

WEATHER REPORT.  
Partly cloudy tonight with  
snow flurries north portion;  
Tuesday fair.

# Greencastle Herald.

ALL THE NEWS ALL THE  
TIME FOR JUST 1 CENT A  
DAY—THAT'S THE HERALD.  
CALL PHONE 65.

VOL. 2, NO. 247.

GREENCASTLE, INDIANA, MONDAY, JAN. 13, 1908.

PRICE ONE CENT

## WRONG BOARDING HOUSE

Drunken Stranger Mistakes Residence of F. A. Arnold for Indianapolis Boarding Place and Gets Sore Head.

## WENT HIS WAY SADDER, WISER

Sunday night about ten o'clock, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Arnold had an exciting experience at their home on east Seminary street. Mrs. Arnold was in the kitchen putting things to rights for the night, when she heard some one trying the back door. She asked what was wanted and met the reply that some one "wanted in." She ran into the dining room where Mr. Arnold happened to be and he went at once to the scene of action. By this time the stranger, for such he proved, had found a door that was not locked for the night and pushed into the room. On Mr. Arnold's inquiry as to what he wanted he replied in a threatening manner that he wanted in. Mr. Arnold waited for no more but acted promptly and landed on the stranger's head with the nearest weapon.

**THE GENTS' Dry Cleaning and Pressing Shop**  
OVER JONES' DRUG STORE  
**Stone & Grogan**  
Phone 305 PROPS.

## Our Clearance Sale

Has been a wonderful success thus far.

The past week has been very gratifying to us in the volume of sales.

The fact that General Clearance sales of this sort are not common with us and that people realized that we meant it when we said

Whether advertised or not

Whatever you choose,

You buy cheaper now,

The sale of cloaks for little folks, school girls and women, at half price,—while meaning a big monetary loss to us—

Is enabling us to clean up the stock and is giving you absolutely the best cloaks you ever were offered for the prices.

All over the store

Stocks are yet too large—

And we shall continue to make such decidedly reduced prices that whatever you choose

You'll buy for less now.

**ALLEN BROS.**

## DEATH OF WILLIAM DIMLER

Prominent Wool Buyer and Farmer Passes Away at the Dr. Fletcher Sanitarium in Indianapolis after an Illness of Several Months.—Autopsy This Afternoon.

## HEART DISEASE IMMEDIATE CAUSE

The death of William Dimler, 54 years old, who lived a mile and a half north of Fillmore, occurred at near 4:30 o'clock Sunday afternoon in the Dr. Fletcher Sanitarium in Indianapolis, where he had been for about two months. Heart disease was the immediate cause of his death. He leaves a widow but no children.

## TRACTION CAR CRIPPLED DOG

"Fido" Belonging to T. J. Kennedy, the Milk Man, Gets One of Its Legs Cut Off Sunday Morning—Animal Is Killed by Sheriff Maze.

Yesterday morning, while following its master, T. J. Kennedy, the milk man, down east Seminary street, "Fido," the milk man's faithful dog was struck by an Interurban car. One of the animal's fore legs was cut off.

Mr. Kennedy took the dog into his wagon and started for Sheriff Maze's residence, where he would have the sheriff kill the suffering dog. "Fido," however, objected to riding and jumped out of the wagon. It followed its master to the Sheriff's residence, running on its three remaining legs. When Mr. Kennedy arrived at the jail Mr. Maze was called and taking a revolver killed the suffering dog.

Tonight! Tonight! The Days.

## DR. J. P. D. JOHN MAKES A HIT

J. P. D. John, formerly president of DePauw University and now a lecturer, drew comparisons between whims and opinions and convictions, and in so doing won applause from more than 1,500 men in English's Opera House at the regular weekly meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association. Mere whims and opinions were branded as matters with short lives, but convictions are destined, he declared, to survive all the fires with which they come in contact and will live for ages.

"It was a whim when the Jews called for the crucifixion of Christ," said he, "but when the Savior turned His face toward Calvary and died for man His was a conviction. It was a whim when the head of John the Baptist was called for and brought on a platter, but it is far better for one to lose his head and save his conscience than it is to lose his conscience and save his head."

Dr. John went back into biblical and ancient history to a considerable extent and brought out in his talk that since the beginning of time whims and convictions had played an important part in many of the world's greatest historical events.

