

News of Surrounding Towns

MILTON, IND.

Milton, Ind., Aug. 23.—Theo Voorhees of Richmond, was greeting friends here Saturday.

Harry Hancock of New Albany joined his wife and family at her mother's Mrs. C. H. Plinnick, over Sunday.

Mrs. Harrison Cannady, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Jennie Summers and family returned to Anderson Saturday.

Mrs. L. F. Lantz is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lantz at Pendleton.

Mr. and Mrs. George Kelsey returned from Wabash Saturday night.

Miss Ollie Wilson of Glencoe, Ky., is visiting her sister, Mrs. W. R. Heath, southwest of town.

Miss Orpha Kimmerring who has been visiting Miss Edna Lowery and other relatives, returned to Elwood on Saturday.

Mrs. James Doddridge and Miss Inez Doddridge visited at Richmond Saturday and did shopping.

John Ferguson was able to ride down town Saturday.

George Beatty of New Castle was the guest of his sister Mrs. Marcus Moore east of town yesterday.

Mrs. O. H. Beeson and daughter Miss Lora Beeson were at dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Davis Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Schepman and family of Indianapolis are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Ed Schepman and Mr. and Mrs. John Schepman. Messrs. and Mesdames Schepman and families spent yesterday with Mr. and Mrs. Will Schepman at New Castle. This formed a reunion of four brothers and their families.

Walter Jones of Spokane writes his sister, Mrs. Will Daniels, that he made a recent visit with friends at Seattle. While there Yancy Willetts called on him.

Messrs. and Mesdames Will Hurst and Silas Clark attended the Old Settlers' picnic at Centerville Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lycurgus Beeson, Mesdames M. V. Brown and W. H. Brown and son, formed an auto party Friday afternoon.

Miss Nora Campbell went to Richmond Saturday to visit her sister Mrs. Winnet and other relatives.

Ralph Lantz is home from a business trip through Tennessee. He was highly delighted with the country he saw.

Miss Della Schein of Batesville who has been the guest of Miss Carrie Durgranut went to Indianapolis Saturday enroute home.

Arlon Doll visited friends at Indianapolis yesterday.

Quincy Hood was home from New Castle to spend yesterday.

Joseph Wissler of Atlanta is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Willard Wissler and other relatives here.

Miss Mary Greenleaf of Rushville is visiting her sister, Mrs. C. M. Connel.

Louis Johnson and Harold Filby were calling on friends at Dublin Saturday. They made the trip on their wheels.

Messrs. and Mesdames R. J. Connell and Benj. Whitley formed a party to Cincinnati on the excursion yesterday.

Miss Stella Vernon of North Vernon, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Sherman Werking returned home Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Williams are now visiting at Losantville with relatives. Mrs. D. Ball of Richmond are keeping the farm interests up at Mr. Williams'.

Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Lowery, Will Philpott and the Misses Hazel Filby and Ruby Kellum were a carriage party yesterday. They took their dinners and picknicked in a shady grove.

Emerson Booth is working at the Hoosier Drill shops at Richmond.

Miss Louise Mueller returned today from her sister's, Mrs. Otto, at Brookville.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Clay of this place, a son, Friday.

Daniel Hess and son Park Hess, spent yesterday with his wife and children at her brother's, Ellisworth Filby, at Richmond.

Beverly Wissler of Abington visited relatives here yesterday.

Henry Newman has gone to Bentonville to have the care of Theo Beeson who has been ill.

Verna Bragg was home from Terre Haute to visit his parents Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Bragg.

Charles Isor has been sick.

Mr. and Mrs. John Kellam entertained Mrs. Sarah Ohmit and guests, Ira Filby and sister, Miss Viola Filby, Mrs. Jacob Clouds and children on Friday evening.

Harry Hunt and mother, Mrs. Ed Hunt attended the Old Settlers' meeting at Centerville.

Mrs. Christie Cleveland of Centerville was the guest of Mrs. Willis Owens Friday.

Dr. L. M. Gentry was at New Castle on business Saturday.

Mrs. Willis Leverton and children are visiting Messrs. and Mesdames Bullock, Hamilton at Muncie and Stow at Portland.

Mrs. Peter Shumaker is sick.

HAGERSTOWN, IND.

Hagerstown, Ind., Aug. 23.—Mrs. Burton has purchased a fine farm from an Indianapolis firm.

