

## A SACRED CONCERT SUNDAY

MOST OF GREENCASLE'S MUSICAL TALENT WILL BE INCLUDED IN THE PROGRAM TO BE GIVEN AT THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH. ALL CHURCHES JOIN SERVICE.

## OFFERING TO HOSPITAL FUND

More Than Fifty Voices Will be in Choir. Mrs. Nellie Matson Brown to Sing. Under Direction of Harry Maxwell.

On Sunday night at the Christian church will be given a Sacred Concert. All the churches of the city have joined in the project and the silver offering collection will go to the Hospital fund. Greencastle is noted for its musical talent and almost every one of its musicians will take part in the Sunday night concert.

Although the program has not yet been definitely arranged by Harry Maxwell, who has the direction of the affair in charge, it is assured that many beautiful and well rendered numbers will go to make up

## At Our Fountain

You get the coldest drinks; you get the purest drinks; you get the nicest drinks - not a thing is left undone to serve our customers in a way that will please and satisfy them. Ice Cream in any quantity.

Jones' Drug Store

the evening's service. Among those who will lend their assistance in making it a success are Mrs. Charles Walter Brown of Chicago, who will sing a vocal selection. A choir of more than 50 voices will sing and there will be numbers by a male and also ladies quartette. Mr. Maxwell will have a solo and he and his wife will sing a duet. There also will be music by an orchestra of 10 pieces.

Great interest is being manifested among the congregations of all of the churches and among the musical talent of the city and a most enjoyable and profitable service is assured

## RED MEN WIN AGAIN

Odd Fellows Defeated in a Game of Base Ball Played Tuesday Afternoon at McKee Field by Score of 6 to 2.

The Red Men are still undefeated base ball players. Tuesday afternoon they proved their superiority over the Odd Fellows at the great national game by defeating them by a score of 6 to 2. The contest was on the McKee Field.

Both teams played good ball but the Indians had it over their opponents and won without much difficulty. Gibbons and Osborn was the battery for the Red Men and Ellis and Crawley for the Odd Fellows.

## LETTER LIST.

The following list of letters remain in the postoffice uncalled for Wednesday, July 3, 1907.

Mrs. Lizzie Borden, Master John H. Bailey, Mr. Mutt Lafferty, Mr. H. H. Moineaux, Mr. Ira Nichols, Miss Edgarda Piercy, Mr. Andy Sanford, Mrs. Blanche Todd.

In calling for the same please say "advertised" and give date of list.

J. G. DUNBAR, P. M.

## Police Court Gossip.

Charner Buis was before the mayor this morning and fined \$11 for intoxication. He paid the fine. Buis was arrested last night.

## PLANNING AN EXPOSITION

MOVEMENT ON FOOT FOR GIVING A TWO DAYS' ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE HOSPITAL FUND. C. R. WILLIAMS THE PROMOTER OF THE PLAN.

## PURELY A LOCAL ENTERPRISE

Affair to be Given in About Four Weeks. To be on Friday and Saturday. Scheme is Well Thought of by Business Men.

Plans are now being discussed among the business men of Greencastle for an exposition to be given in about four weeks for the benefit of the Hospital Association. The scheme is proposed by C. R. Williams, late general manager of the Tin Plate Mill, who proposes to take the matter in charge and work up the enterprise.

He plans to have it purely a local affair, with Greencastle and Putnam county people at the head of every booth and place of amusement.

The exposition if held will be on Friday and Saturday. Many attractions would be arranged and many novel and amusing shows gotten up. The city will be decorated with lights and bunting and flags.

Many of the business men were consulted this morning regarding the scheme and all seemed to be greatly pleased with the plan. If the support of the business men will warrant Mr. Williams will take hold of the scheme and push it along. He will give all of his time to the enterprise and it will no doubt prove a great success.

## BEWARE OF TOY PISTOL

And Handle Giant Fire Crackers and Other Explosives With Care.

Parents and children can not exercise too much care on the Fourth of July in their celebration of the nation's birthday. Every Fourth has its long list of casualties, many of which would never have occurred had more care been taken by those celebrating the event with fire crackers, roman candles and other pyrotechnical displays. Not only is the promiscuous shooting of fireworks liable to bring injuries to those engaged in the sport but loss of property by fire starting from the fireworks very frequently follows. It is hoped that Greencastle will have a safe and sane celebration. This will be the case if no one will violate the city's laws and ordinances relative to the shooting of fireworks.

## TO TEAR DOWN STAIRWAYS

Board of Public Works Orders that Side Walks on Vine Street be Vented by Frank Donner and Mrs. Claire Lammers. Meeting Held Tuesday Night.

The side cellar-way to the Donner building and the side stairway to the building owned by Mrs. Claire Lammers, on Vine street, must be removed. Both buildings face on Washington street but have side entrances on Vine. Both of these entrances extend out over the side walk.

Now that the new side walk is being built on Vine street the city wants the walks to be the correct

width. A survey shows that the Donner building itself stands several inches into the street. No action will be taken on this, however. The side cellar-way takes up several feet more of the city's property. On the other side of the street Mrs. Lammers' side stairway takes up several feet of the side walk space, also.

Mr. Lucas, who represents Mrs. Lammers, and Mr. Donner met with the board of public works Tuesday night and discussed the situation. They again met with the board this morning and went to the buildings and investigated conditions there. The result of the meetings was that the board ordered that both stairways be taken away.

## A PREMATURE CELEBRATION

Youth, Who Was Laden with "Noise Packages," Loses His Fourth of July Fireworks. Boy Slipped up Fro Behind and Touched the Fuse. Bang!

Biff! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Fizz!

"Heh, what's the matter with yous all."

It was Pete, the little colored porter at the Commercial hotel, who asked the question. He did not do this, however, until after he had gained his equilibrium and composure, caused by the sudden explosion of gain fire crackers, sky rockets, etc., which a minute before he had been carrying under his arm.

"Go on there, now yous gone ruint my Foth of July."

It all happened Tuesday night. Pete was walking down Washington street with all his Fourth of July "noise makers" under his arm. Some mischievous youth seeing a fuse sticking out behind slipped up and touched it with a match—Bang! In less time than it takes to tell Pete's fireworks were a thing of the past, and he was a most astonished and scared young man.

## JOHNSON-JONES WEDDING

One of the prettiest weddings of the season was that of Miss Gladys Jones, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. L. Jones, and Mr. John B. Johnson, which took place Wednesday morning at the home of the bride's parents. Only the immediate families of the bride and groom and a few of the bride's most intimate friends were present. The ceremony was performed by Rev. O'Haver, pastor of Locust Street Methodist church. The parlor was tastefully decorated in daisies. The ceremony was performed before the bay window which was banked with palms. There were no attendants. The bride wore her going away gown, a gray plaid silk, trimmed in valenciennes lace, black velvet ribbon and cut steel buttons. Her hat was black and white also.

After congratulations a three course luncheon was served. The dining room was elaborately decorated with festoons of sweet peas. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson left immediately for Cedar Lake, where they will be a week. They will be at home after Aug. 1, at 646 Morton Ave.

The guests from out of town were Miss Bess Power, Indianapolis, Miss Zelah Morris, Rushville, Mr. George Johnson, Cloverdale and Mr. Harry Johnson, Chicago.

Miss Jones was a very popular girl at Butler College and her many friends there extend heartfelt congratulations and best wishes. Mr. Johnson attended DePauw University for a year.

Fire works at the Owl and the Red Cross Drug Stores. H2t.

## REAL CAR HAS STARTED

The Interurban Makes Its Test Run Wednesday Leaving Indianapolis at Noon. Hard Time on New Track.

## AT CARTERSBURG AT 3 O'CLOCK

Cities along the line of the Interurban are much interested in the test trip which the company has planned for today. The car left Indianapolis at noon and was scheduled to reach Greencastle at two o'clock. It was loaded down with officials who went along to see whether a regular two hour schedule as planned for tomorrow could be carried out. All were provided with bumpometers to measure the roughness of the new road bed, and gauge the possible speed for the future by the feelings of the present. The road is laid in heavy steel and rock ballasted and will sometime, doubtless, be an excellent piece of track, but at present neither gauge nor ballasting is accurate, and bumps are sure to result.

The Traction Company will attempt to establish a regular schedule tomorrow. As planned the cars will leave here for Indianapolis every two hours beginning at 6:25 in the morning and running till 8:25 p. m. with a lone care at 11:25. From Indianapolis they will leave at six and every two hours till 6 p. m. with a car at 9 p. m. and 11:30 which should be popular with theatre parties. This schedule is advertised in the Indianapolis News as becoming effective tomorrow.

The car was not on time. It reached Plainfield at one and left immediately for Greencastle. Then the trouble began. Just what it was we are unable to say, but the party had only reached Cartersburg twenty minutes of three o'clock. In the mean time the company's attorneys, the mayor and several citizens waited patiently, often gazing toward the place of the rising sun, but in vain.

## Station Not Ready.

There was no place for the car to go as the new station is far from complete. The roof is ready for the slake, the walls ready for the plaster, and the whole ready for much work, but there is no place for the weary passenger to rest, unless it be in the West Campus. Like the road bed the station will be a good one when complete, having the lines of comfort and architectural beauty, but this is yet to be.

## MARRIAGE OF DR. SEAMAN

Popular University Professor and Miss Laura Owen Rice Wed at the Home of the Bride in Springfield, Mass., Last Friday.

