

## 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 1919 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 tape measure 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 Beckerlite Sunday.... Mr. and 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 Farlow, of Mooreland, called on Robert Beckerlite last week.... Mrs. Guy Macey is ill at her home near here.... Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Moister 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 Auburn spent Sunday night with Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Beeson of this place.

BLOOMINGSIDE, Ind.—The Women's Bible class held their class meeting Wednesday afternoon at the home of Rev. Ola Johnson. The president, Mrs. Uora Wright, presided. Mrs. Ethel Isenberger led in the devotions, 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 division gave the report. First division chairman, Mrs. Lelia Stevens; second division chairman, Mrs. Mary Engle; third division chairman, Mrs. Nola Wright. The committee on Bible study was not ready to report. A committee was selected to look after the carpet and wall papers 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 Debey.... 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. Lelia Stevens read, "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 28.

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.

Bet I'll never  
go on a hunger  
strike so long  
as I can get.

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TOASTIES**  
—says  
*Bobby*

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### 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 it 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 on you."

"What is it then—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."

"I am 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.

"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 three hundred-year-old house, which is itself crushed under a heavy mortgage. The last squires dragged out his existence there, living the horrible life of an aristocratic pauper; but his only son, my step-father, seeing that he must adapt 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

then returned to England a morose and disappointed man.

"When Dr. Roylott was in England, he married my mother, Mrs. Stoner, the young widow of 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.

rosy cheeks, so I would not distress myself about it.

All inquiries addressed to Mrs. Forbes in care of the "Beauty Chats" department will be answered in these columns. Please send your questions to the great number received. So, if a personal or quicker reply is desired, a self-addressed envelope must be enclosed with the question.

The Editor

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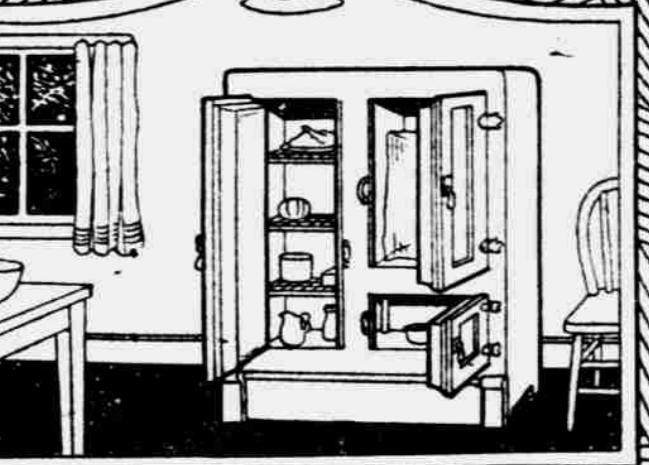
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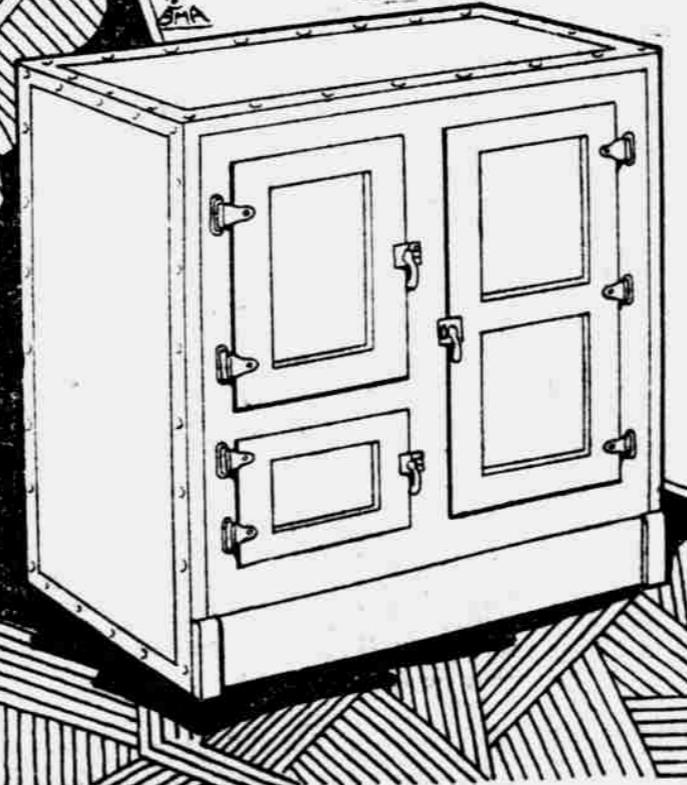
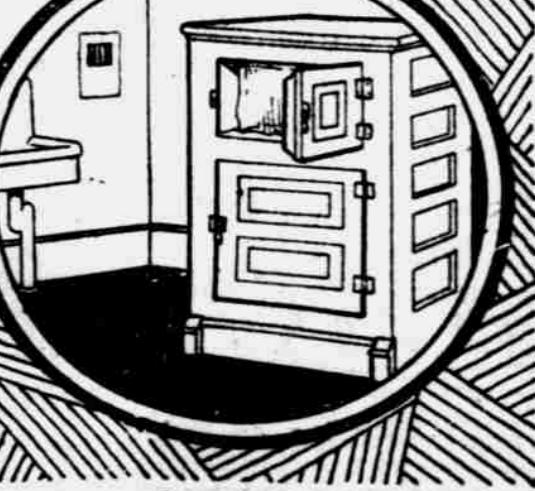
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