

LONDON TAILORS MISS SOLDIERLY FIGURES SEEN IN WAR DAYS

(By Associated Press)
LONDON, May 30.—The tailors say that the former soldier is losing his soldierly figure. His chest which, in wartime, was where a soldier's chest ought to be, has now slipped down to where it ought not to be and his waist measurement has developed extensively.

The result is that the beautiful figure of the man of 1918 has become rare and fatness and flabbiness, say the tailors, have taken the place of thinness and muscle.

"It makes my regimental heart bleed to see the sloppy way in which former soldiers now carry themselves," said one who served as a sergeant tailor in the war. "Look at that old, lumpy figure hanging on the wall. Note the finger marks about the 32-inch line. That was the average measurement of the war waist. Compare it with the finger marks on this peace measure which shows that the present waist is from 36 to 40 inches. My customers used to be like the better I. Today they are like an S."

Suburban

WEST RIVER, Ind.—Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Hanson called on Mr. and Mrs. N. B. Driscoll and son Ray, Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Heathlon dined with Mrs. Nora Hadley of Economy, Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. William McCallister and family of Portland, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. A. Wood.

Truby Holcomb spent Sunday with Dick Wood. Mr. and Mrs. O. E. McCallister and children, of Modoc, spent the week end with her parents here. Mr. and Mrs. Emerson Benson and family attended the funeral of Frank Veal at Sugar Grove, Sunday.

Mrs. Obed Williams visited Mrs. Emma Beckers Sunday.

Mrs. Lester Canaday and daughter Oline spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Ges Medsker, of near Modoc. Everett Rich of Modoc, visited A. Wood Friday.

Vreeth Parlow, of Mooreland, called on Robert Beckers last week.

Mrs. Guy Macey is ill at her home here.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Molstner of Anderson, visited Mr. and Mrs. Orval Gray Sunday.

N. B. Driscoll is visiting in Muncie this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Beeson visited near Farmland Monday.

Rev. Roe Amburn spent Sunday night with Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Beeson of this place.

BLOOMINGSPORT, Ind.—The Women's Bible class held their class meeting Wednesday afternoon at the home of Rev. Ola Johnson. The president, Mrs. Lora Wright, presided. Mrs. Ethel Isenberger led in the devotionals, reading Psalm 116, after the class repeated the Lord's Prayer. Thirty members responded to roll call. At the business session, the committee appointed to revise the class divisions, gave the following: First division chairman, Mrs. Lella Stevens; second division chairman, Mrs. Mary Engle; third division chairman, Mrs. Nora Wright. The committee on Bible study was not ready to report. A committee was selected to look after the carpet and wall paper for the church. The Bible question box was an instructive feature of the meeting. The third division gave the following program: Song, "We build with what you sent up," Mrs. Ollie Deboy. Mrs. Ola Johnson read the Fourth Psalm and gave a prize to the one finding seven pearls in it. Mrs. Mary Newman won.

Mrs. Eva Glover read an original poem, entitled, "Willing Workers." Reading, "Too Late," Mrs. Emma Wright. Mary Newman read an original poem, "The Women's Bible Class." Mrs. Lella Stevens gave a reading, "St. Peter at the Golden Gate." A social hour was enjoyed in which the third division served angel food cake and ice cream. The next meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Ethel Isenberger, June 29.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Newman received word Thursday morning that they had a new grandson, which arrived at the home of their daughter, Mrs. Clyde Hockett, Wednesday night.

The Adventure of the Speckled Band

with The McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

By SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

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PART ONE.

In glancing over my notes of the seventy odd cases in which I have studied the methods of my friend, Sherlock Holmes, I find many tragic, some comic, a large number merely strange, but none commonplace, for working as he did rather for the love of his art than the acquirement of wealth, he refused to associate himself with an investigation which did not tend toward the unusual, and even the fantastic. Of all these varied cases, however, I can not recall any which presented more singular features than that which was associated with the well known Surrey family of the Roylotts of Stoke Moran. The events in question occurred in the early days of my association with Holmes, when we were sharing rooms as bachelors in Baker street. It is possible that I might have placed them upon record before, but a promise of secrecy was made at the time, from which I have only been freed during the last month by the untimely death of the lady to whom the pledge was given. It is perhaps as well that the facts should now come to light, for I have reasons to know that there are widespread rumors as to the death of Dr. Grimesby Roylott, which tend to make the matter even more terrible than the truth.