On last Friday at Newton, Mass., occurred the marriage of Dr. W. G. Seaman and Miss Laura Owen Rice of that city. The Springfield, Mass. Republican published the following regarding the wedding:

A marriage of much local interest took place in Newton yesterday afternoon, when Miss Laura Owen Rice, daughter of Rev. Charles F. Rice, presiding elder of the Cambridge district of the New England conference of the Methodist Episcopal church, was married to Dr. William Grant Seaman, professor of philosophy in DePauw university of Greencastle, Ind. The groom was formerly pastor of the State Street Methodist church in this city, and Dr. Rice was pastor of St. Luke's Methodist church at that time. Following the union of these two churches Dr. Rice served as pastor of Wesley church, which was composed of these organizations.

The wedding was quiet and simple, and there were only about fifty guests present. Dr. Rice, the bride's father, performed the ceremony in the home at 3 o'clock, using the single-ring service. He was assisted by his brother, Prof. William North Rice of Wesleyan university. The bride wore a beautiful gown of white crepe de chine, trimmed with lace. She wore a veil, and carried white sweet peas.

Following the ceremony a brief reception was held, and refreshments were served. The home was tastefully trimmed with palms, ferns, daisies, buttercups, and other wild and cut flowers.

Prof. and Mrs. Seaman left on a wedding trip last evening, and they will spend most of the summer in Nova Scotia. They will live in Greencastle, Ind., and they will be at home there to receive their friends after October 1. Prof. Seaman is a graduate of DePauw university and the Boston school of theology. He received the degree of doctor of philosophy from Boston university. After leaving this city Prof. Seaman was pastor of Wesley Methodist church in Salem before he became a professor in DePauw university.

Wanted—Steam drill runners. Apply to C. A. Sims & Co. Wages \$3 per day. 6176

## EDUCATIONAL ATTORNEY HERE.

E. H. Emrick, Attorney for the Proposed North and South Interurban Line Discusses Ordinance Presented to the Council, and Will Make Changes in it.

Some changes will be made in the ordinance presented to the city council some weeks ago by the Educational Route officials who ask the use of Jackson street for their line.

E. H. Emrick, attorney for the company, was here Tuesday night and went over the ordinance with several of the city officials. It was thoroughly discussed and upon the suggestions of some of the city officials, Mr. Emrick decided to change it in several places. He was given a copy of the franchise granted the Terre Haute, Indianapolis & Eastern Traction Co., and will use it as a guide in making these changes.

## LITTLE HOPE FOR US

The Possibilities of a Federal Building Grow Fainter as Prices Advance. Experience of Other Cities.

The possibility of Greencastle getting a federal building within the next few years is growing fainter. When the site was purchased it looked as if the building might be a thing of the not far distant future. Now this is scarcely considered possible. Even in cases where the appropriation for the building has been made, as at Bedford they are not to be built as all bids were far above the appropriation made. In Bedford stone was too expensive, and brick was substituted, but the Bedfordites refuse to take kindly to the substitution, and the building may not be built. At Bloomington the government can not find a site for the building, and no work will be done there. Report has it that the government will wait for the price of material and labor to go down before building any more federal buildings in small cities.

## FOR COUNTY PHONE SYSTEM

PETITIONS ARE BEING CIRCULATED AMONG THE FARMERS WHICH ASK THE COUNTY COMMISSIONERS TO INSTALL A BOARD IN COURT HOUSE.

## NO TOLL FROM OUT DISTRICTS

Papers Will Be Signed by Hundreds of Farmers Who Desire Free Service in to this City. To Connect With all Independent Boards.

A movement is on foot among the Putnam county farmers and residents of outside towns to have a telephone board installed in the court house here to which would be connected all the independent telephone lines in the county. Papers are now being circulated throughout the county petitioning the county commissioners to order that a board be installed.

The object of the men at the head of the enterprise is to secure free service into Greencastle. Many of the independent lines now have to pay toll fees to talk to Greencastle and some are unable to get connections at all. If the commissioners order that the board be installed virtually all of the independent lines in the county—and there are many of them—will connect with the board. It is said that the petitions are being signed by hundreds of farmers and residents of towns throughout the county and that when they are presented to the commissioners they will be the most voluminous ever presented to that body in this county.

Visiting Cards—Finest Engraving. 100 cards, script style, and new plate, \$1.50; 100 cards, from your own plate, \$1.00. Star and Democrat Office. 4-w

**Order Your Coal Now FOR Fall Delivery**  
Special Prices on Carload Lots  
I am now prepared to take your orders for coal for fall delivery and can give you prices on  
**Anthracite Eastern Coal**  
**Brazil Block Southern Indiana**  
It will pay you to order now. See me or telephone  
**John Riley** Phone 51  
715 South Main

**TO-NIGHT AT OPERA HOUSE**  
**Moving Pictures**  
**Baby's Outing Decazevill**  
**STEREOPTICON: Far Aw y**  
MRS. PAULINE BLAKE HURST WILL SING TONIGHT

**Summer Prices for Summer Buyers**  
Many shrewd buyers make it a practice to wait for the coming of the summer months and the "dull season" before looking for furniture bargains, knowing full well that the real bargains will come then.  
The furniture bargain season is here, now—arrived with the hot weather.  
Everything for the home can be found in our store now and at prices which will warrant your purchasing here.  
**WE FURNISH YOUR HOME COMPLETE**  
From July 1 to Aug. 15 our store will be closed each evening at 6 o'clock, excepting on Monday and Saturday nights  
**E. B. LYNCH**  
HOUSE FURNISHER AND FUNERAL DIRECTOR  
TELEPHONE 89 and 108  
12-14 NORTH JACKSON ST.

**Comfort**  
The lines of The Stetson Shoe are refined and graceful in design and do not deviate from the natural curves of comfort.  
  
**THE STETSON SHOE**  
\$6.00 to \$8.00  
Some at \$5.00  
is not only free from strains and pulls from within, but withstands the wear and tear from without, because it is made from the highest quality of materials obtainable and constructed with the utmost perfection of detail. The merest glance shows it to be The Better Shoe—close inspection brings out the reasons for its superiority.  
Full lines—all styles—all lasts.  
For Sale by  
**SIMPSON HIRT**

**Four Hundred People**  
In Putnam county have opened saving accounts with  
**The Central Trust Company**  
We credit interest July and January 1 each year. Now is the time to start while you are earning money. You can withdraw any part or all your deposit on demand.  
R. L. O'HAIR, President J. L. RANDEL, Secretary  
SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES TO RENT.

**\$3.50 Meal Tickets**  
AT  
**\$3.00**  
LUNCH 15c  
At the Star Restaurant, E. Side Square

**MOVING PICTURES**  
A COMIC PROGRAM  
How to Cure a Cold The Billiard Fever  
The Herring Fishery (something good)  
NEW SONG: "Sweetheart, come back to me again"  
Don't fail to see it!  
**Evans Bros. Moving Picture Show**  
OVER RED CROSS DRUG STORE. Admission 10 Cents

# The Diary of a Companion

By Alice Gay Judd

March 8.—I am not sure that I like being a companion, Diary. I'm not fond of pin pricks. And madam treats me with such gracious condescension that it pricks every tiny globe of revolutionary blood in me into fine rebellion. Her granddaughter treats me as though I were a child, and she is human, while the grandson acts as though I were quite human at the present time. I think, Diary, I prefer the grandson.

March 14.—I forgot to tell you that there is one boarder here who looks as though with the proper amount of encouragement he might be coaxed into congeniality. He is a young osteopathic physician, and I should judge from his expression at times that he experiences seasons of discouragement.

April 1.—Madam's favorite book is "Meditations," essays on "Life," "Death," "Immortality," and so forth, written in an old-fashioned, sentimental style. I shouldn't mind reading them to her so much, if I thought she meditated, but she doesn't at all. Why, Diary, during some of the most solemn passages she is putting some kind of paste on her face to prevent wrinkles coming!

I had a long chat last night with Dr. Steffins (that is the D. O.'s name), and am very much interested in the science of osteopathy.

April 10.—I discovered my mission to-day! It is to put people to sleep! As I read this afternoon I thought I heard a gentle snore! Two shockingly plebeian to attribute to madam, so I read on. But I heard it again, louder and more decided. I stopped reading. Madam promptly woke.

"Don't stop reading if I should go to sleep," she said, "or I will wake up!"

O! Diary dear! Well, since I am paid for my services, I suppose I may as well read to keep her asleep, as to amuse her awake.

April 14.—I am afraid I mean it must be that Dr. Steffins is really building up a practice. He goes in and out more briskly, with the air of a man who has something to do.

Mrs. B. told me confidentially that one of his patients is a very rich man who is doing all he can to enlarge the doctor's practice.

April 17.—I met Dr. S. to-day as I was leaving madam's, and he asked if I didn't want to walk home instead of riding. I had on a new spring jacket, and I wanted to know how the cause of osteopathy was progressing, so I walked.

"I haven't seen you for several days," I remarked as we started.

"Several days!" he answered. "I thought it must have been a month, at least."

"Exactly three days since our last disagreement," I told him.

"Oh, you count the days?" he asked politely.

Now, Diary, wasn't that as mean as could be to catch me so?

"How is your sick rich man?" I asked, not noticing his last remark.

"Very much better, thank you."

"Don't get him well too fast," I cautioned. "Remember the goose that laid the golden eggs."

He laughed. "It's the other way round this time. The sooner I get him well, the larger my fee will be." And he looked at me just as though he had a sweetheart hoping and waiting for him somewhere, and I reminded him of her.

April 25.—This afternoon as I was leaving, madam's grandson invited me to go automobiling with him. Yes, Diary, I know I really shouldn't have accepted, but it was such a temptation. But madam saw us! I caught a glimpse of her face as we started, and its expression of pious horror rejoiced my heart, my bad, revolutionary heart. She may discharge me for it tomorrow, but she can't take away the joy of the ride.

