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John G. Schwab, Minister  
The interior of the church presents an attractive appearance since the redecoration of the walls has been undertaken. This work is nearing completion. Changes in the lighting fixtures have also been made; all of which is a marked improvement. A formal re-opening service is to be held on Sunday, Nov. 24, in connection with the Harvest Home exercises planned for that day. Meanwhile the regular services will suffer no interruption. The Sunday School meets at 10:00 a. m., and preaching services are held at 11:00 and 7:30.  
World's Temperance Sunday was observed in the Sunday School November second. Fifty per cent of the enrollment of the School have signed the temperance pledge of the Lincoln-Lee Legion.

Having saved 30 seconds by not looking at their gasoline tank before starting out, many motorists proceed to spend an hour walking in to the nearest garage.

It is denied that Congress has done nothing, as they have spent a very large sum of money.

### The Surrender of Sybil

By LINCOLN ROTHBLUM  
(Copyright, 1919, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"I often wonder," said Mrs. Baldwin, one sunny Saturday afternoon to her husband, "how Sybil manages to retain the friendship of Harvey Pendleton."  
"What is my girl up to again?" smiled Mr. Baldwin with a merry twinkle in his eye.  
"Nothing, dad," laughed the girl, who in a demure frock of checkered organdy with its large Quaker collar seemed to personify innocence of any accusation of coquetry. "Just because Harvey has asked me to marry him, and I didn't say 'No.' Mother says I cannot go anywhere with any one else."  
"Mother is right," responded Mr. Baldwin, the verdict coming in so mechanical tone, as if of habit, that Sybil laughed again.  
"That's the trouble with you men," she affirmed with a determined manner in the wisdom of her years. "As soon as you win your wish, you believe the battle is over. And furthermore," this with a very decided shake of her pretty head which nearly upset the carefully arranged hairdress, "I'm not so sure I really care for Harvey."  
Mr. Baldwin frowned. Guilty of having humored his only child from the moment she was old enough to grasp the fact that she could get anything she desired provided she teased long enough, he now found difficulty in restraining those very factors he had so innocently fostered.  
"You ought not to keep the young man in disquieting suspense, Sybil, as he has great cares on his mind."  
"Great cares? Poo! Why, I could sell stocks and bonds," the pert bragg-



"Jean Pritchard!" he ejaculated.

docio announced, pointing a well-manicured finger at her small self.  
"Perhaps." And as Mr. Baldwin gazed with admiring love at his pretty daughter, he thought that, as far as personality was concerned, she would make a most excellent saleswoman, even if her stock in trade were refrigerators and her territory Greenland. "But in addition to his own business," Mr. Baldwin continued, "Pendleton is also in the government service."  
"What is he doing?" cross-examined his questioner, still unconvinced.  
Mr. Baldwin sputtered. "I am not at liberty to say."  
"Oh, of course," and the highly indignant young lady, with the air of an abused martyr, skipped up the stairway to slip into a charming street costume of tinted voile, which hung in soft folds to her small figure.

A wooden clock over the fireplace, its sides bulging with hideous gargoyles in miniature (Sybil had won it at a war bazaar and insisted on its prominent position), had just struck two when she seated herself at the piano and played the novelty bits of the day in catchy time.  
"Where are you bound for?" asked her mother, a feeble note of remonstrance creeping into her voice. The banging melodies she knew from experience were the forerunner of another expedition of her daughter. The superfluous excitement was thus relieved.  
"For the matinee at the Studorium."  
"Alone?"  
"No. With Jean Pritchard."  
"Jean Pritchard?" repeated Mrs. Baldwin in amazed ignorance, casting a helpless and hopeless glance of appeal to her husband who sat in aggravating silence. "Who, may I ask, is Jean Pritchard?"  
"You may, Jean's a duck of a fellow, just from over there. He's—"

But further details were interrupted by a ring at the bell announcing the arrival of the subject of their conversation, a dapper fellow dressed in extreme faultlessness, whose rapid shifting of eyes did not induce confidence. Sybil sensed a storm approaching, and to prevent hostilities waited but a few moments after the formalities of the introduction and the couple left.  
"And she is content to go out with so foreign-looking a person," remonstrated Mrs. Baldwin to her husband.

