

Walkerton Independent

Published Every Thursday by THE INDEPENDENT-NEWS CO.
Publishers of the WALKERTON INDEPENDENT, NORTH LIBERTY NEWS, LAKESVILLE STANDARD
THE ST. JOSEPH CO. WHEELERS
Clem DeCoudres, Business Manager
Charles M. Fine, Editor
SUBSCRIPTION RATES
One Year.....\$1.00
Six Months.....\$.50
Three Months.....\$.25
TERMS IN ADVANCE
Entered at the post office at Walkerton, Ind., as second-class matter.

Seen and Heard In Indiana

Indianapolis.—George N. Mannfeld, chief of the fish and game division of the state observation department here, called attention that December 19 was the last day of the open season for the lawful shooting of any species of wild game in this state other than rabbits and waterfowl. Rabbits can be lawfully killed up to and including January 9, 1925, but the season closes on waterfowl after December 31. The bag limit on wild duck is 15 a day and on geese, 8 a day. Mr. Mannfeld pointed out that the end of the lawful shooting season on wild game does not mean that fur-bearing animals, such as skunk, opossum, fox, raccoon, muskrat, etc., cannot be killed after December 20. Fur-bearers are not classed as wild game and under Indiana laws may be trapped and killed up to and including February 10.

Evansville.—The grave of James Bethel Greshem, one of the three first Americans to fall in the line of battle after the entrance of the United States in the World war, marked only by a glass fruit jar, is soon to be marked with a government marker, the slab having been sent out, according to a notification received by Greshem's mother, Mrs. Alice Greshem Dodd. Patriotic organizations of the city will jointly join in a befitting service at the placing of the marker over the Greshem grave.

Muncie.—Mrs. Nancy J. Wilson, who died a year ago, left an estate of several thousand dollars and included in her bequests a trust fund of \$5,000 which she turned over to a trust company to be invested for the benefit of the unfortunate children of Muncie. Interest on the investment for the last year amounted to \$300, and the trust company took 15 boys and girls, recommended by public school principals, to a store and spent \$10 for clothing for each child. The owners of the store took no profits on the garments sold.

Anderson.—Mrs. William Gladback of Fisherburg, west of here, has a land grant dated 1817, bearing the signature of President James Monroe, in which 160 acres of ground on the present site of Quincy, Ill., was granted her grandfather, Thomas Baxter. Mrs. Gladback may use the historic land grant as a basis for a claim to a share of the valuable property. She claims that when the ground was transferred her grandmother did not sign the deed.

Indianapolis.—E. R. Root, Medina, Ohio, one of the speakers on the first day's program of the annual Indiana Beekeepers' association convention at the statehouse, congratulated the beekeepers of Indiana on the support they receive from the state, and asserted that Indiana has the best law for control of disease among bees and the best system of inspection in the United States.

Indianapolis.—Maj. Gen. Robert E. Tyndall, O. R. C., was selected commander of Indiana commandery, Military Order of Foreign Wars, and Brig. Gen. L. R. Gignilliat, superintendent of Culver Military academy, was chosen senior vice commander at the annual meeting, held at Indianapolis, when Brig. Gen. Hugh A. Drum, U. S. A., of the general staff, was the guest of honor.

Rockville.—Workmen have been employed day and night in an effort to repair the break in the four-inch pipe extending from the pumping station across Little Raccoon creek to the State Tuberculosis hospital, near Rockville. The pipe was broken in the creek. It was said at the hospital that the repairs probably would be completed soon.

Terre Haute.—Yeggmen at Terre Haute robbed two safes and escaped with approximately \$2,500. The safe in the office of the Standard Oil company was Jimmed open by four masked bandits and the contents, \$300, was stolen. At the American theater, approximately \$1,600, the receipts of Saturday and Sunday, were stolen.

Indianapolis.—Cairy Littlejohn, for six years state inspector of mines and mining, and instrumental in the framing of Indiana mining laws, died at the Methodist hospital in Indianapolis, following a major intestinal operation. Mr. Littlejohn was sixty-four years old.

Chicago.—Edgar F. Hiatt, former president of the Dickinson Trust company of Richmond, must serve five years in the federal penitentiary at Atlanta, Ga., for defalcations from funds of the bank, it was decided in the Federal Court of Appeals at Chicago.

Kokomo.—The appointment of Mrs. Minnie Bernard as agent for the distribution of automobile license plates in Howard county was announced by Frederick E. Schortemeyer, secretary of state.

