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INDIANA State News

Washington, D. C.—Blame for the collision of the New York Central and Michigan Central passenger trains at Porter, Ind., Feb. 27, in which 37 persons were killed and many injured, was placed by the interstate commerce commission bureau of safety directly upon Engineer Long and Fireman Block of the Michigan Central train. The report of the investigation conducted by W. P. Borland, bureau of safety chief, says the cause of the accident was Long's failure to observe and obey the signal governing Porter crossing. A contributing cause was the failure of Fireman Block properly to observe the home signal and his failure to give correct information to the engineer.

Warsaw—Counsel for Virgil Decker, the nineteen-year-old Atwood boy accused of the murder of his companion, Leroy Lovett, issued a repudiation of his recent confession. The confessor said Decker attacked Lovett with a crowbar in a cabin on Tippecanoe river and placed the body on a railroad track to destroy the evidence. The repudiation, as issued, said: "I was promised by Mr. Stout, Mr. Jones and Mr. Merrill (Pennsylvania railroad detectives) that if I would confess to the murder of this boy I would be sentenced to prison for two years and then be a free man. I will say I am not guilty." The detectives denied promising the youth a light sentence.

Indianapolis.—The city of Indianapolis on December 31, 1920, contained 44,34 square miles, its maximum length east and west was 9.1 miles and its maximum width north and south was 10.8 miles, according to the annual report of F. C. Lingenfelter, city civil engineer, which was filed with the board of public works. The report set out the amount of street and alley paving and other public improvements. Out of a total of 692 miles of dedicated streets in the city, said the report, there are 292.46 miles of pavement.

Indianapolis.—Delegates to the conference at Chicago, April 6, which is to be held by the committee of 17 for the co-operative marketing of grain on a national scale, were selected at a meeting of representatives of Indiana farmers' organizations here. Seven delegates were selected, three from the Indiana Federation of Farmers' associations, two from the Indiana Farmers' Grain Dealers' association, one from the Indiana State Grange and one from other organizations.

Salem.—Purdue university has bought a farm of 80 acres in Washington county, which will be operated under the direct supervision of the agricultural department as a model farm for the particular benefit of farmers of southern Indiana. The project, which includes the remodeling of the farm home, erection of modern farm buildings and intensive fertilization and cultivation of the soil, is being financed by two philanthropists of Chicago.

Rushville.—Two much talk about the gymnasium and not enough about classrooms in the proposed new \$90,000 high school building at Milroy, caused the measure to be defeated, when the farmers of the township declared that they were for education first and basketball second. The farmers in the township voted 52 to 15 against the new building, which was heralded to contain a large gymnasium for basketball purposes.

Alexandria.—Alexandria is making a bid for the headquarters of a new military band, to be organized among musicians of Alexandria, Summitville, Rigdon and Gaston. More than 15 musicians in Alexandria will join. Equipment for the band will be provided by the government. During the annual encampment this summer at Camp Knox the band will have two weeks' service.

Leavenworth.—The wearing of scanty attire in public has been prohibited in the Ohio River village of Leavenworth by an ordinance adopted by the town board. Any person more than fourteen years of age who appears on the street in garments which expose the arms, shoulders or legs is to be fined, under the terms of the ordinance, from \$5 to \$25.

Lafayette.—An outstanding piece of work has been completed here in the interest of fire protection. Three thousand three hundred and eighty-four boys and girls have signed a pledge not to kill birds, frighten them or in any way disturb or harm their nests, and to do all they can to keep others from doing so.

Elkhart.—Forty automobiles were destroyed in a fire at the Loeve garage here. The loss on the machines and building was placed at \$75,000.

Newcastle.—Churches of Newcastle, in a vote taken by ballot at services recently on the question of Sunday motion picture shows, returned an overwhelming majority against them. One thousand seven hundred and eighty-eight persons opposed and sixty-one were in favor of the entertainment on the Sabbath.

Terre Haute.—The Terre Haute school board has bought 90 lots in the Denning addition, on the east side of the city, for the purpose of erecting a new high school. The tract cost \$28,500.

The MYSTERY of HARTLEY HOUSE

by Clifford S. Raymond
Illustrated by Irwin Myers Copyright by George H. Doran Co.