"I would rather be outwardly wrong if I thought I was inwardly right, than to be outwardly right if I thought I was inwardly wrong. I would rather aim at a tiger and shoot a human being than I would aim at a human being and strike a vicious animal," were the words which the speaker used in describing the contrast between a whim and a conviction.

By actual count there were 1,521 men in the opera house who came to hear the educator and lecturer deliver his address. At the conclusion he made an appeal to have the proper conviction if they wanted the company of God.

Special music was furnished at the meeting by the Killer String Quartet, Miss Olive Kiler and Mrs. Lena Jackson, violins, and Earl P. Parks and Edwin O. Iglemann viola and cello, respectively.

Dr. Frederick E. Taylor, pastor of the First Baptist church, will address the meeting next Sunday on "The Real Story of Jonah."—Indianapolis Star.

Miss Edyth Kinney will be at the Opera House nightly as a feature of the big vaudeville bill arranged by Manager Blake for this week. No advance in price.

Tonight! Tonight! The Days.

## Two Days Fun

IN ONE NIGHT

**Meharry Hall**  
Monday, Jan. 13

## CHAS. ZEIS IS CHAIRMAN

Republican Central Committee Met at the Fire Department This Morning and Chose the Local Grocer to Lead the Fight for them in Putnam.

## WILL RESIGN FROM THE COUNCIL

At a meeting of the Republican County Central Committee in the Mayor's office in the Fire Department this morning, Charley Zeis, the grocer, was elected to fill the office of the County Chairman to succeed Thad Peck. There were two candidates. George Hanna received one vote and Sol Sudranski three. Mr. Zeis received 16 votes. In all twenty members of the central committee were present.

Soon after his election was announced Mr. Zeis announced that he would resign his office of Councilman from the Second ward at the meeting of the common council tomorrow night. Several men are mentioned as his probable successor as councilman. Some of the more prominent who are mentioned are Racer Bittles, H. C. Allen, Andrew Hanna and Dick Crouch. The filling of the vacancy will be in the hands of the council.

## HYDROPHOBIA AT BLOOMINGTON

Large Number of Dogs in University Town Are Found Afflicted with the Rabies and Bite Several Persons.

The havoc played by the Homer White dog a week ago when it became suddenly mad and bit all the dogs in the neighborhood, bore dire fruit this morning—the seventh day after—when the small terrier of Theodore Gentry, 424 south Washington street, developed hydrophobia and was shot only after it had bitten 12 year old Charlie Nizley and killed 16 hens belonging to Charlie Campbell says the Bloomington Telephone. The dog developed rabies during the night and at day break had entered the Campbell hen house, slaughtering the 16 hens and was running around outside with all the dreadful symptoms of hydrophobia. Every one gave the creature a wide berth except young Nizley who was on the road up town when the dog made for him, sunk his teeth into the left hand until the blood spurted out. A call was sent for police and James Browning of the day force hurried to the place. When he attempted to shoot the dog, it made a lunge for him and he fired just in time to ward off an attack. The Gentry dog will be taken to Dr. Alberger at the University where it will be examined thoroughly.

The Nizley boy is under medical care and may not develop rabies. Since this is just the right time for rabies to develop in the number of dogs and children bitten by the White dog everyone is on the alert. The police have killed several dogs and have taken several more to the University to remain under Dr. Alberger's care until the danger period is passed. This morning Chief Ed. Johns and Policeman Browning made the rounds in a wagon and either killed or spirited away to a place of safety several dogs of suspicious actions.

## DePAUW GIRL GOT MONEY

Much Scandal Connected with an Attempt to Break the Will of a Late Clinton, Ill. Millionaire—Some of the Letters in Court.

## MYSTERIOUS HELENA IN CASE

Clinton, Ill.—Lawyers in the Snell will contest case spent the entire day going over letters received by the eccentric millionaire from infatuated women, who wrote him suggestive and obscene letters in return for his checks and gifts of diamonds.

Many of these letters will be suppressed outright, as they were written by girls now happily married, and their publication would upset all Central States.

Some of the most sensational of letters are from a preacher's wife. They are highly suggestive, some of them the limit of obscenity.

Quite as sensational are perhaps 15 letters from the preacher himself in which it is made clear that Snell would be welcome at any time he cared to amuse himself in the preacher's home, with the small proviso that he send along an occasional check.