But my bubble burst, as I knew in my heart it would, for when I was handed out at my own door, with all manner of care, and ran galloping the steps, who should be standing there but Dr. Steffins! He opened the door for me with the air of a Chesterfield and such a freezing manner that I actually shivered. But I should never let that young man know that he could make me shiver!

May 6.—Great doings, Diary! I went to the opera last night, and fairly lost myself in the music. I left madam a little earlier than usual, and was so miserable I went over in the park to have it out with myself. Two big tears had just rolled down my cheeks when some one sat down beside me on the bench.

Presently the person beside me said: "A lovely afternoon, isn't it?" It was Dr. Steffins!

"Did you know that Lohengrin is to

be sung to-night?" the doctor continued.

"Is it?" I said.

"Let's go," he suggested.

"What?" I cried in amazement, "just you and me?"

"Of course," he answered unconcernedly, "there will be plenty of other people there." He took out his watch.

"We can get our dinner at some restaurant and then go directly to the theater."

"But, my dress," I objected. "And I'm not sure that it's quite proper—"

"Aren't we free-born American citizens, and can't we go together to hear some fine music?" he demanded.

"We'll go," I said.

We had our dinner at a little homey restaurant with white curtained windows and potted tulips on the tables. The doctor and I poured the coffee. It was truly delightful, Diary. I hated to leave.

But the music! We sat way back in the balcony, and no one noticed that I had on a working skirt, and no white gloves.

It was soul inspiring (the music, I mean).

When we got home we found Mrs. Blake almost ready to send for the police.

But my dear Diary, wasn't it lovely of him to do that just to make me forget my general lonesomeness? I do hope the science of osteopathy will prosper.

May 18.—Woe is mine! I mean, was me. Yesterday, madam told me she wouldn't need my services after tomorrow, as she is going to visit her sister for several months. She told me in plenty of time, of course, so that I might find another position. I said in my loftiest manner that it wouldn't make any difference to me, as I had been thinking of leaving the city; while in reality my heart went clear to my feet.

The cars were crowded. I was afraid I would be late for dinner, and everything seemed to conspire to make trouble for me.

I ran up the steps, twisted my ankle, and collapsed very suddenly. I managed somehow to reach the bell, and Mrs. Blake herself opened the door.

"Child," she cried, as soon as I could make her understand it was I, "whatever have you done to yourself?"

"Lost my place and broken both legs," I said calmly.

I don't know how she got me into her sitting-room. As soon as she got me on the couch she said: "Now, lie still and I'll call Dr. Steffins."

"I won't," I said. "If I had three ankles broken, he shouldn't mend one of them." Now you know, Diary, that you wouldn't want the man—any man that you liked, I mean—to see you with your eyes and nose all swollen and red. But Mrs. B. didn't want to hear me, and in a moment the door flew open, and in walked Dr. Steffins.

"Which ankle?" he asked, as though I might be a chicken or anything else.

"I don't know," I sobbed. What was the use of being a doctor, if he couldn't tell which ankle was sprained?

"Don't cry," he said, "I'll have it all right in a jiffy. There was a jerk and a snap, and I seemed to be dying again."

"I'm not crying because it hurts," I said when I came to life again. "I'm crying because I've lost my position."

He put my ankle down very gently and came and knelt beside me and held my hands.

"You poor little girl!" he said.

I just put my head on his shoulder (it was very convenient, and, besides, I didn't want him to see how red my nose was), and the most comfortable thrills I've ever known went through me.

And then he said—but it isn't even for you to know what he said. But O, Diary, you can't blame me for consenting to be a companion for the rest of my life, can you?

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**Skeleton for Hatrack.**

A New York physician has the most grotesque piece of furniture in the United States. It is the skeleton of a large man standing erect, with the right hand grasping a long spear. This is of oak, with several projections, and is used as a hatrack. In the center of the skull is set a clock, and the ribs form a cage in which the physician keeps his pet cockatoo. The bird has been taught to say, "We're only mortal."

**A Practical Reason.**

Investigating Teacher—Do any of you boys know why "x" stands for an unknown quantity?

Wise Little Aleck—I know, 'cause my pa says when you lend an "x" you never know when you're going to get it back.—Baltimore American.

**A GRAVESTONE OF 1638.**

Said to Be the Oldest One in America—Now in Boston.

In a glass case in the rooms of the New England Historic Genealogical society, in Somerset street, Boston, is a gravestone that came from the oldest marked grave in America, in the burying ground at the corner of Dudley street and Columbia road, Dorchester.

A few years ago John A. Fowle, of Dorchester, while delving among the older tombstones, came across the stone, just beneath the surface of the earth, over the grave where it had presumably fallen, says The Boston Post.

Before this gravestone was found the oldest marked grave was supposed to be located at Jamestown, Va. The stone from the Dorchester grave has the following inscription:

"Here lies the bodies of Mr. Barnard Capen & Mrs. Joan Capen, his wife. He died Nov. 8, 1638; aged 76 years; & she died March 26, 1653, Aged 75 years."

**New Railroad Ties.**

James G. Parkerson, Jr., a Louisiana man, has invented a new railroad tie, which the experts say will aid materially in reducing the consumption of wood, if it is generally adopted by the railroads. The tie is of metal, with the exception of those portions on which the rail rests, which are of wood.

## Value of the "Beauty Bath"



WHILE THE WATER IS RUNNING ADD A DOUBLE HANDFUL OF VERY FINELY POWDERED OATMEAL.

THE FINGER-TIPS MAKE AN EXCELLENT SCRUBBING-BRUSH FOR THE FACE.

There is no doubt that the bath plays a very important part in the preservation of the health, and particularly in the preservation of the complexion. The beauty bath, as it is called, scents the body, makes the flesh smooth, and, if it is of the right sort, quiets the nerves and clears the complexion. But it must be of the right sort—not too hot nor too cold.

The beauty bath, besides clearing the complexion and healing the nerves, does other things, and not the least of these is that it makes one comfortable. On a hot day it is the best tonic known. Then one must consider one's surroundings.

The real beauty bath, the bath which actually clears the complexion and is good in every case, is the hot-water bath. The bath that is partly soap and partly bran or meal, and which is taken for the express purpose of clearing the pores and skin and letting the impurities escape.

One cup of finely powdered oatmeal, with a tablespoonful of powdered soap added to it, and with about ten drops of oil of jasmine mixed into the powder, will make a soap mixture to be remembered.

This quantity ought to make three tiny bags, and each bag will do for a bath, making four beautifully scented and very soapy baths for a very small sum.

But perhaps the best beauty bath is the one that is made of soap jelly. Take your pieces of good soap and powder them, using the top of an old stocking, and a hammer for the purpose. Place the powder, of which there should be a heaped cupful, in a pint of water on the stove, and add about five drops of benzoin and a teaspoonful of borax. To this can be added a very little perfume, if desired. Let the soap dissolve, then pour it into a wide-mouthed jar with a cover, and keep it in the bathroom for the beauty bath, which should be of frequent occurrence.

### FROCK FOR LITTLE GIRL



Frock of gray-blue voile for little girl. Both blouse and skirt are accordion plaited. The blouse is encircled at the bottom, with narrow bands of lace insertion and has a little yoke of Irish lace.

The bretelle and straps are of the material, ornamented with enamel buttons. The girdle, knotted at the side, is of liberty to match. The short sleeves are trimmed to correspond. The skirt is finished at the bottom with a ruffle of Irish lace, headed by three rows of the insertion.

### STYLES IN TUB FABRICS.

Materials Are Wrought in High Degree of Elegance.

Mercurized tub fabrics have been developed to such a high degree of elegance that it is sometimes difficult to distinguish them from the face cloths, as far as appearance is concerned. They come in all the smart colors and dressmakers do not hesitate to trim them with any material that readily acquiesces to the vogue for combinations.

The use of silk and satin covered buttons makes a tub frock of mercurized gingham much richer to look upon, while they, with the assistance of fine braids, advance such fabrics a peg or two toward social fitness. A number of tennis costumes, or, rather, gowns worn at the smart tennis tournaments, are carried out in lustrous tub fabrics, and one can really make these quite as costly as a cloth model.

Some of the washable materials, probably half of them, are in the striped effects so modish in more expensive fabrics, and all are well suited to the chic kimono coat and sleeve effects and plaited skirts that just touch the ground. One of the economical features of the silk gingshams, chambrays, etc., is that it is never necessary to trim them, unless one really yearns for the handsome decorations which the French dressmakers know so well how to apply to fabrics of all kinds. Their color schemes are original, if not daring at times, and combinations of shades hitherto unheard of distinguish nearly all the

designs of a prominent Rue de la Paix firm.

Imagine a very pale rose pink silk gingham trimmed with sprays of wistaria blooms, a natural size, embroidered upon delicate mauve linen, then applied upon the skirt of the gown, making their reappearance upon the revers of a loose-fitting Japanese coat and again around the sleeves.

### HOSIERY OF THE SEASON.

All Shades Provided for Matching Dress Accessories.

Brown, of course, takes the lead, and every shade from cream to deep brown is represented, so that there can be no possible difficulty in matching gowns, hats or accessories whether only 49 cents is to be expended or five dollars for a pair. Fine lisle thread come at the former price, and silk hose, elaborately embroidered, yet as delicate as a cobweb, may be bought for the latter sum. At the lesser price, stockings embroidered in silk dots to ragged looking fluff, so that in buying it will be well to avoid the more tempting embroidered hose and choose the plain, when any girl, even with unskilled fingers, could set in dots by hand, and so procure a more lasting effect.

Brown stockings embroidered in self tones are preferred and certainly are in better taste, although tiny pink roses, forget-me-nots and similar small flowers adorn many pairs.

