

**The Greencastle Herald**

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F. C. TILDEN C. J. ARNOLD

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**THE TARIFF BURDEN**

The republican statemen 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 allay 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—**

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

**For Treasurer—**

James H. Hurst wishes to announce that he is a candidate for Treasurer of Putnam county, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary.

**For Sheriff—**

Edward H. Eiteljorg, 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 Coroner—**

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. Alcany 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 grafts 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 indications. 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 it 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 merit-

ing 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 unharmed 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 women that he spared all; even the city itself was left untouched.

**Wouldn't Tip It.**

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 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 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 compiled with the condition of my father's will. Good-bye, 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 habi-

tees 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 apart-

ments, 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 our-

selves 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 chap-

lains."—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 re-

ferring to this biscuit."—Houston Post.

**Retribution.**

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

**Millie's Strategy.**

By W. Crawford Sherlock.

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"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 Jacksons 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.

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.

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 curtains 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.

"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 I 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.

"I am not compelled to answer such questions, Millie Gray, especially when asked so disrespectfully," purred Mrs. Thompson.