"ENGAGED!"

Synopsis.—Dr. John Michelson, just beginning his career, becomes resident physician and companion of Homer Sidney at Hartley house. Mr. Sidney is an American, a semi-invalid, old and rich and very desirous to live. Mrs. Sidney is a Spanish woman, dignified and reticent. Jed, the putter, acts like a privileged member of the family. Hartley house is a fine old isolated country place, with a murder story, "haunted pool" and many watch-dogs, and an atmosphere of mystery. The "haunted pool" is where Richard Debon, son of a former owner of Hartley house, had killed his brother, Arthur Debon. Jed begins operations by locking the doctor in his room the very first night. Doctor John fixes his door so he can't be locked in. He meets Isobel, daughter of the house and falls in love at first sight. In the night he finds the butler drunk and holding Mrs. Sidney by the wrist. He interferes. Mrs. Sidney explains. John buys a revolver.

CHAPTER II—Continued.

The gardener's name was Williamson. He had been on the place almost from the time of Mr. Sidney's purchase of it. He was attached to it, proud of his work and fond of it and its results. He had a neat little cottage beyond the gardens. His wife was very pleasant and thought too much of my services. Williamson himself was a fine man, and I am interested in gardening. Consequently, having to visit the family every day or every other day, I formed a habit of talking with him. When, by chance, I spoke of the ghost story to Williamson, with no more purpose than I ever had but to be a bit embarrassed.

"I take no stock in the stories about the pool," he said. "I'd just as lief pass it at midnight as midday—almost."

"Be honest, Williamson," I suggested laughingly.

"Almost, I said," he replied. "But I did see something at the pool."

He was a straightforward, unimaginative sort of man. I was sure he was not about to indulge in romance.

"I know something of these stories," he said. "I have not gossiped much about—I was coming from town late—after midnight. It was the second year of our being here. It was in the fall or late summer—I do not remember."

"I saw the figure of a man standing by the edge of the river. It was light enough for me to see that the figure was leaning on a stick or cane. I stopped and was going to call out, but for some reason—I don't know just why—I didn't. The figure did not move. I began to feel creepy and went on as gently as I could. Fifty feet farther, I heard a rustling in the brush and I thought I saw a face. I couldn't be sure, but I thought I did. I know I heard a rustling. When I got out in the open, I ran the rest of the way home on the turf."

"There was nothing very alarming about that," I suggested. My romance needed more substance. "You saw a man and heard a noise."

"There was nothing in seeing a man and hearing a noise," said Williamson. "It was the effect."

"That was due to the hour and the place."

"No, I'm not superstitious. I was not thinking of the place. The man on the bank was different from a man. I could not see why. I didn't think he was a man. It was not because I was scared—at first, I became scared as I looked at him. He did not move. He did not seem to be alive. When I felt shivers starting up and down my back, I knew I was scared. Then when I heard the rustling, I went home as quickly and quietly as I could."

CHAPTER III.

Jed certainly was the most significant disconcerting fact in the house, and his influence the most significant malignancy. He had been sobered by the discovery of his attack upon Mrs. Sidney, but as he began to recover from his discomfiture, and as the sense of caution began to lessen, he again asserted, or suggested, control, particularly when he was drunk. He never allowed Mr. Sidney to know this. In their strange association at Horatian wine feasts, Jed was trifling, respectful, considerate and jovial.

To Mrs. Sidney he was at times courteous and thoughtful, at other times disrespectful or even brutal. Sometimes he seemed to frighten himself. When I saw that he was again beginning to show disrespect for her, I was for putting an end to it. Mrs. Sidney was horrified when I said that Jed had brought to terms. She held up her hands.

"No, no," she said. "Not in any event! Never, please, speak to Mr. Sidney. Please never think of it. Jed is invaluable to Mr. Sidney. He is not so discourteous to me as you might think. He is gruff, and drinking does not make him better, but it is Mr. Sidney's whim that he should drink. It would be unjust—don't you see it would be unjust—to make a point against him of behavior that Mr. Sidney causes. Please never mention it."

She was very much in earnest and was not satisfied until she had my promise that I never would speak to Mr. Sidney of Jed until I had her consent. She then showed relief, and I felt more distressed. Jed had some hold on this resolute lady that I should have liked to break.