Stripes have superseded the open-work effects, and come in all widths, the narrowest being just a dropped-stitch in lines less than an inch apart, the plain portions showing a row of dots. Others have open work stripes an inch wide, looking at first glance, not unlike a band of fancy braid.

The greatest variety seems to be among the black stockings, and some of the embroideries on these are most elaborate, and the lace insertings are truly exquisite.

### Season's Pretty Millinery.

Impossible as the early spring fashions in dress appeared at the time, the millinery was more so. It seemed absolutely hopeless, but presto! here we have the ugly, freakish shapes modified into artistic, becoming confections, and the weird conglomeration of feathers, flowers, velvet and ribbon transformed into graceful effects that at least take on simple lines. The exaggerated mushroom has given way to the cloche and the long, narrow, pointed turban has become a charming little rounded one that does not give the face the sharp contour of its sister. Flowers and foliage and made ornaments of chiffon, tulle or ribbon have taken the place of feathers, but wings remain smartest for anything that approaches the walking hat.

### The Tunic in Evidence.

The tunic, or, in provincial terms, the overskirt, is in evidence in a good many of the new costumes. One of its latest phases is with a long point at the front and draped high at the back. This saves the figure from the effect of being cut in two, which results from a round double skirt.

## WOULD SEE AMERICA.

PRINCE FUSHIMI, OF JAPAN, LOOKING WESTWARD.

Royal Guest of England Anxious to See the United States Before His Return to the Flowery Kingdom.

Prince Fushimi, of Japan, who is now visiting England on a special mission from the emperor, will not be satisfied unless the opportunity comes to see the United States before his return home. Like the rest of his distinguished countrymen he is alert and intensely progressive, and it is but natural that he should desire to see again the land he visited in 1904 when he came to the International exposition at St. Louis as special representative of the emperor.

Prince Sadanaru Fushimi is the head of one of the imperial families of Japan, being a son of the late Prince Kuni-lye, and was born on April 28, 1858. He wedded the Princess Toshiko, a daughter of the late Prince Arisugawa Takahito, on October 6, 1876. She is a sister of the Prince Arisugawa who visited this country in 1905. Prince Fushimi's eldest son, the Prince Hiroyasu, is married to a daughter of Prince Tokugawa Keiki, the last of the Tokugawa line of Shoguns. Prince Hiroyasu is a commander in the navy, and was wounded while with Admiral Togo on board the Mikasa in the battle of the Yellow Sea on August 10, 1904.

Prince Sadanaru Fushimi has had a long and active military career, and has rendered conspicuous service to his country. In Japan all officers of the army have on joining to serve one year in the ranks, the first three months as private, the next three months as corporal, and so on, and Prince Fushimi might in due course have been seen drilling, rifle in hand, and knapsack on shoulders, side by side with men of the humblest rank, during his first year of military service. In the Japanese army the only difference made between the son of a marquis, for example, and the son of a small shopkeeper, it may be, while undergoing their first 12 months' training, is that the youth who is to hold officer's rank is invited to mess with the officers of the regiment from the outset. The imperial princes all go through this routine of training precisely as do the sons of the people.

and possibly these early associations have something to do with the strong attachment that exists between the rank and file and those who lead them in battle.

Prince Fushimi graduated from the military school and obtained his first commission as lieutenant in 1875. From that time he steadily ascended the ladder of promotion until he attained his present status of full general in the imperial army, having also been appointed a member of the supreme council of war. As major general he commanded a brigade in the northern part of Japan in 1892, and subsequently in the Japan and China war of 1894-5, when he fought in the Wei-hai-wei region, as well as in the



Prince Sadanaru Fushimi.

island of Formosa, being awarded at the close of the campaign the Order of the Golden Kite, the decoration most coveted by those who are in the military and naval services of Japan.

The prince was promoted in 1898 to be lieutenant general, and became commander of the Tenth division, stationed at Himeji in southwest Japan, and later of the First division at Tokio. In this position he went to the front during the war with Russia, his division forming part of the second army, and he was engaged in the severe struggle at Nan-Shan, and afterwards with the third army in the attack on Port Arthur.

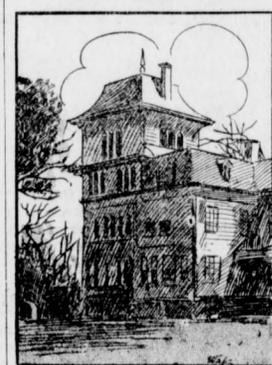
As in war, so also in peace, the prince has rendered the emperor important service. He represented his majesty at the coronation of the czar of Russia in 1896, and was specially dispatched by the emperor to the international exposition held in St. Louis in 1904.

## PLAN PEACE TEMPLE.

SUGGESTION THAT ONE BE ESTABLISHED AT NEWPORT.

Thought Advanced by Vice President of Universal Peace Union Who Would Rebuke Warlike Surroundings of Place.

A peace temple at Newport, R. I., standing as a living protest to the war college and torpedo station close by, and in full view of Fort Adams is the project for which David H.



Maitland Villa Suggested Peace Temple for Newport.

Wright, vice president of the Universal Peace union, has issued an appeal. Mr. Wright suggests the purchase of the Maitland villa estate, which comprises a fine old mansion and some 15 acres of ground valued altogether at \$20,000.

Paradoxical as it seems, his chief arguments in favor of the locality are its warlike surroundings, and the cosmopolitan and varied character of the visitors that come to Newport in the summer. The estate is but a short walk from the naval college, and in full view of Fort Adams.

"During my visit to Newport last season," says Mr. Wright, "four of our large war vessels left for Manila, to be gone three years; we were told

that they were worth \$22,000,000. They had more than 2,000 men on board, and they spent \$20,000 in Newport for provisions. To see from the Crag drive, this vast sum of money floating out to sea, and to think of the 2,000 homes with one member gone from each, was indeed a very suggestive subject of study for the peace student."

Mr. Wright also advances the argument that many foreign ambassadors spend the summer at Newport. It has been called the summer capital, and men of prominence, both in the United States and foreign countries, congregate here in vacation time. A striking monument to peace in such a diplomatic and cosmopolitan center would be more appropriate.

The villa itself was built by Robert L. Maitland, who had made a huge fortune in drugs in New York city. It was one of the show places of Newport at the time of its erection, for marble houses and other two-million-dollar summer homes had not yet come into vogue. Miles away from the cliffs there were a few houses that were its equal in elegance, but along the shore of the bay it was the only one of its kind and a striking suggestion of what the summer homes of millionaires might be 40 or 50 years later. There was a grapey, conservatory and a farm attached to the place, while beautiful trees grew all about. On the front lawn there is now a fine grove, with one magnificent red oak tree.

For 40 years the place was occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Maitland and their two children. Then, the parents dying, it passed into the hands of real estate men. It readily found tenants for a few years, but after a time it ran down and became a boarding house. Many army and navy officers come here with their families to spend the summer. It is very popular on account of the superb outlook and the delightful breeze from the west. The house is reputed to have been the residence of Jay Gould at the time when he mapped out the financial plan resulting in "Black Friday."

This is the site planned by Mr. Wright for the peace temple, and the picturesque and symbolic significance of his scheme are apparent.

"Yes; don't you see, I found a dress that had been marked down from \$60 to \$50, which is what you allowed me to spend."

"Well?"

"Why, that meant that I saved ten dollars. So I spent the ten on a hat—which I had a perfect right to do."

And then, patting him on the cheek in a coaxing manner, she added:

"There, you see, with all your business talent you men don't know so much as a woman."

And Bumblebee, with a groan, admitted that this was true.

### His High Purpose.

"When I started in business," said the self-made man, "I made up my mind that for me there should be no such word as fail."

"Yet it is generally understood that you got most of your money while acting as a receiver."

"Well, as long as other people insisted on failing I felt that it was no more than right to discourage the practice as much as possible."—Chicago Record-Herald.



Copyright 1907 by Byron Williams.

Be a Boy. Come along! Come along, where the pathway leads

To the fragrant woods of green; Where the brooklet sings and the ivy clings

And the mating rain-doves preen. Come along! Come along, where the catbird calls,

And the chipmunks scold and play; Where the fisher-boy in his realm of joy

Plods a-whistling on his way.

Come along! Come along, where the wild spotted waves

And the spotted-adders grow; Where the world is sweet and the breeze

floats

Blend a nectar as they blow. Come along! Come along, and forget

your cares,

Leave your troubles in the town; Be a boy to-day in the good old way

And LIVE ere the NIGHT comes down!

Be a boy! Be a boy! Be a boy once

more—

Be a boy with busted toes; Be a boy to-day in the good old way;

And forget your manhood's woe! Just to-day! Just to-day, wear a ragged

hat,

A patch on your denim seat; Have a dog to-day that will romp and

play,

And a knife that can't be beat!

Bait your hook! Bait your hook! Tie a big cork on.

Cut the croches for your pole; Get the HOPE to-day that you had al-

way

By the mystic bullhead hole! Keep the HOPE! Keep the HOPE, as

you leave the charm

Of the boyland, tanned and brown; Take it back to work with a burnished

mind

And WIN ere the NIGHT comes down!

Strays.

When a man has water on the brain,

it really doesn't matter whether it is

boiled or not.

One never hears of a clam being

criticized for talking too much.

It is not alone the unmarried that

are disappointed in love.

When a man is working on a good

salary, he takes at least an hour for

lunch. When he is in the business

for himself, ten minutes is too long.

Five million dollars for heroes! Just my luck. Nobody ever

# The Castle of Lies

BY ARTHUR HENRY VESEY  
(Copyright, 1906, by D. Appleton & Company)

## CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

"Do you mind telling me what it was?"

"Willoughby, the man who was killed, loved a Miss Brett. She was at this hotel last night with her mother. They heard of my being here, and did me the honor to send for me, and to ask from me the details of the tragedy."