Rev. Blank, a letter written on January 7, 1906, to Colonel Snell, said:

"I very much hope you can help us make the first payment on our house in May. You can come and stay with us as long as you please, and it is no one's business at Clinton. Please write Helena a nice, good letter as soon as you can. She will be very lonesome for awhile. You would not get very gloomy if she could be with you for awhile. Please write to her. Come and visit us awhile as soon as you can and we will do all we can to make you have a good time, 'H'"

Another letter written February 10, of that year, gives a reliable indication of the character of the clergyman's correspondence when he wrote as follows:

"February 10, '06.—Now I want to thank you for sending Helena that money. It enabled her to pay her doctor and buy some things she needed so much. She and Mrs. H. will do all they can to make you happy, and bye and bye we will have a home where you can have a good time."

"Now, my good and best friend, can you send me a check for \$1,000? If you can assist me that much, I can make the first payment, with what you have sent Mrs. H. I sent your letter that came last night to Mrs. H. without opening it. She gets it all O. K. She has gone to Greencastle, Ind., where Helena is."

The other letters are said to be of similar tenor but highly suggestive. They will undoubtedly create a sensation if read in court.

In an interview to-day Mrs. Hannah Snell, the daughter-in-law of the millionaire, and the mother of Thornton Snell, the trustee, at whose home in Bloomington he spent the last years of his life, said that it was impossible for her to keep white servant girls or maids in the house because of Colonel Snell's disposition. All of the servants at the Snell home in Bloomington were negro girls.

Mrs. Snell also admitted that the Colonel frequently told her that there are mighty few women in the world who could not be purchased if the price was made high enough.

## TALKS POLITICS FROM PULPIT

Dr. J. S. Hoagland of the College Avenue Church Tells Congregation That He Is for David Hostetter, the Democratic Nominee for Representative.

Before delivering his regular sermon at the College Avenue M. E. church Sunday morning, Dr. John S. Hoagland, the pastor, surprised many of his congregation when he took a few minutes for political talk, publicly declaring himself in favor of David Hostetter, who on Friday was nominated by the Democrats of Putnam county for representative.

"Some of my Republican friends may be surprised, but it will do them no good, for I am a strong supporter of Mr. Hostetter," said the pastor. "The candidate is a temperance worker and I believe the Democrats

## of Putnam county did well when they nominated him.

The pastor has been taking an active part in the bitter temperance fight which had been waged in Putnam county and he is especially pleased over the election. Dr. Hoagland last September was elected as the head of the delegation to represent his conference at the Baltimore general conference next May and is one of the most prominent Methodist ministers in this part of the state.

## DePAUW DEFEATED BY HANOVER

Methodists Are No Match for the Presbyterians in Fast Game of Basket Ball Played Saturday Night at Hanover—Score 21 to 16.

In a fierce and exciting game played at Hanover, Saturday afternoon, the Hanover basket ball team defeated the DePauw quintet by a score of 21 to 16. The two teams were pretty evenly matched and the game was full of interest from start to finish.

In individual work the Hanover team showed up well, but it was in team play that they excelled their opponents. Fisher, Montgomery and Archer did the best work for the locals, while DePauw's best point getters were Sheets, Bachelder and Pruitt. Lineup and summary:

DePauw (16) Position Hanover (21)  
Sheets ..... Forward ..... Vots  
Elli ..... Forward ..... Montgomery  
Pruitt, Bachelder Center ..... Archer  
Grady, Hodges ..... Guard ..... Fisher  
Hollinger ..... Guard ..... Campbell  
Goals—Hanover, 5; DePauw, 3.  
Referee—Brown of Greencastle. Umpire—Nagel of Hanover.

Elias Day.

## MARRIAGE LICENSES

Virgil Blue and Bettie M. Lyon Day.

Harry Vaw, the funniest of all black face comedians, promises to evoke laughter and applause from all in attendance.

The Days Tonight!

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Phone 388

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Best of Service for all who Patronize Us.

Shop Located Opposite Dan Kelley's Coal yards.

## The People's Transfer Co.

Solicits your patronage on the basis of prompt service and courteous treatment. Will get you to your train on time. Phone 149. Leave orders at Palace Restaurant.

**Will Alsbaugh**

The obligation will be on our part.

