



SULLIVAN MONDAY NITE HALLOWE'EN FESTIVAL

See the Big Parade at 8 p.m.

All the famous Funny paper characters have been invited. Besides there will be witches, coons, goblins, clown bands, Indians, Hobos, etc.

Mask and Join in the Fun

DANCE

Big Dance at the new Armory, Good music, Good floor Good order. This will be the first dance on the spacious new Armory floor, one of the biggest and best in this part of the state.

SPECIAL NOTICE

All who want to participate in the parade are asked to be on Harrison Street one block west of the square by about 7:30. Parade will start at that corner and march east to Square.

Cash Prizes Will Awarded to Best Groups

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|----------------------------------|-------------------------------|-----------------------|
| Best 5-Piece Clown Band \$10.00 | Old Home Town Characters \$3 | Major Hoople, \$1.00 |
| Second Best, \$5.00 | Katzenjammer Kids, \$2.00 | Winnie Winkle, \$1.00 |
| Best masked family, \$5.00 | Mom and Pop, \$2.00 | Orphan Annie, \$1.00 |
| Best Rube, \$5.00 | Walt and Skeezics, \$2.00 | Wash Tubbs, \$1.00 |
| Freckles and his Friends, \$5.00 | Best Animal Character, \$2.00 | Slim Jim, \$1.00 |
| Boots and her Buddies, \$4.00 | Jiggs and Maggie, \$2.00 | Best Hobo, \$1.00 |
| Rinkydink Kids, \$4.00 | Mutt and Jeff, \$2.00 | Best Witch, \$1.00 |
| Andy Gump Family, \$3.00 | Salesman Sam and Guzzlem, \$2 | Best Clown, \$1.00 |
| Boarding House Trio, \$3.00 | Oldest Masked Man, \$2.00 | Best Indian, \$1.00 |
| Out Our Way Group, \$3.00 | Best Negro Woman, \$2.00 | Best Squaw, \$1.00 |

FUN FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY EVERYBODY WELCOME

NO ROWDYISM PERMITTED COME FOR A GOOD TIME

BLACKSHEEP!

By Meredith Nicholson

Illustrations by Henry Jay Lee



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Introduction

Archibald Bennett, wealthy bachelor, travels constantly in the interest of his health. He meets Isabel Perry, who recommends a life of crime, adventure, romance and excitement as a cure for his nerves. Archie goes to Bailey Harbor to investigate a summer house for his sister. A heavy storm forces him to spend the night there. During the night he is awakened by footsteps, and in an encounter with the intruder, who sees Archie's figure reflected in the mirror and shoots. Archie fires in return, wounding the intruder, who makes his escape. Archie plans flight to evade publicity. He starts cross-country foot in the night. At dawn he is stopped on a lonely country road by "The Governor", a master-mind criminal who mistakes him for a fellow criminal. Archie, fleeing in a fright to tell the truth—falls in with "the Governor", is whisked across country in a stolen car. Sees story in newspaper of killing at Bailey Harbor and, frightened, he decides to say nothing but stick with his strange friend and await developments. At Concord, N. H., Archie comes upon Isabel Perry at the hotel desk but she refuses to recognize him. The Governor, by a clever plan switches stolen money for good money. Archie used as decoy—making love to niece of agent sent to meet the eccentric Congdon here next day. Archie and the Governor drive away without creating suspicion and speed across the state to deliver the \$60,000 to train-rober Leary at Walker's farm, where Archie gets new insight into workings of the crime world. Now read on.

At the end of the meal Walker left town to put Leary on the train for Boston. The veteran train robber shook hands all round and waved a last farewell from the gate. Archie was sorry to lose him, for Leary was an appealing old fellow, and he had hoped for a chance to coax from him some reminiscences of his experiences. Leary vanished into the starlit dusk and as placidly as though he hadn't

tucked away in his clothing sixty thousand dollars to which he had no lawful right or title. There was something ludicrous in the whole proceeding. While Archie had an income of fifty thousand dollars a year from investments, he had always experienced a pleasurable thrill at receiving the statement of his dividends from his personal clerk in the broker's office, where he drew an additional ten thousand as a silent partner. Leary's method of dipping into the world's capital seemed quite as honest as his own. Neither really did any work for the money.

The Governor, smoking a pipe on the veranda and chatting with Mrs. Walker, recalled him from his meditations to suggest that he show a decent spirit of appreciation of the Walker's hospitality by repairing to the kitchen and helping Sally with the dishes. In his youth Archie had been carefully instructed in the proper manner of entering a parlor, but it was with the greatest embarrassment that he sought Sally in her kitchen.

"I was just wondering whether you wouldn't show up! Not that you had to, but it's a good deal more fun having somebody to keep you company in the kitchen."

"Give me a towel and I'll promise not to break anything."

"You don't look as though you'd been used to work much," she said, "but take off your coat and I'll hang an apron on you."

His investiture in Mrs. Walker's ample apron made it necessary for Sally to stand quite close to him, and her manner of compressing her lips as she pinned the bib to the collar of his waistcoat he found wholly charming. His heart went pit-a-pat as her fingers, moist from the suds, brushed his chin. She was quite tall; taller than Isabel, who had fixed his standard of a proper height for girls. Sally did not giggle, but acted as normal sensible girls should act when pinning aprons on young men.

"You never stopped here before? I thought I didn't remember you. Well, we're always glad to see the Governor, he's so funny; but say, some of the people who come along—"

"I hope" said Archie, turning a dish to the light to be sure it was thoroughly polished, "I hope my presence isn't offensive?"

"Cut it out!" she returned crisply. "Of course you're all right. I knew you were a real gent the first squint I got of you. You can't fool me much on human nature."