Miss Belle and family went to Dayton, Ohio, for a week's vacation.

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Ed Petro went to Sandusky to spend over Sunday with sister, Mrs. Albert Gladwell.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Conniff entertained Sunday, David Petty of Carmel, Ind.

Mrs. Marab Bennett of Greensfork is assisting in nursing Mrs. Allen.

Mrs. Carl Robertson of New Castle spent Friday here with her mother, Mrs. Hannah Shafter.

Indianapolis are visiting relatives here.

Miss Irene Keys has returned to her home at Sulphur after a visit with her grandparents, Chas. Keys and wife.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Teeter and Miss Mable Teeter were guests of friends at Indianapolis over Sunday.

Miss Vena Benbow has been visiting her sister, Mrs. John Salisbury near Economy.

Miss Esther Foyst, Miss Bertha Foyst and Josephine Foyst went to Marion to visit their sister, Mrs. Chas. Harison.

Hugh Allen is suffering with rheumatism in his arms.

Dennis Gregg found a valuable horse of his dead in the pasture field.

Mrs. Carl Gohring and son Russell are visiting relatives here.

Trustee Stottemeyer and the county commissioners inspected the different bridges in Jefferson township Saturday. Many of them are considered unsafe.

CAMBRIDGE CITY, IND.

Cambridge City, Ind., Aug. 23.—W. H. Doney, O. L. Callaway and Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Callaway were among the number who attended the auto-races at Indianapolis the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Guyton and son of Chicago, are the guests of relatives in this place.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Houseworth of Doddridge Chapel and Miss Clara Dickinson of the Indianapolis College of Music, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Judkins, Sunday.

Mrs. Walter Krone and son are visiting relatives in Richmond.

Miss Elizabeth Overbeck will go to Alfred, N. Y., about the fifteenth of September where she will enter the Alfred Pottery School, of which Charles F. Bean, son of the noted potter, stands at the head.

Mr. and Mrs. Sperry of Dublin, visited in this place, Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Brown of Chicago, attended the funeral of Mrs. Brown's father, William McKahan, of Dublin.

Mr. and Mrs. Abram Boyd were in Indianapolis, Friday, in attendance at the automobile races.

The Methodist ladies cleared between seven and eight dollars at their market, Saturday.

Miss Elizabeth Whelan returned Saturday evening from Spiceland, where she spent several days with her mother, Mrs. Catherine Whelan, who is at the Sanitarium in that place, for treatment.

Mr. and Mrs. John Jackson and Mr. and Mrs. Lon Worl were among the number from this place who attended the Old Settlers' Picnic at Centerville, Saturday.

Attorney B. F. Mason of Hagers-town, was a Cambridge City visitor, Saturday.

Fred Storch attended the Chautauqua at Richmond, Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher Medears, of Indianapolis, were the guests of Mrs. May Boden, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Doney and Mr. and Mrs. Lee Ault were visitors at the Chautauqua, Sunday.

Rev. Barrett, of Dublin, is visiting friends in Sidney, Ohio.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. McMahan, of Philadelphia, are spending some time with the former's mother, Mrs. McMahan, of Dublin.

Mrs. Violet Vandeventer, who has been the guest of Mrs. Margaret McCaffrey at Do Drop Inn, has returned to her home in Marion.

Miss Mary Overbeck will leave tomorrow (Tuesday morning) where she has the position as Supervisor of Drawing and Manual Training the coming winter.

Master Beale Williams, the faithful carrier for the Saturday Evening Post received a personal letter a short time ago from President Curtis informing him that he was entitled to a fine watch. The gift is a reward for having done the best work in the State of Indiana, in increasing the circulation of that periodical. The watch has arrived and Master Beale is justly proud of his reward.

NEEDFUL KNOWLEDGE

Richmond People Should Learn to Detect the Approach of Kidney Disease.

The symptoms of kidney trouble are so unmistakable that they leave no ground for doubt. Sick kidneys excrete a thick, cloudy, offensive urine, full of sediment, irregular of passage or attended by a sensation of scalding. The back aches constantly, headaches and dizzy spells may occur and the victim is often weighed down by a feeling of languor and fatigue. Neglect these warnings and there is danger of dropsy, Bright's Disease, or diabetes. Any one of these symptoms is warning enough to begin treating the kidneys at once. Delay often proves fatal.

