

The Greencastle Herald

Published every evening except Sunday by the Star and Democrat Publishing Company at 17 and 18 South Jackson Street, Greencastle, Ind.

F. C. TILDEN C. J. ARNOLD

Terms of Subscription
One Year, strictly in advance, \$30.00. By Carrier in City per week 6 cents. Advertising rates upon application.

The weekly Star-Democrat—the official county paper—sent to any address in the United States for \$1.00 a year.

Entered as second class mail matter at the Greencastle, Indiana, Post-office.

AND IT WASN'T A STAGE KISS

Frank Daniels Won in an Impromptu Kidding Contest.

KANAS CITY, January 4.—The fact that Frank Daniels, the comic opera comedian, sat in a box at the Will's Wood Theater at the performance of "Fascinating Flora" gave the audience an opportunity to enjoy a bunch of impromptu comedy that wasn't expected. From the time Daniels appeared until the last act the comedian was the target of all sorts of jokes by Adele Ritchie and members of her company.

The "kidding" of Daniels culminated near the close of the play at the time Miss Ritchie was forced

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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. Eitelljorg, 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 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.

to make a speech, following her song, "Captain Willie Brown." In her song and characteristic actress told as usual and as seriously as she could of her appreciation of the applause. "This is 'nt much of a speech, to be sure," she said in closing, "but I can make a better speech than Frank Daniels can, any way."

"Of course you can," said James E. Sullivan, the Wagnerian comedian, who stood beside her. "And I dare him to try it. He's afraid to."

That was the opportunity the audience wanted. It applauded, whistled and stamped until it sounded as if "Uncle Tom's Cabin" gallery were welcoming Eliza across the ice. Daniels sat still and blushed while the applause increased. Miss Ritchie's merriment. She had the "man in the box," guessing.

Then things happened. Daniels held a whispered consultation with his wife, who sat in the box beside him. Then, while the din continued, he mounted the box railing, apparently preparing to make a speech. The applause, which subsided for a moment, broke loose again when, instead of a speech, the comedian reached toward Miss Ritchie, caught her by one ear and kissed her. It was a real kiss, too—not a stage kiss. The actress was startled and ran from the stage. The applause that followed could not bring her back to the stage, either.

It Does The Business.

Mr. E. E. Chamberlain, of Clinton, Main, 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.

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.

For your Xmas. nuts of all kinds call at Broadstreet's grocery.

FASCINATING GEOLOGY.

A Study That Stirs the Imagination and Wonder of Man.

"Perhaps the greatest era in the history of geology," says a writer in the London Times, "was that in which the cataclysmic conception of terrestrial changes gave place to a belief that such changes had, in large part at least, been gradual and continuous and produced by the slow operation of causes still in activity in all parts of the globe. The cataclysmic conception had its original source no doubt in the Biblical narrative of the deluge and in the extent to which the highly figurative language of that narrative had been impressed upon the minds of many generations of men. It would naturally be supported by the phenomena of earthquakes and of volcanic eruptions, phenomena visibly and even startlingly productive of great local changes and seeming to afford at least possible or conceivable explanations of all other changes which had preceded them."

"It gradually came to be perceived that these great and startling events were really insignificant both in their character and in their extent when they were compared with those wrought by the simple influence of weather, by the splintering of rock surfaces by the freezing of water within crevices, by the denudation occasioned by rainfall and to be noted by those who are observant, in the turbidity of every streamlet after a shower, by the gradual conveyance of river mud to the bed of the ocean and by the alterations of land and water shown by fossil remains to have occurred, not once only, but frequently, in many parts of the globe. The fascination exercised by the pursuit of thus tracing back the lines of nature's handiwork has been strongly felt by many of the greatest intellects of the century, and hence it has followed that geology has been studied with an ardor which, in spite of the comparative newness of the pursuit, has already placed it in the front ranks of contemporary science."

