

## LOCAL AND PERSONAL HAPPENINGS

### What Greencastle People and Their Friends Are Doing

J. C. Brown is visiting in Roachdale this week.

I. Vermilion transacted business in Indianapolis today.

C. W. Oaks went to his farm at Catawba this morning.

U. V. O'Daniel is transacting business in Lakewood, Ill.

Mrs. Post and Miss Ruth spent yesterday in Indianapolis.

Mrs. Ruth Browning has resigned her position in Vermilion's store.

Mrs. J. A. Tompkins, returned from Danville Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Weaver and Miss Matern arrived last night from Sandusky, Ohio.

Gust Guse, of Springfield, was in the city today en route to Bloomington.

A. O. Lockridge is doing Farmer's Institute work at Warsaw, Ind., this week.

Mrs. Martha Brown is quite ill, at the home of her son, Mr. Harry G. Brown.

The Penglo club meet this afternoon at the home of Miss Nellie Leutke.

Mrs. Elma Hills left today for Coffeyville, Kansas, where she will visit her daughter.

Miss Mabel Cooper, of near Racoon, has returned to resume her work in the university.

Miss Nora Reed, of Racoon, spent last night with her sister, Mrs. Ralph Sears, of the city.

J. Ward and Jessie Byrkit have returned home from a short visit with relatives at Indianapolis.

The Missionary Society met this afternoon at the home of Mrs. Herman Hoffman on Indiana St.

Miss Lillian Barrett, of Clinton, Wisconsin, who has been out of college since last year, will enter this term.

Marshal Jones and family have returned to their home in Spencer, after several days visit with relatives in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Shoptaugh and daughter, Estella, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Cull Lockridge, of Roachdale today.

Misses Verna and Nina Burnside have returned from spending the holidays in Beaumont, Texas. Their brother, Harry has also returned.

E. P. Mathers, Mrs. Susie Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Foote and children have returned to their home in Indianapolis, after a visit with Dr. E. G. Fry and wife.

Mr. and Mrs. James McNavin, of the Orphan Stock Co., left for Bloomington today, where they have engagements for next week. The company plays "A Broken Heart," tomorrow night, which is said to be excellent.

Report is that a goodly number of unmarried ladies of this city have organized a "Leap Year Club," the intent and purpose being to transform themselves into "better halves," and house keepers for the large number of bashful bachelors resident here who have never acquired sufficient nerve to pop the question to the girls who have caused their hearts to flutter.

F. M. Lyon was in Washington township today.

W. C. T. U. meeting at the Court House this afternoon.

T. J. Leehey transacted business in Lafayette yesterday.

T. J. McMillen has returned from his visit in Arcola, Ill.

J. W. Levings made a business trip to Bainbridge this morning.

Mrs. Gregg and family are at home from their visit in Kokomo.

Dr. and Mrs. O. F. Overstreet will entertain at 6 o'clock dinner tonight.

The Progress History Club meet this evening with Mrs. Olive Thomas.

Sheriff Maze and wife were called to Cloverdale this morning on business.

Mrs. Col. Ritter, of Indianapolis, spent yesterday with her sister, Mrs. Town.

Mrs. Spencer Mahan, has returned from Indianapolis, after a visit with relatives.

The S. C. C. girls met at the home of Miss Lydia Williams on Hanna street last evening.

Miss Mary Hopwood, of Clayton, is the guest of friends and relatives in the city this week.

Mrs. W. W. Brothers is visiting her daughter, Mrs. William Hanna, of Roachdale, this week.

Miss Eulalia Hamilton has returned to Cicero to resume her work, after spending the holidays.

W. E. Blackwell, who has been visiting G. W. Crawley, has returned to his home in Crawfordsville.

Mrs. Frank Masket has been called to Dexter, Ind. by the sudden death of her grandfather, Mr. Gray.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar O'Daniels, who have been visiting here for a month, leave tomorrow for their home in Mo.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith Cloyd have returned to their home in Marshfield, Ind., after a visit with Mrs. Mary Little and daughter.

Tom Bolosin, who is employed as candy maker at the Palace Restaurant, is taking his vacation. He will visit in Indianapolis and Chicago before his return.

Miss Mollie King was in the city this afternoon, en route to Bloomington to re-enter the University. She has been spending the holidays with home folks at Union City.

Mrs. E. R. Muller, of Lafayette, made a business trip to the city today. Mr. and Mrs. Muller purchased the Owl Hardware store some three weeks ago and are preparing to restock it.

A fine draft mare owned by F. A. Hays, had her leg fractured, a few days ago, by a kick from another horse. Attempt is being made to reduce the fracture by "swinging" the animal and giving her surgical attention.

