

The Greencastle Herald

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F. C. TILDEN C. J. ARNOLD

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THE COUNTY TICKET.

The result of the Democratic primary election Friday is a source of satisfaction to every Democrat in the county. It is a strong ticket. No better ticket could be desired, or if desired could be secured in Putnam County. They have all the requirements of Democratic candidates for public office. They are clean men. Their reputation for honesty and straightforward dealing can not be impeached. They are strong men. They have been successful in business, successful in life, successful in politics. They bring to the service of the people the same quality of honesty and trained business sense that has made other success possible. They are the choice of the people, receiving a majority of the votes of the primary election, and are entitled without doubt or question, by the law of Democratic government, the nominations they hold. The Democratic party is to be congratulated that these men are to lead it in its battles and to represent it before the people. The party will lose no prestige through such representation. It will be willing to stand by the

LOCAL PRIMARY JANUARY 17

At the meeting of the State Prohibition Oratorical Association in Indianapolis arrangements were completed for the State Convention and State oratorical contest. These events, which occurred in Greencastle last year will take place in Valparaiso, March 6 and 7. The students of Valparaiso will give a state prohibition rally on Friday night, the 6th. On Saturday there will be a state conference to discuss methods of advancing the work of prohibition. On Saturday night will be the state oratorical contest of this association. Seven schools will send representatives to this contest, namely DePauw University, Indiana University, Valparaiso University, Taylor University, Earlham College, Butler College, and Moores' Hill College. DePauw's representative will be chosen at the local contest, Friday January 17.

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THE MONEY QUESTION.

An Inquisitive Youngster and an Ingenious Father.

"Papa," began Gunston junior, "when the government of the United States began to coin gold and silver money it was necessary to buy the gold and silver, wasn't it?"

"Yes, my son," replied Gunston senior rather cautiously.

"Of course, papa," resumed the youngster, "you'll be able to tell me where the government got the money to buy the gold and silver."

"Why—er—of course," stammered Gunston senior as he put down the paper and gazed thoughtfully at the boy. "Now, let me understand you. The government wanted to coin money, and in order to do so it was necessary to purchase gold and silver. You want to know where the government got the money to buy the gold and silver?"

"That's right," chuckled Gunston junior gleefully, and a great joy filled his being as he thought of his all important sire struggling with the simple question.

"Why, sonny, the government simply issued dollar bills and bought gold and silver with them. Anything else?"

"Yes," said Gunston junior. "Where did the government get money to buy paper for the dollar bills?"—Harper's Weekly.

THE HORSE WON.

Beat the First Locomotive on the B. and O. Road.

The first locomotive on the Baltimore and Ohio had sails attached. So did the cars. These sails were hoisted when the wind was in the right direction so as to help the locomotive.

The rivalry between the railroads using locomotives and those using horses was very bitter. In August, 1830, an actual trial of speed was held between a horse and one of the pioneer locomotives, which did not result in favor of the locomotive. The race was on the Baltimore and Ohio, the locomotive being one built by Peter Cooper, who also acted as engineer.

The horse, a gallant gray, was in the habit of pulling a car on a track parallel to that used by the locomotive. At first the gray had the better of the race, but when he was a quarter of a mile ahead Mr. Cooper succeeded in getting up enough steam to pass the horse amid terrific applause.

At that moment a band slipped from a pulley, and, "though Mr. Cooper lacerated his hands trying to replace it, the engine stopped and the horse passed it and came in the winner."—Van Norden Magazine.

They Don't Like Funerals.

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.

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"If you want to know just how sensitive some Washington folks are, listen to the reasons some of our tenants give for canceling their leases," said a renting agent. "Here are the complaints from five families who want to move because they live on 'funeral streets.' A lot of people, it seems, are sensitive about that. There are certain streets in town—those near churches where many funerals are held and those leading to the various cemeteries—which are usually traveled by funeral parties. Houses in those streets are becoming a poor investment. There is more moving from those houses than from any others we have anything to do with, and generally the movers give as the reason for their dissatisfaction the fact that the sight of so many hearses gets on their nerves."—Washington Star.

The Saragossans.

It is said that the queer, composite race of people that dwell upon the waterlogged hulks of the Saragossa sea, in the mid-Atlantic, have a pretty theory about death. They believe that those to whom the messenger comes when the sun is shining brightly are transported straight away to a heaven of warm fresh water only four feet in depth, in which they may wade and disport themselves to all eternity. On the other hand, those who receive the call of death in hours of darkness must needs endure a probationary period before they can enter into the future life. The Saragossans are in addition firm believers in premonitions, omens and foreordinations.

Instincts of a Woman.

A little girl who had for some time wanted a dog was taken very ill. One day when much better she told her mother of her desire and begged her to ask her grandpa to buy her one. The mother answered that grandpa did not like dogs and probably would not be willing to buy one. Then, seeing the little invalid look sadly disappointed, she said, "Well, wait till you get well, my dear, then we will see."