Jed's attitude toward me was a thing to drive a distracted person who cared what it was. I did not. He

could be interesting, and then I was interested in him. He could be rapid, and I avoided him. He could be surly, and I ignored him. He could be quarrelsome, and I fought him back.

It seldom was a matter of sobriety or insobriety with him. He was best natured to me at times when he was most intoxicated. He was surliest at times when he was perfectly sober. At other times he quite reversed this. One never knew from his physical condition what his disposition might be at the time.

He served at dinner when Mrs. Sidney, Isobel and I, more ceremoniously than we cared to, dined. Certain domestic ceremonies pleased Mr. Sidney and he liked to know that in some respects the baronial character of his place was being maintained as he would have maintained it if he had been active.

When Jed was in good nature, he frequently sought me out for talks, and when he was in good nature, I encouraged him. I did not want to open up any secrets the house might have, merely to learn what they were, but I knew Mrs. Sidney needed help, and I thought I might give it if I knew how. I also thought that Jed some evening when pleasantly and good naturedly drunk and garrulous might say more than he intended. There were many opportunities, but he never did.

One night—this was in September—I was walking about the place with the mastiffs at my side. I stood a while at the edge of the woods looking at the house. In its shadowy bulk it seemed fit container of mystery. Only a few windows were illuminated. It was the river side of the house that was bright at night.

I walked slowly across the lawn toward the side where Mrs. Sidney's rooms were. A small balcony opened off her sitting room. I could hear her talking to some one on this balcony. The person she was talking to, as I heard in another moment, was Jed. I was then almost under the balcony.

"I am a resolute man," Jed was saying. "I'll have my own way. I'll have what I want. I'll make you glad to come to terms. I'm a reasonable man, too. Now, admit that I've been considerate."

I started to get out of hearing as quietly and rapidly as I could, but I heard Mrs. Sidney, her voice vibrant with indignation, say: "I ought to have you whipped."

"That is silly, unreasonable, foolish," said Jed.

"I shall not hesitate to kill you," said Mrs. Sidney.

Then I went out of earshot. The fact that Jed could threaten Mrs. Sidney in this fashion was inexplicable. It could not be explained by his servile attitude to Mr. Sidney, great as that was. I walked about for a while, distressed and depressed; then I patted the heads of the mastiffs, went indoors and to my room.

An hour later I opened my door in response to a light rap. Mrs. Sidney was there.

"May I come in a moment?" she asked. "Thank you. I have a request to make which you cannot help but think is extraordinary—preposterous."

I placed a chair for her. She thought me but remained standing. I thanked she must be in an agony of mind, but she smiled.

"I hope it is to ask me to take Jed in hand," I said.

No; it is to ask you to permit me to announce the engagement of my daughter Isobel to you. Don't be alarmed. It shall not make any difference in your life. It is a desperate expedient I am using out of a difficulty."

I felt as if I were in a spiritual fog. "Is that the only way I can help you out?" I asked.

"The only one," she said. "I have thought of everything."

"Has it to do with Jed again?" I asked.

With things I cannot possibly explain. Is there any one who would be distressed by such an announcement?"

"Not a soul," I said, "except Miss Sidney."

"I would not cause pain," said Mrs. Sidney. "Are you sure there is no one?"

"Mrs. Sidney," I said, "you are the only lady who ever has given me a thought since I know my mother. I am merely wondering what Miss Sidney will think of me in such a role. Will she understand why I take it? I

am not hesitating. I hope I do not seem to be, but I know—I suspect—that your decision is sudden."

Isobel's affection for us is greater than her demand for independence," said Mrs. Sidney. "If she knows that I asked you to consent to this announcement, she will think of you as a proved friend."

I had suggested all the precautions that were reasonable. "You certainly may make any use of me you want to," I said. She thanked me and said good night.

Isobel's view of our engagement was purely comic. She may have had a second of spiritual revolt, but comedy and consideration for her mother asserted themselves. Mrs. Sidney, when she told Isobel of the engagement, had me present. The mother was really embarrassed, almost flustered, but she was determined. Isobel was greatly amused.

It may be imagined that I was not heroic. I might better have been a wax figure taken from a display window. I felt like one, a thing with a wax smile and no animation.

