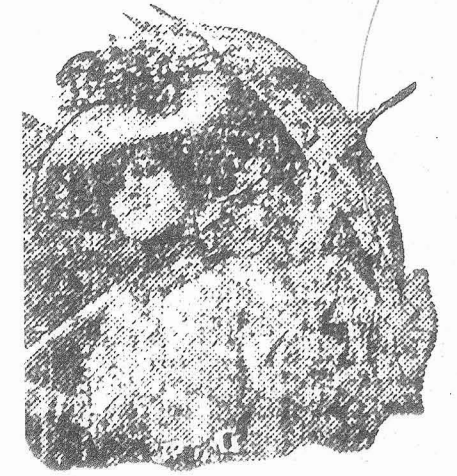


Vinans happened to be born in ersburg because his father was cting a railroad from the Rus-pital to Moscow. Afterward he d to southern England to re-s health. But the son declared an American citizen when one and has been so ever since, never having voted. te this handicap the expatriate atile. In addition to his eques-and nimrodic exploits he is the on rifle shot of the world, he won under American colors London Olympic games; an au-sculptor and a painter of re-and a musician, playing twen-erent instruments, yet he had asted a cocktail or highball un-visited New York. One reason at he does not drink, and when, e to perorations of patriotism, d one of the latter he hastily ned his valet and retired.

Hawkins, owner of the Mans-achinery & Supply company, ld, has sold his interest in ents and machinery to W. W. president of the Milford Manu-ing company of the same city.

Summons To Court



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MT. BETHEL

John Sheets of Jackson township died on Sunday morning at 9 o'clock at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Frank Finical. He had a stroke of paralysis last Wednesday night and did not recover consciousness again. He was about 71 years old. He was a good neighbor and was a good Democrat all his life. Burial at Shelby, services at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Frank Finical at 10 o'clock on Tuesday.

There will be Sunday school at Mt. Bethel on next Sunday at 9:30 and preaching at 10:30 by their pas-tor.

George Snyder and Miss Sadia Sou-der went to Crestline last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Kuhn spent Thanksgiving at her mother's home.

Mr. and Mrs. Vanosdal visited at their parents Thursday.

There is pretracted meeting at the Church of Christ at Taylortown.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stauffer enter-tained company on Thanksgiving from Shelby.

MRS. ANNA J. LAPE PASSES FROM LIFE

Mrs. Anna J. Lape, aged 41, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Fred Caston, 303½ N. Mulberry St., Sun-day morning at 11:30 o'clock, as a result of four years illness of spinal trouble. She is survived by one daughter, Mrs. Fred Caston, one sis-ter, Mrs. Edward Butz and three brothers, Thomas Hastings and War-ren Hastings all of this city; and James Hastings of Pennsylvania.

Funeral services will be held at the home of her daughter, 303½ N. Mul berry St., Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Rev. G. A. Kienle, officiat-ing.

The new freight house of the Wheeling & Lake Erie railroad in Zanesville was opened for use last week.

People laughed at one another; a wine of good humor drenched the air. It was as if on this night hate and strife and greed had been sloughed off; as if the race said: "Come, let us be happy with one another. We are all here to-gether. Let us meet and mingle in joy and good will and peace!"

All For the Children.

It was the night of the children. Far through the sleeping city the million children were in their beds, and it was for them that these people met. For their children they were sweeping the shops, that Christmas morning might dawn with the candles of the pine and hanging bulgy stockings and the mys-terious new toys. And it was the thought of the children possibly that made these men and women so light footed, so bubblingly joyous, so inno-cently happy. It made children of them, and they mingled with each other like laughing, rollicking boys and girls.

There was one vast department store, nearly a block square and six stories high, which sucked in vast masses of the crowd. Pendent from its ceilings hung white moons of light, and under these a density of humanity slowly swirled about the sparking laden coun-ters. The air was overwarm with breathing and tingled with the excite-ment of shuffling shoes, rattle of pack-ages and a hive hum of talk and ex-clamations. The place was electric with the push of many wills, the clash of desires, the impeded hurry, the drawing near of closing time. Ten-thirty had come and gone and yet the crowd was unsatisfied; it hungered and strained and clamored and strug-gled to get its fill.

Impatient For "Snow."

One counter especially was besieged. At this were sold five cent packages of "snow" for Christmas trees. Be-hind this counter stood Mamie Riggs seventeen years old, thin, emaciated, bloodless, her face pale and drawn and wrinkled, her eyes bloodshot, her lips trembling. As she made out checks and received and made change and handled the envelopes her hands vis-ibly shook. Faces crowded near her, leaned close, arms lifted, fingers jerked near her eyes.

"This snow?"
"Yes, ma'am."
"How much?"
"Five cents."
"Only one for first?"

11-28-10

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