THE MERCURY

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THURSDAY, MAY 22, 1919

MILLERSBURG

The W. C. T. U. District convention of the 7th District, convened here Tuesday night and Wednesday. There were about forty members and delegates present, most of them arriving Wednesday morning. Wednesday was a busy day, and much business was transacted in a few hours. The following program was observed:

Tuesday evening, May 27, 7:30 Victory service, Song: "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name;" Crusade Psalm—Psa. 146—Read Responsively; Prayer—Greetings from Millersburg; —Rev. J. W. Gardner; Big plans by a big organization with a big faith"—Mrs. Nora B. Taylor, treasurer, Kentucky W. C. T. U.; Solo: "Sound the Jubilee,"—Mrs. Frances E. Beauchamp, President Ky. W. C. T. U.; All around the world the Ribbon White is twined. Offering—Benediction.

Wednesday, May 28th, 10 o'clock. Praise service—Miss Olive Fisher; Greetings from the Womans club—Mrs. Edna Best. Greetings from the Local Union—Mrs. J. D. Redd; Response—Mrs. Nellie Stuckey; Report Corresponding secretary—Mrs. Sarah Graves Clarke; Report of Recording secretary—Mrs. Rana Shannon; Report of Treasurer—Mrs. Clara McDonald; Appointment of Committees; —Credentials, Courtesies, Literature, Resolutions. Our part in the fight—Mrs. Julia R. Dunn; Song: "The Fight is On." Roll call by secretary of Local Presidents, who responded telling "What My Union Has Done to Serve the Nation, the State, the Community and the Master."

Noontide Hour—Mrs. E. B. Johns; WHITE RIBBON LUNCHEON, which was indeed good, and was enjoyed by the delegates, the local chapter and the honorary members.

Wednesday afternoon, 2 o'clock. Praise service—Mrs. A. B. Thompson; Report of Secretary 2:30; With our boys in France—Miss Mary Sweeney, who has been in active canteen service at the front; Importance of continuing Temperance work—Mrs. J. L. Watkins; 3:30 Election of Officers; Reports of L. T. L. Secretaries; Reports of Jubilee Campaigns—"How we did it," Song: Patriotice Voting; Adjournment.

Wednesday evening, 7:30, Demonstration by the children; Song—"Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory;" Address—Col. George Bain; Offering; Benediction.

Col. W. M. Layson continues about the same.

Mr. A. J. Butler, aged 73, died Monday at 9 p. m. of general debility. He had been in failing health for some time and for the past several weeks had been attended by a nurse. The greater part of his life was spent in and around Millersburg. He had been a devoted member of the Methodist church for many years; was a carpenter by trade and followed his vocation closely, up to within a short time of his death. He was united in marriage early in life to Miss Elizabeth Hamm. Their union was blessed by eight children. His wife and youngest daughter preceded him to the grave. He is survived by four daughters, Misses Sue, Nannie, Lyda and Bessie Butler. Three sons, Messrs W. A. Butler, of the Millersburg Coal and Lumber Co., Rufus Butler, dealer in groceries, and Richard Butler, train dispatcher for L. & N. of Ravena. The funeral was conducted Wednesday at 2:30 p. m. at his late residence by his pastor, Rev. J. W. Gardner, assisted by Dr. C. C. Fisher of the M. C. Interment in the family lot in the Millersburg Cemetery. Pall Bearers: H. D. Jones, A. S. Miller, D. P. Jones, J. F. McDaniel, A. S. Best and R. C. Borner.

The farm of the late J. F. Miller containing 150 acres was sold at public sale Friday to Arris Wiggins, for $321 per acre.

The Millersburg Chautauqua, will open on Monday, July 14th, continuing through Saturday, 19th. See future issues for further particulars.

Mrs. M. M. Jones was with her brother, Mr. Kookendoffer, at the Base Hospital, Louisville, a few days last week. Mr. Kookendoffer has just returned from France, where he sustained wounds that are thought not to be serious.

The Millersburg Graded school closed last Friday. The children enjoyed a picnic dinner on the school grounds and most of the day was spent in pleasure between the children and teachers.

Mrs. W. M. Miller left Friday for the home of her cousin, Mrs. Adams at Tennille, Ga., where she will spend the summer.

Mrs. Mattie B. Hawes, is spending a few days with friends in Cincinnati.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Letton, of Atlanta, Ga., arrived Wednesday as guests of his mother and sister, Mrs. Jennie Letton, and daughter, Miss Leona Letton.