Locke's heavy face was agitated equally by sympathy and surprise.

"Miss Brett!" he cried. "That must be the sister of Sir Mortimer Brett."

"You know her?" I demanded eagerly.

"I have never seen her, but I know something of Sir Mortimer. He is the most picturesque figure in the English diplomatic service."

"Why picturesque? That is a strange adjective to describe a British minister. Who is he, and how do you happen to know him?"

"He is consul general and minister plenipotentiary at Sofia, Bulgaria. There is not an attaché in Europe today who has not an inquisitive eye cocked at Sir Mortimer Brett."

"And his claims to distinction?"

"Two only, my dear fellow, but they are sufficient to make any man notorious. First of all, scandal has been busy with his illustrious name. However I am afraid that's a very ordinary sort of notoriety. But when I tell you the sober fact that if he just winked war would break out in the Balkan peninsula you will grant that he is a factor in the game of European politics."

"I have heard enough to have my curiosity excited. Tell me more of the man who controls the destiny of a nation. The scandal, for instance. Is it a matter of common newspaper publicity? I have figured in the papers myself lately, and I feel a certain sympathy for a fellow-sufferer?"

"Oh, the newspapers have made him squirm a bit, no doubt. But my sources of information are more accurate than mere newspaper gossip. You see, I happen to be the American consul here."

"Then your gossip of the embassies ought to be worth listening to."

I settled myself in my chair and lighted a fresh cigarette.

"My dear chap, you are asking too much of me—really you are! The situation in the Balkans! Good Lord, that's too appalling a subject to be discussed between two friends who have just met."

"Locke," I replied diplomatically, "I suppose you wish to discuss me and my unfortunate affair. Well, I don't. If you wish to show me that you believe me not quite so black as I am painted, ignore the matter completely."

"Of course, of course," he hastened to assure me. "And you really wish to understand why war would break out to-morrow in the Balkans if Sir Mortimer Brett lifted his little finger?"

"If such a knowledge is the prelude to the scandal that concerns him."

"Very well," he agreed good-naturedly. "But don't despair if you are still muddled after ten minutes' talk on Balkan politics; Count von Bulow has said that the man who comprehends the situation in the Balkan State does not exist. But to understand how Sir Mortimer's influence may plunge Europe into war to-day, just as surely as when Madame de Pompadour twisted Louis XV about her little finger, you must know something of the trouble that seethes and bubbles in Turkish-Macedonia."

"Even the word Turkish-Macedonia is a mere geography name to me."

"Hang it, have I got to give you a lesson in geography as well as in history?" growled Locke. "Well, Macedonia is actually no state or country. It is simply a term to designate a strip of Turkish territory immediately to the south of Bulgaria. It is with independent Bulgaria and insurgent Macedonia that our friend Sir Mortimer Brett is concerned. In a word, the situation is this: Bulgaria, long freed from the Turkish yoke, would help struggling Macedonia to gain her freedom."

"Macedonia itself is an extraordinary hodgepodge of races—Greeks, Turks, Serbs, Bosnians, Bulgars—there are a dozen dirty little races, and half a dozen fanatic sects all ready to fly at each other's throats if they were not too busy struggling for their freedom. But Greek, Catholic, Jew, they are all ready to die cheerfully if they can down their Turkish oppressor. It is just this sublime struggle for freedom that gives a touch of nobility to mongrel, snarling, snapping Macedonia. These Macedonians for years have been putting up one of the pluckiest running fights imaginable. The House of Commons indulges in solemn riffs about what they choose to call the Balance of Criminality. In other words, they profess to think that the atrocities committed by the Turks and the Macedonians are equally horrible. But, as a matter of fact, English knowledge of Macedonian affairs is doled out by the London Times, which in turn gets its facts from the English embassy at Constantinople, professedly pro-Turkish in its sympathies."

"How do you account for that?" I demanded with a show of interest. Locke's lecture was not thrilling, but I listened patiently; for I realized that his information was necessary if I would understand Sir Mortimer's predicament.

"The missionaries," continued Locke, "know only too well that the unappealable Turk is an even greater scoundrel than Mr. Gladstone chose to believe him. But the Foreign Office, you will understand, does not intend to risk the peace of Europe because the missionaries rave about the out-

raging and slaughter of a few thousands of Macedonian women and children."

"For several years they have continued a guerrilla warfare—if you can dignify the dynamiting of a railroad or a bridge and the stealthy slaughter of unarmed bands as warfare. The Macedonian campaign has been managed by a body of men who have their headquarters at Sofia, in Bulgaria."

"They fight in bands. Their arms are hidden in the fields or in the caves of the mountains. When a Turkish host surrounds one of these bands it finds peaceful peasants herding their sheep on the hills or tilling their fields."

"Such a hopeless struggle as this might continue for years," I interrupted. "Where does Bulgaria come in?"

"Bulgaria comes in right here with a flourish of trumpets, and Prince Ferdinand is at the head of the procession."

"Actually Bulgaria is independent; nominally, Ferdinand does fealty to the Sultan, and at the same time is under the thumb of Russia. He is a petty princeling with as inordinate a sense of his own importance as a cannibal king in a top hat. He has surrounded himself with more state than a czar or a kaiser. Ferdinand's great ambition is to be crowned king. Now he only rejoices in the title of prince. He has vainly implored his great master Russia's permission to assume that title, but Czar Nicholas prefers that little Ferdinand be humble. Then if you won't let me be king," says Ferdinand, "I won't play with you any



"The Situation in the Balkans! Good Lord, That's Too Appalling a Subject to Be Discussed."

more." So Master Ferdinand is most anxious to exchange the doubtful friendship of Russia for a more indulgent protector. He has decided that he would like England to be that protector."

"But what has this to do with Bulgaria's going to the assistance of Macedonia?" I exclaimed, impatiently.

"Simply this: Ferdinand knows that before he dare assume the title of king, he must make himself more popular with his subjects than he is at present. Macedonia affords a convenient means of accomplishing this. But before he flings his army into Macedonia territory, he must be sure that he will have a free hand. Let England once assure him of her moral support, and Ferdinand will invade Macedonia to-morrow."

"It is at this juncture, I suppose, that Sir Mortimer Brett, consul general and minister plenipotentiary, holds the center of the stage?"

"Yes, it is about his diplomatic head that the elements rage. But a Jewish banker of New York city runs him a close second in importance."

"A remarkable statement, that."

"And this little Jew is a remarkable man. A Macedonian by birth, he has made five score of millions in America. But he remembers his country in the time of her need. It is he who offers to clothe, arm, and feed the Bulgarian army, if it fights for the freedom of his race. His one condition is this: the invasion must have a reasonably sure chance of success. That is assured, he thinks, when England agrees to stand behind Bulgaria."

"And the name of this Jewish banker?"

"Otto Kuhn. One must not forget him."

young man, I understand. But he has already had 15 years of his experience as a diplomatist. He has been trusted implicitly by the British foreign office. He has been nothing less than a dictator in Bulgarian affairs, so far as England is concerned. There have been repeated attempts to bribe him. But he has been strong enough to resist all pressure—whether it be exerted by the sultan or by Ferdinand. But after an unblemished record of 15 years this Bayard in politics has fallen a victim to a vulgar intrigue with a political adventuress."

"Countess Sarahoff is the adventuress—a woman of marvelous charm and beauty. It is said she is the friend of Prince Ferdinand; perhaps it is he who first incited her to entice Sir Mortimer from the path of rectitude. Certain it is that she has been successful in bringing Sir Mortimer supinely to his knees before her, if the gossip of the embassies is to be believed."

"Now I can give you the situation in a nutshell. If Sir Mortimer is recalled, it is all up with Macedonia so far as immediate help from Bulgaria is concerned. Sir Mortimer's successor as consul general will certainly be the present vice-consul, and he is known to be strongly adverse to the Macedonian cause. Our Jewish banker will refuse his loan to Ferdinand; Ferdinand will be unable and unwilling to subsidize an army; Macedonia's struggle will come to nothing for the present."

"This banker must have remarkable faith in Sir Mortimer," I suggested, "to think that he can influence the British foreign office when his reputation is already tottering."

"My dear Haddon, I have been letting you behind the scenes. Our banker friend in all probability has no inkling of Sir Mortimer's impending fall. There is nothing to damn a man politically because he is in love with a woman. It is true that there have been innuendoes in plenty of the papers. But who believes the papers?"

"And a king's messenger has already been sent to Sofia to demand Sir Mortimer's recall?" I asked, thoughtfully.

"So they say, and now I come to a really humorous phase of this episode

"I had raised my glass carelessly to my lips. I placed it slowly on the table. I met Locke's steady gaze not merely in surprise, rather in complete conviction. That was precisely the kind of woman I had determined she must be. But I had no intention of discussing her with Locke. A plan was already seething in my brain—a plan infinitely more thrilling than rescuing a comrade in the battlefield or a traveler lost in the mountain-side. I intended to keep that plan to myself. In the meanwhile I must have further details of this escapade of the missing ambassador."

"We will speak of Countess Sarahoff presently," I said, returning his smile coolly. "But tell me, why should England adopt the slow and clumsy expedient of sending a king's messenger, as you call him, across Europe, instead of demanding the instant recall of the minister by cable? That is my first question, and my second is this: are you my dear Locke, in the secret councils of the British foreign office that you know so much of their plans?"

"A king's messenger," drawled Locke, "is supposed to have a brain between his shoulders and to exercise his discretion. The foreign office would wish to be quite sure that the scandal was not a clever ruse of a secret agent of Russia or Turkey. Even if the scandal exists, there might be mitigating circumstances."

