

EX-OHIO MAN DROWNS FOLLOWING RESCUE OF GIRL FROM RIVER

SHELBYVILLE, Ind., July 5.—John J. Mundhenk, 28 years old, traveling salesman, residing at 1234 North Illinois street, Indianapolis, was drowned in Big Blue river at Marietta, Shelby county, yesterday afternoon when he saved Miss Beulah Dillingham, who conducts a millinery store at 21 West Ohio street, Indianapolis. The body was recovered and was sent to the home of his parents at Brookville, O.

Mrs. Elizabeth Retherford, 1234 North Illinois street, Indianapolis, said last night that her husband had formerly roomed at her home, but that he had left some time ago. She said she believed that he formerly had lived at West Alexandria, O.

MAN STRUCK BY TRAIN; DIES
ORLEANS, Ind., July 5.—Henry Brooking, 65 years old, a retired farmer, is dead at his home here, as the result of being struck by Monon train No. 5, Saturday evening. He was returning from the farm in his roadster and had driven on the track although pedestrians had tried to warn him.

AUTO POLO PLAYER INJURED
MUNCIE, Ind., July 5.—James Wells, 25 years old, of Fairview, Ind., suffered a broken leg and other injuries today when he was pinned beneath an automobile that turned over at the fair grounds, where a game of auto polo was in progress as a feature of the Independence celebration.

BOY HIT BY AUTO MAY DIE
SHELBYVILLE, Ind., July 5.—Ogel Smith, 13 years old, son of Mrs. Mary Smith, was injured probably fatally today when he was run down by an automobile driven by Louis Levinsky, 16 years old. The boy's hip and side was split open and late last night his condition was regarded as critical.

TWO DROWN IN LAKE
BLOOMINGTON, Ind., July 5.—Denzil Adams, 4 years old, and Peter F. Bender, age 23 years old, were drowned Sunday at the Leonard water works lake near here. The Adams lad who was playing near the water slipped over the embankment. Bender attempted to rescue him and they both sank.

DROWNED BOY'S BODY FOUND
PRINCETON, Ind., July 5.—The body of Virgil Wallace, 15 years old, who drowned in White river Sunday, was recovered Monday morning in front of the Wallace home on the river bank where the boy went down. The body was floating.

FOREIGNER DROWNS
INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., July 5.—James Papas, 114 West Vermont street, a foreigner, drowned in White river at the Ravenswood bathing beach above Broad Ripple, about 5 o'clock Monday afternoon, while other bathers were within easy reach. His cries, it is believed, were drowned by laughter and shouts of other bathers. There were no witnesses.

Aged Campbelltown Woman Passes Away at Her Home
Margaret Ann, age 75, wife of James M. Sheffer, died at her home near Campbelltown, Ohio, at 10 p. m., July 2. Funeral services at house Tuesday 2 o'clock. Interment at state line cemetery. A husband and two sons, Joseph, Verling, survive.

WOMAN DIES; HUSBAND SUCCEUMBS 4 HOURS LATER
SEYMOUR, Ind., July 5.—Charles H. Husted, 87 years old, one of the oldest undertakers in Indiana, died at his home here at 2:20 Monday morning, less than four hours after his wife, 81 years old, passed away. Both had been unconscious since early Sunday. They were married in Cincinnati, O., and would have celebrated their sixtieth wedding anniversary next September. Both were born in Germany and came to this country in their early youth.

MORE MEMORIAL TREES
DES MOINES, Ia., July 5.—The custom of planting trees as memorials to those who gave their lives in the world war has been expanded to include women in this city. Representatives of the American Red Cross nursing service and other nursing associations of the state have planted several trees on the grounds of the state capitol building. One of the trees was planted as a memorial to Miss Jane A. Delano, ex-director of American Red Cross nursing, who gave her life in service. This form of memorial has been commended by Miss Clara D. Noyes, present director of American Red Cross nursing service.

IRRIGATION SYSTEM OPENS; HUGE AREA RECLAIMED
SALT LAKE CITY, Utah, July 5.—The Bonneville irrigation project which will improve several thousand acres in Davis county, near Salt Lake City, and which involved a cost of \$750,000, became a reality Monday. Governor C. B. Mabey turned an electric switch and pumps began lifting 43,563 gallons of water a minute from the Jordan river to the high line canal, 812 feet above.

The first woman in America to make architecture a profession was Miss Margaret Hicks, who began practice after her graduation from Cornell in 1880.