"You've always lived up here?" asked Archie, meek under her frank approval.

"Certainly not. I was born in Missouri, a grand old state if I do say it myself. I went through high school and took dairying and the domestic arts in college and I'm twenty-three if you care to know."

When the kitchen was in perfect order they reported the fact to Mrs. Walker and Sally suggested that they stroll to a trout brook which was her own particular property.

He had decided to avoid any reference to the secrets of the underground trail, but his delicacy received a violent shock a moment later, when they were seated on a bench beside the brook.

"Do you know," she said, "you are not like the others?"

"I don't understand," he faltered. "Oh, cut it out! You needn't try to fool me! When I told you awhile ago I thought you were nice, I meant more than that; I meant that you didn't at all seem like the crooks that sneak through here and hide at our house. You're more like the Governor, and I never understand about the Governor. It doesn't seem possible that any one who isn't forced by necessity into crime would ever follow the life. Now you're a gentleman, any one could tell that, but I suppose you've really done something pretty bad or you wouldn't be here! Now I'm going to hand it to you straight; that's the only way."

"Certainly, Miss Walker; I want you to be perfectly frank with me."

"Well, my advice would be to give yourself up, do your time like a man and then live straight. The Governor has romantic ideas about the great game but that's no reason why you should walk the thorny road. Now pop would kill me if he knew I was

plexity profoundly touched him. "I wouldn't trust the Governor, he's too friendly with pop for that. It's just this way," she went on, dreamily. "There's a young man, Abijah Strong, who owns a farm just a little way down the road. He and I have been in love with each other ever since we went to school together, really and truly lovers. He was at college when I was, so I know him very well. But pop doesn't like him, and when he found how matters stood he refused to allow me to see him any more. And he's very hard about it. We've been waiting for a chance to run away and get married. I met him last night in the lane and everything's arranged for us to leave tonight, run into Brattleboro and be married there and then go on to Boston and wait till pop's disposed to be reasonable. He wants me to marry a preacher at Saxby Center who's at least as old as pop, and has three grown children. I thought maybe you could pretend to take me out for a little ride in your car, and pick up Abijah and give us a lift. My things are all packed and hid away in the garage, so all I need to do is to get my hat."

"Of course I couldn't come back here," Archie suggested. "Your father would be sure to vent his wrath on me."

"Oh, I'd thought of that!" she exclaimed. "But you could go on and wait somewhere for the Governor to catch up with you."

"I'd have to make sure he didn't catch up with me! He'll be mighty sore about this."

"Well, if you're afraid of him—" "Pooh! I certainly am not afraid of him," he declared contemptuously. "He and I were bound to part sometime."

Through the cajoleries of a girl he had known only a few hours he was ready to break with his comrade by mischievously upsetting the domestic affairs of a host who doubtless had not forgotten how to kill men who incurred his displeasure. Sally had affected him like a strong cordial and as they walked to the house he grew increasingly keen for the proposed adventure. Sally, like Isabel, had dared him to be brave, and he screwed his courage to the sticking point.

"If you don't mind I'll take Sally for a little run down the road," he suggested casually when they found the Governor and Mrs. Walker still gossiping on the veranda.

No objection was raised by Mrs. Walker beyond an injunction not to be gone long and a warning not to go without her jacket.

"No joy riding," the Governor called after them. Sally's a valuable asset of this family and I'll hold you personally responsible, Comly for her safe return."

At the garage Sally produced a satchel which Archie tossed into the car, and they were quickly humming through the lane and into the highway.

"Run by the school house when we come to it and then stop. Abijah will be there."

When the car stopped Sally jumped

out and was immediately joined by a young man to whom she spoke rapidly out of Archie's hearing. Her explanations finished she brought him to the car and presented him as Mr. Strong.

"Mr. Comly is going to the minister's with us and then give us a lift toward Boston. That's tver so much better than anything we'd thought of, 'Bijah!"

"Whatever you say, little girl! I'll shut off the lights on my machine and get my traps."

Archie testing his searchlight, let its beam fall upon Abijah as though by accident and found Sally's lover a very well-dressed, decent-looking fellow. All his life he would be proud of his daring in saving Sally Walker from marriage with the odious widower and mating her with the youth of her choice. The bride and groom elect were established in the back seat and he experienced a sharp jealous twinge, when turning to ask her about the road, he caught them in a rapturous kiss. This was what it meant to be young and free and youth and freedom were things he had never until now appraised at their true worth.

"How long do we stop at Brattleboro?" he asked over his shoulder.

"Only long enough to get the knot tied", Abijah answered. "I was in town this afternoon and everything's set."

"I hope," said Sally, "you'll give the bride away; it would be just fine of you, Mr. Comly."

(To be continued next week.)

LINKING PIONEER DAYS WITH PRESENT PROGRESS

Sunday some Moultrie county people went on a motor trip and while rambling around got into Shelby County, southeast of the County Line bridge. They were impressed with the number of log cabins still in use in that part of the country. These cabins are in a good state of repair but were doubtless built in pioneering days, many years ago.

What particularly impressed one observing young man was a log cabin equipped with radio antenna, plain evidence that pioneer days and modern progress were combined in that household. The pioneers who laid the logs and smeared the mud into the cracks between, perhaps never dreamed that within those walls at some future day a contraption would bring music, lectures, sermons, news, and markets from all parts of the world, without any further effort than the mere turning of a dial.

The young man who noticed these things is a rather impressionable student of the past, present and future of humanity and the log cabin equipped with radio has set him philosophizing on the destiny of the human race.

—Miss Hortense Myers spent Sunday in Indianapolis.