## WE ARE READY

To insure your property in the City or Country against fire, lightning and cyclone. We represent some of the oldest and strongest Companies in America.

We are also in the real-estate business and if you will list your property with us at a reasonable price, we will try and find you a buyer for it.

If you want to buy a home in town or a farm in the country, we will furnish you a part of the money to pay for it, provided you make the purchase through our agency.

We will make your bond which will relieve the embarrassment of asking your friends to sign for you.

Come in and see us.

**The Central Trust Company**

## ADVANCE GUARD IS HERE

Dan Chapin and His Band of Followers Arrived from Rockville and Are Ready for the Fifth District Republican Congressional Convention to Be Here Tomorrow.

## ONLY ONE CHAIRMAN CANDIDATE

Dan Chapin, present chairman, and several of his followers, arrived this afternoon from Rockville and are lodged at the Commercial hotel ready for the Fifth District Republican convention to be held in the Court House tomorrow. Mr. Chapin is the only announced candidate for chairman of the district and in all probabilities he will have no opposition in the voting tomorrow.

The general opinion is that the convention will be one of the "Cut and Dried" variety. The election of the chairman is the only business to be transacted at the meeting. There are seven counties in the district. They are Vermillion, Vigo, Morgan, Hendricks, Clay, Park and Putnam.

With Mr. Chapin came J. S. White, Wm. B. Houghker, Edgar Jerome, J. H. Spencer, R. C. McDivitt, Henry Owen and Dick McCune. Many of the other delegates will arrive tonight.

## THE JAIL IS STILL EMPTY

The County Bastile Remains Deserted and the Corridors No Longer Echo the Footsteps of the Transgressor.

The special run of goodness on the part of the people of Putnam county continues. For either they are better than usual, or more sly, or the official representing the majesty of the law less diligent, for the jail is still empty. No one has been confined there for now these several days.

Strange as it may seem, however, there are, almost every night, applicants for admission to the bastille. It would seem that to some the cells and tanks seem inviting, and they strive as hard to get in as others do to stay out. Quite often Sheriff Maze is called from his bed by the jail door bell, only to find some hobo, who in piteous tones asks for lodging. In general, during this mild weather, these requests are refused, and the jail remains empty of both voluntary and involuntary lodgers.

At the Opera House all this week connection with Motion Pictures and Illustrated Songs.



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F. C. TILDEN

C. J. ARNOLD

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### WITHOUT GOVERNMENT.

Idaho is a state without government. To be sure there are legislators, a governor, and other men that in other states would constitute a government. But in Idaho they do not. They are actionless. They are powerless. They have no method of enforcing the law. The state is in the grasp of reckless labor unions, and the men elected by these unions have rendered government powerless by leaving the state without a militia force. As a result, when riot walks red and terrible through the mining districts, the governor and the executive staff have no power to preserve order. The state is almost always in a state bordering on anarchy. Twice have federal troops been called in. Now President Roosevelt, seemingly to curry favor with the Western Federation of Miners, has refused to send federal troops on the call of the governor, or to let them stay at his request. Roosevelt asks that the legislature call for the troops. This the labor controlled legislators refuse to do. Thus the law is left powerless. In more civilized sections labor, or that, which sometimes poses as labor, has attempted to defy law and to violate the ideals of civilization. In Chicago they have been successful in this attempt. It is time that the men in labor organizations should free themselves from the brutes that seem to control the organizations, and should bring labor to a footing of civilized warfare, not leave it a barbarian struggle. It is time the west was freed from the control of either the Federation or the mine owner. It is time anarchy, every where in America, is put down with an iron hand.

The Martinsville Reporter is sure that Fairbanks will be the nominee of the Republican party next spring. As Democrats we hope that the prediction is true. Campaigning with an icicle will be cold work for Republicans, and even the burning of much money will not start heat.

It is worthy of note, too, that the Democrats of Putnam county seem to be able to run their affairs without the aid of Republicans or Terre Haute and Indianapolis experts.



If you are a business man, did you ever think of the field of opportunity that advertising opens to you? There is almost no limit to the possibilities of your business if you study how to turn trade into your store. If you are not getting your share of the business of your community there's a reason. People go where they are attracted—where they know what they can get and how much it is sold for. If you make direct statements in your advertising see to it that you are able to fulfill every promise you make. You will add to your business reputation and hold your customers. It will not cost as much to run your ad in this paper as you think. It is the persistent advertiser who gets there. Have something in the paper every issue, no matter how small. We will be pleased to quote you our advertising rates, particularly on the year's business.