Decides on Best Life Insurance
"Five years ago I was refused life insurance because of my heart symptoms. Doctors said it was caused from a pressure of gas that came from my stomach, but their medicine did not help me and I was getting worse all the time. Three years ago my druggist recommended Mayr's Wonderful Remedy. I took a course of it and believe it is the best life insurance anyone can buy. It helped my trouble at once. It is a simple harmless preparation that removes the catarrhal mucus from the intestinal tract and allays the inflammation which causes practically all stomach, liver and intestinal ailments, including appendicitis. One does well convince or money refunded. Clem Thistlethwaite's 7 Drug Stores, A. G. Luken and Company and druggists everywhere."

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The Adventure of the Six Napoleons

with The McClure Newspaper Syndicate.
By SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE
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PART ONE
It was no very unusual thing for Mr. Lestrade, of Scotland Yard, to look in upon us of an evening, and his visits were welcome to Sherlock Holmes, for they enabled him to keep in touch with all that was going on at police headquarters. In return for the news which Lestrade would bring, Holmes was always ready to listen with attention to the details of any case upon which the detective was engaged, and was able occasionally, without any active interference, to give some hint or suggestion drawn from his vast knowledge and experience.

On this particular evening Lestrade had spoken of the weather and the newspapers. Then he had fallen silent, puffing thoughtfully at his cigar. Holmes looked keenly at him.

"Anything remarkable on hand?" he asked.

"Oh, no, Mr. Holmes—nothing very particular."

"Then tell me about it."

"Well, Mr. Holmes, there is no use denying that there is something on my mind. And yet it is such an absurd business that I hesitate to bother you about it. On the other hand, although it is trivial, it is undoubtedly queer, and I know that you have a taste for all that is out of the common. But, in my opinion, it comes more in Dr. Watson's line than ours."

"Disease?" said I.

"Madness, anyhow. And a queer madness, too. You wouldn't think there was anyone living at this time of day who had such a hatred of Napoleon the First that he would break any image of him that he could see."

Holmes sank back in his chair.

"That's no business of mine," said he.

"Exactly. That's what I said. But, then, when the man commits burglary in order to break images which are not his own, that brings it away from the doctor and on to the policeman."

Holmes sat up again.

"Burglary! This is more interesting. Let me hear the details."

Lestrade took out his official notebook, and refreshed his memory from its pages.

"The first case reported was four days ago," said he. "It was at the shop of Morse Hudson, who has a place for the sale of pictures and statues in the Kennington Road. The assistant had left the front shop for an instant, when he heard a crash, and hurrying in he found a plaster bust of Napoleon, which stood with several other works of art upon the counter, lying shivered into fragments. He rushed out into the road, but, although several passersby declared that they had noticed a man run out of the shop, he could neither see anyone nor could he find any means of identifying the rascal. It seemed to be one of those senseless acts of hoodlignism which occur from time to time, and it was reported to the constable on the beat as such. The plaster cast was not worth more than a few shillings, and the whole affair appeared to be too childish for any particular investigation."

"The second case, however, was more serious, and also more singular. It occurred only last night."

"In Kennington Road, and within a few hundred yards of Morse Hudson's shop, there lives a well known medical practitioner, named Dr. Barnicot, who has one of the largest practices upon the south side of the Thames. His residence and principal consulting room is at Kennington Road, but he has a branch surgery and dispensary at Lower Brixton Road, two miles away. This Dr. Barnicot is an enthusiastic admirer of Napoleon, and his house is full of books, pictures and relics of the French emperor. Some little time ago he purchased from Morse Hudson two duplicate plaster casts of the famous head of Napoleon by the French sculptor Devine. One of

these he placed in his hall in the house at Kennington Road, and the other on the mantelpiece of the surgery at Lower Brixton. Well, when Dr. Barnicot came down this morning he was astonished to find that his house had been burgled during the night, but that nothing had been taken save the plaster head from the hall. It had been carried out and had been dashed savagely against the garden wall, under which its splintered fragments were discovered."

Holmes rubbed his hands.

"This is certainly very novel," said he.

"I thought it would please you. But I have not got to the end yet. Dr. Barnicot was due at his surgery at twelve o'clock, and you can imagine his amazement when, on arriving there, he found that the window had been opened in the night, and that the broken pieces of his second bust were strewn all over the room. It had been smashed to atoms where it stood. In neither case were there any signs which could give us a clue as to the criminal or lunatic who had done the mischief. Now, Mr. Holmes, you have got the facts."

"They are singular, not to say grotesque," said Holmes. "May I ask whether the two busts smashed in Dr. Barnicot's rooms were the exact duplicates of the one which was destroyed in Morse Hudson's shop?"

"They were taken from the same mold."

"Such a fact must tell against the theory that the man who breaks them is influenced by any general hatred of Napoleon. Considering how many hundreds of statues of the great Emperor must exist in London, it is too much to suppose such a coincidence that a promiscuous iconoclast should chance to begin upon three specimens of the same bust."