It was early in April in the year '83 that I woke one morning to find Sherlock Holmes standing, fully dressed, by the side of my bed. He was a late riser as a rule, and as the clock on the mantel piece showed me that it was only a quarter past seven, I blinked at him in some surprise, and perhaps just a little resentment, for I was myself regular in my habits.

"Very sorry to knock you up," Watson said he, "but it's the common lot this morning. Mrs. Hudson has been knocked up, she retorted upon me, and I on you."

"What is it then—a fire?"

"No; a client. It seems that a young lady has arrived in a considerable state of excitement, who insists upon seeing me. She is waiting now in the sitting room. Now when young ladies wander about the metropolis at this hour of the morning, and knock sleepy people up out of their beds, I presume that it is something very pressing which they have to communicate. Should it prove to be an interesting case, you would, I am sure wish to know it from the outset. I thought, at any rate, that I should call you and give you the chance."

"My dear fellow, I would not miss it for anything."

I had no keener pleasure than in following Holmes in his professional investigations, and in admiring the rapid deductions, as swift as intuitions, and yet always founded on a logical basis, with which he unravelled the problems which were submitted to him. I rapidly threw on my clothes and was ready in a few minutes to accompany my friend down to the sitting room. A young lady dressed in black, and heavily veiled, who had been sitting in the window, rose as we entered.

"Good morning, madam," said Holmes cheerily. "My name is Sherlock Holmes. This is my intimate friend and associate, Dr. Watson, before whom you can speak as freely as before myself. Ha! I am glad to see that Mrs. Hudson has had the good sense to light the fire. Pray draw up to it, and I shall order a cup of hot coffee, for I observe that you are shivering."

"It is not cold that makes me shiver," said the woman, in a low voice, changing her seat as requested. "What then?"

"It is fear, Mr. Holmes. It is terror," she raised her veil as she spoke, and we could see that she was indeed in a pitiable state of agitation, her face all drawn and gray.

with restless, frightened eyes, like those of some hunted animal. Her features and figure were those of a woman of thirty, but her hair was shot with premature gray, and her expression was weary and haggard. Sherlock Holmes ran over her with one of his quick, all-comprehensive glances.

"You must not fear," said he, soothingly, bending forward and patting her forearm. "We soon get matters right, I have no doubt. You have come in by train this morning, I see?"

"You know me, then?"

"No, but I observe the second half of a return ticket in the palm of your left glove. You must have started early, and yet you had a good drive in a dog cart, along heavy roads, before you reached the station."

The lady gave a violent start, and stared in bewilderment at my companion.

"There is no mystery, my dear madam," said he, smiling. "The left arm of your jacket is spattered with mud in no less than seven places. The marks are perfectly fresh. There is no vehicle save a dog cart, which throws mud that way, and then only when you sit on the left hand side of the driver."

"Whatever your reasons may be, you are perfectly correct," said she. "I started from home before six, reached Leatherhead at twenty past, and came in by the first train to Waterloo. Sir, I can stand this strain no longer; I shall go mad if it continues. I have no one to turn to—none, save only one, who cares for me, and he poor fellow, can be of little aid. I have heard of you, Mr. Holmes; I have heard of you from Mrs. Farintosh, whom you helped in the hour of her sore need. It is from her that I had your address. Oh, sir, do you think that you could help me, too, and at least throw a little light through the dense darkness which surrounds me? At present it is out of my power to reward you for your service, but in a month or six weeks I shall be married, with the control of my own income, and then at least you shall not find me ungrateful."

Holmes turned to his desk, and unlocking it, drew out a small case-book, which he consulted.

"Farintosh," said he. "Ah, yes, I recall the case; it was concerned with an opal tiara. I think it was before your time, Watson. I can only say, madam, that I shall be happy to devote the same care to your case as I did to that of your friend. As to reward, by profession is its own reward; but you are at liberty to defray whatever expenses I may be put to, at the time which suits you best. And now I beg that you will lay before us everything that may help us in forming an opinion upon the matter."

"Alas!" replied our visitor, "the very horror of my situation lies in the fact that my fears are so vague, and my suspicions depend so entirely upon small points, which might seem trivial to another, that even he to whom of all others I have a right to look for help and advice looks upon all that I tell him about it, as the fancies of a nervous woman. He does not say so, but I can read it from his soothing answers and averted eyes. But I have heard, Mr. Holmes, that you can see deeply into the manifold wickedness of the human heart. You may advise me how to walk amid the dangers which encompass me."