Announcement is made that Dr. J. P. D. John, of this city, is to deliver the address at the Y. M. C. A. "Big Meeting" at English Opera House, Indianapolis, next Sunday. The subject selected for this lecture is, "A Fire Proof Conviction."

The Enterprise will open tomorrow.

Sophia Vesper, of Brazil, spent today in the city.

Mrs. H. C. Grogan, of Limesdale, spent today in the city.

S. M. Patton made a business trip to Danville this morning.

Mrs. C. A. Vestal is visiting friends in Terre Haute this week.

Miss Lura Fitchett spent yesterday with her aunt, Mrs. Jobe Cowley, of Danville.

Frank Hamada, Japanese, left the city this afternoon for his home in Terre Haute.

Paul and James Trier have returned to their home after visiting their grandmother, Mrs. George Snyder, of this city.

Mrs. Elma Hills left the city this afternoon via Vandalia for Coffeyville, Kansas, where she will visit her daughter, Mrs. Frank Benefield. She will also visit her son, James, of Fort Worth, Texas before her return. Mrs. Hills' visit will include two or three months.

James Lightbody, one of the worlds champion trick men, is visiting Delta Tau brothers in this city. Mr. Lightbody was formerly a student at DePauw having taken preparatory work here. He is now attending the University of Chicago.

Mr. Lightbody excels particularly in longer runs, holding many championships in quarter mile and mile runs. He also took part in the last meeting at Athens, Greece.

The marriage of Miss Grace Mahoney to Arthur Porter, of Chicashaw, Oklahoma, occurred last evening at 7:15 at the bride's home. Rev. Hoagland, pastor of College Avenue church, performed the ceremony in the presence of the immediate family.

The bride is well known here and her many friends extend their best wishes.

### OBITUARY.

Elizabeth E., daughter of Elihu and Mary Smith, was born in Putnam County January 5, 1848, deceased December 29, 1907. Aged 58 years 11 months 25 days. Was married to Oliver J. Cummings Nov. 14, 1877; to this union was born two children: Rose and Golden, who survive her. She professed a hope in Christ in early life and later united with the Union Valley Baptist church where she remained a faithful member until death. In her death the church loses a devoted member, the community a good neighbor, and the home a loving mother. She leaves to mourn her loss two children and a host of relatives and friends. Yet we are conscious of the fact that our loss is her eternal gain. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

The funeral was conducted from the Union Valley church by Rev. T. C. Vaughan assisted by J. W. Cox.

### Too Easy.

The Union Bank of St. Petersburg has its own police service. One night the director was sleepless. He wondered whether the bank police were really trustworthy. He concluded to make a trial. He disguised himself and rushed, pistol in hand, into the bank vault. The police were good for nothing. They looked on quietly, while the director pocketed 2,000,000 rubles and carried them away. Since then no one has seen the director.—Simplicissimus.

### His Rush.

Boy (reading)—She threw herself in to the river. Her husband, horror stricken, rushed to the bank—Teacher (cutting in)—Why did the husband rush to the bank? Boy—Please, sir, to get the insurance money.—London Mail.

For penknives the steel is tempered at 470 degrees, for table knives at 530 degrees and for saws at 590 degrees.

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

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

### BROAD PARK.

Only a few more days until the primary election.

Several from around here went to Greencastle Saturday.

Curt Sims and family visited his sister at Mt. Meridian Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. Jeff Walters visited home folks Saturday night and Sunday.

Aunt Phoebe Wood is very poorly at this writing.

Grandma Cline visited Mrs. John Stringer Friday.

There are several reports of people being sick with the grip.

Frank Wilcox and family visited at Oliver Scottan's of Stilesville, Saturday.

Clevie Parker and wife visited Roy McAninch and wife Sunday.

Thomas Broadstreet and wife visited Friday with Edgar Hicks and family.

Miss Eva Chenoweth, of Stilesville, visited her sister, Mrs. Minnie Walters, Saturday night and Sunday.

Gilbert Dorsett and family visited at Nathaniel Stringer's Saturday night.

Laurence Buis and wife, of Stilesville, visited his brother, James Buis, one day last week.

Miss Grace McAninch visited Miss Mae Allee Wednesday night.

Clevie Parker and wife visited at his father's Saturday.

Miss Ruth Bobbe, of Stilesville, spent Friday night with her aunt, Mrs. Sarah Broadstreet.

Lemuel Keller visited his father, Mr. William Keller, Saturday.

Mr. Art Wood is repairing the house where his father used to live and will move there soon.

Miss Mae Allee spent Thursday night with Miss Mildred Stringer.