Mrs. Mary Boston and son, of Midlin, Texas, arrived Tuesday at the home of her sister, Mrs. C. R. Smith. Mrs. Boston will make her future home in Millersburg, and has taken rooms with Mrs. A. L. Hoffman. She was formerly Miss Louise Bradley and her early life was spent in Millersburg. Her many friends welcome her return to her old home town.

Esq. and Mrs. A. C. Ball are visiting their son and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Ball, in Louisville.

The campaign for our consolidated school, is now on, and is assuming a white heat. Both sides are actively at work and it is hard to predict the result of Saturday. Addresses in the school houses in the district began Tuesday night, at the Letton school house by J. V. Chapman, State Rural Supervisor. Wednesday, at Jacksontown, Mr. O. E. Hurst delivered a brilliant address. Tonight Dr. Fred Mutchler, of State University will speak at the McIlvain school. The campaign will close Friday night at which time Dr. Fred Mutchler and T. J. Coats, President of Eastern Normal, and Dr. M. C. Ford, of Western Norman, will address the people in Millersburg.

Come Out Of The Kitchen!

That is heated up by a coal stove

INSTALL AN OIL STOVE TODAY

WE HAVE THEM

THE QUICK MEAL, FLORENCE, WICKLESS THE NEW PERFECTION

It's going to be hot pretty soon and you should not increase your discomfort by using a coal stove. Don't delay; get one now.

THE HOWARD HARDWARE COMPANY

CARLISLE, KY.

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The Liberty Loan drives, the Red Cross drives, the various war charities were made successful with the aid of newspaper advertising.

Nothing else would have aroused the people so quickly.

No means of communication with the mass of the people would have been so prompt and so low in cost.

Today newspaper advertising is helping bring the world back to balance.

It is opening the natural channels of commerce, starting the mines and mills and opening jobs for the returning soldiers.

LETTER FROM DAVE BARNETT

Eller Germany
May 1st, 1919

Dear Mother and Father:—After quite a tiresomeride of forty hours we landed O. K. in Germany. It was not such a long trip, but the train was held up at many points. At Verona we were held up for ten hours. Our train was brought from France to the German boundary by the Americans and there we were met by a German crew and engine which brought us to our destination. This is a beautiful little town on the Moselle river about 40 kilometers below Cobeling or about ten minutes ride on the train. The people treat us very good. I am staying at a real nice home, have a good feather bed all to myself, nice room with water and lights, sure is a lot better than sleeping in a barn back in France. The only trouble I have is in trying to talk to them. Last night the old lady came up to my room and took me down stairs; her husband can speak a little English; he has a brother in Toledo, O. and his son is a prisoner of war in France. I believe the German language is much easier to learn than the French, but just when I was beginning to learn the French we moved and I will have to start over again.

About the first question they asked me was whether or not I was English. I said "nix English, American." They sure do hate the English, but really do like the American. The country in this section is mountainous, but thickly populated. Of course it is similar to France; the people all live in towns, but they are better towns, nicer buildings, streets, electric lights, good railroads and lots of large factories. The mountain sides are all cultivated, mostly vineyards, many acres of them. Well, mother, I must close now, as it is about supper time. Hope to get out and see more of the country in a few days and then I will write and tell you more about it. Give my love to all. I will write again in a few days.

Your son,
David Barnett

ONE BAR OPEN IN OHIO

Columbus, Ohio, May 27—Ohio today celebrated her first day as the biggest prohibition State in the country. Constitutional prohibition, voted last November by a majority of more than 25,000, went into effect at midnight.

As far as could be learned, only one saloon was open for the sale of hard drinks in the State today. That was at Cleveland. The police closed the bar and it was announced that a test case will result to test the new constitutional provision. The lone bar did a thriving business the short time it remained open.

MT. MARIAH NEWS

L. H. Sparks spent from Saturday until Monday in Cincinnati.

Word was received here May 15th, by L. H. Sparks that his son, Clarence A. Sparks, has arrived in N. Y. from overseas and is expected to return to his home in Dayton, Ohio at an early date.

Orval Fuller and wife spent from Saturday until Sunday with Mrs. Ruth Feeback near Steeles Ford.

MT. ZION

Of course you want to be at Zion Sunday 'tis decoration day and a large crowd is expected.

Misses Norean Day and Alice Clavell returned home from their two weeks visit at Plummer's Landing Thursday.

Mrs. Mary Flora spent Saturday night with Mrs. C. L. Tucker.

Geo. Clavell sold a 3 year old horse to Mr. John Watkins for $150 and bought of W. T. Clavell a mare for $75.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Day Misses Norean Day and Anna Clavell, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Vinson and son, Paul, spent Sunday afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. O. P. Clavell.

Don't forget to go to Sunday school some where next Sunday. Every body else is going, why not you?