"I am all attention, madam."

"My name is Helen Stoner, and I am living with my stepfather, who is the last survivor of one of the oldest Saxon families in England, the Roylotts of Stoke Moran, on the western border of Surrey."

Holmes nodded his head. "The name is familiar to me," said he.

"The family was at one time among the richest in England, and

the estates extended over the borders into Berkshire in the north, and Hampshire in the west. In the last century, however, four successive heirs were of a dissolute and wasteful disposition, and the family ruin was eventually completed by a gambler in the days of the Regency. Nothing was left save a few acres of ground, and the two hundred-year-old house, which is itself crushed under a heavy mortgage. The last squiro dragged out his existence there, living the horrible life of an aristocratic pauper; but his only son, my stepfather, seeing that he must adopt himself to the new conditions, obtained an advance from a relative, which enabled him to take a medical degree, and went out to Calcutta, where by his professional skill and his force of character he established a large practice. In a fit of anger, however, caused by some robberies which had been perpetrated in the house, he beat his native butler to death, and narrowly escaped a capital sentence. As it was, he suffered a long term of imprisonment, and

afterwards returned to England a morose and disappointed man.

"When Dr. Roylott was in England, he married my mother, Mrs. Stoner, the young widow of a Major-General, Stoner, of the Bengal Artillery. My sister Julia and I were twins, and we were only two years old at the time of my mother's marriage. She had a considerable sum of money—not less than £1,000 a year—and this she bequeathed to Dr. Roylott entirely while we resided with him, with a provision that a certain sum should be allowed to each of us in the event of our marriage. Shortly after our return to England my mother died—she was killed eight years ago in a railway accident near Crewe. Dr. Roylott then abandoned his attempt to establish himself in practice in London, and took us to live with him in the old ancestral house at Stoke Moran. The money which my mother had left was enough for all our wants, and there seemed to be no obstacle to our happiness."

Tomorrow—The Adventure of the Speckled Band, continued.



HANDS AND CHARACTER.

A great many of my readers write to me from time to time, and ask whether there is any way of making their hands more beautiful. I can always give a hopeful answer to this question because a great deal can be done to improve one's hands, and not much skill is required.

Of course the actual shape of the hand cannot be changed, but this is not as important a matter as most women think. Size has nothing to do with the beauty of the hand. The shape is somewhat important, but not all important. The really most important thing is the way the hands are kept.

Any woman can learn to keep her nails well manicured. This does more than anything else to make the hand look ladylike—or ordinary. The shape of the fingers can be improved by the shaping of the nails. A fairly long nail will apparently lengthen short fingers, and a moderately pointed nail will give a tapering effect to blunt finger tips.

Besides keeping the nails in perfect condition the skin of the hand should be cared for. It should never be allowed to grow rough and chapped, or to become too brown and sunburnt. A cold cream can be used to prevent this, but it can only be used at night, otherwise the oil in the skin will attract a great deal of grit and dust. One exception to this is when the hands have been immersed too long in

water. In that case the dry skin will absorb all the cream.

If you have a big hand you can console yourself with the knowledge that large hands are usually more expressive of character than small ones.

Mrs. C.—I should be pleased to comply with your request, but a list of foods for reduction would take too much space in the column. If you will send an addressed stamped envelope, I will mail you complete directions for this purpose.

Q. T.—As you are a golden haired blonde, your best choice in colors will be blue; then black, green, rose pink, grey and all shades except those that are insipid. You are 12 pounds overweight. I have never heard of any harm resulting from the permanent wave. The double chin will disappear if you reduce your weight to normal.

O. V. L.—This condition comes from nervousness. If you build yourself up you will not be troubled again.

M. E. C.—Red vaseline will make the lashes grow. It should be applied to the roots by using a fine sable brush. It may not be natural for you to have

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Masonic Calendar

Tuesday, May 31

Richmond Lodge No. 196 F. & A. M., called meeting. Work in Master Mason Degree, beginning 7 o'clock.

Wednesday, June 1

Webb Lodge, No. 24 F. & A. M., called meeting. Work in the Master Mason degree.

Thursday, June 2

Wayne Council No. 10, R. & S. M., stated meeting.

Friday, June 3

King Solomon's Chapter No. 4 R. A. M., called meeting. Work in the Past and Most Excellent Masters' degrees.

Saturday, June 4

Loyal Chapter No. 49, O. E. S., stated meeting.

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—says Bobby

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