"It is merely precautionary," said Mrs. Sidney uneasily. "It is quite impossible to explain. You will have to accept my judgment, Isobel, Dr. John"—an odd halfway house toward intimacy she reached and stopped at—"Dr. John has been kind enough to do as I asked him. I need and want the support of my children in what I am doing."

I felt a touch of emotion at that. Unconsciously, intent upon her main point, she had included me at the fire-side and had spoken of her "children."

"Anything you do or have done is all right, mother," said Isobel, recovering from her sense of humor. "Dr. John—will not be unhappy—I am sure—will you, doctor? And I—mother—I'll get an advantage of you in this—see if I don't."

"You mustn't try to, Isobel," said Mrs. Sidney anxiously. "I am doing the best I can."

Later in the evening I saw Isobel, finding her alone in the library, where she was reading. I went in to get a book before going to bed. She was by a lamp near the fireplace, and she looked very beautiful.

"I want to talk to you," she said when she saw me. "Do you know the explanation of this?"

"No," I said.

"You are not quite honest," she said. "A man engaged to a girl he never asked to marry him might suspect that something was out of the ordinary."

"Of course, something is extraordinary," I said. "Do you know what it is?"

"No, I don't," she said. "Why don't you sit down?"

With a soft witchery of femininity she pervaded and glorified the room, but she was peremptory. I was not sullen, but I felt defiant.

"Because I don't want to sit down," I said.

Isobel smiled indulgently at me.

"Oh, sit down, Dr. John," she said. "I want to talk to you. We are engaged, you know, and engaged people ought to have a talk after the event."

"You understand how this happened," I suggested.

"I do," she said. "My mother is frightened. Jed has been trying to marry me."

"What can give him the privilege of such insolence?" I exclaimed.

"I imagine he is enamored," she said serenely. "It may seem impossible to you."

"Has this man approached you directly?" I asked.

He has been gallant, amorous, suggestive, tender, soulful, aggressive, pleading, threatening, subservient and—I think that is all—but only in manner."

"I don't understand it," I said helplessly.

"Neither do I," she said. "And I know just enough to know that I shall not understand it. I do not like to find a Romeo among the servants, but I have learned to accept some strange conditions here—among them you."

"Don't disturb yourself about me," I said.

A good deal of my hurt pride must have found expression in that remark. "I am unjust," she said. "I know that you are doing what my mother wants done and that you are not considering yourself. I shall be reasonable. I want to make my mother's life as pleasant as it can be made. I cannot understand everything that she needs of me, but I know that you have done everything that you could do for her. I do not want to seem inconsiderate."

"I'd like to protect you and your mother," I said.

"We are indebted," said Isobel, with a chill and unkind restraint. Then she smiled and said: "Good night, doctor. If I am inconsiderate at any time, put it down to a naturally bad temper."

Jed had taken a small shotgun and said that he was going after rabbits, which were unusually numerous and threatened to be damaging to the young brush about the place. It was an October afternoon with a warm sun. An hour or two after Jed had gone, I went out for a walk, going down by the pool.

I was in the brush for fifteen minutes, and it happened that while I was there I saw from a little prominence the figure of Jed on ahead with his shotgun. He was some distance away, but I could see that he was going steadily from tree to tree in an odd fashion for one hunting for rabbits. It was as if he were stalking something rather than trying to kick rabbits up out of the brush.

I went on toward the pool. Once again I saw Jed ahead of me. I came out on the path and went on to the river bank, where I sat down.

Whenever I saw a piece of drift in the pool and watched its movements, I thought of the body of the slain brother. It had been whirled out into the current and had been carried down stream. On the bank had been found a few torn bits of clothing—the sleeve of a coat, a collar spotted with blood, a necktie and a piece of a white shirt. There also had been found a heavy walking stick, bloodied and with hair in the blood.

I had not been sitting on the bank five minutes when I was startled by a

shot from the nearby thickets, and a bullet hit within two feet of where I was sitting, knocking off the bark of a tree. The report was not that of a small shotgun such as Jed had carried. It was the report of a rifle or pistol.