Miss Lottie Clavell and sister, Eva Francis, spent Sunday afternoon with Mrs. M. F. Vice.

Ivore Day spent the day with Banks Vice Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Hice Mitchell went down to their farm one day last week.

ELLISVILLE

Mr. Enoch Porter, of Hattiesburg, Miss., visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Porter, the past week.

Misses Chloe and Adra Crockett, of Sardis, were guests of Miss Mae Wells the past week.

Master Herbert McClanahan, visited his aunt, Mrs. W. T. Hunter, Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. W. M. Collins visited relatives at Ewing the past week.

Mrs. Sarah Pryor is on the sick list.

Several from here attended the commencement at Carlisle the past week.

Several from here attended services at Oakland Mills Sunday.

BLUE LICK SPRINGS

Willie Jett, of Scott county, visited the family of Forrest and Lucera Current last week.

Lloyd and Holton Snapp, of Mason county spent several days here the guests of the family of Mr. Miner Snapp.

Mrs. Ellen Purcell is visiting relatives in Scott county.

Mrs. Caroline Richie has returned home after a two weeks stay with friends near Headquarters.

There will be preaching at the church here Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, by Eld Fred Gielow.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Walton and little son were visitors at Saltwell Sunday.

Mr. Miner Snapp and Russel Ritchie were visitors in Maysville last Wednesday.

BALD HILL NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Shepherd, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Dotson, of Millersburg

Mr. John Miller, Mrs. Pete Miller Mrs. Geo. Miller and Mrs. Mamie McVey spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Ki Smart, of Paris.

Miss Jeanette McVey entertained the Junior and Intermediate S. S. Classes Saturday afternoon. After playing ball for about two hours, several other games were played, cake was served and the boys and girls went on their way rejoicing over having had such a pleasant afternoon.

Mr. W. E. Miller, formerly of this community, now of Paris, has bought a farm near Carlisle, and several lots near Arnold Heights.

Mr. Jas. Morris, of Hopkinsville, has been the guest of his sister, Mrs. R. M. Hamm during the past week.

Training class at Bald Hill church Saturday night. Preaching Sunday morning and evening. Subject Sunday mornin, "Why I Am A Disciple" Sunday evening will be the memorial service for the returned soldier and sailor boys who are requested to dress in uniforms. We hope many of Uncle Sams boys will be present. Come, it will be worth your while.

There will be preaching at Blue Lick church. Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, by Mr. Gielow, minister of Bald Hill. Subject, "Carry On."

Notification papers were filed with Secretary of State Lewis Tuesday by Ronald C. Oldham, of Winchester, candidate for the democratic nomination for Lieutenant Governor.

TAYLOR'S CREEK

Very little tobacco has been set, the land has been wet so long the farmer has had no time to harrow and prepare for setting.

Thom. Quiett and family, Marion Ockerman and family, of here, Joe Ockerman and family and Allie Craycraft, of Walnut Grove, and Willie Waugh, of Carlisle, were in Maysville Saturday.

Russell Soper and little son, of Jacksotown, spent Thursday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Soper.

Oscar Conyers and family, Will Hedges and family, were the guests of M. S. Ockerman and family Sunday.

Several from here attended the lot and baby farm sale, near Carlisle, Thursday.

Thos. Quiett and family had as their guests Sunday, Miss. Nannie Sims, of Carlisle, Clarence Quiett and wife, Miss Reed, of East Union, Bert Witicer and Hermey Banta.

Miss Mary Hester Smoot visited Mr. Horace Smoot and family of near Western. Mr. Smoot has been very sick.

JORDAN

W. E. Judge, wife and baby, P. N. Jones and wife visited Mr. and Mrs. George Perkins Sunday.

James E. Denton and wife have been visiting at Oakley this week.

Miss Elizabeth Campbell has been visiting her parents the past week.

Willie Burae, Elmer Bromagen, Nannie and Martha Johnson, Lottie and Annie R. Wright are all on the sick list.

MILLTOWN NEWS

Herbert McElfresh visited his brother, Adren McElfresh Sunday.

Mr. Thos. Mitchell and family and Mrs. J. W. Moran visited Mrs. James Mitchell and family, of Carlisle, Saturday.

Mrs. Allie Gill and son, Pearl, of Carlisle, visited Mr. W. E. Chrisman and family Sunday.

Decoration Day will be observed at Mt. Zion next Sunday, June 1st.

Sunday School at 10:30 a. m. Be on time. Everybody welcome.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Neal visited Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Roberts, of Grove Ridge, Sunday.

WALNUT GROVE

Miss Mattie Kookendoffer returned to her home near East Union after a two weeks visit with Miss Molly Ockerman.

