

THE CELINA DEMOCRAT

C. C. CARLIN, Proprietor
JAS. K. CARLIN, Local Editor

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FRIDAY, July 8, 1910

DEMOCRATIC TICKET

- For Governor—JUDSON HARMON, Hamilton.
- For Lieutenant Governor—ATLEE POMERENE, Stark.
- For Supreme Court Judges—M. H. DONAHUE, Perry; JAMES JOHNSON, Clark.
- For Attorney General—TIMOTHY HOGAN, Jackson.
- For Secretary of State—CHARLES H. GRAVER, Ottawa.
- For Clerk Supreme Court—FRANK M. KILLEN, Cuyahoga.
- For State Treasurer—D. S. CHEAMER, Belmont.
- For Dairy and Food Commissioner—S. E. STROUD, Crawford.
- For School Commissioner—FRANK W. MILLER, Montgomery.
- For Member Board of Public Works—J. A. STANES, Allen.
- For Member of Congress—J. H. GOEHL, of Anguila.
- For State Senator—W. S. SHAFER, of Paulding.
- For Common Pleas Judge—H. T. MATHERS, of Shelby.
- For Representative—SAMUEL J. VINING.
- For Clerk of Courts—WALTER L. JOHNSON.
- For Sheriff—SHELL M. FISHER.
- For County Auditor—JAMES L. MILLROW.
- For County Commissioner—FRANK M. KILLEN, Cuyahoga; FRED HEBBY, ISADOR N. KISER.
- For County Recorder—JOHN R. ALBERS.
- For County Recorder—HUGH C. THOMAS.
- For County Surveyor—DILLON R. SMALLEY.
- For Prosecuting Attorney—JOHN G. ROMER.
- For Jailor—ANDREW BRINSWICK; HENRY NICHOLS; GEORGE H. PRESTON.
- For Coroner—HAIRY L. HIGHT.

We believe that Jeffries will be willing to admit there is entirely too much Johnson.

It is pretty well understood that a statesman who contemplates a divorce from his party can not expect alimony.

There is only one thing left to do to regain white supremacy, and that is to turn Terrible Teddy loose upon that niggah Johnson.

The New York Legislature doesn't seem to know that Roosevelt is some pumpkins. And the advisor of England on her colonial policy.

If it were to do over again, and Ballinger had to be appointed to something, Mr. Taft would probably nominate him for button-hole inspector at Timbuctoo.

Undertakers report that it costs 40 per cent. more for the materials of their greswome trade than it did ten years ago. So the cost of dying has gone up also.

The best way by which Arizona and New Mexico can prove to the world that they are worthy of Statehood is to go Democratic at the first opportunity and continue that way.

TRAITOROUS SHEET

A Bigger Handicap Than Gov. Harmon Can Carry.

[Anguila County Democrat, June 30.]

There is one big danger to Harmon and the Democratic ticket this fall, and that is the fact that they seem to have the unqualified approval of the Cincinnati Enquirer. That in itself would not be so bad—the Democrat ticket might withstand the handicap, and win—but it is the studied and insistent insulting of Bryan and Bryan supporters or adherents by the Enquirer that will do the damage. Loyal Democrats all over the country—thousands of them in Ohio, too—can not fail of recalling the traitorous attitude of the Enquirer and the ilk with which it has always consistently trained the past ten years, and wonder at the nerve of the political hyenas and pirates who are the publishers and editors of that paper. The Enquirer may be loyal in its support of Governor Harmon, but it is not because of the fact that the governor is a Democrat or is a candidate on the Democratic ticket that impels the Enquirer to give its support to the governor, all of which no person knows as completely as Governor Harmon himself. Knowing why the Enquirer is supporting him, the question arises in the minds of many persons, can Governor Harmon afford to permit the Enquirer to continue its policy of studied insult of Mr. Bryan and followers? We doubt it, and we believe the Enquirer's editors have sense enough to know what they are doing, knowing full well that the more embarrassing position they can place the Democratic candidates in, the more influence the Enquirer may have with those candidates when it comes to a "show-down" later in the campaign or after election.

THE FURNISHED ROOM

A Tragic Tale In Which Mingles the Scent of Mignonette.

By O. HENRY.
[Copyright, 1909, by McClure, Phillips & Co.]

Restless, shifting, fugacious as time itself, is a certain vast bulk of the population of the red brick district of the lower west side. Homeless, they have a hundred homes. They fit from furnished room to furnished room, transients forever—transients in abode, transients in heart and mind.

Hence the houses of this district, having had a thousand dwellers, should have a thousand tales to tell, mostly dull ones no doubt, but it would be strange if there could not be found a ghost or two in the wake of all these vagrant guests.