"Those who are insensible to its fascinations or who are ignorant of the truths which it has revealed have often been disposed to deny or dispute its utility and to think that the time devoted to it might have been better employed. It might be sufficient to say that geology furnishes the knowledge which is essential to the economical and successful extraction of the mineral treasures of the earth, of the coal and iron which have done so much to create and foster the prosperity of England or, as Professor W. J. Sollas of Oxford put it in his address, that it has conducted water to our thirsty cities, has poured the gold of Africa into the lap of commerce and found diamonds to adorn the fair."

"But these things, he declared, were subordinate to the endeavors of the society to foster right thinking on the mysterious problems presented by the planet on which we dwell, and in this great conception of its work he will command the assent of all who recognize what has been in past time the effect of right thinking upon human history and its influence in raising mankind to the level which its most civilized representatives have now attained and from which they look forward to still further advances. The votaries of science have seldom been stimulated by mere utilitarianism; but, as a matter of fact, utility has followed in their footsteps wherever these have been directed."

Whittier's Loneliness.

He was essentially a lonely man. Romantic by temperament, susceptible to feminine charms and exactly constituted for the happiness of love and domestic life, he was doomed to austerities. Filled with curiosity for distant places and having as contemporaries Irving, who spent over twenty years of his life in Europe; Cooper, who, besides his voyages, lived abroad seven successive years; Bryant, who made six excursions to the old world; Longfellow, who knew Europe perhaps better than his native land, Whittier's travels were bounded on the north by the limits of New England, on the east by the neighboring shore, on the south by Washington and on the west by Harrisburg. Brought up a Quaker, he was cut off from the cheerful human activities of New England churches, the most prominent feature of village social life. The curse of constant headaches and chronic insomnia made him almost a prisoner, or, as Barrett Wendell phrases it, he was "generally" troubled by that sort of robust poor health which frequently accompanies total abstinence. But with all these discouragements, privations and enforced renunciations, he seems to have preserved the temperament of a beautiful child. — Professor W. L. Phelps in North American Review.

It Didn't Work.

A man who had been out of work for a long time suddenly recollected reading a story of a clerk who applied for a situation. He was courteously told that there was not a vacancy, and as he turned away he stooped and picked up a pin from the floor. The employer, struck by the action, called him back and said: "You seem a careful sort of man. Call back tomorrow, and we will give you a job."

Our hero therefore determined to copy this man's example, and next day saw him standing before a large manufacturer, having previously dropped a pin on the floor.

Getting the usual reply that there was no vacancy, he turned away and then, like the other man, stooped and picked up a pin. But the result was different.

"Here, Henry," shouted the employer, "see this fellow off the premises! A man who steals a pin would steal anything!" — Pearson's Weekly.

AN UMBRELLA EPISODE.
By Temple Bailey.

Copyrighted, 1907, by Homer Sprague.

Luttrell, coming down the steps of the elevated station, saw ahead of him a girl with cherries in her hat.

The cherries and the dark blue ribbons were really about all that he could see of her, for he looked down on the top of her head, but as she turned the corner going down he caught a glimpse of wavy brown hair and of a trim white collar that came up to meet it.

When he reached the door of exit he found the girl with the cherries there. Seen thus at close range she proved to be about as high as Luttrell's heart. Her gown was of dark blue like the ribbons of her hat, and she carried a book in her hand.

She was gazing anxiously into the street. It was raining hard, and the street lamps, lighted early, cast glistering reflections across the wet pavement.

The girl with the cherries had no umbrella. As Luttrell passed her she unfolded an infinitesimal square of

"Bob Raymond," he said, "I thought I couldn't be mistaken in the voice. But you've grown some, Bobbie, since I used to pitch you off of the campus this is my kid sister."

Raymond wrung his hand, beaming.

"Sis," he said to the vision in blue, "it's Mark Luttrell. You've heard me tell about our college pranks. Mark, this is my kid sister."