Mrs. Everett Taylor and children visited relatives at Cynthiana Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Ockerman and family and Mr. Adra Craycraft, of this place, Mr. and Mrs. Marion Ockerman and family, Mr. and Mrs. Len Quiett and family, of Taylor's Creek motored to Maysville Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Everett Taylor and family had as their guests Sunday afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Teal vine and family, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Eckler and family, Misses Verena and Ruth Mattox, Ida Mae and Mallie Ockerman, Sophia Clifford, Dorthia Hill and Messrs Allie Craycraft and Charles Clifford.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Ockerman and family and Mr. Alde Craycraft and Mattie Kookendoffer visited Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Kookendoffer and family Wednesday.

ROSE HILL and SUGAR CREEK

Quite a crowd attended the Memorial Services held at Rose Hill Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Marguerite Thomas has returned home after several weeks stay with her daughter, Mrs. C. S. Ham.

Mr. Wm. Richey and daughter, Miss Robbie, of Millersburg, visited Geo. Richey and family over Sunday.

Mr. Jas. Collins and daughter, Beatrice, of Washington, visited Mrs. H. Laughlin, Mrs. T. Bradfield and Mrs. Purcell the past week.

Mrs. Kittie Daley and Mrs. Bettie Shaw, of Ind. returned home Thursday after several weeks stay with their mother, Mrs. Millie Laughlin.

Misses Chloe and Adra Crockett, of Sardis, spent the latter part of the week with Mrs. H. Laughlin.

Floyd Elrod attended a social at Mt. Olivet Saturday night.

KENTUCKY'S HONORED DEAD

The Kentucky Council of Defense has released for publication during the first week in June the list of men from this State who lost their lives in the service.

The list is a long one. It has been compiled by the State and County Historians, principally from the United States Official Bulletin, but with the personal work of the historian in each county.

While this list is not as yet complete it shows that up to this time there are 2,668 Kentucky men and women who have given their lives to the great cause of world liberty.

Every county in the State has contributed to make this grand total. The men have come from every walk in life. Grim war has taken its toll from the Mountains, the Bluegrass, the Pennyrile and the Purchase.

In this notable list will be found a Major General and a Red Cross nurse. The flower of the young manhood of the State gave their lives on the bloody fields of Passchendaele, the Argonne, Soissons, Verdun, Belleau Wood, St. Mihiel and Chateau Thierry. Among these men there are many who have been awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for the brave act in which they lost their lives.

The list includes, of course, not only the men who died in battle, or from wounds, but also those who died at army camps and on the high seas. A soldier who loses his life from disease gives it to his country just as truly as one who has been killed in battle.

In the list of soldier dead will be found names of men who died while fighting with the Canadians, the French and the British.

During the first week in June the county and State papers will publish these lists of men who have made the supreme sacrifice for their country and for the peoples in far off lands to the end that their fellow countrymen may know their names and their records and do them fitting honor.

OBITUARY

In loving remembrance of Acquillar Durrum Stone, who died at Great Lakes, Ill., September 24th, 1918.

In the graveyard softly sleeping,
Where the flowers gently wave,
Lies the one we love so dearly,
In his lonely, silent grave.
Those who saw him in his casket,
Pure and white, and Oh, so fair,
Thought he was the light of Heaven,
As he lay so sweetly there.

How we miss Acquillar dear,
And remember all your kindness,
As we drop a silent tear.
Day by day we sadly miss you—
Some may think the wound is healed,
But they little know the grief that
Lies within our hearts concealed.

Sometime, some day our eyes shall see
The face we love so well,
Sometime our hands shall press with his,
And never say farewell.
His merry laugh we hear no more,
The voice we loved is still,
And all that is left for memory
Is his grave on a ———

By Mother

The Fly and the Flea.

A fly and a flea in a flue were imprisoned. Said the fly: "Let us flee." Said the flea: "Let us fly." So they flew through a flaw in the flue.

TO ASK PARDON

A special to the Danville Messenger, Saturday, read: "It is reported that Gov. Black will soon be asked to pardon George Alexander, the Paris bank wrecker. Gov. Stanley repeatedly refused to pardon Alexander and it is not known what action Gov. Black will take in the matter."

AMERICAN SEAPLANE REACHES THE CONTINENT

Washington, May 27.—Blazing the way of the first air trail from the western to eastern hemisphere, the United States Navy seaplane NC-4, under Lieutenant Commander Albert Cushing Read, swept into the harbor Lisbon, Portugal, today, the first airship of any kind to have crossed the Atlantic ocean under its own power and through its natural element.