## FATHER OF THE VIOLIN

Gaspar da Salo, Who Fashioned the First Instrument.

### THE PRIZE OLE BULL DREW.

How a Gaspar da Salo Masterpiece Was Secured by a Vienna Collector and How It Passed Into the Hands of the Gifted Man From Norway.

In the year of our Lord 1524 in the little Lombard town of Salo, on the picturesque Lago di Garda, was born the man who fashioned the first violin. His real name was Garpar Bertolotti, but he was and is commonly known as Gaspar da Salo, after his native city, which caused a marble bust of this most distinguished of its sons to be executed by the Italian sculptor Zanelli and placed in the stairway of its city hall.

Of his youth and apprenticeship we know nothing. No doubt he learned the art of viol and lute making at Brescia, where he came in touch with master luthiers like Zanetto, Virchi and Montichiari.

At all events, we first hear of him as established at Brescia as a viol and violin maker. Time has smoothed away all knowledge of the real man, whether he was industrious or idle, generous or dungenous, happy or unhappy, wise or unwise, married or single. That he made viols, tenors, basses and violins we know. That his violins are the first authentic specimens of the violin maker's art in existence or of which there is authentic record is also certain. So his title to the distinction of being the first violin maker can hardly be questioned.

However, about the year 1812 a claim was put forward that a certain Gaspar Duiffprugg was the inventor of the violin. The story ran that this Gaspar Duiffprugg was born in the Tyrol in 1469, that he established himself at Lutter, in Bologna (famous for its sausages), that in 1515 he was summoned to Paris by Francis I. and appointed "royal instrument maker" and that he was the friend and intimate of Leonardo da Vinci, who painted the backs of some of his violins.

Soon after this account of Duiffprugg and his violins was published three violins which were alleged to be the genuine work of Duiffprugg made their appearance, with labels dated 1510 to 1518.

It is now settled that these violins were fraudulent, made by some skillful French luther, possibly Vuillaume. Moreover, it is now known that Duiffprugg was a German, born in Bavaria in 1514, and that his real name was Tieffenbrucker. He was never in Italy, and the story of his relations with Francis I. and Leonardo da Vinci is a fabrication. It is now established that he settled in Lyons, France, about 1550 and died there about 1570 or 1571.

The only evidence which in any wise supports or gives color to the claim that Duiffprugg ever made a violin is a picture by Pierre Worliot, dated 1562, now in the National library at Paris. This picture is a portrait of Duiffprugg at the age of forty-eight, in which he is represented with a long, flowing beard standing behind a pile of stringed instruments, among which appear two rude violins. Gaspar da Salo was making violins at Brescia at this time, 1562, so the picture falls far short of proving that the Italian Gaspar was anticipated by the man from Bavaria.

But what weighs almost conclusively against Duiffprugg's claim is the fact that the art of violin making in France does not claim him as its ancestor, for the first French violin makers of whom we have authentic record and of whose work we possess genuine specimens learned their art in Italy and copied from Brescian and Cremonese models.

On the other hand, from the seed planted by Gaspar da Salo a great tree has grown, and to him the world of music owes an incalculable debt of gratitude.

Gaspar da Salo died at Brescia April 14, 1600, and was buried in the old church of San Giuseppe.

Unfortunately Da Salo's violins have become exceedingly rare. Perhaps not more than a dozen are in existence. The general characteristics of his instruments are large pattern, large f holes, protruding corners and a dark brown varnish. The tone is full and even. Among them perhaps the finest, and at any rate the best known, is the one known as the "treasury violin," the head of which was sculptured by Benvenuto Cellini. The last owner of this violin was the celebrated Norwegian violinist, Ole Bull. How it came into his possession may best be told in his own words:

"Well, in 1839 I gave sixteen concerts at Vienna, and then Rhehazek was the great violin collector. I saw at his house this violin for the first time. I went just wild over it. 'Will you sell it?' I asked. 'Yes,' was the reply, 'for one-quarter of all Vienna.' Now, Rhehazek was really as poor as a church mouse. Though he had no end of money put out in the most valuable instruments, he never sold any of them unless forced by hunger. I invited Rhehazek to my concerts. I wanted to buy the violin so much that I made him some tempting offers. One day he said to me, 'See here, Ole Bull, if I do sell the violin you shall have the preference at 4,000 ducats.' 'Agreed,' I cried, though I knew it was a big sum.

