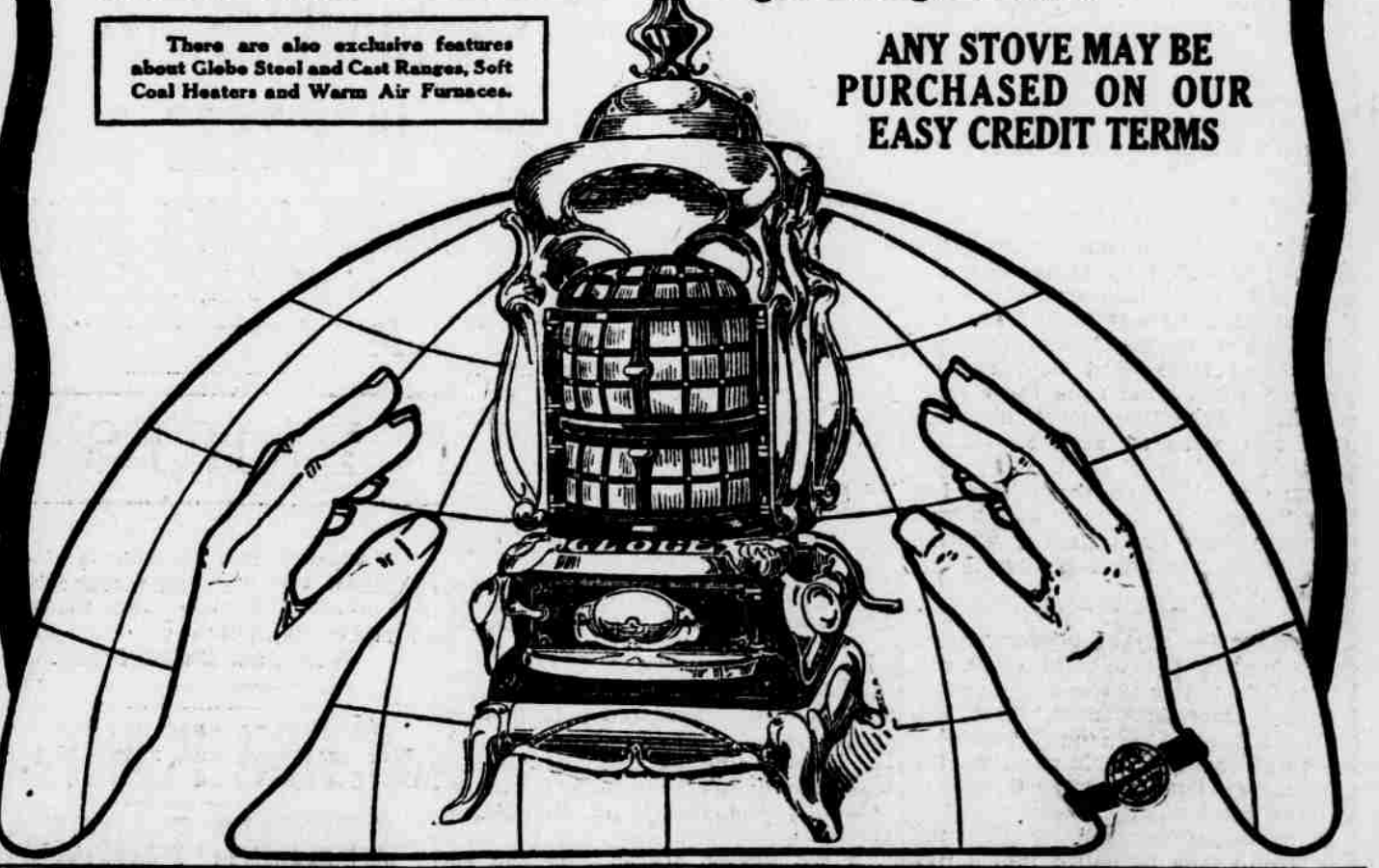
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