

The Greencastle Herald

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F. C. TILDEN C. J. ARNOLD

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THE TARIFF BURDEN

The republican statement from Fairbanks to Landis are having their troubles in impressing the tariff reform Republicans with their sincerity. "The fact of the situation is, that the question of this administration reducing the present high tariff is an impossibility." The tariff Barons are not sitting up nights worrying over the reduction of the tariff. The agitation for such a reduction as will curb the trusts controlled articles is not confined to the Democratic party.

Two-thirds of the rank and file of the Republicans believe that something should be done to check these combines piling up millions by virtue of this Republican tariff.

To play this feeling; to anticipate the storm these wily Republicans

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ANNOUNCEMENT CARDS

For Trustee of Marion Township—
Guy D. Jackson announces that he is a candidate for trustee of Marion township, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary.

For Commissioner Second District—
George E. Raines, of Marion township, wishes to announce to the Democratic voters of Putnam county that he is a candidate for nomination for the office of commissioner from the second district.

For County Surveyor—
Alec Lane announces that he is a candidate for the office of County Surveyor, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary.

For Sheriff—
Edward H. Eitelborg, of Clinton township, wishes to announce to the voters of Putnam county that he is a candidate for the nomination for Sheriff, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary.

For Sheriff—
F. M. Stroube, of Washington township, announces that he is a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary.

For Road Supervisor—
Ray L. Craver, of Floyd Township, announces himself a candidate for Supervisor of the southwest district of Floyd township.

For Representative—
Daniel C. Brackney, of Warren township, announces that he is a candidate for representative, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary.

For Coroner—
Edmund B. Lynch, of Greencastle township, announces that he is a candidate for the nomination for Coroner of Putnam County. He asks the support of the Democrats in the coming primary.

For Sheriff—
Theodore Boes is a candidate for nomination to the Office of Sheriff of Putnam county at the coming Democratic primary.

For Commissioner, Third District—
W. M. Moser, of Jefferson township, wishes to announce that he is a candidate for commissioner of Putnam county from the Third District.

For Commissioner, Third District—
I am a candidate for commissioner of the Third District, subject to the Democratic Primary. Alcaney Farmer.

For Treasurer—
Henry H. Runyan, of Jefferson Township, wishes to announce his candidacy for the nomination for Treasurer of Putnam County, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary.

saw coming, the statesmen in charge of Indiana politics arranged to promise a reduction. In line with this policy Mr. Landis, a stand-patter from headquarters, shifted his sails and now sees it is policy to promise something—after election. These same gentlemen well understood with the present extraordinary expenditures of this government including the Panama canal, the River and Harbor grants and the Naval and War outlays on a World Power basis, that any reduction of the tariff has passed the point of possibility.

That political statements are selfishly made and that too often the people forget their wrongs, is best evidence in the fact that the men who made these promises; who insisted the high tariff was passed for the benefit of the laboring man, are yet permitted a prominence in the politics of today. That all these statements as to who paid the tax and who reaped the benefit were made in bad faith is hardly denied at this time. Even our present congressman would not repeat his former statement that the foreigner paid the tax, neither will he assert that the laborer is getting his proportion of this unnecessary burden on the American public. What new shift of the cards will be used we can not presume to anticipate. The prosperity cry will hardly answer under the present condition. That there will be some new game is certain. Possibly having gotten the American people to the point of drinking free soup out of their prosperity trough, the voter will be warned that if the Republicans are not continued in power even the soup will be shut off. This is about all the threat that will be left with the present indication of Republican prosperity.—Frankfort Crescent.

NOTICE TO CANDIDATES.

Notice is hereby given to the candidates to be voted for at the Democratic primary to be held Jan. 10, 1908, that there will be a meeting of the candidates at the prosecuting attorney's office in the court house on Saturday, Jan. 4, at 11 a. m. It is the desire that all candidates be present.

W. B. VESTAL, chairman.

Mild Hazing.
The proprietor of a plumbing establishment downtown has a poor opinion of goat imitations. A young man, dapper and twenty, came into his plumbing shop and asked to see an expensive porcelain bathtub. The proprietor explained at length the good qualities of a certain make.