You can use no better remedy than Doan's Kidney Pills. Here's Richmond proof:

Mrs. F. P. Brooks, 215 S. Fifth Street, Richmond, Ind., says: "We have used Doan's Kidney Pills in our family for years and would not be without them for a weakness of the kidneys."

Doan's Kidney Pills are sold by all druggists. Price 50 cents. Doan's Kidney Pills are sold by all druggists. Price 50 cents.

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The Memoirs of An American Citizen BY ROBERT HERRICK

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"Ed," I said to him, "we want you to find out all you can about this brother-in-law of Judge Garretson. See if you can learn how many of those London and Chicago bonds he holds."

"What sort of a man is this Judge Garretson?" I asked the lawyer.

"Good enough for a political judge, I guess. He's up for re-election this fall. There was some talk about his attitude in traction cases, but nothing positive against him."

"See here, Ed—I turned to Hostetler abruptly—"I want you to go straight out to this Lucas Smith's place and find him. Tell him you know where he can get \$25,000 for those two bonds of his that Judge Garretson dissolves that injunction."

"That is too strong! I stuck by you last time, but I won't stand for this!"

"Go on, Ed," I called out to Hostetler peremptorily. "Tell him just that—the day the injunction is dissolved he gets \$25,000 for his bonds, and the other rats don't get a cent!"

Slocum rose without a word and put on his hat. I put my hand on his shoulder and pushed him back into his chair.

"You aren't going to quit like that, Slocum, after all these years! Think it over. What else is there for us to do? Can we have this business aired in court? What will Parson say to that story of Luke's? Do you think we could buy the bonds from those rats for any likely figure—for any figure if Carmichael is waiting around the corner to pick up our cake when we are forced to drop it?"

He sank into the chair rather limp, and we looked at each other for a minute or two.

"Well," he said slowly, "it might as well come out now as never."

"You have got to sit in the boat with me, Slocum! I need you." I leaned across the table and looked into his eyes. Slowly after a time he nodded and gave himself up to me to do my will. In the heat of my trouble I scarce realized what acquaintance cost him. He never gave another sign. But it cost him, one way and another, more than I ever could repay—and now I know it.

We walked out together, and as I turned in the direction of home I said cheerfully:

"Once out of this mess, old man, we shall be on Easy street, and you can buy a block of those old brick shanties back in Portland!"

The lawyer smiled at my speech, but turned away without another word.

Judge Garretson dissolved the injunction in due course. What is more, he roasted the petitioning parties who had entered his court "with flimsy and fraudulent pretenses." There was a righteous flavor to his eloquence that would have been worthy of a better cause. Nevertheless that same evening Lucas Smith collected his price from Ed and delivered his bonds.

I turned to Slocum, who was with me in court when the decision was handed down, and said jubilantly:

"That worked. They can't touch us now! I guess we've seen the end of this business."

Slocum demurred still.

"Maybe, but I doubt it. You don't think that Frost and his pals are going to sit quiet after such a roast? They will nose around to find out who sold them out."

But I did not pay much heed to the lawyer's fears.

CHAPTER XVIII. THE STRIKE.

The labor question from the inside—A talk with strikers—Till for tat all round. A ticklish place for an argument—My anarchist—Bluff—it works—we call it square.

MEANTIME for a little entertainment we had a strike in one of our Indiana plants. At first it didn't make much difference. All the packers had been shutting down here and there during the cold months, and we were ready to close that particular plant.

But as the severe winter of '04 passed and the men saw that we were in no hurry to start work until better times began to get ugly, to set fire to the buildings and do other injuries. There was no police protection to amount to anything in any of these country places, and it would cost too much to keep a sufficient force of hired detectives to guard the property.

It got on toward spring, and we wanted to open the place for a short run, but I was determined not to give in to the union, especially since they had taken to hurting the property. There had been a number of strikes that year, notably the great one at Pullman, followed by the railroad trouble. It was a most senseless time for any man with a job to quit work, and the employers were feeling pretty set about not giving in.

I remember that about this time some of the preachers in the city and among them the Rev. Mr. Hardman, Sarah's young man, got loose on the strike question and preached sermons that were printed in the newspapers. Hardman's ideas were called "Christian Socialism," and it all sounded pretty, but wouldn't work twenty-four hours in Chicago. I wanted Sarah to try a new minister who had sense enough to stick to his Bible, but she was loyal to Hardman and even though there might be something in his ideas.