She smiled up at Luttrell from under the brim of the broad hat. "Bob forgets that I am grown up," she said, and Luttrell saw that as yet she had not recognized him as the man of the umbrella episode.

"I remember your picture stood on Bob's chiffonier," he told her. "You wore your hair in pigtails, and you were awfully pretty, and I fell in love with you."

"Oh!" she said, blushing beautifully. "Sit down and have dinner with us," Raymond insisted. "Felicia and I have the evening before us. It's raining, so we might as well stay here for awhile."

He turned to give an order to the waiter, and Luttrell leaned toward Felicia.

"If you will let me," he said, "I will hold my umbrella over the cherries."

There was dead silence for a moment, and then she whispered nervously: "Oh, you are the man! Oh, what did you think of me?"

"I wished that I might hold an umbrella over you for the rest of my life," he said fervently.

Her dimples came out in full force. "I am afraid you would get awfully tired," she said, but her eyes drooped before his glance.

"Come up and see us," Bob said that night as they parted.

"On one condition," said Luttrell as he held the fur lined wrap for the vision in blue, "that you let me fall in love with your sister."

"Felicia?" Raymond scoffed. "She's nothing but a kid."

"I am old enough to know my own mind, Bob," said Felicia with spirit.

"And what is your mind?" Luttrell asked as they went down the hall together.

Her eyelashes swept her cheeks and hid her eyes. "I don't know," she said demurely. "Perhaps—perhaps you had better come—and find out."

The girl laughed at that. "I am not quite sure how to treat the situation. You see, it's a little unusual to let a man you don't know walk home with you."

"Suppose we act as if we had known each other all our lives and say the things we would say under those circumstances."

"Under those circumstances," said the little clear voice in the dark, "I should say, 'Goodness, what an awful night!'"

"And I should say," was Luttrell's grave response, "Little friend, why you are out so late alone?"

"Oh," came flutteringly, "I went to the library, and when I came out it was almost dark and, to cap the climax, it rained."

"And your hat would have been ruined if fate had not kept me downtown late too. And it's such a pretty hat," he added reflectively.

"Oh!" said the clear little voice again, and then there was another silence.

Far up the street under a corner lamp they could just discern a big man plodding along, weighted down by two umbrellas.

"It's my big brother," said the little clear voice, and then timidly: "Would you mind going on alone? You see, he might not understand my letting you—but my hat is new—and—"

"I understand perfectly," Luttrell told her. "But big brothers are sometimes dense. I have a little sister myself, and I like to look after her pretty closely, and that's why I looked after you."

He had gone into the darkness before she could thank him. But from the shadows he watched her fly along the intervening space and come up to her big brother. And he heard her say in that clear little voice: "It was so good of you to come after me, Bob." And then they went along together through the driving storm, and Luttrell was left alone.

After that on his way home from office he found himself looking for the girl with the cherry hat. But girls came and girls went, but never the right one, and so the months passed and the winter came, and there were no cherries on any of the hats, and Luttrell gave up his quest in despair.

But always he held in his heart the memory of the clear little voice that

had talked to him so confidingly in the darkness of the rainy autumn night.

One night he dropped into a fashionable downtown restaurant for dinner, and at the next table were a big man and a girl in a drooping hat of pale blue. Her gown was of the same color, and around her neck she wore a collar of pearls.

She was a vision of exquisiteness, and there was about her a haunting quality that made Luttrell look at her more than once. Where had he seen her?

And even as he questioned the vision in a clear little voice: "Bob, I do believe it is raining. If we go out, we will have to have a cab."

It was the girl with the cherry hat. No other had such a voice, and there was the wavy brown hair. And in the brilliant light he beheld clearly for the first time the gray eyes and the delicate pink and white of the oval face. Why, the little girl was a beauty!

"You shall have two cabs if you wish," he heard the big man say genially. "We wouldn't want to christen that stunning gown with rain."

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