Anderson.—Paul Wicker and Elwood Brightman, both age twenty, were arrested, charged with holding up and robbing John Malady, age twenty-four, in his home at Anderson.

Terre Haute.—Floyd Black, age twenty-eight, said by police to have a long police record, was captured here after a revolver fight in which he was so severely wounded that he was immediately taken to a hospital in an effort to save his life. Black has been hunted five days as an alleged accomplice to his brother, Lester, already under arrest, in an attempted wrecking of the Dixie flyer, crack C. & E. I. train.

Noblesville.—John Hare, seventy-three years old, local machinist, committed suicide by shooting himself.

THE BALLYHOO GIRL

By ALBERT M. TREYNOR

(© by Short Story Co.)

YOU'VE seen the brazen, rouged females who pose in front of side shows, while barkers scream coarse hyperbole to the crowding yokels outside the tent. They are known professionally as ballyhoo girls. The term, usually, is opprobrious; but not always, not always. Applied to Miss Madeline Vance it gained a new and lovely significance.

Miss Vance was one of the four ballyhoo girls who were employed by the side show of the great Baum and Bagley circus. She was neither brazen nor rouged. Therein she differed from nearly all of the others. Afternoons and evenings she stood on the small platform in front of the lesser tent with her frazzled and haggard sisters—the center of leering, masculine interest, a blushing picture of tortured and flinching modesty. Once I saw a delicate Corot hung in an auctioneer's shop between two vulgar, strident lithographs, and my feeling then was a muffled echo of the pang that used to clutch at my heart when I saw Miss Vance in her poor little red dress, standing beside her harish companions.

"Yah, yah! Ballyhoo girl!" he shouted.

Madame Westphalia gave no sign, but Harry seized his nephew by the arm and quickly drew him away. For an instant I felt the girl cringe beneath the sting of the taunt. The naked soul of her had been flecked by the words of the demon child; but oh, how bravely she bore it! Almost immediately she regained her self-control, resuming towards me her light, bantering tone, as we continued our walk.

A week later we were playing to one of those record-breaking crowds that, either a kindly providence or a capable press department, was turning out for us that year. The aerial apparatus was in place, but the act was not due for about fifteen minutes. I was just strolling into the big top when Madame Westphalia came sprinting past me like a loony woman. "My boy, my boy!" she was shrieking; and, sure enough, there was reason for the mother alarm.

Teddy, in some manner, had climbed to the madame's trapeze when no one was looking. A childish whim had caused him to unfasten the tape by which he might have descended. Directly beneath him was a pile of hurdles that had been thrown there at the end of an equestrian act. The net had not been stretched. Now, on his uncertain perch, he had become frightened, and was slipping from the bar—slipping, slipping from the bar!

The big audience was standing on the benches—just standing, staring—rigid with horror.

Then, I felt rather than heard a sharp sigh whip around the human horseshoe, like the sudden intent of a pneumatic copy tube. I saw that the concentrated gaze of the crowd had been shifted from the boy to a pair of hanging rings, some 30 feet to the right. A girl in a short, red dress had climbed to one of these rings. She was swinging—swinging in a lateral direction—in rapidly widening arcs—swinging with all the impetus her little body and limbs could throw into the movement—swinging until her heels dimpled the canvas top. Suddenly she shot out over the arena towards the boy's trapeze. There was a flicker of red, a fearsome creaking of ropes as the trapeze hauled taut, and the woman caught up securely on the bar with the boy. The shock threw him from his precarious resting place, but a strong, brown hand clutched the looseness of his blouse as he fell, and held him until he could be drawn up to safety.

Then—then—and the recognition of her came to me like a slap triumphant upon the back—I saw that Teddy's rescuer was Miss Vance. Ah, that was a leap! The most daring performer would never have ventured it in cold blood.

She slipped to the ground with him, and Madame Westphalia kissed and cried over them both, and became quite maudlin with emotion. Harry kissed her, too, and escorted her from the arena.

The ballyhoo girl had regained her nerve and she won back her place on the flying trapeze.

The following week Harry married her life and twenty years later she lost her life in a railroad accident caused by the carelessness of an employee who left a latch open in the South Omaha yards.

What became of Teddy?

He drifted into railroading when he grew up, and it was he who neglected to close the switch.

Hasty Sightseers Pass Up Things of Interest

Many villages in England through which motorists and tourists rush without a moment's pause have something about them or belonging to them or situated in their immediate neighborhood which would be worth a stop—did the traveler but know, says London Tit-Bits.