"You wish me to infer that this king's messenger is given discretionary powers of delivering or withholding his dispatch? But how do you know that? That brings me to the second question."

"My dear chap, I can put two and two together, can't I? I can see a church door, as Benedict said, when I am standing in front of it."

"Oh, then, you are simply guessing," I cried, disgusted.

Locke spread the tips of his fingers together, and regarded me humorously. "You forget I am consul at Lucerne; I, sir, am a personage."

"Rubbish!" I exclaimed, brusquely. "American consuls are not as a rule deeply in the confidence of the ministers in Downing street."

Locke laughed, looked about him cautiously, then whispered:

"It's something of a secret, Haddon. Before I was consul at Lucerne I was a newspaper man. Yes; don't look shocked. I am not averse to eking out the magnificent income allowed me by the United States government by sending a budget of news occasionally to my old chief."

"I understand; you newspaper men are ubiquitous. Before the mysterious knowledge of the press I am silent."

"I need hardly say that what I have told you is strictly between ourselves."

"Of course."

"So far I have not breathed a word of this extraordinary story. I wish to make a grand coup. I am waiting for the finale of the story—the dramatic and perhaps tragic denouement. For the end is not yet."

"So saying, Locke produced his pocketbook. From its voluminous folds he extracted an envelope. He held it toward me in silence. I took it curiously. It bore an unfamiliar stamp.

"It is the stamp in the corner I wish you to examine carefully. In ten years a collector will pay a pretty penny for this stamp. Already it is as rare as strawberries in January. It was issued less than a month ago to mark the anniversary of Ferdinand's accession to the throne. Yes, it is his likeness and that of his son you are looking at. But Ferdinand would pay half a million francs if he could buy up and destroy that issue of stamps. In Bulgaria that is a simple matter. His secret agents are on the lookout in every capital of Europe. But you see they are not wholly successful."

"As Locke had suggested, I looked critically at this double stamp which had caused Ferdinand so much anxiety. Two heads were depicted. They were placed side by side, a man of middle age and a handsome boy. It appeared to me a rather ordinary sort of stamp.

"Hold it upside down," commanded Locke, impatiently. "Cover the left-hand corner with your hand, so. Now, do you see that a portion of the heads of the father and son makes an unmistakable death-mask? And the death-mask is that of Prince Ferdinand."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"The Situation in the Balkans! Good Lord, That's Too Appalling a Subject to Be Discussed."

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CHAPTER IX.

The Episode of the English Ambassador.

We are now ready for the extraordinary episode of Sir Mortimer Brett. Locke resumed. "I think you will find that the narrative grows more interesting."

"I trust so," I yawned.

"Sir Mortimer is a comparatively

"And in the meanwhile there is a hue and cry for him?"

"My dear fellow, I have told you repeatedly that you are behind the scenes. Ostensibly Sir Mortimer has gone to the mountains for his health. But the arrival here in Lucerne of the mother and daughter is significant."

"They come to rescue him from the influence of Countess Sarahoff of course. But if she has disappeared with Sir Mortimer—"

"I saw you flirting with her at the kursaal about an hour ago," said Locke, smiling at me grimly.

CHAPTER X.

The Death-Mask.

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Gen. Louis Bertha, inspector of the Italian cavalry, is known as one of the most daring riders of Italy. In the above picture he is seen practicing the "glissade," a feat of horsemanship he has made popular in the Italian army.

**BLAKEY'S TELEPHONE**

By ROSCOE GILMORE STOTT

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

It was just a year ago that the Pipeville Telephone company put in a "party-line" out through Union township, and though it came after repeated petitions, it proved a more surprising benefit than any of us dared hope or dream.

Indeed, it never got so far as my own farm, but almost every day I happen up to Blakey's for my mail, and as we sit around we learn lots about "party-lines," and Owen Peters, the farmhand over at Pendleton's, says he never did have so blamed much fun. It takes just nine quick rings to get old Blakey, himself, to answer, for he turns in pride to a red-covered directory, which announces in bold type:

"Blakey, J. S., general merchandise—9 rings on 41."

But any less number will arouse one of us—there is a certain fascination in not being expected as an audience. But this brief story has only to do with young Sibert, who comes to preach in Union church every Sunday, and the fateful code of "3 on 41." And now, if you happen into Blakey's and ask for a genial story around his big, unblackened stove, no doubt one of us would rehearse once more the telephone episode in the courtship of "preacher" Sibert.

One day, after Ed Smiley had generously passed around his plug, our eager ears heard three rings, and we were at once attention. Owen Peters stepped to the telephone, and it is my honest conviction that some six or eight in Union did likewise.

"It's Preacher Sibert," whispered Peters, and we hurriedly gathered around the 'phone, for Blakey's is the best on the line.

"You looked like a blushing rose—indeed, you did!" we heard a ministerial voice grandly assert.

"I always like to look pretty for you, Brother Sibert," came a soft feminine voice.

"Mush!" whispered "Doc" Farley, and we strained our ears the more as Peters held the receiver in midair.

"Next Sunday I have chosen 'Love' for my theme."

"Oh, how nice!" again the feminine response. "Do plan to stay to dinner



with us. Do you know, all of us just love your sermons!"

"Bessie Baker never went to church twice together in her life," whispered Ed Smiley. Ed was in a position to know—he generally drove her over in a very narrow buggy.

"You are good to tell me that I please you, Miss Bessie—um—er—rather my sermons do." The masculine voice had become markedly more tender, and we scarcely could hear.

"I am so glad you think I am a rose, Brother Sibert—er—er—I mean like a—er—er—rose—Sunday!" She finished in much confusion; so much, in fact, that big, rough "Doc" Farley failed to control himself, and broke into a roar of laughter, in which we could not join.

"Click, click!" came over the line.

And we took it to mean that two angry lovers had just discovered they were overheard.

For three days more of us surrendered cheerfully any idea of work, and hopefully spent the hours in happy anticipation of another "party-line comedy," as the more literary Blakey called it. Jake Green, who keeps the feedstore at Hank's Crossing, said it was better than Smiley's phonograph.

It was late in the afternoon of the third day when the coveted three rings sounded along the line. I jumped nervously to the telephone, and cautiously took down the receiver.

"Hello! old Fiddlesticks!" came the self-same feminine voice.

We looked aghast at each other.

"I called up to ask the price of wheat."

Yes, it was surely the same preacher and the same Bessie Baker, but this was all so unlike the blushing rose and lovely sermon conversation.

"Wheat is even higher than yesterday, Mr. Fiddlesticks—about 88 cents a bushel."

"And is the sky blue over Union to-day?" asked the masculine voice, gently.

"It was a little cloudy, but the sky is truly clearing up wonderfully now."

"I came through a drizzling rain to Blakey's an hour ago," savagely declared Ed Smiley.

"And will you expect to darn again to-morrow?" sweetly questioned the country parson.

This was the last straw calculated to break any camel's back; the preacher urging darning on Sunday afternoon! To-day was certainly Saturday by Blakey's never-failing calendar.

"You bring your knitting," she responded, hospitably, "and we will do some new patterns."

"It is a code!" whispered Owen Peters, triumphantly, as if awaking from a dream.

We put the receiver on its hook and began to figure it out.

"I see through it like a book," continued Owen, when we were seated. "The 'price of wheat' meant, I reckon, 'how much do you love me?'"

We nodded with enthusiasm.

"Well, '88 cents' must 'er mean a darn lot," put in Jake.

We laughed.

"'Blue sky' sounds to me like 'are you happy, pet?' and I calculate the knittin' part meant something about 'kittin' hearts.'"

We gave a rousing cheer, which pleased him mightily.

In a day we had plans perfected, and came once more to Blakey's. I had been chosen to impersonate the Rev. Mr. Sibert, and we called for "3 on 41."

"Is it you, Fiddlesticks?" questioned Miss Baker.

"Yes," I answered gravely, amid a shower of winks. "I call—up to ask how much rope to give the old cow."

This at once perplexed her. Surely they had never planned anything concerning cows!

"Eighty-eight feet?" she murmured, questioningly.

The boys suppressed laughter with bandanna handkerchiefs.

"And will Mike Mather's blind horse live until morning?"

We heard her gasp.

"It is partly cloudy, but getting clearer." This time a sob of anxiety came also along the line.

"Well, just remember, little Peppercorn, that old Fiddlesticks is tired out with this. Next Sunday he is going to preach on 'Future Punishment,' and afterwards we will sew on buttons. Want to?"

She broke full-tilt into a mighty sobbing.

"You are not dear old Fiddlesticks—you are not! He never talked like that!" And bang went the receiver on its hook.

It was next Monday, when "Doc" Farley came galloping up to Blakey's, and we gathered quickly on the little front porch.

"We had our fun, boys," he declared, with a jovial grin, "but blamed if the preacher didn't beat us—him and Bess' Baker are usin' the same telephone now—they were married this mornin' in Pipeville!"

But it was a romance for two months afterward at Blakey's.

Calling Him Names.

Henderson—Let's see; they call the man who runs a motor-car a chauffeur, don't they?

Uncle Joseph—Well, in our village they call him worse names than that.

"The Situation in the Balkans! Good Lord, That's Too Appalling a Subject to Be Discussed."

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## BACK TO FIRST LOVE

KNOWN ALL OVER COUNTRY

A Well-Known Printer in the South-west Many Times Reported Dead—Has Tramped from Sea to Sea.

Phoenix, Ariz.—"Muskoogee Red" has returned to his first love. The break-beam advertisement for a live town blew in from Oklahoma City recently. During the day he visited many of his old friends, but, contrary to expectations, did not panhandle.

"I have reformed," said Andy Redmond—that is his real name.

"I haven't taken a drink for two months. My quads and spines gave out on me at Oklahoma City, and I had to go to the hospital."