One evening after dark a young man prowled among these crumbling red mansions, rapping their bells. At the twelfth he rested his lean hand against the door and wiped the dust from his forehead and forehead. The bell sounded faint and far away in some remote, hollow depths.

To the door of this the twelfth

house whose bell he had rung came a housekeeper who made him think of



THE ROOM TRIED TO DISCOURSE TO HIM OF HIS DIVERS TENACITY.

an unwholesome, surfeited worm that had eaten its nut to a hollow shell and now sought to fill the vacancy with sallow notions.

He asked if there was a room to let.

"Come in," said the housekeeper. Her voice came from her throat; her throat seemed lined with fur. "I have the third floor back, vacant since a week back. Should you wish to look at it?"

The young man followed her up the stairs. A faint light from no particular source mitigated the shadows of the halls. They trod noiselessly upon a stair carpet that its own loom would have forsaken. It seemed to have become vegetable—to have degenerated in that rank, sunless air to lush lichen or spreading moss that grew in patches to the staircase and was viscid under the foot like organic matter. At each turn of the stairs were vacant niches in the wall. Perhaps plants had once been set within them. If so they had died in that foul and tainted air.

"This is the room," said the housekeeper, from her furry throat. "It's a nice room. It ain't often vacant. I find some most elegant people in it last summer—no trouble at all and paid in advance to the minute. The water's at the end of the hall. Sprovels and Mooney kept it three months. They done a vandeville sketch. Miss B'retta Sprovels—you may have heard of her—Oh, that was just the stage names. Right there over the dresser is where the marriage certificate hung, framed. The gas is here, and you see there is plenty of closet room. It's a room everybody likes. It never stays idle long."

"Do you have many theatrical people rooming here?" asked the young man.

"They comes and goes. A good proportion of my lodgers is connected with the theaters. Yes, sir; this is the theatrical district. Actor people never stays long anywhere. I get my share. Yes; they comes and they goes."

He engaged the room, paying for a week in advance. He was tired, he said, and would take possession at once. He counted out the money. The room had been made ready, she said, even to towels and water. As the housekeeper moved away he put, for the thousandth time, the question that he carried at the end of his tongue.

"A young girl, Miss Vashner—Miss Eloise Vashner—do you remember such a one among your lodgers? She would be singing on the stage, most likely—a fair girl, of medium height and slender, with reddish gold hair and a dark mole near her left eyebrow."

"No; I don't remember the name. These stage people has names they changes as often as their rooms. They comes and they goes. No; I don't call that one to mind."

No—always no; five months of ceaseless interrogation and the inevitable negative; so much time spent by day in questioning managers, agents, schools and choruses; by night among the audiences of theaters from all star streets down to music halls so low that he dreaded to find what he most hoped for. He who had loved her best had tried to find her. He was sure that since her disappearance from home this great, water girl city held her somewhere, but it was like a monstrous quiescent, shifting its particles constantly, with no foundation, its upper granules of today buried tomorrow in ooze and slime.

The furnished room received its latest guest with a first glow of pseudo hospitality, a beetle, buggard, perfume, welcome like the specious smile of a demirep. The sophisticated comfort came in reflected gleams from the decayed furniture, the ragged brocade upholstery of a couch and two chairs, a foot wide cheap pier glass between the two windows, from one or two gilt picture frames and a brass bedstead in a corner.

The guest reclined, inert, upon a chair, while the room, confused in speech as though it were an apartment in Babyl, tried to discourse to him of its divers tenacity.

A polychromatic rug like some brilliant flowered rectangular, tropical lily set surrounded by a billowy sea of soiled matting. Upon the gay papered wall were those pictures that pursue the homeless one from house to house—"The Huguenot Lovers," "The First Quarrel," "The Wedding Breakfast," "Psyche at the Fountain." The mantel's chastely severe outline was ingloriously veiled behind some pert drapery drawn rakishly askew like the sashes of the amazonian ballet. Upon it was some desolate fetsam cast aside by the room's marooned when a lucky sail had borne them to a fresh port—a trifling vase or two, pictures of actresses, a medicine bottle, some stray cards out of a deck.

One by one, as the characters of a cryptograph become explicit, the little signs left by the furnished room's procession of guests developed a significance. The threadbare space in the rug in front of the dresser told that lovely woman had marched in the throng. Tiny finger prints on the wall spoke of little prisoners trying to feel their way to sun and air. A splattered stain, saying like the shadow of a bursting bomb, witnessed where a

hurled glass or bottle had splintered with its contents against the wall. Across the pier glass had been scrawled with a diamond in staggering letters the name Marie. It seemed that the succession of dwellers in the furnished room had turned in fury—perhaps tempted beyond forbearance by its garish coldness—and were wreaking upon their passions. The furniture was chipped and bruised, the couch, distorted by bursting springs, seemed a horrible monster that had been slain during the stress of some grotesque convulsion. Some more potent upheaval had cloven a great slice from the marble mantel. Each plank in the floor owed its particular cant and sibilant as from a separate and individual agony.