Taking the air at Ponta Delgada, Azores, at 6:18 A. M., Washington time, on the last leg of the trans-oceanic portion of the voyage from Rockaway Beach, Long Island, to Plymouth, England, the NC-4 covered the 800 miles in 9 hours and 43 minutes, maintaining an average speed of better than 80 knots an hour. The total elapsed flying time from New Foundland to Lisbon was 26 hours and 41 minutes.

At the first opportunity the big plane will continue to Plymouth, 775 nautical miles to the north. Possibly Commander Read can start tomorrow. To the Navy Department however, it makes little difference when he completes the journey. The great object of all the effort lavished on the undertaking—navigation of a seaplane across the Atlantic through the air—has been accomplished. Twentieth century transportation has reached a new pinnacle and the United States Navy has led the way.

TO END DAYLIGHT SAVING

Washington, May 27.—The agricultural bill, carrying appropriations of $32,628,000 and a legislative rider providing for the repeal of the daylight saving act was before the House today. Principal increases to the bill, which originally totaled $31,673,000, were appropriations of the corn borer, an insect which has caused much damage to crops in New York and Massachusetts.

The rider for the repeal of the daylight saving act provides the act shall be repealed on the second Sunday after the measure is signed by President Wilson.

Storms Carry Birds to Far North.

Certain instances of birds found singly far to the north of their usual range are possibly to be explained by the whirl of our cyclonic storms. The wind, turning counter-clockwise, blows off shore in the south and carries the bird out to sea. But sooner or later, if the bird has the good fortune to last out the experience, the further spin of the storm tends to bring him ashore again.

How the Months Were Named.

January gets its name from Janus; February from Februa—purification—a Sabine word; March from Mars; April from aperio—open; May from Maia, goddess of growth; June from Junius; July from Julius; August from Augustus; September from september—seven; October from octo—eight; November from novem—nine; December from decem—ten.

Making Goodness Attractive.

It is not always the best people who are the most popular; and though popularity is no safe standard it counts for much in a person's scope of usefulness. If we have good things to offer let us offer them so attractively that others will be glad to accept; not so clumsily that what we offer will be rejected with scorn. If we can make goodness beautiful we make it beloved.—Exchange.

Not Necessary.

It isn't absolutely necessary to say something silly to the girl at the cigar counter. The proprietor doesn't require it of customers and the girl isn't paid for listening to senseless chatter.—Toledo Blade.

PROHIBITION TO BRING COMMUNITY PLAYHOUSE

Hazel MacKaye Advises Using Buildings as Centers for Drama, Community Sings and Entertainments.

Why not turn the corner saloon into a community playhouse when the law effects the closing of these gathering places, asks Miss Hazel MacKaye, director of the Department of Pageantry and Drama of the National Young Women's Christian Association?

"I went over on the West Side of New York one night recently to attend a community drama meeting," Miss MacKaye says in explaining her theory, "and as I was riding along I noticed how many saloons there were—one on every corner and another in the middle of the block, it seemed, all just blazing with lights. These lights ought not to go out with prohibition. They ought to shine for something worth while to all of the people, and what better than community drama and sings?"

Miss MacKaye feels that the war has given a great impetus to popular interest in drama and that through pageantry and drama a great deal in the way of Americanization can be effected.

Through the community center, if it be in a district populated largely of one foreign nationality, these people could present pageants of the life in their mother countries, translating them into English so that Americans and also the younger English speaking members of their household could understand and appreciate their traditions. American art would be greatly enriched thus through the drama of all of the nations whose peoples have settled in this country. On the other hand American ideals, American history and American festivals, even laws such as child labor and minimum wage, could be interpreted to these people by means of pageantry.

"People have been learning not only to work together, but to play together," Miss MacKaye says, "particularly since the war, when the people stood together in drives and large patriotic community entertainments. The opportunity to build up a great community organization is now at hand and the time is ripe for it. Why not utilize the corner saloon?"

Unexpected Information.

A clergyman lost his horse on a Saturday evening. After hunting with a boy until after midnight he gave up in despair. The next day, somewhat dejected at his loss, he went into the pulpit and took for his text the following passage from Job: "Oh, that I knew where I might find him." The boy, supposing the horse was still the burden of thought, cried out: "I know where he is. He's in Deacon Smith's barn!"

Poison Bottle Warning.

To distinguish bottles containing poisons in the dark a small paper band to encircle them with an opening for their labels has been invented.

DEPARTMENT ADVISES ON PLUMBING AND CURTAINS

New Bureau Opens in Y. W. C. A. Overseas Office.