At the "Bear," Esher, is shown the pair of heavy spurred boots which were worn by the boy who drove Louis Philippe to Claremont after his flight from France. At Houghton-in-the-Vale, between East Barham and Walsingham, is a little chapel called "the Shoe House." When Walsingham abbey was the Lourdes of England, to which pilgrims flocked from all parts of the world, they left their shoes there before proceeding to pay their devotions.

Above the sun dial on the tower of Eynsford church in Kent is Brownings famous couplet,

Grow old along with me.
The best is yet to be.

and one at Holmwood in Surrey has

once saw the truth concerning Miss Vance's trouble and knew that any performer, herself included, at any moment, might be similarly attacked. Yet there was no sympathy in her manner as she slid to the net, swung to the ground, kicked into her slippers and swept off, without a word, to the dressing room.

Harry Westphalia felt sorry for the girl. I could see that much in the glance he gave her as he walked out of the arena with the rest of the troupe. But I could also see that, from that moment, he would look down upon Miss Vance as a member of a greatly inferior social class. The lines of caste are drawn with brutal distinctness among circus people.

If, by some supreme effort of the mind, Miss Vance had succeeded in recovering her old professional confidence, she would have been restored to her former position. But no one seemed to entertain the thought of such a possibility. Miss Vance certainly did not. She knew that she had lost the grip on herself, and to that misfortune she resigned herself without a struggle.

Harry Westphalia was one of the four ballyhoo girls who were employed by the side show of the great Baum and Bagley circus. She was neither brazen nor rouged. Therein she differed from nearly all of the others.

Afternoons and evenings she stood on the small platform in front of the lesser tent with her frazzled and haggard sisters—the center of leering, masculine interest, a blushing picture of tortured and flinching modesty.

Once I saw a delicate Corot hung in an auctioneer's shop between two vulgar, strident lithographs, and my feeling then was a muffled echo of the pang that used to clutch at my heart when I saw Miss Vance in her poor little red dress, standing beside her harish companions.

"Yah, yah! Ballyhoo girl!" he shouted.

Madame Westphalia gave no sign, but Harry seized his nephew by the arm and quickly drew him away. For an instant I felt the girl cringe beneath the sting of the taunt. The naked soul of her had been flecked by the words of the demon child; but oh, how bravely she bore it! Almost immediately she regained her self-control, resuming towards me her light, bantering tone, as we continued our walk.

A week later we were playing to one of those record-breaking crowds that, either a kindly providence or a capable press department, was turning out for us that year. The aerial apparatus was in place, but the act was not due for about fifteen minutes. I was just strolling into the big top when Madame Westphalia came sprinting past me like a loony woman. "My boy, my boy!" she was shrieking; and, sure enough, there was reason for the mother alarm.

Teddy, in some manner, had climbed to the madame's trapeze when no one was looking. A childish whim had caused him to unfasten the tape by which he might have descended. Directly beneath him was a pile of hurdles that had been thrown there at the end of an equestrian act. The net had not been stretched. Now, on his uncertain perch, he had become frightened, and was slipping from the bar—slipping, slipping from the bar!

The big audience was standing on the benches—just standing, staring—rigid with horror.

Then, I felt rather than heard a sharp sigh whip around the human horseshoe, like the sudden intent of a pneumatic copy tube. I saw that the concentrated gaze of the crowd had been shifted from the boy to a pair of hanging rings, some 30 feet to the right. A girl in a short, red dress had climbed to one of these rings. She was swinging—swinging in a lateral direction—in rapidly widening arcs—swinging with all the impetus her little body and limbs could throw into the movement—swinging until her heels dimpled the canvas top. Suddenly she shot out over the arena towards the boy's trapeze. There was a flicker of red, a fearsome creaking of ropes as the trapeze hauled taut, and the woman caught up securely on the bar with the boy. The shock threw him from his precarious resting place, but a strong, brown hand clutched the looseness of his blouse as he fell, and held him until he could be drawn up to safety.

Then—then—and the recognition of her came to me like a slap triumphant upon the back—I saw that Teddy's rescuer was Miss Vance. Ah, that was a leap! The most daring performer would never have ventured it in cold blood.

She slipped to the ground with him, and Madame Westphalia kissed and cried over them both, and became quite maudlin with emotion. Harry kissed her, too, and escorted her from the arena.

The ballyhoo girl had regained her nerve and she won back her place on the flying trapeze.

The following week Harry married her life and twenty years later she lost her life in a railroad accident caused by the carelessness of an employee who left a latch open in the South Omaha yards.

What became of Teddy?