"That violin came strolling, or playing, rather, through my brain for some years. It was in 1841. I was in Leipzig giving concerts. Liszt was there,

and so also was Mendelssohn. One day we were all dining together. We were having a splendid time. During the dinner came an immense letter with a seal, an official document. Said Mendelssohn: 'Use no ceremony. Open your letter.' 'With your permission,' said I, and I opened the letter. It was from Rhehazek's son, for the collector was dead. His father had said that the violin should be offered to me at the price he had mentioned. I told Liszt and Mendelssohn about the price. 'You man from Norway, you are crazy,' said Liszt. 'Unheard of extravagance, which only a dither is capable of!' exclaimed Mendelssohn. 'Have you ever played on it? Have you ever tried it?' they both inquired. 'Never,' I answered, 'for it cannot be played on at all just now.'

"I never was happier than when I felt sure that the prize was mine. Originally the bridge was of boxwood, with two fishes carved on it—that was the zodiacal sign of my birthday, February—which was a good sign. Oh, the good times that violin and I have had! As to its history, Rhehazek told me that in 1809, when Innsbruck was taken by the French, the soldiers sacked the town. This violin had been placed in the Innsbruck museum by Cardinal Aldobrandi at the close of the sixteenth century. A French soldier looted it and sold it to Rhehazek for a trifle. This is the same violin that I played on when I first came to the United States in the Park theater. That was Evacuation day, 1843. I went to the Astor House and made a joke—I am quite capable of doing such things. It was the day when John Bull went out and Ole Bull came in. I remember that the very first concert one of my strings broke, and I had to work out my piece on the three strings, and it was supposed I did it on purpose."

This violin is now the property of the city of Bergen, Norway, Ole Bull's birthplace, which has honored his memory with a magnificent monument. —Kansas City Star.

### THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

It Was Gambled Into Existence by the Lottery Route.

The British museum, famed all over the world, was born of a lottery. It was in 1753 that the trustees of Sir Hans Sloane offered to the nation for £20,000 the wonderful collection of coins, manuscripts, printed books and natural history curiosities. As an additional inducement to the state to provide house room it was pointed out that the Harleian collections of manuscripts could still be secured for the nation on payment of £10,000 and that the collection of Sir Robert Cotton, although nominally the property of the nation, was so carelessly housed that a large part had already been destroyed by fire.

The government refused to find the cash, but declared its readiness, after the true British sporting manner, to allow the public to gamble the British museum into existence. A lottery was therefore authorized of 100,000 three pound tickets, £200,000 to be distributed as prizes and the balance to go toward the purchase of the Sloane collection. The scheme proved successful, although the manager of the lottery fell into disgrace and was fined £1,000 for taking an illegal premium. In this sordid fashion was the British museum planted and watered in the palace of the Montagus in Bloomsbury. Its first days were far from prosperous. An income of £900 only was available from the great gamble. Two bequests brought the total up to £2,448, leaving, after payment of the few salaries, about £100 to make fresh purchases.

But the need for the expenditure in this direction was rendered less necessary by the rapidity with which fresh collections of enormous value poured into Montagu House. The great tree has, in fact, grown so rapidly as well nigh to baffle the art of the gardeners to find light and air and room for the spreading branches. The reading room, which in the old building could accommodate only five readers, can now seat nearly 500. Reckoning the miles of shelving devoted to books, the museum is easily the largest in the world. By cunning arrangements forty-one miles of shelf room have been found for the forest of books that now minister to the enlightenment of the universe. The Bibliotheque Nationale, in Paris, the largest in the world, can boast of only thirty-one. —London Chronicle.

### To the Manner Born.

Whether the word be "manner" or "manor," in the often used quotation, is a question frequently asked. That "to the manner born" is correct is evident from the context of the phrase, which occurs in "Hamlet" act I, scene 4. While Hamlet and his friends, Horatio and Marcellus, are waiting on the platform outside of the palace for the possible appearance of the ghost of the dead king the noise of a flourish of trumpets and the roar of a cannon are heard. In explanation of this Hamlet says:

The king doth wake tonight and takes his rouse; he wassail and the swaggering upspring reels; And as he drains his draught of Rhenish down The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out:

The triumph of his pledge

This allusion is to an actual practice at banquets among the ancient Saxons and Danes of proclaiming with a salute each time that the king drained his goblet. Therefore, to the question "Is it a custom?" Hamlet replies:

Aye, marry, is't; And to the manner born, it is a custom. More honored in the breach than the observance.