A new department of finance has been organized by the Y. W. C. A. for its work in France. Miss Constance Clark of Pasadena, Cal., is the executive. Miss Clark before her recent coming to France was director of the big Y. W. C. A. Hostess House at Camp Lewis, Washington.

All contracts, leases and rentals for new buildings will be handled by Miss Ruth Austin of New York City, an experienced architect and builder, who will work through this newly created section.

Plans for remodeling and decorating rooms, clubs and hostess houses taken over by the Y. W. C. A. will be in the hands of Miss Mary Buchanan, an interior decorator, who is now originally from Scotland, but who has been working in France for the American Y. W. C. A. since the beginning of its war work there.

In addition, the department is compiling lists, suggestions and general shopping guides for all the buying of the Association in France, including all kinds of building equipment from cretonne curtains to plumbing supplies.

A cafeteria expert will have a place in the department to act as general adviser on restaurant and cafeteria projects of the Association throughout France.

In short, the department is to be more than finance alone. It is to be a kind of general advisory department and clearing house for all other departments in the French association—a department where dollars will be measured up against deeds and needs.

Half and Half.

For we know in part and we prophesy in part.—First Corinthians.

Mr. Business Man

WHY not make your appeal for patronage through the columns of this newspaper? With every issue it carries its message into the homes of all the best people of this community. Don't blame the people for flocking to the store of your competitor. Tell them what you have to sell and if your prices are right you can get the business.

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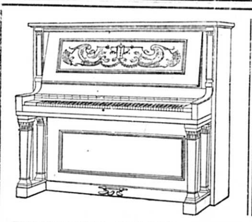

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The Substitute

By GENEVIEVE ULMAR

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At the window of the great show mansion of Rushville stood Honora Trescott, a queen of beauty and fashion, gazing out rather wearily at the street. A token of interest came into her eyes as she saw a lovely girl with a sweet, childlike face pause to pat a lame dog on the head one moment, and the next lift up a crying child who had stumbled and fallen on the pavement. She raised the little one in her arms, caressed and consoled her and sent her on her way with her tears all kissed away. Miss Trescott turned to her maid, who was unpacking a trunk.

"Who is that girl, Martha?" she asked, and the maid hurried to her side.

"Oh, please, Miss Honora, that is Nellie Druitt, the new schoolteacher."

"Hurry after her, Martha, and ask her if she will kindly come into the house for a moment."

Imperious as Miss Trescott usually was, her tone had softened and her eyes were tender and sympathetic. She was a creature of impulse, generally followed out her whims and was used to having them gratified.

It was not often that Rushville saw the queenly heiress of the great Trescott estate. She passed most of her time in the city social circles. For three or four weeks in the spring, however, the country home was opened up and the family there received numerous friends. Such guests, to quite a number, were to motor to Rushville and attend a grand party to be given by Honora on her birthday. But there had come a break in the arrangements. Her close friend, a Miss Clarice Burdett, had fallen ill. It broke the pairing of her guests. Miss Trescott felt that she needed support as the hostess, and the necessity of a substitute was urgent.

Wondering vaguely, Nellie Druett was overtaken by the maid. She bowed assent to the request made. She had heard of Miss Trescott and her elaborate entertainments. She gazed about her, lost in admiration of the elegant furnishings as she was shown into a choice boudoir and Miss Trescott advanced with outstretched hand, a welcoming smile on her lips.

"You sweet child!" she said, and kissed Nellie on the cheek. "I hope you forgive, and do not misunderstand why I sent for you. I am a comparative stranger in Rushville, although this is supposed to be my home." Then the stately lady frankly and clearly explained the situation.

"I shall feel honored to introduce you to my friends," she said, "and you can help me out, oh, so much. Won't you try and fancy we are old, dear friends?"

Nellie was completely won by the pleasant manner of her hostess. It was with infinite delicacy that Miss Trescott made her understand that she was conferring a distinct favor, and that Nellie should be provided with a party dress and accepted as a guest, and in no wise as a stranger.

Nellie had dreamed of just such an occasion as that which eventuated two evenings later. Amid all her longings, however, never had she hoped to attain the elegance of attire with which she was provided. The guests treated her as if one of their select number. She found herself apportioned to a Mr. Torrens, and before the evening was over lost all self-consciousness amid its rare enjoyments. Mr. Torrens was a true chevalier and seemed immensely attracted. Nellie heard his name mentioned in connection with that of Miss Trescott, and understood that they were engaged. It was after midnight when Miss Trescott bade her good-by and placed her in charge of Mr. Torrens. She had presented Nellie with a pretty diamond sunburst.

