

The Greencastle Herald

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F. C. TILDEN C. J. ARNOLD

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MOB RULE.

It is a remarkable fact that in this republic of ours the people are slow to avail themselves of their rights, and quick to transgress law, both statutory and moral. They will not go to the polls and vote in primaries for the man whom they believe will right their wrongs. They will sell their votes on election day to the highest bidder regardless of his standing or his principles. And they will organize themselves into mobs to hang men to telegraph poles, to destroy property, and to drive men out of employment. The latest illustration of this is in Muncie where a street car strike has been followed by rioting and blood shed, and the serious injury of some score of persons. There is something radically wrong in our government, municipal and state, when such things can be. The city seems powerless, evidently owing to a public opinion that sides with the mob and its violence. The state waits till some half dozen have been killed before it takes a hand and sends militia to the scene. What right has organized labor to kill and maim to adjust its grievances? How long is this lawlessness to go unpunished? When will the state guard its citizens and make our cities safe for business and the

common man? When labor riot runs unchecked then are our cities, like Chicago, Muncie, and other mob infested towns, more dangerous than barbarous Africa. The "innocent spectator," the citizen on his way to or from business, is struck down, perhaps killed by a mob, and no one is punished. Women and children are injured and insulted, the dead desecrated, and no answers. It is a question worthy of being asked as to whether this means civilization, and freedom? Have machine politics so weakened American government that it can no longer do its duty?

CONTROL OF CORPORATIONS.

As the campaign for nominations goes on and the attacks upon all systems of government and state control of corporations becomes more fierce, and sort sighted capitalists sow the wind, it is interesting to note from some more sane a practical view of the situation. B. V. Yonkum, an owner of large railroad and corporation interests, and a far sighted business man, declares, in substance, that the future of American business depends upon placing it at once on a sane basis. That means that it must be brought down to actual values and that mad financing, stock watering, irresponsible banking, 'rotten' insurance methods must go. This is wise talking. It is short sightedness indeed, to demand the old methods, base and dangerous as all now know them. The public, long suffering as it is, will some time awake, and then some wild socialistic move will be the result, sweeping away the corporationist. Only business insanity can be behind the present agitation for lax control of such businesses as are now dangerous to the public financial welfare.

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.

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. 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 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, wishes to announce 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.

For Assessor—

J. C. Wilson, of Floyd township, announces that he is a candidate for assessor subject to the decision of the Democratic primary.

For Trustee Floyd Township—

O. A. Day announces that he is a candidate for trustee of Floyd township, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary.

For Treasurer—

Jasper N. Miller, of Monroe township, announces that he is a candidate for the office of Treasurer of Putnam county, 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 Commissioner, Third District—

David J. Skelton, of Washington township, wishes to announce that he is a candidate for Commissioner of the Third District, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary.

For Coroner—

Dr. R. J. Gillespie, of Greencastle township, wishes to announce to the voters of Putnam county that he is a candidate for Coroner subject to the decision of the Democratic primary.

For Sheriff—

Powell S. Brasler of Greencastle wishes to announce to the Democratic voters of Putnam county that he is a candidate for the nomination for Sheriff of Putnam county.

For Commissioner Third District—

Ed. Houck, of Washington township, wishes to announce to the voters of Putnam county that he is a candidate for county commissioner for the Third District, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary.

For Representative—

Theodore Crawley announces that he will be a candidate for representative, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary.

For Township Trustee—

Fred Todd, of Floyd township, announces that he is a candidate for Trustee of the township, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary.

For Representative—

David B. Hostetter, of Franklin township, will be a candidate for Representative of Putnam county, subject to decision of Democratic primary election.

For Assessor—

James W. Figg, of Floyd township, wishes to announce that he is a candidate for assessor subject to the decision of the Democratic primary.

Spoiled Their Waltzing.
In her memoirs Mme. de Boigne gives some interesting glimpses of English social life. For instance, she writes:
"In 1816 no young English lady ventured to waltz. The Duke of Devonshire returned from a tour in Germany and observed one evening at a large ball that a woman was never seen to better advantage than when waltzing. I do not know whether he was anxious to play a trick, but he repeated this assertion several times. It was passed from mouth to mouth, and at the next ball all the young ladies were waltzing. The duke admired them greatly, said that it was delightful and gave proper animation to a ball. He then added carelessly that he, at any rate, had decided never to marry a lady who waltzed. It was to the Duchess of Richmond and at Carlton House that he saw fit to make this revelation. The poor duchess, the most clumsy of matchmaking mammaes, nearly fell off her chair with horror. She repeated the statement to her neighbors, who passed it on, and consternation spread from seat to seat. The young ladies continued to waltz with clear consciences. The old ladies were furious, but the unfortunate dance was concluded. Before the end of the evening the good Duchess of Richmond was able to announce that her daughters felt an objection to waltzing which no persuasion of hers could ever overcome. Some few girls of more independence continued to waltz, but the majority gave it up."

After the Honeymoon.

"Pa," inquired a small boy on the Oakland boat, "what's a simoon?"
"Huh!" grunted the man without looking from his paper. "Simoon's sand storm on the desert, dreading by travelers."