It seemed incredible that all this malice and injury had been wrought upon the room by those who had called it for a time their home, and yet it may have been the cheated home instinct surviving blindly, the resentful rage of false household gods, that had kindled their wrath. A but that is our own we can sweep and adorn and cherish.

The young tenant in the chair allowed these thoughts to flee, sort staid, through his mind, while there drifted into the room furnished sounds and furnished scents. He heard in one room a titling and incontinent, slack laughter, in others the monologue of a scold, the rattling of dice, a jollily and one crying dully. Above him a banjo tinkled with spirit. Doors banged somewhere; the elevated trains roared intermittently; a cat yowled miserably upon a back fence. And he breathed the breath of the house—a dank savor rather than a smell—a cold, musty effluvia as from underground vaults, mingled with the reeking exhalations of linoleum and mildewed and rotten woodwork.

Then suddenly as he rested there the room was filled with the strong, sweet odor of mignonette. It came as upon a single buffet of wind with such sureness and fragrance and emphasis that it almost seemed a living visitant. And the man cried aloud, "What, dear?" as if he had been called, and sprang up and faced about. The rich odor clung to him and wrapped him around. He reached out his arms for it, all his senses for the time confused and commingled. How could one be peremptorily called by an odor? Surely it must have been a sound. But was it not the sound that had touched, that had expressed him?

"She has been in this room," he cried, and he sprang to wrest from it a token, for he knew he would recognize the smallest thing that had belonged to her or that she had touched. This enveloping scent of mignonette, the odor that she had loved and made her own—where came it?

The room had been but carelessly set in order. Scattered upon the filmy dresser scarf were half a dozen hairpins—those discreet, indistinguishable friends of womanhood, feminine of gender, infinite of mood and uncommunicative of tense. These he ignored, conscious of their triumphant lack of identity. Ransacking the drawers of the dresser, he came upon a discarded, tiny, ragged handkerchief. He pressed it to his face. It was racy and insolent with heliotrope. He hurried it to the floor. In another drawer he found odd buttons, a theater program, a pawnbroker's card, two lost marshmallows, a book on the divination of dreams. In the last was a woman's black sath hair bow, which halted him, poised between ice and fire. But the black sath hair bow also is femininity's demure, impersonal, common ornament and tells no tales.

And then he traversed the room like a bound on the scent, skimming the walls, considering the corners of the bulging matting on his hands and knees, rummaging mantel and tables, the curtains and hangings, the drunken cabinet in the corner, for a visible sign, unable to perceive that she was there beside, around, against, within, above him, clinging to him, wooing him, calling him so poignantly through the finer senses that even his grosser ones became cognizant of the call. Once again he answered loudly, "Yes, dear!" and turned, wild eyed, to gaze on vacancy, for he could not yet discern form and color and love and outstretched arms in the odor of mignonette. O God, whence that odor, and since when have odors had a voice to call? Thus he groped.

He burrowed in crevices and corners and found corks and cigarettes. These he passed in passive contempt. But once he found in a fold of the matting a half smoked cigar, and this he ground beneath his heel with a green and trenchant oath. He sifted the room from end to end. He found dreamy and ignoble small records of many a peripatetic tenant, but of her whom he sought and who may have lodged there and whose spirit seemed to hover there he found no trace.

And then he thought of the housekeeper.

He ran from the haunted room downstairs and to a door that showed a crack of light. She came out to his knock. He smothered his excitement as best he could.

"Will you tell me, madam," he besought her, "who occupied the room I have before I came?"

"Yes, sir, I can tell you again. 'Twas Sprovels and Mooney, as I said."

[Continued on eighth page.]

Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York.

State of Ohio, Insurance Department, Columbus, April 1, 1910.

I, Charles C. Lemert, Superintendent of Insurance of the State of Ohio, do hereby certify that the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, located at New York, in the State of New York, has complied in all respects with the laws of this State, applicable to it, and is authorized to transact in this State its appropriate business of making insurance on the lives of persons, and insurance connected therewith and appertaining thereto, including, purchasing and disposing of annuities, as prescribed in Section 3506, Revised Statutes of Ohio, until the first day of April of the year next succeeding the date hereof. Its condition and business on the thirty-first day of December of the year next preceding the date hereof, is shown by the statement, under oath, required by law to be as follows:

Aggregate amount of available assets..... \$499,456,371.61

Aggregate amount of liabilities (except capital), including re-insurance and special accumulations..... \$699,456,371.61

Amount of surplus..... \$199,999,999.99

Amount of expenditures for the year..... \$6,377,110.44

In witness whereof, I have hereunto subscribed my name and caused my official seal to be affixed, the day and year first above written.