Frank Wilcox and family spent Sunday with Thomas Broadstreet and family.

### LOCUST GROVE.

We are having fine weather. Mr. Cooper is some better at this writing.

Mr. John and Lem O'Neal have returned to their home in Iowa after a week's visit with their brothers and sisters.

Mrs. Hansel and Stella Mercer spent last Wednesday afternoon with Mrs. Minnie Turner.

The meeting at Mt. Hebron was well attended Saturday night and Sunday.

There will be meeting in the School house one mile east of the Shaker church next Sunday and Sunday night.

Mrs. Minnie Turner and Mr. James Brann spent last Sunday with Robert Bunton and family.

Miss Anna Turner spent last Sunday with Miss Florence Logan.

Mr. D. Hunter and family spent Saturday with Mr. John Hunter and family.

Mr. Alva Bunton and wife spent a few days last week with his sister at Indianapolis.

Mrs. Ida Reeves and daughter spent last Wednesday afternoon with Mrs. Mollie Brann and family.

Mr. Otto Turner spent a few days last week with his uncle, Walter Brann.

### OUR WANT COLUMN

For Rent—Furnished and unfurnished rooms for rent. All modern conveniences. Terms reasonable. It will pay you to investigate. Also small house for rent \$7 per month. Near public square. Phone 457 or call at 9 west Poplar.

Position Wanted—Miss Lee Coffey, R. R. 1, Fillmore, would like a position to do general house work.

Lost—Knight Templars Charm, Thursday night—Between home and lodge hall. Finder kindly return to Dr. E. G. Fry, and receive reward.

Boy Wanted—Boy wanted to learn the printers trade. Apply at this office.

### DRYING THIN GLASSES.

A Dealer Tells Why the Maid Breaks Them So Often.

"Our maid certainly worked destruction on those sherry glasses, those delicate little glasses," said the customer to the dealer. "There were six, and she broke three inside of three months."

"Oh, you got off easy, judging from the stories that come to us," replied the store man.

"Well, I see how it is," responded the customer. "I tried wiping a few of these glasses myself the other night, and the first thing I knew I wiped the side right out of one. As the maids say, 'Why, they break right in the towel!'"

"Now, if you would wait until they were nearly dry," remarked the dealer, "you'd never break any at all. Take this cordial glass with the very thin stem. You naturally seize it by the foot and turn it while you wipe the bowl with the other hand. While the glass is wet the dish towel, gripped between two fingers, holds the bowl like a vise, and you just naturally twist the stem in two. But if you let the glass get nearly dry the towel slips, and the danger is over."

"Doesn't that make streaked glasses?"

"No, not if the water and towels are clean. Of course you ought to have towels that you use only for glassware. Towels that have been used on dishes are likely to have grease on them, and grease is the great enemy of brilliancy in glassware."

"Then can soap be used in the water?"

"Oh, yes. We use pure white soap with ours. The main point is to have the water hot enough. That helps with the drying, too, because when you take a glass out of very hot water and set it aside to drain it will dry itself before you can take a towel to it. This paper is good as a polisher because usually it has never touched grease. Alcohol has a reputation as a polisher, but its function is rather to clean. Cut up potatoes are good to shine up the insides of pitchers and carafes."—New York Post.

### A FAREWELL CHAT.

Interview Between the Boss and the Man He Fired.

Neither of the partners had arrived, and the clerks that morning were indulging in their usual bout of gossip.

"Did I tell you, chaps, that I was leaving?" drawled the languid swell of the staff, whose incompetence was as palpable as the splendor of his attire.

"Heard you'd got the sack," replied the spectacled cashier gruffly.

"I answered an advertisement yesterday for what looks like a first class job," resumed the overdressed one, ignoring the remark. "I've pitched rather a strong yarn, but you've got to do that if you want to keep up with the times."

Just then the senior partner entered, and all wrote intently.

Within five minutes the "old man," who had been opening letters, called the last speaker into his room, and the following dialogue became plainly audible to those outside:

"Have you been in our service seven years?"

"No, sir; only fifteen months."

"And is your salary \$4 10s. a week?"

"Eh, no, sir; 30 shillings."

"And are you in entire charge of the counting house?"

No reply.

"And are you leaving us because of a difference with the firm regarding the management of our colonial branches?"

Dead silence and a short pause.

Then the old man:

"You should be more careful in your statements, sir. This is a small world. The advertisement you answered was for the situation you are leaving on Saturday. That will do."—London Tit-Bits.

### Americanism in England.

The following speech is put into the mouth of an American heiress in an English story called "A Subaltern of Horse."