"Oh, no," answered the child, whose few years had taught her some wisdom. "The more sick I am the more likely he will be to buy it for me."—Exchange.

Hoarding.

Hoarding is not only an economic mistake, but an economic crime as well. It is, in fact, a survival of the evil days of maladministration. It comes down to us from the time when nearly all governments were conquerors which considered themselves entitled to plunder their subjects. Thus hoarding is founded upon distrust of the government.—Statesman, Calcutta.

Reverse Action.

The Elder Matron—You shouldn't mind the baby crying a little. It strengthens his lungs. The Younger Matron—Oh, no doubt, but it weakens his father's religion so!—Indianapolis Journal.

If you would not have affliction visit you twice, listen at once to what it teaches.—Rogers.

WHEN BEN CAME HOME.

By LESTER ROSE.

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Vesta sank wearily upon a shoe box and gazed forlornly about her. The last of the packing was accomplished. The last nail had been driven home into the shoe box, which contained the books that were to be kept out for the new home. The rest of the beloved library remained in the cases, gaps showing where the selections had been made.

The corner of the lower shelf had been the resting place of the blue and silver "Pilgrim's Progress" ever since Vesta could remember, a book to be taken out Sunday afternoons and carried to the gentle mother, who patiently explained time after time the meaning of the fascinating woodcuts.

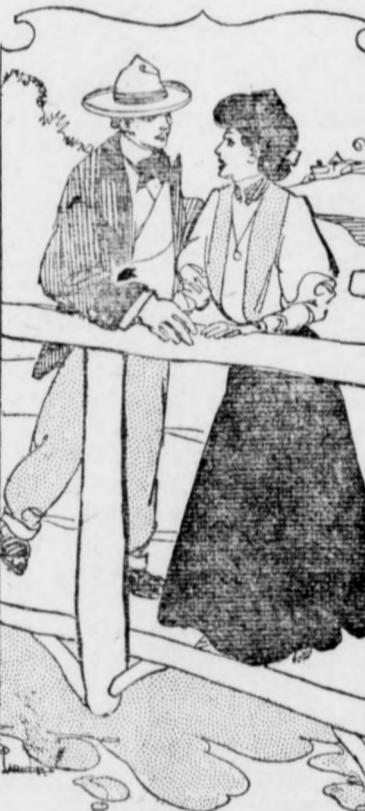
There was a very large gap where the encyclopedias had been. She had bought those with the eggs and butter money. As her eyes roamed over the partly filled cases she could fill every gap from memory.

And as it was with the books, so was it with the rest of the household belongings. Here and there a blank corner reminded her of some familiar object now stacked in the wood shed. Very little was to be shipped, for the way was far and freight rates were high. Tomorrow the neighbors would gather and John Berwin would hang out the red flag. By nightfall the house would be emptied and its contents scattered through the farmhouses for miles around.

Tears came unbidden to Vesta's eyes as she looked about. Her earliest memories were of the homely living room with its rag carpet and the comfortable rocking chairs on either side of the stove in winter or standing in front of the north windows in summer, when the double sashes were taken down and the wind blew through the house, softly scented by the blooms from the orchard on the other side of the well kept fence.

It was the only home Vesta had ever known. It seemed to the tired girl that she could never learn to love another half so well.

Until her mother's death Vesta had been shielded from all troubles. After she had come back from the little



A BROWN HAND CLOSED OVER HER SLENDER FINGERS.

burial ground on a hill she had found occupation and forgetfulness in her efforts to make her father forget his loss. She had even refused to marry Ben Folsom because she had considered it her duty to stay by her father and comfort him in his sorrow.

Ben had gone west and she was left more than ever alone. Then had come that terrible day, a year and a week after her mother's death, when her father had driven into the yard with Sadie Connors, who had been teaching school over at the corners, and had announced his marriage.

Vesta tried to learn to love this gaunt, bustling woman, whose every trait was the antithesis of the woman whose place she took, but the new Mrs. Brewster had repulsed every advance. She hated young persons. She had married to be rid of them, and she treated the stepdaughter with scant courtesy.

The ways of the household were amended to suit her radical tastes. The old rockers were sent to the attic as too old fashioned and two upholstered monstrosities had taken their places. The other memorials of Vesta's mother quickly followed the rockers to the garret, and the house was completely changed in appearance, as were the occupants in their attitude toward each other.

And now even the old homestead was to be given up. The fertile farm was to be sold and the household goods to be auctioned off. Mrs. Brewster had decided that the northwest offered greater opportunities for her husband, and they were to move to Manitoba and start afresh in the wheat belt.

Mrs. Brewster bustled into the room. "Come and eat some supper," she commanded. "Don't sit there looking as though you were too weak to walk. I've done twice as much as you have today, and I got the supper, too, but I don't look half as tired as you do.