He drifted into railroading when he grew up, and it was he who neglected to close the switch.

Then—then—and the recognition of her came to me like a slap triumphant upon the back—I saw that Teddy's rescuer was Miss Vance. Ah, that was a leap! The most daring performer would never have ventured it in cold blood.

She slipped to the ground with him, and Madame Westphalia kissed and cried over them both, and became quite maudlin with emotion. Harry kissed her, too, and escorted her from the arena.

The ballyhoo girl had regained her nerve and she won back her place on the flying trapeze.

The following week Harry married her life and twenty years later she lost her life in a railroad accident caused by the carelessness of an employee who left a latch open in the South Omaha yards.

What became of Teddy?

He drifted into railroading when he grew up, and it was he who neglected to close the switch.

Then—then—and the recognition of her came to me like a slap triumphant upon the back—I saw that Teddy's rescuer was Miss Vance. Ah, that was a leap! The most daring performer would never have ventured it in cold blood.

She slipped to the ground with him, and Madame Westphalia kissed and cried over them both, and became quite maudlin with emotion. Harry kissed her, too, and escorted her from the arena.

The ballyhoo girl had regained her nerve and she won back her place on the flying trapeze.

The following week Harry married her life and twenty years later she lost her life in a railroad accident caused by the carelessness of an employee who left a latch open in the South Omaha yards.

What became of Teddy?

He drifted into railroading when he grew up, and it was he who neglected to close the switch.

Then—then—and the recognition of her came to me like a slap triumphant upon the back—I saw that Teddy's rescuer was Miss Vance. Ah, that was a leap! The most daring performer would never have ventured it in cold blood.

She slipped to the ground with him, and Madame Westphalia kissed and cried over them both, and became quite maudlin with emotion. Harry kissed her, too, and escorted her from the arena.

The ballyhoo girl had regained her nerve and she won back her place on the flying trapeze.

The following week Harry married her life and twenty years later she lost her life in a railroad accident caused by the carelessness of an employee who left a latch open in the South Omaha yards.

What became of Teddy?

He drifted into railroading when he grew up, and it was he who neglected to close the switch.

Then—then—and the recognition of her came to me like a slap triumphant upon the back—I saw that Teddy's rescuer was Miss Vance. Ah, that was a leap! The most daring performer would never have ventured it in cold blood.

She slipped to the ground with him, and Madame Westphalia kissed and cried over them both, and became quite maudlin with emotion. Harry kissed her, too, and escorted her from the arena.

The ballyhoo girl had regained her nerve and she won back her place on the flying trapeze.

The following week Harry married her life and twenty years later she lost her life in a railroad accident caused by the carelessness of an employee who left a latch open in the South Omaha yards.

What became of Teddy?

He drifted into railroading when he grew up, and it was he who neglected to close the switch.

Then—then—and the recognition of her came to me like a slap triumphant upon the back—I saw that Teddy's rescuer was Miss Vance. Ah, that was a leap! The most daring performer would never have ventured it in cold blood.

She slipped to the ground with him, and Madame Westphalia kissed and cried over them both, and became quite maudlin with emotion. Harry kissed her, too, and escorted her from the arena.

The ballyhoo girl had regained her nerve and she won back her place on the flying trapeze.

The following week Harry married her life and twenty years later she lost her life in a railroad accident caused by the carelessness of an employee who left a latch open in the South Omaha yards.

What became of Teddy?

He drifted into railroading when he grew up, and it was he who neglected to close the switch.

Then—then—and the recognition of her came to me like a slap triumphant upon the back—I saw that Teddy's rescuer was Miss Vance. Ah, that was a leap! The most daring performer would never have ventured it in cold blood.

She slipped to the ground with him, and Madame Westphalia kissed and cried over them both, and became quite maudlin with emotion. Harry kissed her, too, and escorted her from the arena.

The ballyhoo girl had regained her nerve and she won back her place on the flying trapeze.

The following week Harry married her life and twenty years later she lost her life in a railroad accident caused by the carelessness of an employee who left a latch open in the South Omaha yards.

What became of Teddy?

He drifted into railroading when he grew up, and it was he who neglected to close the switch.

Then—then—and the recognition of her came to me like a slap triumphant upon the back—I saw that Teddy's rescuer was Miss Vance. Ah, that was a leap! The most daring performer would never have ventured it in cold blood.

She slipped to the ground with him, and Madame Westphalia kissed and cried over them both, and became quite maudlin with emotion. Harry kissed her, too, and escorted her from the arena.