"I've a hunch that this is the biggest game of spoof I've officiated in yet, Mr. Herries. You have a nerve and no mistake." Then as Herries withdrew she caught sight of Fox's smiling face. The Bud turned on him hotly. "You were in this too. I like your neck. You'll have to pitch a tale to pop. He's drawn on a man for less out west. Come, Margi, let's get; we're the lobsters this hike. Captain, will you please escort us to our carriage?"

### WATCH THE LIPS.

Their Sensitive Muscles Make Them Great Tell-tales.

"It's a queer thing," remarked the professor, "how people can control their eyes and not their mouths."

The inventor with whom he happened to be talking made the comment that the professor probably meant tongues when speaking of mouths.

"No, I didn't mean tongues. I meant mouths," the professor rejoined.

"I mean, if you want to be scientifically accurate, the action of the lip muscles. There's nearly always, in a moment of excitement, of exaltation, depression or emergency, a telltale movement on their part which can't be guarded against. Why can't it be guarded against? Because it is so largely unconscious. Most of us from our youth up have been trained to use our eyes and to use them in such a way as to conceal our emotions. It's different with the mouth. Perhaps we haven't advanced far enough to do two such important things at the same time. Anyway the fact remains that we don't do it."

"If, for example, I have reason to believe that a man is not telling me the truth I don't give my attention to his eyes. He may look at me as fearlessly as he wants. What I watch for is something significant in the region of his face below the nose. If there is no change in the expression of his lips I am disposed after all to believe him. But if there is the least trembling or twitching, the least exhibition, let us call it, of nervousness—well, then, I have my doubts."

"I suppose," observed the inventor, "that while that fact does not explain the wearing of the mustache it shows that the mustache has uses."

"It does," returned the professor, "but you must remember that the mustache, as a rule, doesn't obscure the lower lip. And the lower lip, if you'll take the trouble to notice, is if anything more revelatory than the upper one. It is usually that lip which gives the expression to the mouth. The upper lip follows suit, as it were."

"Well, well," said the inventor, fidgeting his mustache.—New York Press.

### A KING'S UNDRRESSING.

The Ceremony Was a Wonderful One in Louis XVI's Time.

In "Memoirs of the Comtesse de Boige" (1781-1814), edited from the original manuscript by Charles Nicoulaud, is found the following realistic description of the "coucheur" of Louis XVI:

"The king's coat, waistcoat and shirt were taken off. He stood there naked to the waist, scratching and rubbing himself as if he had been alone, in the presence of the whole court and often many strangers of distinction. The first valet handed the nightshirt to the most highly qualified person, to one of the princes of the blood if any were present. This was a right and not a favor. When the person was one with whom he was on familiar terms the king would often play tricks while putting it on, stepping on one side to make the holder run after him, accompanying these charming jokes with loud guffaws, which greatly vexed those who were sincerely attached to him. When his shirt was on he put on his dressing gown, while three valets unfastened his waist belt and knee breeches, which fell to his ankles, and in that garb, scarcely able to walk with these ridiculous fetters, he would shuffle round the circle of those in waiting. When the king had had enough of it, he shuffled backward to an armchair which was pushed into the middle of the room and dropped into it, lifting up his legs. Two pages on their knees immediately seized his legs, pulled off the king's shoes and let them drop with a crash, which was a point of etiquette. As soon as he heard the noise the usher opened the door, saying, 'Gentlemen will please pass out.' Those present went away, and the ceremony was finished. However, the person who was holding the candlestick was allowed to stay if he had anything special to say to the king, and hence the value that was attached to this strange favor."

### Unlucky Suggestion.

An old vicar had a groom who had been detected stealing his master's oats. The vicar had not decided what course to take, and meantime the groom had gone to the curate to ask him to plead for him, and the sympathetic young fellow hastened to the rectory to appeal to the vicar. The old vicar heard his curate out, but looked dubious, so as a last resource the curate quoted Scripture as a plea for leniency and said we were taught when a man took our coat to let him take the cloak as well.

"That's true," said the vicar dryly, "and as the fellow has taken my oats I am going to give him the sack."—London Answers.

### Bulls in the Graveyard.

The kirkyard was full, and a brand new cemetery was laid out. Sandy McTavish, looking over it with Andrew Bruce, protested that it was "too continental" in style. "I'd rather dead than buried in sic a spot," he declared.

Andrew was less difficult to please. "Weel, it's the vera reverse wi' me," he said, "for I'll be buried naewhere else if I'm spared."—Glasgow Times.

### Elementary Arithmetic.

Judge—What age are you? Pat—Eight and fourscore my lord. Judge—And why not fourscore and eight? Pat—Because, my lord, I was eight before I was fourscore.—London Answers.