Well, it got along into July, and I concluded to run down to our Indiana

plant and see what could be done with the situation. There was a committee of the union waiting for me in the superintendent's office. We talked back and forth a considerable time, and finally I said:

"See here, boys; I want you to come over the plant with me and let me show you what some of you strikers have done and what it will cost us before we can open up."

So I tramped over the place with the men, and I pointed out damages to the property that would cost the company over \$10,000 to repair.

"Now go home and ask your union if they will stand for that bill."

They thought it was my little joke. They could not understand that a union if it is to have the power to force a rise in wages must be responsible also for the damage done by its members. Nor could they see that if the company wasn't making money they could not make more money out of the company.

At last after talking with the lot of obstinate Poles for three hours I turned them all away with the suggestion that they might see a trainload of men coming in from the south in about a week if they didn't come back, for we were going to open on the 1st of the month. They trotted off to a saloon to talk it over. The superintendent shook his head and talked about a riot if we should try getting in new men. Then he and I went over the place together to see about improvements and spent another hour looking into every corner of the building.

He left me up in the loft of the main building, while he went back for some plans that were in the office. I poked about here and there, the dirty, cobwebbed place. There was only rough scantling for a floor, and below my feet I could see the gaping mouths of the great vats still filled with dirty, slimy water. Pretty soon I heard the tread of feet coming up the stairs. It didn't sound like the superintendent. He was a light man, and this was a heavy person. I called out to the man to take care, as the light was none too good, and a tumble to the floor he had. I remember that the man opposite me was reading. The picture seemed in a general way familiar. Underneath it ran these faring headlines:

"Bribery of a Judge—Official in Packing Concern Implicated—Exclusive Story in the Nationalist."

I bought a copy of the paper, and when I reached my office I read the article. It was sprung, plainly enough, to hit Garretson, who was up for re-election, and in the main they had a straight story—Lukes, Frost, the judge's brothers-in-law, and all. And the right figures too! The reference to Slocum and me was vague, and Ed was left out altogether. My picture was put in alongside of the judge's and labeled "Vice President and General Manager of the American Meat Products Company."

The reference was plain, and the paper wouldn't have dared to go so far, I judged, if they hadn't their facts where they could produce them. There was no word of the story in the other morning papers. I folded up the article and put it away in my desk, then telegraphed Slocum, who had gone to St. Louis on some railroad business for Parson and me.

Luckily the Nationalist was not a sheet that ever found its way into my house, but that evening I looked apprehensively at Sarah. She was pale and quiet—had been downtown all day shopping—but she said nothing to indicate that she was specially disturbed. The next day was Sunday, and, though Mr. Hardman's preaching was not much to my liking, I drove over with Sarah to the little church on the north side where he held forth. There was a pretty large congregation that morning, mostly women and poor people of the neighborhood, with a few north side men whom I knew in a business way.

The Rev. Mr. Hardman never preached a good sermon that he had written beforehand. He was one of those Episcopal preachers who come out in front of the chance rail, cross their hands, look down on the floor and meditate a few minutes to get their ideas in flow. Then they raise their eyes in a truly soulful manner and begin. But today for some reason Mr. Hardman didn't go through his trick. He marched out as if he had some thing on his mind to get rid of quick and shot out his text.

"What shall it profit a man if he gain all the world and lose his own soul?"

Then he began talking very distinctly, pausing every now and then after he had delivered a sentence. He said that we had fallen on evil days; that corruption was abroad in the land, polluting the springs of our national life. And the law breakers came and went boldly in our midst, the rich and powerful, the most envied and socially respected. Every one knows the style of his remarks from that introduction.

Some preachers nowadays feel that they must say this sort of thing once or twice a year or their people won't believe they read the papers. So long as he kept out in the open I had no objection to his volleys. I had heard it all before, and in the main I agreed with him—only he saw but a little way into the truth.

Suddenly his right arm, which had been hanging limp by his side, shot out, and as we were sitting pretty well up front on the main aisle it seemed to point at us. Sarah gave a little start, and her cheeks flushed red.