"And, pa, what's a honeymoon?"

"Honeymoon's rice storm on a train, enjoyed by travelers."

"Then a honeymoon's something like a simoon, ain't it, pa?"

"Guess so. Keep quiet. Don't ask so many fool questions. Look at the sea gulls."

"But ain't they a good deal alike, pa—simoons and honeymoons?"

"Ugh, huh, both full of hot air! Most honeymoons become simoons in a few years. When the honey's gone the sigh's left."

"Pa, were you ever on a honeymoon?"

"Percy, if you don't stop pestering me with questions I'll never bring you over to the city again."

"Well, ma said she had a honeymoon, and it was like a dream, and all the rest of it's been a nightmare."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Life Saving and Law.

The Romanians are as curious in some things as the Chinese. A girl who fell into the river and was swept down by the current finally seized a bush on the bank and drew herself to shore. The owner of the land on which the bush grew immediately claimed a reward of 4 shillings because his bush was there and had saved her. Her father refused to pay, and there was a lawsuit. What the law has to decide is whether drowning people can make use of bushes on the bank without paying for the same or whether the assistance of the said bush is worth a certain sum of money.

In China if a person falls into the water no one must help him out, but at the same time a spectator can be imprisoned for not advising the victim to stay on dry land.

The Navel Orange.

For a product of nature a California navel orange as it graces the breakfast table or the push cart is about the most artificial thing in the world. It is also a very striking illustration of the fact that while beauty may be only skin deep it counts for a whole lot. To begin with, the navel orange of California is an exotic, reaching its present habitat after devious wandering. And, be it ever so sweet tasting, if its skin has had its beauty marred it scarcely ever gets farther than the orchard where it grew. Not only that, but even the most comely ones before they are boxed and shipped are brushed by machinery and polished and otherwise fussed with to give them a beauty which mere nature never would have provided.—William R. Stewart in Technical World.

Ignorance Not Bliss.

"There is a certain gnawing uncertainty about calling on people who speak a different language from their servants," remarked the woman who does. "You can never tell whether they are saying, 'Make another cup of tea, Katie, I have company,' or 'She always drops in about tea time, confound her! Pour some more hot water in the pot!'"—New York Press.

Saw For Himself.

A man carrying a looking glass said to a newsboy, "Come here and look into this glass and you will see a donkey."

"How did you find that out?" retorted the boy.—London Express.

Opposites Often Wed.

"Miss, you are a holden. Nobody will ever care to marry a bolsterous girl."

"Don't worry, mother, I'll find some nice, glisterous boy."—Kansas City Journal.

Externally.

The Doctor: "You understand, don't you, that this is only to be used externally? The Patient: "Wife—Sire, sir, I allus makes him get out o' bed to drink it!—London Scraps.

It is better to hope and to work than to grumble and quarrel and shirk.—Baltimore American.

Miss Penelope.

By TROY ALLISON.

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She greeted her first and only boarder with a shy dignity.

"I think you will find it quiet enough here, Mr. Holmes. You said in your letter that you wanted to get away from home and the children while you finished your book."

John Holmes put his suit case down on the veranda and took the huge rocker offered by Miss Penelope's colored servant, Aunt Dilsey.

"It looks nice and quiet," he said, taking in the gorgeous coloring of the trees and the old fashioned flower garden, now gay with dabbles and geraniums. "I think I will be able to work after a day or so of rest and wandering through the woods. When I got your mother's answer to my advertisement I instinctively knew that it was the right one to accept."

Miss Penelope blushed faintly.

"Not my mother's—I am your—hostess. I keep house for my father." She never in the world would have thought of herself as his landlady. "Aunt Dilsey will render you any necessary service. Take Mr. Holmes' suit case, Aunt Dilsey, and show him his room. Supper will be ready in half an hour."

He went upstairs to the front bedroom, rather pleased that he would have for company at supper a pleasing woman of perhaps thirty instead of the middle aged farmer's wife whom his imagination had pictured.

Miss Penelope, giving a final touch to her supper table, with its centerpiece of brilliant fall blossoms, talked to her blind father. "If it's quiet he wants, he certainly ought to be satisfied. But he is a much younger man than I expected. I have read his last book, and it doesn't seem that such a jolly looking man could have written books so serious."

"He said there were five children at his house and that their mother believed that a constant exercise of lungs and muscles was good for their development. We'll feel really important, daddy, having a real book written in our house or on our veranda or in our back yard, wherever genius happens to inspire him." And she ran on merrily, giving the little details which for the ten years of his blindness had been the pleasure of her father's life.

The novel progressed finely in the next few weeks, and the boarder di-

the back of the garden to the creek, and was it Mr. Holmes or her own Rudolph Rassendyll transplanted to quiet and homelike atmosphere that was given a red rose in the garden by the strangely familiar woman in the book?

"You have made her like me," she gasped incredulously, "and idealized me, and where she tells him about her life, lived in the characters from books she had read, it's exactly what I said to you the afternoon we went riding on the creek."