—Housekeeper.

## The Mushroom Farm.

By J. LUDLUM LEE.

Copyright, 1907, by P. C. Eastment.

The girls were holding an indignation meeting. Clara Carruthers was curled up on the window ledge, Myrtle Reed had stretched herself comfortably on the lounge, Mary Sands was perched on the side of a table swinging her feet, while two or three other girls were comfortably seated in armchairs. Myrtle Reed was reading the Goshen Leader, the principal local paper.

"Girls, it ought to be stopped. Here she is advertising for a man to fix the roof of that old stable. Yesterday she wanted a man to fix the furnace, and the day before it was a boy she wanted to water the mushroom beds. Her family are poor enough without encouraging Florence Weiss in any more of her foolish fads. Why doesn't she marry, as the rest of us have done?"

"That's what I asked Jack the other night," chimed in Mary Sands. "But she says she hates the men and wants to raise mushrooms and make a fortune of her own. Her grandmother left her \$200, you know, and that is what she invested in the mushroom fad."

"Let's go down in a body and apply for the job," suggested Clara. "It is a glorious day, and the walk will do us good."

In the meantime Florence Weiss was unlocking the door of the old stable. Dressed in a short walking skirt and scarlet sweater, with an old tam-o'-shanter on her golden hair, she made a picture most unfamiliar-like. Her blue eyes sparkled with anticipation as she entered the cellar of the stable to view her precious mushrooms. Florence had ideas and ideals, and she meant to live up to both. If the family expected her to marry just to replenish their purse they would be sadly disappointed. Women were born for nobler things, she argued, and she would go forth and make money with her own hands and brains and not tie herself to any man.

She knelt down by the side of one of the beds and with a spoon cut off a tiny mushroom sprung up overnight. She examined the spawn in another bed, felt the temperature of a third and then went to the door to call Malachi, the boy whom she employed to do chores.

"Malachi, Malachi!" she called out, but Malachi did not appear, so she went out to look for him. Behind the stable on the side hill she found him covered with tar and beating a fire.

"Malachi, what is all this?" she demanded. "Yes, ma'am—you see, ma'am—O Lord, miss, I've set fire to the tar," he wailed. "You see, miss, I was getting ready for the man to fix the roof, an' I opened the barrel of tar, an' I wouldn't run, so I thought, you see, ma'am, I thought I'd melt it—yes, ma'am."

"Well, Malachi, you're an idiot, that's what you are, and I never want to see your face again. You've melted it all right, and I'll have to buy more tar at \$8 a barrel."

Malachi was discharged, and the man who applied to put on a new roof was installed in his place.

"Clean up the place," said Florence when asked what he should do until more tar arrived for the roof.

Florence started for town and so missed the call that the girls paid. She was back the next morning, however, to see her new man started on his work.

"Get some of that fertilizer, Joseph, and bring it to me. This bed is in very poor condition and will never yield anything unless we work on it."

Joseph stared in blank amazement. "Fertilizer, ma'am," he said. "Is it that pile of rotten stuff that was lying out yonder what you're speakin' of?"

"Yes, yes!" answered Florence. "Right there at the side door."

"Well, I'm after dumpin' it in the brook, ma'am," he announced. "You told me to clean up the place, and I done it, ma'am, to the best of my ability." And he straightened up his somewhat bent shoulders as if to emphasize his brilliant stroke of work.

It was too much added to the loss of the barrel of tar, and Florence sat down on the damp cellar floor and cried, but not for long. She soon dried the tears on her old apron and vented her bitter anger on the head of Joseph. He stood for a moment listening, then turned and went out, muttering: "I thought it was a lady, but I might of knowed diggin' in the dirt never made a lady yet." And Joseph was a thing of the past.

Florence sat upon the stone wall to think it over. Eight dollars for the tar of yesterday, \$12 for the fertilizer of today. Ideas were not always practical, and ideals did not materialize as they might. Right as she would against them, the tears would come again. The sound of wheels on the road near at hand roused Florence. She turned to see the express wagon from the general store about to deliver the barrel of tar. She jumped down from the fence and hurried to the gate which led to the old stable.