"This seems to be an excellent one," said the young man.
Without warning he jumped into the bathtub, drew his coat closely around him and exclaimed: "Quick, turn on the water! I want to try it!"
The proprietor thought he was insane and, soothing his head, said: "There, there, you're all right."

"Yes," the young man gurgled, splashing in the imaginary water; "it's very comfortable."

Then he began to squirm and splutter.
"Quick, quick!" he cried. "Turn off the water! I'm drowning!"
"Wait till I reach the faucet," said the proprietor softly, side stepping to the telephone.

Just at this moment two other young men, a trifle older, entered.
"Well, Bobby, had your bath?" they inquired.
"Yes."

"Then come down to the vegetarian restaurant and order a side of roast beef."—New York Globe.

Good as a Corkscrew.
"Do you know how to take a tight cork out of a bottle without a corkscrew?" was asked by a woman the other day at a gossip party. "It's a mighty good thing to know in an emergency."

"My sister and I were coming back from the mountains, and she got faint on the cars. I had a bottle of aromatic spirits of ammonia in my bag, but when I tried to get the cork out I simply couldn't make it budge."

"Let me take it out for you," suggested a man across the aisle.
"Then, borrowing my pocketknife and using his own with it, he removed the cork in a jiffy. He inserted the blades on opposite sides between the bottle and the cork, each one turned in a different direction. Then when the blades were firmly pushed in he simply pressed the two together, gave them a wrench sideways, and the cork came out without any trouble. I have since tried it on larger bottles with success. It is a trick worth knowing."—Exchange.

The Quest of Truth.
It is a good deal easier to poke fun at history than to write history meriting credence. Mr. Bodley when writing his "France" experienced the force of this in a curious way. He shut himself up in France for years to get the atmosphere and the knowledge necessary for his work. One of his trials arose over some question of electoral jurisprudence. It was not of international importance, but still interesting to students of comparative procedure. Therefore he wrote to a deputy who is a parliamentary expert to clear up the obscurity in which the text books involve the point and incorporated his reply in the text of the book. Later, being invited by an experienced mayor to be present at a poll over which he presided, Mr. Bodley put the question to him and received a quite different reply. Finally the author referred the point to a senator of indisputable authority, who showed that the deputy and the mayor were both wrong.—St. James' Gazette.

Woman's Wit.
An emperor of Germany besieged a city which belonged to one of his rebellious noblemen. After the siege had lasted for a long time the emperor determined to take it by storm and to destroy all it contained by fire and sword. He did not, however, wish to injure the defenseless women; therefore, he sent a proclamation into the town, saying that all the women might leave the place unhurt and carry with them whatever they held most precious. The nobleman's wife instantly decided to take her husband, and the other women followed her example. They soon issued from the city gate in a long procession, each one with her husband on her shoulders. The emperor was so much struck with the noble conduct of the woman that he spared all; even the city itself was left untouched.

Wouldn't Tip It.
A Toronto man who visited England last summer appears to think that country the champion tip taker. He says: "Well, I had tipped every man from the swell gent who seemed to own the house of commons down to the herring who gummied the wrong labels on my luggage, and I went into the waiting room on the landing stage at Liverpool to wash my hands of everything English, and what do you think stared me in the face when I had finished? A placard saying, 'Please tip the basin.' I'll be hanged if I did!"

Monuments.
Dr. Griffin—I must say the world is very ungrateful toward our profession. How seldom one sees a public memorial erected to a doctor! Mrs. Gollightly—How seldom! Oh, doctor, think of our cemeteries!—London Answers.

Doesn't Always Follow.
Because some men get over a fence safely with a loaded gun it is not always safe to assume that they won't examine a mule's heels to settle a bet.—Washington Post.

The Difference.
Upgardson—Doesn't Verulus bore you nearly to death? He talks like a phonograph. Atout—Not at all. When a phonograph runs down it stops.—Chicago Tribune.