"And I say," the minister thundered, "that when such men come into our churches, when they have the effrontery to mingle with godfearing people and, unrepentant of their crimes, debase this sanctuary, yes, partake of the Holy Body, I say it is worse for them than if they were mere common thieves and robbers! I tell you, my people, that here in our very midst one of them comes—a man who has defiled

the laws of man and God, the most sacred; who has corrupted the source of justice, who has bought that which the law denied him! This man has used."

I had been getting angry and was looking the minister in the eye pretty severely. At that moment Sarah gave a little groan. She was very white.

"Come!" I whispered to her, getting up. "Come! It's time you got out of this."

At first she shook her head, but as I refused to sit down she rose to follow me. I had stepped to the aisle and turned to give Sarah my arm when she faintly—just sank down with a groan in my arms.

"So this is the gospel you preach!" I called out to the minister, who had paused and now stepped forward to help me raise Sarah. "Let her alone! You have hit her hard enough already. Another time when you undertake this kind of business you had better know what you are talking about."

He stepped back to his desk and kept silent, while I and one of the ushers who had come forward to help me lifted Sarah and carried her to the door. When we got to the end of the aisle Sarah opened her eyes and stood up.

"I have had enough of your gospel, my friend!" I called back. "I am going where I shall hear religion and not newspaper scandal!"

Sarah groaned and pulled gently at my arm. Once in the carriage, she turned her face to the window and looked out as if she were still shocked and sick. I tried to say something to comfort her, but I could only think of curses for that meddlesome Pharisee, who thought it was his duty to judge his flock.

"Don't talk about it!" Sarah exclaimed, as if my words gave her pain. "So we rode home in silence all the way. At the end she turned to me: 'Just say it isn't true. Van!'

I began to say a few words of explanation. 'No, just say it isn't true!' she interrupted. 'I can't understand all that you are saying. Just say that you haven't done anything wrong. That's all I want.'"

"Some people would think it was wrong, Sarah," I had to say after awhile.

She gave a little groan and shut her lips tight. When we entered the house May was there, with her children.

"Why, my land!" she exclaimed on seeing us. "What brings you people back so soon? Sarah looks sick!"

Sarah was ready to faint again. May helped her up to her room, and I went into my study. Pretty soon May came down to me.

"What's the matter with Sarah, Van?" she asked sharply. "She seems all queer and out of her head."

Then I told her what had happened. "Did you see the piece in the paper?" I asked at the end.

May shook her head. "But I shouldn't wonder if Sarah had seen it."

"Why do you think so?" I asked.

"Why, she seemed troubled about something yesterday when she came into the house after she had been downtown shopping. She asked me whether I generally believed the things I saw in the papers. I asked her what kind of things, and she said, 'Scandals about people in business.' I thought it was queer at the time."

"She won't talk to me about it," I said.

May didn't make any reply to this, and we sat there some time without talking. Then May asked in a queer little voice:

"Tell me, Van, is there anything in that story? Is it true in the least way?"

"I'll tell you just how it was," I answered.

May was not the kind of person that could be put off with a general answer, and I was glad to give her the inside story, so I told her the circumstances of the case. "It was blackmail and bribery. The judge was waiting to be bought. These rats stood between us and what we had a perfect right to do. There's hardly a business man in this city who under the circumstances wouldn't have done what we did."

"I don't believe that!" May exclaimed in her sharp, decisive little way.

She sat looking at me rather sternly, with the same look on her face that I had remembered for twenty years, and said:

"Van, you are always a great hand to think what you want to believe in the only thing to believe! You know that?"

She smiled unconsciously, with the little ironical ripple which I knew so well, and I smiled too. I couldn't help myself. We both seemed to have gone back to the old boy and girl days. But I was angry as well and began to defend myself.

"No," she interrupted. "It isn't a mite of use for you to bluster and get angry, Van. I don't trust you! I haven't for some time. I have been worried for Will. Don't let him mix himself up in your ways of doing things, Van Harrington!"

"If he is so terribly precious," I said hotly, "I guess you had better take him back to Jacksonville."

"Maybe I shall," she answered quietly. "I'd take him to the nearest little place in creation rather than know he had done any such thing as you say you have done!"

We were both pretty angry by this time, and yet, yet both smiled. She was such a snappy, strong little woman! I admired her all the time she was making me angry. Somehow it brought back all that time long ago when I had thought the world began and ended with her. We had never been so near each other since, and I think she felt somewhat in the same way.

"Well," I said at last, "I am not going to fight this thing out with you, May, or