"Well, I thought as you do," said Lestrade. "On the other hand, this Morse Hudson is the purveyor of busts in that part of London and these were the only ones which had been in his shop for years. So, although, as you say, there are many hundreds of statues in London, it is very probable that these three were the only ones in that district. Therefore, a local fanatic would begin with them. What do you think, Dr. Watson?"

"There are no limits to the possibilities of monomania," I answered.

"There is the condition which the modern French psychologists have called the 'idée fixe,' which may be trifling in character, and accompanied by complete sanity in every other way. A man who had read deeply about Napoleon or who had possibly received some hereditary family injury through the great war, might conceivably form such an 'idée fixe' and under its influence be capable of any fantastic outrage."

"That won't do, my dear Watson," said Holmes, shaking his head. "For no amount of 'idée fixe' would enable your interesting monomaniac to find out where these busts were situated."

"Well, how do you explain it?"

"I don't attempt to do so. I would only observe that there is a certain method in the gentleman's eccentric proceedings. For example, in Dr. Barnicot's hall, where a sound might arouse the family, the bust was taken outside before being broken, whereas in the surgery, where there was less danger of an alarm, it was smashed where it stood. The affair seems absurdly trifling, and yet I dare call nothing trivial when I reflect that some of the most classic cases have had the least promising commencement. You will remember, Watson, how the

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dreadful business of the Abernethy family was first brought to my notice by the depth which the parsley had sunk into the butter upon a hot day. I can't afford, therefore, to smile at your three broken busts, Lestrade, and I shall be very much obliged to you if you will let me hear of any fresh development of so singular a chain of events."

The development for which my friend had asked came in a quicker and an infinitely more tragic form than he could have imagined. I was still dressing in my bedroom next morning, when there was a tap at the door and Holmes entered a telegram in his hand. He read it aloud:

"Come instantly, 131, Pitt Street, Kensington.—Lestrade."

"What is it, then?" I asked.

"Don't know—may be anything. But I suspect it is the sequel of the story of the statues. In that case our friend, the image-breaker, has begun operations in another quarter of London. There's coffee on the table, Watson, and I have a cab at the door."

In half an hour we had reached Pitt Street, a quiet little backwater just beside one of the briskest currents of London life. No. 131 was one of a row, all flat-fronted, respectable, and most unromantic dwellings. As we drove up, we found the railings in front of the house lined by a curious crowd. Holmes whistled.

"By George! It's a lamentable murder at the least. Nothing less will hold the London message-boy. There's a deed of violence indicated in that fellow's round shoulders and outstretched neck. What's this, Watson? The top steps swelled down and the other ones dry. Footsteps enough, anyhow! Well, well, there's Lestrade at the front window, and we shall soon know all about it."

The official received us with a very grave face and showed us into a sitting-room, where an exceedingly unkempt and agitated elderly man, clad in a flannel dressing-gown, was pacing up and down. He was introduced to us as the owner of the house—Mr. Horace Barker, of the Central Press Syndicate.

"It's the Napoleon bust business again," said Lestrade. "You seemed interested last night, Mr. Holmes, so I thought perhaps you would be glad to be present now that the affair has taken a very graver turn."

"What has it turned to, then?"

"To murder," Mr. Barker, will you tell these gentlemen exactly what has occurred?"

The man in the dressing-gown turned upon us with a most melancholy face. "It's an extraordinary thing," said he, "that all my life I have been collecting other people's news, and now that a real piece of news has come my own way I am so confused and bothered that I can't put two words together. If I had come in here as a journalist, I should have interviewed myself and had two columns in every evening paper. As it is, I am giving away valuable copy by telling my story over and over to a string of

different people, and I can make no use of it myself. However, I've heard your name, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, and if you'll only explain this queer business, I shall be paid for my trouble in telling you the story."

Holmes sat down and listened.

"It all seems to centre round that bust of Napoleon which I bought for this very room about four months ago. I picked it up cheap from Harding Brothers two doors from the High Street Station. A great deal of my journalistic work is done at night, and I often write until the early morning. So it was today. I was sitting in my den, which is at the back of the top of the house, about three o'clock, when I was convinced that I heard some sounds downstairs. I listened, but they were not repeated, and I concluded that they came from outside. Then suddenly, about five minutes later, there came a most horrible yell—the most dreadful sound, Mr. Holmes, that ever I heard. It will ring in my ears as long as I live. I sat frozen with horror for a minute or two. Then I seized the poker and went downstairs. When I entered this room I found the window wide open, and I at once observed that the bust was gone from the mantel-piece. Why any burglar should take such a thing passes my understanding, for it was only a plaster cast, and of no real value whatever."