Who is "Muskoogee Red?"

Every old timer in the city can tell. Red is a typographical artist, a printer who has tramped from sea to sea, from lakes to the Gulf.

He is known to the printing craft in every city in this united domain. It is claimed he is the first printer that ever set a string in Muskoogee. Red's palmy days were in 1883 and 1884, when Roberts Brothers published the old Indian Journal here, at that time the only newspaper in Indian Territory and Oklahoma. Lon Roberts was the editor, but in reality Andy Redmond wrote and set the editorials.

Story of "Red's" Fire.

"There is not an old-timer in the city but who has a friend. One of them," said N. K. Farmer.

A story is told of the time Muskoogee's first destructive fire. Muskoogee was a small frontier town, with only one street. One night the business district was all ablaze. Muskoogee Red was aroused from his bunk with cries of fire. His first thought was of the Journal. He dashed down the street to the newspaper office. The door was broken open, and Red appeared with a case of type. "Save the Indian Journal," he yelled, as he deposited the type a safe distance from the fire. He made repeated trips, each time yelling to the crowd to save the Journal. Becoming disgusted with the apparent inactivity of the mob in the street, he yelled: "Save the Indian Journal first, or the territory will go to h—"

Hobbling on one foot, weak from his recent illness, the noted globe trotter walked into a business house the other day. "Hello, pal," he said to the proprietor. They clasped hands. They had known each other for 24 years.

Hard on Reform Pedal.

He said he was going to make his future home in the Indian Territory and possibly in Muskoogee. If he must die, he said he wanted to cash in his string in the land of the Indian. He played heavily on the reform pedal.

"I have a job," he said, "and will go to work at one of the job offices in the city."

For the last ten years Red has been reported dead frequently. Obituaries would appear in the newspapers of 29 states. About the time it was thought Red was resting quietly in ashes, the traveler would again make his appearance. There probably was never a printer known who has secured so much notoriety as "Muskoogee Red."

One of Red's boasts is that he never paid a nickel for car fare. He is said to have a mania for a soft place to sleep. One time he rode 60 miles on a car of coal. When he reached his destination he found that he had been riding in a car loaded with hard coal when there was a car of soft coal two lengths behind him. He threatened to go back and make the trip again.

TRAIN WAS WRECKED.

But the Cub Reporter Got the Tennis Tournament Story.

He was a "cub reporter" on a San Francisco newspaper, boasting of but a single week's experience in journalism, yet fired with boundless energy and pride. One Saturday afternoon he was detailed to cover a tennis tournament in a town several miles from the western metropolis. There was but one train, and about an hour after its departure word came to the office that the train had been wrecked and it was believed, several passengers had been killed. The city editor sat back and waited. "If our man has escaped," he told the managing editor, "we should get a beat on the story." Many minutes passed and the city editor began to grow nervous, knowing that if the "cub" was uninjured he should have been heard from by that time. More minutes passed, and then there came a frantic ringing of the telephone bell.

"Hello, is this the city editor?"

"Yes."

"This is—(the cub)."

"My train was wrecked, but I managed to get here by walking four miles and I've got a fine story of the tennis tournament."

The editor's language burned out the telephone wires and the cub is a reporter no longer but has taken to bookkeeping as a simpler and less strenuous vocation.

Hand-Painted.

Miss Rosy—George says he admires me because I am the picture of health.

Miss Pale—Yes; the silly fellow was always crazy for anything hand-painted.

Aldrich and Whitman.

T. B. Aldrich knew Walt Whitman and liked him personally, although he would never admit that Whitman was a poet except in here and there a single phrase. Many a time has the present writer endeavored to convert Mr. Aldrich from this state of heathen blindness as to Whitman's genius, but the debates went to end illogically with Mr. Aldrich's delightful story of a certain \$9 which Whitman once borrowed from him—magnificently, but, alas, irrevocably—in Pfaff's restaurant in Broadway.—Atlantic Monthly.

## Blind Man Becomes Inventor

Iowa Falls, Ia.—Charles Abbott, the blind piano tuner of this city, has turned inventor, and is exhibiting the working model of a heat regulator for a chicken incubator on which he has applied for patent. The regulator gives the alarm when the heat in the incubator becomes too high or too low. The regulator is set for 103 degrees, and when the heat varies a few degrees above or below this mark the regulator rises or falls, and breaking a circuit, rings an electric bell until the owner regulates the heat to the proper temperature. Mr. Abbott has been blind all his life.

The Heart Was Secure.

Not long ago a fond and rather romantically inclined father was approached by a young man, whose intention was to ask the parent's consent to the marriage of himself and the other's daughter.

After considerable stammering and confusion, the older man grasped the other's meaning and beamed benevo-

lently upon him. He rose and placed one hand upon the youth's shoulder in a kindly way.

"So, so. Yes, after all, I guess my little girl is grown up, and must have a mate," he said. "Tell me frankly, young man, is it her heart or her money that you are after?"

The young fellow blushed painfully, but with a thrill of pride, threw out his chest and answered, "I already have her heart in my keeping, sir!"

In the Wrong Shop.

"Doctor," said the visitor with the fur-lined collar, "there's something the matter with me."

"Well," responded the doctor, "I knew that when I saw you as Hamlet last night, but I can't do anything for you. Curing hams is out of my line."

Truth.

Paste this in your hat: To think own self be false, and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be true to any man.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL HAPPENINGS

What Greencastle People and Their Friends Are Doing

Frank Allen is in Indianapolis on business.

Miss Pearl Chambers of Brazil is in the city today.

Allen Brothers' stores will be closed all day tomorrow.

Charles Moorish will spend the 4th at his home in Brazil.

Leonard Nattkemper has gone to Terre Haute for the Fourth.

Frank Donner and Hubert Jordan were Indianapolis passengers today.

Miss Florence Crawford is here from Terre Haute for a week's visit with her parents.

Miss Bertha Walker, who taught this year at Flandrow, S. D., is visiting Mrs. Vandament.

George Johnson came from Cloverdale this morning to attend the Johnson-Jones wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Nelson of Reelsville left today for Lafayette where they will visit the Fourth.

Mrs. Mary Murphy of Terre Haute who has been visiting John Bias and wife, went to Rosedale to visit her sister.

Misses Nellie Savage, Francis Walker and Messrs. Richard Hazlett and Forest Cooper will celebrate the Fourth at Eel River.

Miss Leila Newton and H. A. Reeves, agent of the Phoenix Insurance Company, went to Rosedale to celebrate the Fourth.

The pension board met at the office of Dr. Hanna today. The members of the board are Dr. Hanna, Dr. Tucker and Dr. Moore of Clinton Falls.

Harry Quigg, sawyer at Barnaby's mill for the past ten years, had a severe attack of ulcerated gastritis of the stomach. He is resting a little easier today.

The W. C. T. U. will celebrate the Fourth by holding a lawn picnic at the home of U. V. O. Daniel in the afternoon. Dr. John and Dr. Hoagland will speak.

Pete Stoner left this afternoon for Evansville where he will attend as a delegate from this district, the National Convention of the Postal Clerks Association.

Dr. John returned last night from an extended tour through Oklahoma, Indian Territory and Southern Indiana where he has been lecturing in the Chautauquas.

Mrs. Marion Hinkle and daughter, Goldie, of this city, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Storms of Putnamville are spending a few days with relatives and friends at Lafayette.

Dr. Hoagland when asked about the opening of one of the college hall in connection with the conference of cooks and waiters and other help two weeks before college opens would make it too expensive. It is expected that the hospitality of the city will be all sufficient for the entertainment of our guests.

The remains of William Crowell were brought to this city this afternoon for interment at Putnamville. Mr. Crowell and another man were fishing from the interurban bridge at Indianapolis yesterday evening when a car crossed. The other fellow succeeded in gaining safety but the car struck Crowell, throwing him from the bridge. He was taken immediately to the city hospital but died soon. His only relative is his sister-in-law, Mrs. Andy King, of Putnamville.

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Make a Noise Like Summertime

Come in and select a hammock from our new assortment. We have them in large variety of color and price to suit the purchaser. Come to-day and get first choice.

DAVID E. BADGER FRANK E. GREEN West Side Drug Store

Joe Laramore of Marion is here.

G. F. McCleary of Indianapolis is in the city.

Prof. Roller went to Newman, Ill for a weeks visit.

Summer Woody will spend the 4th with home folks.

Bernadine Nutt of St. Louis is visiting her grandmother.

Marshal Reeves was called to Putnamville this afternoon.

Miss Ethel Comer of Indianapolis is visiting Mrs. McWethy.

Dr. and Mrs. DeMotte entertained at dinner yesterday evening.

Fred Goodwine and wife went to Cedar Lake to stay until Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Huffman have gone to Mooresville for the 4th.

Blanchard McKee has returned to Indianapolis after a short visit here.

The official board of the Christian church will meet at the church this evening at 8 o'clock.

Miss Hazel Vermilion will entertain at dinner tomorrow night for Arabella McCallip of Brazil.

Mrs. Zefa Burkett has returned to her home in Morton after a short visit with her mother, Mrs. Hillis.

Dr. and Mrs. DeMotte will entertain with a farewell dinner for Dr. and Mrs. Swallen next Monday.

Mrs. A. G. Nelson and son went to Frankfort today. They have decided to make that their future home.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Torr entertain this evening at their home near Oakalla in honor of Maud and May Torr.

Miss Nell Sandfar returned last night from Rocky Ford, Col., where she has been visiting for several months.

Lockwood Town will leave this evening for Boston for two years where he will study in the school of Technology.

The marriage of George Johnson and Miss Goldie Denton will occur in this city on July 24. Mr. Johnson is doing a prosperous business in Cloverdale and all of his friends wish him well.