The chipped bark showed that a bullet, not shot, had hit the tree, and I was unpleasantly conscious of what had happened. Jed had shot at me, probably with a large caliber revolver. He could not have had a rifle, unless he had one hidden in the brush. I had seen what he carried, not only as he left the house but as he was dodging through the thickets.

It likely was a pistol or a revolver, and that was why he had missed me. I was stupefied for an instant, and I did not jump or start. I was motionless, not even looking around, but I was thinking rapidly. A subconscious protective idea formed almost instantly, and when the next moment another shot came from behind me, I fell forward on my face, rolled a couple of feet to a bush, turned my face in the direction from which the shot came, got out my pistol and lay still.

After a minute or two which seemed a very long time, Jed's face came in view in the brush. He looked malevolent but seemed undetermined and cautious. I think he was uncertain whether to leave my body where it lay and have it discovered, or throw it into the river and have my disappearance unexplained. His decision was given him by the noise of a farm wagon approaching on the road, and he disappeared. I was ready to shoot him if he came near me.

I was young and had youth's confidence, but nevertheless this event would have sent me away from Hartley if it had not been for Isobel and Mrs. Sidney. They needed even my small help and I had to remain. I had to remain, but I had also to protect myself. Another time Jed might not miss. On the way back to the house I thought out a plan which I believed would work. I inquired for Jed and was told that he was with Mr. Sidney. I found him there drinking, and my entrance gave him a shock which he plainly indicated. His fright made him so ugly that he was comic.

"After all, we are engaged."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MOB'S ACTION SELDOM JUST

Henry Watterson Wrote Feelingly on the Brute Nature of Mankind, When Herded in Groups.

The people en masse constitute what we call the mobs. Mobs have rarely been right—never except when capably led. . . . It was the mob in Paris that made the Reign of Terror. Mobs have seldom been tempted, even though they had small chance to go wrong, that they have not gone wrong.

"The people" is a fetish. It was the people, misled, who precipitated the South into the madness of secession and the ruin of a hopelessly unequal war of sections. . . .

This is merely to note the mortal fallibility of man, most fallible when herded in groups and prone to do in the aggregate what he would hesitate to do when left to himself and his individual accountability.

Under a wise dispensation of power, despotism, we are told, embodies the best of all government. The trouble is that despotism is seldom, if ever, wise. It is its nature to be incoherent, being essentially selfish, grasping and tyrannical. As a rule, therefore, revolution—usually of force—has been required to change or reform it. Perfectibility was not designed for mortal man. . . .—Henry Watterson in "Morse Henry," an Autobiography.

Woodpecker a "Home Bird."

Among the natural guardians of the trees are the woodpeckers, which gather their food as they creep round the trunks and branches. As the food of the woodpecker is nearly as abundant in winter as in summer, they are seldom migratory. They never forage in flocks, like some of the granivorous birds whose food is more plentiful but scatter over wide areas, and thus better their fare. They bear the same relation to other birds that take their food from trees as snakes and woodcocks bear to thrushes and quails—that is, they are into the wood as the snake holes into the earth, while thrushes and quails seek their sustenance on the surface of the ground.

World's Highest Village.

The little village of Karak in Kashmir is said by a writer in L'Astronomie to be the highest in the world. Its altitude is 14,946 feet. The building consist of a few wretched stone houses and a small Buddhist monastery. Kashmir is the most northerly state of India and lies wholly in the Himalayan mountains. Not far from its eastern border is Mr. Everest, the loftiest peak so far as known, in the world.

"Cold in the Head"

An acute attack of Nasal Catarrh. Those subject to frequent "colds in the head" will find that the use of HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE will build up the system, cleanse the Blood and render them less liable to colds. Repeated attacks of Acute Catarrh may lead to Chronic Catarrh. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System, thus reducing the inflammation and restoring normal conditions. All Druggists. Circulars free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Revolver.

"How'd you get all mashed up in this way?" asked the doctor. "Revolver," replied the victim. "But you aren't shot." "It was a revolving door."

Constipation, indigestion, sick-headache and bilious conditions are overcome by a course of Garfield Tea. Drink before retiring.—Adv.

Inside Work.

Artist—"Madam, it is not faces alone that I paint; it is souls." Madam—"Oh! You do interiors, then?"