It improves a girl's looks immensely to be rich.—New York Press.

Millie's Strategy.

By W. Crawford Sherlock.

Copyright, 1907, by P. C. Eastment.

"Millie, I have requested Mr. Mitchell not to come here any more." Mrs. Thompson purred rather than spoke the words, but her keen black eyes were fixed intently upon her niece as if expecting the news would provoke a storm. She was not mistaken.

"What do you mean, Aunt Hetty?" demanded Millie, her blue eyes flashing and her voice quivering with anger. "Why should you tell Jack not to call upon me again? I am not a child and can see no reason why you should object to his visits if I don't."

"You forget yourself, Millie," returned Mrs. Thompson in the same soft purring tone. "I am your aunt, your father's sister, and he requested in his will that you should make your home with me until you are either married or have reached the age of twenty-five. That makes me your guardian, morally if not legally, and I deem it my duty to break up your intimacy with Mr. Mitchell."

"Why did you not object to Jack when I first met him? Why did you permit him to call here time and again after we met? Why did you wait until we are engaged to be married before you offered any objections to his visiting me?"

Millie had arisen and faced Mrs. Thompson. Her voice was calm, but incisive, and each question was emphasized by a sharp rap on the ebony table beside her.

"I am not compelled to answer such questions, Millie Gray, especially when asked so disrespectfully," purred Mrs. Thompson, "but I will do so. I thought Mr. Mitchell was a very estimable young man when you first met him. This impression remained with me until lately, when I have had reason to believe him otherwise."

"What is your reason?" demanded the girl sharply. "If any one has a right to ask me, it is I, and I may give him the opportunity to defend himself. What have you heard about him. I wish to know."

"I decline to tell you," replied Mrs. Thompson. Her voice was still soft and low, but her thin fingers twitched nervously as if she was imbued with a strong desire to scratch the girl so boldly confronting her. "Mr. Mitchell shall not come here again. That is all I have to say. Of course, as you are of age, I cannot prevent you from meeting him clandestinely, but so far as my own home is concerned I shall endeavor to do my duty."

The suggestiveness of her aunt's words puzzled Millie, but their purport became clearer to her as she reflected.

"I think I understand it all now," said Millie, she said slowly and scornfully. "You have deliberately planned this thing, knowing that my father, who hated the very mention of runaway marriages, provided that I must be married at your home if I am married before I am twenty-five. If I am married anywhere else, one-half of my fortune will go to you. My father made this strange provision, believing it would prevent me from eloping with any one before I had reached years of discretion. You introduced me to Jack Mitchell and encouraged him to come to see me. Now when we are almost ready to be married you trump up some objection to him in the hope that I will run away and get married, thus allowing you to become possessed of half my fortune. Aunt Hetty, I have never loved you, but I did not think you were capable of such a scheme."

"Believe what you please," retorted Mrs. Thompson, purring no longer, but speaking harshly and discordantly. "Mr. Mitchell shall not come here again. You may do as you please."

"I am going to marry Jack Mitchell," replied Millie quietly, "and I shall be married in your home. That is all I have to say." And, turning, the girl walked to her own room, leaving her aunt to reflect over the last words.

Bolting her door to guard against any intrusion, Millie reflected over the situation. She was now twenty, and by waiting five years until she came into possession of her fortune it would be possible to prevent Mrs. Thompson from obtaining any of the property, but the girl's mind revolted at the idea of waiting so long. She had known Jack Mitchell for two years and been engaged to him six months. Five years seemed a lifetime, and she dismissed all thought of such a plan.

Aunt Hetty should not profit by her marriage to Jack—upon that at least Millie was resolved—but how could she possibly be married in her aunt's home? Aunt Hetty, having been discovered in her scheme to secure a part of the fortune, would spare no effort to prevent her niece's marriage in her home, and Aunt Hetty, small of stature and not overly strong, usually accomplished what she started out to do.