"I do not approve of this treatment of Harvey Pendleton."  
"Nor I," he responded, recalling how he himself had danced attendance upon his wife while she made up her mind whether she could love and obey. "Perhaps we'd better forego being suburbanites and move from the village back into town again."  
The bell's second sounding ushered in a strapping, bronzed man of compelling appearance. The businesslike severity of his clothes seemed to emphasize rather than detract from his muscular development.  
Mr. Baldwin arose with alacrity. "Hello there, Pendleton," and he shook hands cheerily.  
"Where's Sybil tonight?" the young man asked as he paid his respects to Mrs. Baldwin.  
"Just gone out for a while," was the placating response from the diplomatic mother. "He seated and spend the evening with us."  
"Don't mind if I do. Have had a very strenuous week and am pretty well tuckered out," he added, though his potent vitality belied the words. "Wish Sybil were here."  
Mr. Baldwin felt called upon to assist in the conversation to avoid mention of his wilful daughter. "Yes, I suppose during this reconstruction period your activities would be greatly increased," he sidetracked with a very knowing look to the young man, who responded to the lead.  
"The social insect does create a little trouble." He paused and seemed to recall the purpose of his visit. "With whom did Sybil go out?"  
And to the direct question Mrs. Baldwin was obliged to give a direct answer. "With a Mr. Jean Pritchard."  
Harvey Pendleton bounced from his seat. "Jean Pritchard!" he ejaculated.  
"Where?"  
"To the Studorium," came the answer in unison from Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin, too startled to grasp the meaning of the young man's abrupt departure as they watched with amazement a leap that cleared the steps and placed him at the wheel of his car. Anxiously they leaned from the window as the engine responded to his shifting of gears and the car lurched down the boulevard toward the central road with reckless disregard for village traffic regulations.  
Pendleton was a careful driver, but as he flew along the road full speed ahead he skimmed the tail of a dog and cut the edge of a curb nasturtium bed. Failing to slow down at the intersection point which had been too aptly termed "The Trap," because of the many accidents occurring there, he lacked opportunity to avoid the automobile coming from the opposite direction.  
With quick sense of his impending danger, Pendleton turned out with a vicious swing. His coup avoided collision, but brought the fender of his machine in clashing juxtaposition with the running board of the car to his right. Both machines raspily came to a standstill. And from the inclosed side of the other car there was extended a hand—a woman's hand—fingers wildly clutching the air, and as Pendleton collected his wits, he fairly shouted, "Sybil's hand!"  
Like a flash he was within the other machine pounding insensibility into the creature forcing unwelcome attention upon Sybil—his Sybil! The struggle was brief but effective. With an ominous creak a pair of shiny handcuffs went on.  
Despite fright and surprise at the opportune appearance of her rescuer, Sybil's never-absent sense of humor came to the top. "Do you always carry those bracelets around with you, my bold hero?" she archly asked.  
But having spoken, she was quick to realize the moment was not propitious for banter. "Yes," he answered sharply, "ever since I've been in the government secret service."  
"But—but what has that to do with Jean Pritchard?"  
"Oh, he's just a choice specimen of the pretty bolshevik variety of canker worm the government has long wanted to deport."  
Sybil gasped. Her own narrow escape arose before her and the gratitude she owed the man with whose love she had toyed.  
"But what can you do with him now in this village?" she asked in anxious fear.  
"I shall march him straight to the justice of the peace for safekeeping."  
"But what will you do with me?"  
"The same."  
And he did.

Face Unpleasant Tasks.  
A man harnesses himself when he does the thing he does not want to do. It's easy for a fellow to be happy when he is pleased with himself and his job. But often the job is hard to work. Sometimes it's disagreeable. Left to ourselves we would let the job slide. The weak man will not force himself to do anything he does not want to do. He thinks he's a free lance and that he shows his independence by refusing to do what he does not like. The very opposite is the fact. That man is biggest and best who does the thing he does not want to do the best it can be done.

Chilean Nitrates Needed.  
In spite of the prophets of disaster, the war did not ruin the Chilean nitrate industry; instead, military needs created an unprecedented demand. Now that this has ceased, the Chilean pessimists are once again predicting ruin. But El Industrial of Antofagasta says there will now be a greater demand than ever for fertilizer, and that artificial nitrates have failed even to rival the natural product of Chile.

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