(S.E.A.) CHARLES C. LEMERT, Superintendent of Insurance.

NOTICE OF APPOINTMENT.

Estate of Gertrude Winkler, deceased.

T. CHARLES C. LEMERT, H. B. BROWN, ATTESTED and qualified as executor of the estate of Gertrude Winkler, late of Mercer County, Ohio, deceased.

Dated this 15th day of June, A. D. 1910.

HENRY LEHNARTZ, Executor. 6-18

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the undersigned has been duly appointed and qualified as administrator with the will annexed of the estate of VIKI L. LATE, late of Mercer County, Ohio, deceased.

PETER HEIN, Administrator with will annexed. 10-21

Legal Notice—Non-Residence.

ANDREW J. GLEASON AND JULIUS A. A. GLEASON, whose residences are unknown, and who are heirs and devisees, all of whose residences are unknown, will take notice that on the 14th day of June, 1910, a bill was filed in the Court of Common Pleas, Mercer County, Ohio, in Case No. 8333, against the above named parties, praying for the sale of certain real estate hereinafter described, and in applying for the appointment of a receiver of said lands and assessments that said charges against said real estate, which taxes and assessments have not been paid within the time prescribed by law for the payment of the same, said real estate being described as follows, to-wit: Being Lot Number Twenty-two (22), Alexander Addition to the incorporated Village of Rockford, Ohio, the same being re-numbered in 1901 and now being known as Lot Number One Hundred and Eighty-one (181) of said Village. Said action is brought under favor of former Section 1040, Revised Statutes of Ohio, as now known, Sections 2967, 2968, 2969, 2970, 2971, 2972 and 2973 of the General Code of Ohio.

Said parties are required to answer said petition on or before the 8th day of August, 1910, or judgment will be taken against them.

J. B. ALBERS, as Treasurer, Plaintiff.

Celina, Ohio, June 8, 1910.

John G. Romer, Attorney. 6-21

State Line pike.....	28 67
Harrod and McDaniel Post, G. A. R., expense for Memorial Day services.....	25 38
R. E. Hussey Billing along Oak level pike.....	15 00
H. L. Hight, humane officers salary.....	25 00
Philip Line, janitor's salary.....	15 00
Memoranda of expenses, board of children.....	20 00
Oran Now, assisting engineer.....	2 00
Late Now, damages to traction engine.....	100 00
Putnam Bros., part pay on Palmer pike.....	3000 00
Late Now, damages to traction engine.....	100 00
Christ Pierstorff, ass't. eng.....	2 00
John Pierstorff, same.....	2 00
Silas Beaman and J. W. Hiltz, committee on burial of Rebekah Dunklin.....	2 00
W. H. Stange, stationery.....	41 45
Otto Witten, eng. fees.....	50 33
B. F. Wade & Sons, stationery.....	9 00

Pike Directors

Ben Schoenline, supt. of Brown & Kessler pike.....	50 25
Jos. A. Morrow, supt. Bennett and Doonger pike.....	11 63
Herman Hoyns, supt. Hoyns and Uhlenbake pike.....	16 00
Frank S. Bettinger, supt. Young pike.....	27 25
G. C. Thacker, supt. Welman pike.....	25 25
S. J. Bates, supt. Maedon pike.....	16 75
W. H. King & Co., Ute.....	40 85
John Jutte, gravel.....	12 50
Fred Moeller, supt. Farmers pike.....	15 50
John P. Woorms, supt. Sutter pike.....	21 66
J. M. Hale, supt. Lewis pike.....	16 25
Henry Wender, labor and material.....	15 20
Evers pike.....	15 20
John W. Kersch, crushed stone.....	118 65

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{ Celina Democrat, 1 year }

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COMMISSIONERS

The following bills were allowed last Friday and payable on and after the 6th:

Sohn Hilabold, land appraiser's monthly account.....	\$ 84 00
E. T. Hastings, same.....	174 00
August Dehringer, same.....	50 00
James G. Staeger, same.....	120 00
Henry Wimmers, same.....	25 00
D. T. Ruffner, same.....	25 00
Wm. H. Anthony, rent for Prov. Atty's office.....	70 00
Henry Balmert, ass't. eng. on Fox bridge.....	2 00
Celina Electric Light Plant, light.....	35 50
E. H. Fauser, Gettys bridge contract.....	262 00
Grimmell & Co., part pay on Hartings pike.....	100 00
Same, same on Human pike.....	50 00
Fred Gottmoeller, cement wall on Human bridge.....	25 00
Barney Gaat, replacing bridge on	

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