"You can see for yourself that anyone going out through that open window could reach the front doorstep by taking a long stride. This was clearly what the burglar had done, so I went round and opened the door. Stepping out into the dark, I nearly fell over a dead man, who was lying there. I ran back for a light, and there was the poor fellow, a great gash in his throat and the whole place swimming in blood. He lay on his back, his knees drawn up, and his mouth horribly open. I had just time to blow on my police whistle, and then I must have fainted, for I knew nothing more until I found the policeman standing over me in the hall."

"Well, who was the murdered man?" asked Holmes.

"There's nothing to show who he was," said Lestrade. "You shall see the body at the mortuary, but we have made nothing of it up to now. He is a tall man, sunburned, very powerful, not more than thirty. He is poorly dressed, and yet does not appear to be a laborer. A horn-handled clasp knife was lying in a pool of blood beside him. Whether it

TENOR SOLOIST RECOMMENDS FOLEY'S

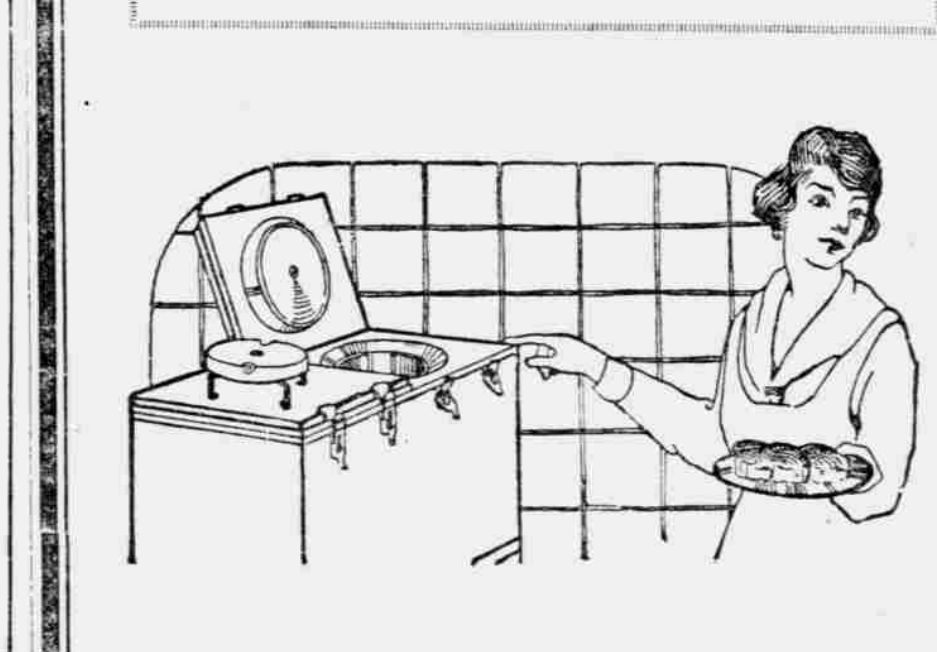
John F. Foley, 721 Morris Ave., Trenton, N. J., well known tenor soloist writes: "I had a very severe cough and tickling in my throat. I could not sleep at night. I tried Foley's Honey and Tar and was relieved at once. Also tickling in my throat has gone. I can highly recommend Foley's Honey and Tar. There's no better remedy for coughs, colds, croup, hay fever and asthma. It is safe, wholesome, and quickly brings good results. A. G. Luken & Co., 626-628 Main.—Advertisement."

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was the weapon which did the deed, or whether it belonged to the dead man, I do not know. There was no name on his clothing, and nothing in his pockets, save an apple, some string, a shilling map of London, and a photograph. Here it is."

Tomorrow—The Adventure of the Six Napoleons, continued.

Masonic Calendar

Tuesday, July 5—Richmond Lodge No. 196 F. & A. M. Stated meeting. Thursday, July 7—Wayne Council No. 10 R. & S. M. Stated assembly. No work.

Friday, July 8—King Solomon Chapter No. 4 R. A. M. Stated convocation. Monday, July 4—Loyal Chapter No. 49 O. E. S. will give an all-day picnic to the members and families at Jackson park, Monday, July 4. Dancing in the evening. Kindly bring well-filled baskets.

Delegates Give Reports of Endeavor Convention

Reports of the state Christian Endeavor convention held in Anderson, in June, were given at the First Christian church Sunday night by Miss Emily Parker and Pierson Naames, of the First Christian church Endeavor society, and Louie Brown, representing East Main Street Friends' Christian Endeavor.

The Rev. E. Howard Brown, pastor of East Main Street Friends' church, has charge of the consecration service. A trio, composed of Grace Gibson, Olive Webster and Ruth Sprague, of the piano. Miss Ruth McCormick, of the First Christian church, led the singing.

Colored globes in drug store windows were first displayed by the Moors of Arabia and Spain.

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Another Double Style is \$42.00

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