"I couldn't help it," he confessed. "It fitted the Esther in my story so perfectly that I was simply obliged to let her borrow the whole conversation. You don't mind, do you?"

"I never was more flattered in my life," she said impulsively. "I never imagined there was one trait or thought of mine of enough importance to be written about, but you have made me seem all that I always wanted to be."

"Are you?" He laid the manuscript on the table. "I kept the rose you gave me that day in the garden," he said abruptly.

She sat still and white, the situation being one that she had never met with or dreamed of meeting.

"To me you are Esther. I could love you the same way," he said quietly.

Miss Penelope rose, frightened and childlike, a quiver of pain trembling on her lips.

"Mr. Holmes, I have admired you. I have tried to entertain you as best I could to keep you from finding the dullness of our life tedious. Perhaps I am to blame," she said dazedly. "I found you so sympathetic and congenial that I talked to you more than I ever talked to any one in my life, but I never thought that you would misunderstand me—would offer me this insult. You, a married man," she gasped.

"A—what?" he asked blankly.

"A married man," she said brokenly, two tears trickling down her cheeks. Holmes, a finished product of civilization, let his mouth drop open in astonishment.

"I've never been married in my life," he said in amazement.

"But those five children that you wanted to get away from?" she said timidly.

Holmes struggled with his merriment and was finally able to answer: "Those five kids belong to my sister," he chuckled. "I live with her and her husband in any part of the house that is not pre-empted by those urchins. I never dreamed that you thought I was married all this time."

Miss Penelope still stood, nervous and dazed before him.

He took her hand and, stooping, pressed his lips to it. "I kept the rose," he said insinuatingly.

She looked down upon his blond head, and her own beloved Queen Flavia and Rudolph Rassendyll became from that moment mere creatures of fiction. She had found her own romance.

"I'm so glad—you kept it," she said timidly.

A Spelling Reform.

One of the witnesses in a lawsuit, who had just been sworn, was asked to give his name. He replied that it was Hinckley. Then the attorney for the prosecution requested him to give his name in full.

"Jeffrey Alias Hinckley."

"I am not asking you for your alias," said the lawyer impatiently. "What is your real name?"

"Jeffrey Alias Hinckley."

"No trifling in this court, sir!" sternly spoke the judge. "Which is your right name—Jeffrey or Hinckley?"

"Both of 'em, your honor."

"Both of them? Which is your surname?"

"Hinckley."

"And Jeffrey is your given name?"

"Yes, your honor."

"Then what business have you with an alias?"

"I wish I knew, your honor," said the witness ruefully. "It isn't my fault."

"What do you mean, sir?" demanded the judge, who was fast losing his temper.

"I mean, your honor, that Alias is my middle name, for some reason which my parents never explained to me. I suppose they saw it in print somewhere and rather liked the looks of it. I'd get rid of it if I could do so without the newspapers finding it out and joshing me about it."

"The court suggests that hereafter the witness begin his middle name with an E instead of an A. Counsel will proceed with the examination," said the judge, coughing behind his handkerchief.—Youth's Companion.

His Qualifications.

I am reminded, says a writer, of the little boy who applied for a job at a squire's house, where he could earn 5 shillings a week by making himself generally useful.

Squire—Can you clean silver?

Boy—Yes, sir.

"Can you cook and light fires and sing and dust old china and make beds?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Can you clean bicycles and repair punctured tires and tune pianos?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Can you mend electric bells and do plumbing and gas fitting, teach modern and ancient languages, geography and the use of the globes?"

"I can, and also do anything else that is required."

"Then I think you will do."

Boy—Thank you, sir. By the way, is your house built on a clay soil?

Squire—Well, it happens that it is. But what has that to do with it?

"Well, I thought you would like me to fill up my spare time by making bricks."

He was not engaged for his insolence.—London Answers.

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 equalled 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

"The Little Church Across the Way"

Admission 30c; Gallery 20c; Children 10c

Seats on sale at Badger & Green's Drug Store.

Choice Holiday Groceries

T. E. Evans, Grocer

Phone 90. Southwest Corner Square

R. J. GILLESPIE
Undertaker

Calls Promptly Attended to Day or Night

Office Phone, 335; Home Phone, 303

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.

RUSSELLVILLE.

School was taken up again Monday after a week's vacation.

1 Milford Mc Goughy and family spent Saturday at Pearl Grimes.

Miss Lula Wilson visited at her sister's the latter part of last week.

Newt Clodfelter's gave an oyster supper for some of their friends Christmas night.

Christmas visitors were: Lonnie Clodfelter and family at C. P. Wilson's, Ross Clodfelter and wife at the latter's parents, and Marion Clodfelter and family with Elmer Johnson and family at Jess Clodfelter's.

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. 6137

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. 21-38

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.

It Does The Business.

Mr. E. E. Chamberlain, of Clinton, Maine, says of Bucklen's Arnica Salve. "It does the business; I have used it for piles and it cured them. Used it for chapped hands and it cured them. Applied it to an old sore and it healed it without leaving a scar behind." 25c at The Owl Drug Store.

The Best
COAL

AT