"What a jolly row there would be if Jack and the minister would come here and try to go ahead with the ceremony," laughed Millie as the ludicrous side of such a possibility appealed to her sense of humor. "I can imagine Aunt Hetty taking Jack by the coat collar and putting him out, despite his six feet of length and 200 pounds weight. Aunt Hetty would do it somehow, so I must be married here without her knowledge, but how is that to be done?"

There seemed no way to solve the problem, and Millie arose to take a walk, thinking the fresh air might bring some relief to her troubled mind. As she stood before the mirror arranging her hat she noticed the reflection

of men moving about the adjoining house, and she turned to investigate. Men were taking up the carpet and moving the furniture out of the room opposite hers, while others were on the floor below, similarly engaged. Could it be possible that the Jacks were going to move? If they were the adjoining house would probably be for rent, and—Millie raised her window quickly and reached out her hand. It almost touched the window of the adjoining house. The houses were joined together in front, but in the rear a small space less than three feet wide separated them to admit light and air. A solution of the problem flashed across the girl's mind as she lowered and fastened the window. It might be possible to frustrate Aunt Hetty and not wait five years either.

During the next week Millie spent much of the time at home. Aunt Hetty, always on the alert, viewed this unusual proceeding with suspicion and remained indoors herself to guard against any possible invasion by Jack Mitchell. Instructions were issued to the servant to admit no one, and Mrs. Thompson felt confident of being able to frustrate any attempt on Millie's part to marry according to the provision of her father's will.

Millie smiled complacently, but said nothing, as she noted her aunt's actions. Things were progressing finely, and at last the plan was ready for execution.

Locking and bolting her door, she spent two hours in putting on her prettiest gown. When this task was completed to her satisfaction she raised the curtain and opened the window.

A moment later Jack Mitchell's handsome face peered out of the window of the adjoining house.

"All ready, Millie?" he asked, restraining a strong desire to spring across the intervening space and take her in his arms. "Here's the Rev. Mr. Walker, an old friend of mine, and two witnesses, Bert Latimer and Frank Long. We are all ready if you are."

Millie nodded, and the minister directed them to join hands across the space of separation. The marriage service was read in slow, measured tones, and they were pronounced man and wife. Jack would have come over to join his wife, but she prevented him.

"No, no, Jack; this is Aunt Hetty's house, and she has forbidden you to come here. Just wait for me at the door."

Mrs. Thompson, listening, as was her wont, at the keyhole, had heard the sound of voices and felt that something was wrong. Vigorously and viciously she had pounded on the door of Millie's room, demanding admittance during the ceremony, but the Rev. Mr. Walker, previously apprised of the situation, had not heeded the interruption. As Millie unfastened the door Mrs. Thompson's angry face confronted her.

"Who is in your room, Millie?" demanded the aunt, glancing around in quest of the intruder. She found no one in the room, but caught sight of Jack's face across the way. The bridegroom had waited to see what developed when the door was unfastened.

"What is that man doing in the Jacks' house?" continued Mrs. Thompson angrily. "I shall request Mrs. Jackson to forbid him coming there."

Mrs. Jackson and Mrs. Thompson were excellent neighbors, and the threat seemed sufficient to prevent any further visitations of Jack Mitchell to the adjoining house.

"Mrs. Jackson has moved, Aunt Hetty," said Millie calmly. "But you have been so busy watching me that you failed to notice it. I, or, rather, we, have taken the house."

"We! What do you mean?" inquired Mrs. Thompson excitedly. "I have nothing to do with that house."

"I mean Jack and myself, aunt. We have just been married. I stood in my room and Jack stood in the room of the house next door. I was married in your home and have complied with the condition of my father's will. Good-by, Aunt Hetty. Come over and see us. We will be at home on Tuesdays of next month."

But Mrs. Thompson was too much discomfited by the defeat of her well laid plan to make a reply.

Flats Harm Book Trade.
"Flats and apartments damage my business dreadfully," said a publisher. "The minute a family gives up its house and takes to a flat that same minute it stops buying books. In the first place, flat dwellers are cramped for room. Having little enough space for their furniture, let alone for books, they naturally buy no books. In the second place, flat dwellers are nomads; they move often, and your nomad hesitates to buy a book because he knows it will be a nuisance to pack at the next moving."