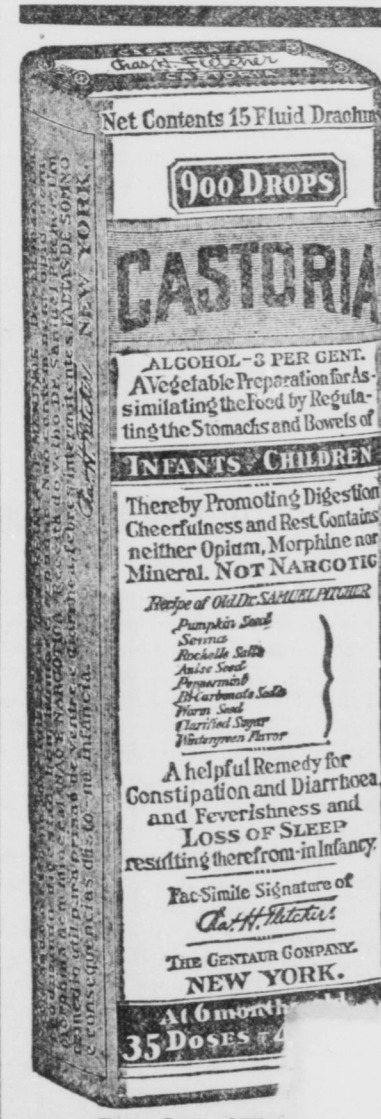
Some men would rather be wrong than right—if there's more money in it.

Movie Actresses

are famed for their beauty, and nearly every one of them has good health. The public will not pay to see sick women act. When health has so much to do with the complexion and good looks, it is a wonder that every sick, weak or suffering woman does not take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and get well. This medicine is a tonic, and acts directly upon the womanly organs. For the last half century it has been making sick women well. It costs little and does much. Send 10c to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel for trial package of Tablets.

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WAS NEW ONE ON K

Great British Soldier Son of His Element When He Came to Chaplains.

Here is a Lord Kitchener story, told by the anonymous author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street." Kitchener was a soldier and absorbed in his profession. Details outside of his ruling passion annoyed him.

During the early days of the war Lloyd George went to him at the war office and asked the appointment of denominational chaplains for the various sects of the army.

Kitchener had no interest in chaplains. He regarded them as a negligible factor in the fighting machine. He opposed the appointments. Lloyd George insisted, especially with respect to Presbyterians. Kitchener finally yielded and picked up his pen.

"Very well," he said, "you shall have a Presbyterian." Then a faint smile lighted his serious face. "Let me see, Presbyterian?—how do you spell it?"

Much Worse.

"You'll have to work hard if you want to win Miss Bond, the heiress." "Yes, and I'll have to work a duced sight harder if I don't."

His Choice.

"I want a ouija board." "What kind?" "Give me one that can spell."

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria

Always Bears the Signature of

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and through orchards of apples and downy mildew. The road-finding machine is a beautiful drive of 14 miles from Riverside to San Diego. It is the longest and most beautiful drive of its kind in the world. It is the longest and most beautiful drive of its kind in the world. It is the longest and most beautiful drive of its kind in the world.

Another show place to inspire visitors is the cross-guarded summit. Behind the cross-guarded summit to eastern farms, while the horses produced and worked on the farms of the Mississippi valley until five or six years old, then passed to eastern cities, where after six or eight years of service they are resold as sure-footed city-worn horses to dealers, who sell them at a very nominal figure to farming sections of New England, to work the balance of their days. Such horses represent a complete cycle from farms to cities and back to farms again. It is more true now than in the past, that the good horse or mule pays a profit to the producer, the dealer and ultimate user, while the poor one loses money to all concerned.—Exchange.

Enough Said.

The farmer was met by a seedy-looking individual, who called out: "Is that your pork on the road down there?" "Pork?" repeated the farmer. "What do you mean? There's a pig of mine out there."

"Ah," continued the tramp, "but there's a motorcar just went by."

A person who tells you the faults of others will tell others of yours.

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is made of selected wheat, bran and molasses. Boil it for twenty minutes or more, and you obtain a beverage of rich, delightful flavor, that is in every way healthful.

Postum Cereal is free from harmful elements, and is economical.

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