The funeral of Mrs. Rogers was held at the residence of Mrs. Barwick at 3 o'clock. The music was furnished by Harry Maxwell, the Misses Burnside, Mrs. Hays and Mrs. Wick.

John Johnson and his bride were accompanied to the Monon station by quite a number of their friends. Rice, old shoes and placards were used to give them a joyous send off. They will spend a week or so at Cedar Lake and then return here as Mr. Johnson will be in business with his father-in-law.

Kenneth Sharp is home from school.

Charles Barnaby of Greencastle was in town Friday.

Born, to Ira Masten and wife, June 30, a daughter.

John Casady has been visiting his daughter, Mrs. Lena Pruitt of Brick Chapel.

A quilting party was held at the home of Elizabeth Masten Wednesday. Those present were Mrs. Agnes McAninch, Mrs. John Masten, Mrs. Lottie Rogers, Mrs. Cora Masten, Mrs. Anna O'Neal, Mrs. Tyra Masten and Mrs. Fred Harlan. A fine dinner was served and a pleasant time reported by all present.

Berry Swain and daughter, Mrs. Mandy Craver, were in Indianapolis Thursday.

Two ball games were played here Sunday. Coatesville vs. Stilesville in the morning, Stilesville won by a score of 15 to 7. In the afternoon Greencastle played and were defeated by a score of 2 to 2.

"Ten Nights in a Bar Room" was played to a crowded tent here Saturday night.

A stranger by the name of Wilson was taken up for drunkenness Friday. Three or four other charges were filed against him and he was fined \$5.00. Not being able to pay it he was taken to Danville to lay his fine out in jail.

Oscar Masten and family spent Sunday with Tyra Masten and family.

SLEEPY CORNER. Jas. Smith and family and friend Mrs. Emma Askew, of Cincinnati, O., called on Geo. Smith Sunday.

Marie McVay and Dora Miller spent Sunday with Lena Baldwin.

James McVay and daughter, spent Sunday at John Randell's.

T. E. Brown and wife called on James McVay Saturday night.

Lena Baldwin visited Marie McVay last week.

Bessie Griggs spent Sunday with Hazel Lydick.

Ola Lisby and family spent Sunday at K. N. Smith's.

Rev. Griggs and family spent Sunday with Lester Miller.

Steve Johnson died at his home in Reno Saturday of typhoid fever.

Paul Jackson and wife went to housekeeping in Groveland.

Ida Fligg called on Ettie Owens last week.

Earl Brown visited home folks on Sunday.

Simon Lisby and wife spent Sunday with Millard Greencastle and family.

Mrs. James McVay and mother-in-law called on Mrs. Ed. McVay last week.

J. A. Michael, Agt.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS MEET

A Busy Day at the Court House With Many Gravel Road Petitions and Some Disappointments.

Monday was a busy day at the court house. In addition to the regular routine business, gravel road petitions rolled in and anxious crowds thronged the court house listening for news of a pet road scheme. Many of the townships are already in debt to the limit allowed by law, so far as taxation is concerned.

Some were started on their final road toward completion. Officials are advertising for bids on the H. G. Brown et al of Marion township. Also the E. E. Hurst road in the same township and the J. C. Butler road in Greencastle township, and the John McElroy road in Washington township.

In the case of the Conrad Layman road in Madison township the viewers report it to be of public utility.

In Greencastle township 72 petitioned for the W. F. Jamison road while an opposition petition showed 39 signatures of withdrawals and the road was dismissed. In the same township engineers and viewers were appointed for the R. Browning et al road.

The roads petitioned for under the heads of the names of Messrs. Dean, Mercer, Allen, Eggers and Baker were continued.

The Stewart road on the Jackson township line was continued. Engineers and viewers were appointed on the Hessler, Dobbs, Lisbon and Bunten petitions in Marion township.

The J. S. McCammack, J. W. McCammack, Meek and Jones roads in Jefferson were continued, as were also the roads in Cloverdale and Madison under the petition names of McMaines, Tabor, Chamberlain, Rowlings, Boswell and Roach. The Geo. D. Gorham road was dismissed.

REELSVILLE. The oat bug seems to be a hum bug. It was the cold, wet weather that injured the oat crop.

The Sunday School Convention was a success. House filled to overflowing.

The farmers are in it just now, corn about half plowed and the wheat ready to cut.

Mrs. Margaret Fuller of Kansas visited M. B. Ginton and wife Friday.

The interurban contractors are beginning to leave, soon the grade will be done.

There will be an ice cream supper at the M. E. church Saturday night for the benefit of the church. Come and get cool.

Perry Rolling's son that was operated on is critically ill.

John Urton, Jr. is taking electric treatment at Brazil for rheumatism.

Robert Rolling's two deaf and dumb boys were in town Monday shaking hands with friends and seem to enjoy it.

OBITUARY. Amos Hibbs, son of James and Seay Hibbs, was born in Hendricks county, Indiana, May 2, 1832 and died June 7, 1907, age 75 years, 1 month and 5 days.

He spent most of his life and also died on the old Hibbs farm on which he was born. In the year 1856 he was married to Mary Jane King and to them were born eight children. His wife and two of the children preceded him to the beyond. The six remaining to mourn the loss of father are Melissa Murray, Hannah B. Hinkle, Alice Hostetter, Mary Kersey, James and John Hibbs. He leaves also four aged sisters, Anjulina Whicker, Nancy Chandler, Sytha Hibbs and Elizabeth Smith.

Uncle Amos as he was called had been a member of the M. E. church for many years. He had been ailing for two or three years. His last illness being of about three months.

Short funeral services were held at the home by Rev. Dodd after which he was laid to rest at the Masten cemetery by the side of his wife.

HEBRON. Hay making is the order of the day.

Clyde Moore of Kansas has been visiting here.

Miss Neta Wilson is visiting at Waveland.

G. B. Gardner's house is almost ready for plastering.

Our town now sports an automobile owned by J. M. Gardner.

Joe Everman and family of Fin-castle spent Sunday at the Evermans.

Geo. Goff was called to Texas last week by the serious illness of his son Charlie.

COATESVILLE. Kenneth Sharp is home from school.

Charles Barnaby of Greencastle was in town Friday.

Born, to Ira Masten and wife, June 30, a daughter.

John Casady has been visiting his daughter, Mrs. Lena Pruitt of Brick Chapel.

A quilting party was held at the home of Elizabeth Masten Wednesday. Those present were Mrs. Agnes McAninch, Mrs. John Masten, Mrs. Lottie Rogers, Mrs. Cora Masten, Mrs. Anna O'Neal, Mrs. Tyra Masten and Mrs. Fred Harlan. A fine dinner was served and a pleasant time reported by all present.

Berry Swain and daughter, Mrs. Mandy Craver, were in Indianapolis Thursday.

Two ball games were played here Sunday. Coatesville vs. Stilesville in the morning, Stilesville won by a score of 15 to 7. In the afternoon Greencastle played and were defeated by a score of 2 to 2.

"Ten Nights in a Bar Room" was played to a crowded tent here Saturday night.

A stranger by the name of Wilson was taken up for drunkenness Friday. Three or four other charges were filed against him and he was fined \$5.00. Not being able to pay it he was taken to Danville to lay his fine out in jail.

Oscar Masten and family spent Sunday with Tyra Masten and family.

SLEEPY CORNER. Jas. Smith and family and friend Mrs. Emma Askew, of Cincinnati, O., called on Geo. Smith Sunday.

Marie McVay and Dora Miller spent Sunday with Lena Baldwin.

James McVay and daughter, spent Sunday at John Randell's.

T. E. Brown and wife called on James McVay Saturday night.

Lena Baldwin visited Marie McVay last week.

Bessie Griggs spent Sunday with Hazel Lydick.

Ola Lisby and family spent Sunday at K. N. Smith's.

Rev. Griggs and family spent Sunday with Lester Miller.

Steve Johnson died at his home in Reno Saturday of typhoid fever.

Paul Jackson and wife went to housekeeping in Groveland.

Ida Fligg called on Ettie Owens last week.

Earl Brown visited home folks on Sunday.

Simon Lisby and wife spent Sunday with Millard Greencastle and family.

Mrs. James McVay and mother-in-law called on Mrs. Ed. McVay last week.

J. A. Michael, Agt.

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CITY AND THE CONFERENCE

The coming of the Northwest Indiana Conference means much to Greencastle as a city. Not only is it of advantage to the churches and the spirit fostered by the churches, but it is an excellent advertisement for the city—if it is done well. One of the largest and surest sources of prosperity we have is the university. It makes less disturbance than steel plants or aluminum works, but it lasts longer and continually increases its plant. Nearly all the several hundred people to come to this conference will be interested in the university. They will be anxious to see in what sort of place the school to which they send their daughters and sons is located. It is worth our while to make a good impression. And not only that, two hundred or more of the lay delegates to the conference are prosperous business men. They will see and hear much of Greencastle and its business. They too should receive a good impression. It will help much to impress both business men and clergyman to entertain him well, to make him feel at home. Let us open our homes. Let us show ourselves at our best.

REELSVILLE. The oat bug seems to be a hum bug. It was the cold, wet weather that injured the oat crop.

The Sunday School Convention was a success. House filled to overflowing.

The farmers are in it just now, corn about half plowed and the wheat ready to cut.

Mrs. Margaret Fuller of Kansas visited M. B. Ginton and wife Friday.

The interurban contractors are beginning to leave, soon the grade will be done.

There will be an ice cream supper at the M. E. church Saturday night for the benefit of the church. Come and get cool.

Perry Rolling's son that was operated on is critically ill.

John Urton, Jr. is taking electric treatment at Brazil for rheumatism.

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