Ungratefulness is the very poison of manhood.—Sidney.

## A SUDDEN ELEVATION.

(Original.)

John Meriweather was what the world would call a self made man. The reason why he was a self made man was because he had been given by his Creator both the desire and the ability to be such. He had saved his pennies as a boy, paying for an education by working while studying, had denied himself when a young man in order to save capital and had forged ahead rapidly by a remarkable capacity for hard work. He now lived in a fine house, drove his horses, was powerful and courted, yet he worked as hard as ever. One day he overheard his butler lamenting to his coachman that the wealth of the world was very badly distributed and declaring that an equitable way of arranging the good things would be for the rich and the poor to change places once every ten years.

"Peter," called the master, "come here."

Peter would have been embarrassed at having been overheard, but he had got the equality bee in his bonnet, and he approached his master somewhat defiantly.

"Peter," continued Meriweather, "I've been working very hard lately and need a rest. I want you to be my representative. Go and dress yourself like a gentleman and come back."

At 9 o'clock the next morning Peter sat in his master's chair in his master's office, opening the mail. Meriweather was there giving him instructions for the first day's work. His affairs were in good condition and easily managed. Indeed, there was little or nothing to do during the day but attend a meeting of directors of the Eureka Copper company at 3 in the afternoon. Peter, armed with an order to act for his master, went to the meeting. Some surprise was manifested on the part of the other directors that this Peter Conover should represent one to whom they were accustomed to look for a final decision on all important discussions.

The question came up as to whether the company should issue bonds for some intended improvements or pay for them out of the dividends. After a long discussion over the matter Mr. Conover's views were asked. Peter, resolved not to acknowledge any indecision, remarked that it would be well to issue bonds.

"Why so?" asked the chairman.

Peter turned flaming red and said nothing. The president stepped to the telephone, called up John Meriweather and asked his views on the question under consideration. They were given promptly, with the best of reasons, and the meeting adjourned.

When Peter went home he concluded to have a drive before dinner. On reaching the house he learned that his master had just left on a trip. This both pleased and alarmed him. He would have free scope to enjoy the luxuries of his position, but no one would be on hand to refer to in business matters. His ride was interfered with by an architect, who was erecting a warehouse for Mr. Meriweather. He laid his plans on the table and asked for instructions. Peter was tempted to ask the man to wait till his master's return, but remembered that he was his master. Besides, the architect could not wait. Mr. Meriweather was called up on the long distance telephone, and the points submitted to him.

A fine dinner was set before the representative of his master, but Peter's appetite was somewhat interfered with by the realization that he was his master only in name, not in reality. In the evening he went to the theater, but, since he did not care to take with him any of the servants, he was obliged to go alone. The play was one of Shakespeare's, and Peter could not understand what the actors were talking about. When the play was over he looked in at one of the swell restaurants, but his new position had tired him, and he needed some real refreshment, so he went to a low grade saloon and ordered a dish of pork and beans and a mug of ale. He felt some what out of place in his fine costume, but he was alone while he ate, and the meal was Peter's only bit of comfort during the first day of his playing the gentleman capitalist.

The next morning Peter opened his master's letters. Fortunately he could read, but unfortunately he did not understand them, and if he had understood them he would not have known what replies to make. Peter had supposed that all he would have to do in his new position would be to cut off coupons and cash checks for dividends. He now saw that he could not hold the position creditably for an hour. He concluded to let the letters go unanswered, have a good time till his master returned and then resign.

"Putting a hundred dollars in his pocket, he took it home to his family. His wife, instead of laying it by for a rainy day or to get the children clothes, spent it in a trip to the country. Peter could not go with them in his fine apparel, so, not knowing what to do, he went to his favorite saloon and ordered a slice of ham and a glass of beer. Then he sat repeating his beer till midnight.

The next day Peter did not open the letters. He stacked them up, and they continued to be stacked till his master's return. One morning John Meriweather walked into the office and saw Peter sitting before his desk with a bored expression and stacks of unanswered letters before him. Peter acknowledged that his training had not fitted him to represent his master, and it was a happy day for him when he donated his livery and returned to the management of household affairs.

HOPE HOPKINS

## You Don't Need a Town Crier



to emphasize the merits of your business or announce your special sales. A straight story told in a straight way to the readers of this paper will quickly reach the ears of the thoughtful, intelligent buying public, the people who have the money in their pockets, and the people who listen to reason and not noise. Our books will show you a list of the kind of people you appeal to. Call and see them at this office.

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FOR NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, RHEUMATISM, BACKACHE, PAIN IN CHEST, DISTRESS IN STOMACH, SLEEPLESSNESS

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If you have Headache Try One

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