"We are all taking to flats and apartments, housekeeping in them is so much easier and pleasanter. We are all freeing ourselves of needless things in order to have more space in our cramped quarters. Books we free ourselves of first, taking in their place a subscription to a public library."

"Indeed, thanks to the flat, private libraries in the future will be as rare as private theaters or private chaplains."—New York Press.

Then She Left Him.
"Ah," said the young husband, "it is hard to part!"

"Are you going to leave me?" shrieked the young wife.

"No, indeed!" replied he. "I was referring to this biscuit."—Houston Post.

Retribution.
Mrs. Peckham—Henry, do you believe that people are punished right here on earth for their sins? Peckham—I certainly do—that is, if marriages are really made in heaven.—Chicago News.

OPERA HOUSE

One week of great pleasure, commencing Monday Night, January 6, 1908

Edward Doyle's Orpheum Stock Co., to be in Greencastle
This popular price show comes to us this season equipped with special scenery and high-priced vaudeville acts, which are equaled by few and excelled by none.

Everyone knows Doyle's Orpheum Stock Company—they are the favorites of Greencastle; and this season is larger and better equipped than ever. Satisfaction is guaranteed and if you are not pleased come to the box office at the end of the first act, get your money and retire.

On Monday night two ladies, or lady and gent, will be admitted on one paid 30 cent ticket.

Change of program and new plays each night.
Grand Matinee for children Saturday afternoon

THE OPENING PLAY MONDAY NIGHT

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Admission 30c; Gallery 20c; Children 10c
Seats on sale at Badger & Green's Drug Store.

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NOTICE OF DEMOCRAT PRIMAR

Notice is hereby given to the Democratic voters of Putnam county that there will be a primary election held in the different townships of said county on Friday the 10th day of January, 1908 to nominate a candidate for each of the following offices, to-wit: Representative, Treasurer, Sheriff, Coroner, Surveyor, Commissioner 2nd District, and Commissioner for 3rd District.

Wm. B. VESTAL,
Chairman.

JAS. P. HUGHES, Sec.

CROYS CREEK.

Misses Mae and Lizzie Ozment visited their sister Mrs. Jessie Huffman Sunday and Sunday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Harris, of Center Point, spent the latter part of last week at Scott Rollings.

Miss Leona McNeil visited at Scott Rollings Wednesday.

Miss Mary Logan dismissed her school Tuesday to attend the funeral of Mr. Finley.

Miss Ora Gilton, of Brazil, visited home folks Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harley Neese and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Young of Brazil, spent Xmas at Robt. McCurdy's.

Mrs. Lucy Huffman and daughter, Lora, visited at H. Harris's one day last week.

Miss Mabel Knoll visited Ivy Neier Thursday night.

Revival closed here Sunday night with nine additions to the church.

NOTICE TO COMMITTEEN

The City Democratic committee will meet at the office of William Vestal on Tuesday night, Jan. 7. Important business will be transacted and all committeemen are urged to be present.

6t37

AT SACKETT'S GROCERY.

You will find cranberries, celery, sweet potatoes, turnips, cabbage, fresh oysters, fresh olives and every thing good and clean to eat.

Also a full line of cold storage meat, country sausages, ribs and back bones and dressed hens. Orders promptly filled. —Browning's old stand. East side of the square Phone 147.

2t-38

WITHDRAWS HIS CANDIDACY.

Walter Campbell, of Floyd township, announces that he has withdrawn his candidacy for the office of Trustee of Floyd township. We are sorry to make this announcement, but do so at Mr. Campbell's request.

A new barrel of sour kraut just arrived at Broadstreet's grocery—Try some.

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Prices

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Other Fellow's Ad

You are reading this one. That should convince you that advertising in these columns is a profitable proposition; that it will bring business to your store. The fact that the other fellow advertises is probably the reason he is getting more business than is falling to you. Would it not be well to give the other fellow a chance

To Read Your Ad
In These Columns

Sale bills of any kind printed on short notice at the Star and Democrat office.