Nellie felt like some modern Cinderella as she at length stood alone in the humble room of the home of Mrs. Alcott, a widow lady with whom she boarded. It fairly dazzled her to think over the events of the evening. It caused her breath to quicken as she recalled the courteous, almost tender attention of Mr. Willard Torrens. She had been greatly surprised as he bade her adieu with a request that he might call upon her later.

Nellie experienced a vague sense of treachery when Mr. Torrens spent a full hour in the parlor of the widow's humble home two evenings later. She could not resist an invitation to a motor drive the following Saturday afternoon. She wondered what the exacting Miss Trescott would think of these attentions on the part of her fiance. Still she forgot all save enthusiastic enjoyment as they drove across hills and dells and slowed up at the borders of a pretty, placid lake.

"Miss Druett, Nellie," spoke Willard Torrens earnestly, "I have halted here purposely, to tell you what I have been longing to tell you since the first evening we met—I love you."

"Oh, Mr. Torrens!" faltered Nellie, bewildered and embarrassed. "I must not listen to you; indeed I must not! —the fiance of Miss Trescott—"

Willard Torrens burst forth into a merry peal of laughter. He drew closer to Nellie, then, and his former earnestness of tone and manner returned.

"You are confusing me with my brother Rolfe," he said simply, "and that being so, dare I venture to repeat what I have just said?"

And the blushing face and bent head told him that Nellie was waiting and willing to hear more of the sweetest story ever told.

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(INCORPORATED)

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The Fantom Diver

By GEORGE W. LEWIS

(Copyright)

Big Harkinson stepped off the raft and disappeared downward. The gray-green water lapped above his head, a few blister-like bubbles danced and exploded in the tiny swirl that marked his exit. That was all. The sepulchered Helena was about to receive a second visitor from the land of the living. The slender conduit that linked the diver with life paid out rapidly, then suddenly stopped, and we knew that Harkinson was aboard the wreck.

"Seventy-one feet," drawled Garrick.

"A little pale, wasn't he?" queried Wenry, keeping a watchful eye on the line.

Garrick looked over to the speaker as though he had expected the question.

"What d'you s'pose is wrong?" he said. The faintest trace of anxiety was in his great, slow voice.

"It's Connors—I mean the mysterious way Connors' air-tube parted," returned Wenry. "I don't believe in spooks, 'specially submarine ones; but there ain't no more cause for the Atlantic cable coming in two at this minute than there was for poor Connors' hose—a brand new one, too, mind you—separatin' as it did. It's queer."

Garrick, listening, spat reflectively at the last remaining bubble. Watching from my seat in the dingey, I knew that the two men, whatever denials they might make, were at last impressed with the gruesomeness of their chosen profession—dallying with dead things under the sea. Mayhap it was because Connors had been their tutor, their companion. Indeed, the old diver had been pretty nearly everything to them; but he had been even more to his employers. In his unaccountable death the world had lost a master-diver, and the company had lost money. But because John Connors had been a faithful servant, the company had paid hard money that the diver's harness-weighted remains might be the first brought up.

Harkinson's signal "up" was of that nervous, hurry-up sort that tells of sudden distress. He had been down but three minutes. At a similar depth he usually remained thirty or more, for he was a Hercules, and for him water-pressure had no terrors. I knew that Wenry, at least—though for no good reason—fully expected to see the big diver come up limp and dead. I read his white face like print. But when big Harkinson's helmet bobbed out of water a moment later, both his big red hands were clutching at the raft as frantically as if some pursuing monster were about to drag him down to death.

When his helmet was off, his face showed mottled and chalky. The spluttered-out, meaningless fragments of speech, and his eyes were fixed in a terrified stare. Garrick forced half a pint of whisky down his throat before anything like coherency could be restored.

"He's down there—boys—Connors!" The diver clapped his hands over his eyes as if to shut out some hideous recurring vision. "Oh, Lord!" he wailed, "think—think of the harness—Connors, dead sixty—sixty hours—walking and beckoning—"

Harkinson's great strength snapped like a reed under the strain, and he dropped forward upon his face, unconscious.

When Garrick consented to go down to the Helena, I knew that it was because he needed money—needed it badly. Garrick, unavoidably, had long been idle; besides, he was engaged, and the girl was pretty and worthy; and the big, slow-spoken diver knew that he must prepare a suitable home for her. He was of a good, honest sort, was Garrick, and courageous, too. But I had watched his face as Harkinson, his nerves shattered, related from a sick bed his uncanny experience aboard the sunken Helena; and thus I had come to know that, badly as Garrick needed money, he needed courage more, if he would succeed where Harkinson had failed. The thing was on his nerves, right enough; but I saw the grip of his big jaw, and I knew that he was indeed going down, even though he might not come up.