Stop mooning here in the dark, and come out and have a cup of tea."

"I don't feel like eating," answered Vesta, the sobs rising in her throat. To this woman the abandonment of the home meant nothing. She could not understand what it meant to the girl.

Mrs. Brewster turned away.

"You'll be hungry by and by," she said sharply. "There'll be some cold things in the pantry, but I'm not going to make any more tea."

She hustled out and left Vesta to herself. Wearily the girl rose from the box and left the house. She could hear her father laughing and joking with her stepmother, and the noise of mirth fell offensively upon her ears.

The dusk was deepening to dark and the air was chill, but Vesta did not feel the need of a shawl. She wandered down the road, past the white gate to the little bridge that spanned the creek.

Here she loved to lean upon the rail and watch the sunset over the fertile fields. The sun had long since dropped below the hills, but the girl's overwrought imagination could conjure up the scenes of the past. She leaned upon the rail and looked out across the fields, now bristling with the frost-kissed stubble. She could see again the glories of the waning day. She could almost hear a voice whispering in her ear.

Her hands clutched the rough bark of the wood as in memory she lived over that night when she had sent Ben Folsom away because she thought it her duty to remain with her father and console him for his loss. She thought of the sharp-faced woman who was sitting opposite him at the kitchen table discussing their new home in the west, and then she thought of the gentle-faced woman who still lived in her daughter's heart, if not in her husband's.

So lost was she in her thoughts that she never heard the quick tread of an approaching pedestrian nor heard his presence until a brown hand closed over her slender fingers.

"Did I startle you?" demanded Ben as she started back with a cry. "I was on my way to your house. I got in this afternoon and heard the news. Do you want to go to Canada, Vesta?"

"I would rather die," she murmured passionately. "It is like a second burial to go away and leave mother up there on the hill all alone."

"And your father?" he asked gently. "Do you still feel that he needs you more than I do?"

"How much do you need me?" she demanded shyly.

"So much that I have come almost across the continent to ask you again if you will marry me," he declared. "I have done well out west—far better than I anticipated. I can buy the farm. Perhaps we can arrange with your father to buy the furniture, too, and we will make a new home where the old one was. Are you willing, dear?"

"Not for the sake of a home," said Vesta softly, "but because you want me, Ben, and—because I want you, too, dear."

"Wooing the Fickle God.

"I have been troubled with insomnia all my life," remarked the nervous man, "and, like most people similarly afflicted, I have tried all the familiar dodges to induce sleep. The results were never particularly satisfactory in the way of producing the desired effect until one night I thought I had actually found a sleep inducer when I chanced to grasp one of the rods at the head of my bed with both hands and practically hung the weight of my body on it. That sent me to sleep, and it did the same thing for a few times, when, to my extreme disappointment, I found it had ceased to work. I was as badly off as ever recently until one night, when I had a bad cough, as well as an attack of sleeplessness, I tried the well known remedy of trying to send myself into the land of Nod by taking long, deep breaths. What it did to me and has done several times since was not to only send me to sleep, but to stop my cough completely before I lost consciousness. Just why it did so is not of much consequence. That it did so is the thing that concerns me most."—New York Press.

The Way the Writer Got Even With the Heartless Editors.

"Lafcadio Hearn, that wonderful writer, worked on newspapers in his youth," said a publisher, "and the ruthless way his studies were changed, cut and butchered was a great woe to his heart."

In after years Hearn took a malicious joy in collecting stories about editors—editors and their superior and omniscient way with manuscript.

"One of his stories was of an editor to whom a subscriber said:

"I enjoyed that poem on the three ages of man in today's paper, Mr. Sheers; I enjoyed it immensely. Do you know, though, I thought that it was originally written the seven ages of man?"

"So it was, sir; so it was," said Editor Sheers pompously. "Yes, the extract was originally written the seven ages of man, but I had to cut it down for lack of space."

Another story concerned a weather reporter. A reporter, discussing the weather, wrote that winter still lingered in the lap of spring.

"The editor as he read over the article called the reporter up to his desk and told him that he would cut out that sentence about winter lingering in spring's lap. He said the idea was good enough and original and all that sort of thing, but it would not do to publish because the high moral tone of the paper had to be maintained in a town full of school girls."

Staring at Royalty.

Royalties are early cured of any shyness of being looked at. They are there to be seen, and both the king and queen when they go to the opera and turn their glasses on the occupants of opposite boxes are openly amused by the disconcerted looks of persons who feel abashed under the inspection. Not a trace of self consciousness is left on the face of an English royalty, with the exception of perhaps a single princess under an artillery of glances. Such attentions are anything but resented. Indeed, the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire used to say that when the butcher boy ceased to turn round after her in the street she would know her reign was over.—London Chronicle.

Try a Herald Want Ad.

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 PLAY TO-NIGHT

“What Women will Do”

Admission 30c; Gallery 20c; Children 10c</