"There was a lot of wreckage piled up about the cabin-door," Harkinson had told us, "and I had to squat as low as I could to pass under it. As I raised up, inside the cabin—Connors—dead sixty hours—got up off a bench fixed to the opposite wall of the cabin, and came to meet me. Seventy-one feet under the sea with a ghost! Connors—yes, it was him, all right—suddenly stopped and threw up his hands as though recognition of me startled him. He wore his same diver's outfit—the kind we all use. After a moment his arms fell limply by his sides; but immediately he made a hand and passed it over his brow perplexedly. Then he seemed to gesture to me; and I found that I was also beckoning to him, signaling to him to follow me up. But he backed away in a manner almost of despair, I thought, and resumed his bench at the farther side of the cabin as I bent low under the wreckage at the door and backed out on deck, signaling to be pulled up."

Wenry's face was chalk-white, as big Garrick went over the side and dropped out of sight in the green swell that rocked our raft and dingey. As for me, I confess my nerves were strangely shaken. But I was scarcely more than a green diver as yet, whereas Wenry thrilled his listeners—and himself—with well-told tales of raised treasures and strange submarine encounters in which, be it known, he spared himself little of the commendation due to achievements.

Within twelve minutes after Garrick went down, the body of Connors had been recovered in a fair state of preservation. Harkinson, an old-timer, too, had after all allowed himself to be frightened off the job by some fool, subsequent phenomenon whose phases he had been studying all his precious life.

Wenry's superstitious mind was infinitely relieved. A semblance of color came back into his face, and I had begun to feel less of the anxiety experienced by one at work with a near-maniac for a companion, when all at once Garrick startled us with a fiercely tugged "up" signal. He was mumbling strange sounds before we got his helmet off, and when the light fell on his face it revealed a mask of terror unspeakable. His features were drawn and seamed unbelievably, and speech had deserted him altogether. Some awful emotion shook his great body like an aspen.

It was two long hours before we knew his story. All that Harkinson had seen in the Helena's cabin, Garrick, too, had beheld—the same in all its blood-chilling details.

The affair began to nag my nerves with a vengeance. I would have staked my very existence on the grip of Garrick's big jaw. I almost wished that I had done so; for Wenry and I were the only availables now, and I knew beforehand that Wenry, if detailed, would refuse to go down. It was a time when one must be a man or a mouse; when a white feather becomes a white flag, and a white flag means the surrendering of a career. I am a natural coward, but possess underlying qualities of resolution. I could live without this job, I thought; and, too, I, unlike Garrick, was blessed with no woman's love save a mother's; but her comforts were my pleasures, her self-denials my heartaches. I went down!

I went down—down, down, down until my cumbrous feet met the slimy, slanting deck of the ill-fated Helena. The water was as clear as might be at a like depth. Everywhere was a confusion of wreckage. It had been a smashing gale that wrought all this demolition. I made out the cabin, half-hidden under a tangled mass of wreckage, and worked my way to the debris-barred door. I avoided the keen edge of a long knife which some whim of the storm's fury had fixed firmly in a piece of broken mast. The edge turned outward, menacing my lines, and I gasped. The mystery of Connors' death was laid bare. His hose had doubtless caught on the knife blade; he had tried to haul it after him, and—!

I had to crouch low to pass under the barrier at the door. The cabin windows were clear, and in the ceiling was a huge, spar-torn hole which admitted light. I stood erect inside the cabin, and—! At the opposite side of the room a second diver in full dress had risen before me, motionless, but erect with the confident poise of life. A nervous, insane curiosity seized me; a yearning to know if the diver that faced me were of flesh and blood, or—or something else. I advanced toward the apparition; and then my nerve all but broke, for it followed my example and came forward to meet me! I hesitated only for the space of a heart-beat; then I threw myself forward wildly, hands clutching, but on the greasy, slime-coated floor my feet flew from under me with the effort, and I crashed down.

The fall dazed me. I only knew that my hands, in the instant of my falling, had slipped over a smooth, hard surface exactly where the apparition had stood. From the floor I strained my eyes upward. The strange diver had disappeared. I tottered to my feet; and then the desperation of fright sent my hand to my sheath-knife, for as I gained my feet the vanished figure again confronted me. I drove the knife with all my strength, for I knew that the mysterious diver was not Connors. The knife-point deflected and grazed an impenetrable, even surface, and the force of the blow carried me with a momentary shock against something that felt peculiarly like a sleek, enameled panel. My tense nerves went slack, and my knees swayed weakly from the sudden relaxation as the light of understanding broke upon my groping senses.

"The deuce!" I ejaculated in the close confinement of my helmet, "a mirror!"

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