"Why, Mr. Rivers, what are you doing? Driving the express wagon?" she exclaimed as she recognized in the driver one of Goshen's leading young men.

"Hello, Flo!" he cried as he tied the old horse to the gatepost. "It's me, all right. Just loading around for a few days finishing up a business trip. Dad said you ordered this tar from the store, and I said I'd deliver it and kill two birds with one throw. I was coming up to see the wonderful mush-

rooms anyway before I left. Call your man to help me unload the barrel, will you?"

"Oh, Dick—Mr. Rivers, I mean. I haven't any man, nor any boy, nor any mushrooms. Yes, I've been crying," she added, as he glanced sharply at the somewhat wet cheeks. "You see," she went on, "I've had bad luck with my farming."

They wandered instinctively toward the wall. Dick took out his pipe and began to light it.

"Didn't your idea work out?" he said, with fine impersonal interest.

"Not very well," she admitted. "The idea is all right, but skilled labor is hard to get, and after all I'm only a woman."

"What about the ideals?" suggested Dick as he puffed away. "Seems to me you told me that you had ideals as well as ideas."

"Oh, I still have them—in my mind, of course, but they are so hard to find in real life."

Dick crossed his legs and hugged the uppermost knee. He was not looking at Florence, but straight ahead, across the fields which lay before them. It was one of those beautiful winter days which apparently had nothing but warmth of sun and breadth of blue sky to offer.

"It's just a year ago today," he mused aloud, yet as if talking to himself. "A year ago today, a man in love and a girl with ideals. Couldn't make it go. Such a team couldn't pull together in harness. Twelve months finds the man still in love and the girl clinging to her ideals. Hopeless case, eh, don't you think?"

"Oh, I don't know!" sighed Flo. "Not so hopeless as raising mushrooms, for instance."

Dick's knee slipped through his grip, and he stood beside the girl.

"What do you mean, Flo?" he demanded. "Can you forego the ideal and take me after all?" and he stretched forth both hands.

"Will you take me, Dick?" she said as her two hands met his.

"Take you, darling?" and he drew her close within his arms. "But you said 'No.'"

"But I didn't mean it," she whispered as she nestled close to his neck.

"Didn't mean it?" he cried, looking down at the radiant face. "Well, but you said it, and how was I to know? You told me you had ideas of your own and an ideal besides, so I got out to give the other fellow a decent chance."

"Men are such stupid creatures," she assured him. "I didn't think you'd take 'no' for an answer, and my ideas were to be happy in a home with you, and you, Dick—oh, you old dear—you are my ideal!"

The strains of the wedding march sung in several different keys by untrained voices reached them, and they were confronted with the girls, who, having failed in their mission the day before, had returned to meet with better results.

On the wedding day among the presents arrived a barrel of tar labeled "Stick to it." Dick suspected his paternal parent, while Florence has always attributed it to Malachi. It stands in the yard of "Mushroom Farm," the title of their country place, so called because Dick asserts that his hopes sprang up in a night.

### One Way to Get Food.

Four young fellows left Kimberley to try their luck at diamond digging near Christiansburg, South Africa, but were very unfortunate. All but their last shilling having been spent in buying mealie meal, ways and means had to be found to replenish the larder. After considerable discussion and wonder as to where their next food was coming from, a bright idea struck one of them, who, stalking out of the tent, said, "All right, mates, leave it to me." Proceeding to the camp store, he asked for a small bottle of diamond acid, in which the digger cleans his diamonds of impurities before selling them.

"Yes," said the owner, "but surely you want some stores?"

"Well, I do," said the starving one, "but I intended sending you an order perhaps tomorrow."

"Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today," was the shopkeeper's response. "Make your order out and pay when you come up to sell your diamonds."

The miner acquiesced, and there was great rejoicing in those poor beggars' tent when the wagon delivered that order. It is evident that the storekeeper thought the party had found some diamonds, or what use could have been the acid! After this luck changed, and the account was paid, the storekeeper joining heartily in the laugh at how he had been done for the time being.—London Scraps.

### The New Footman.

Fun seems all the funnier when coming from the Quakers, because it is unlooked for and in contrast with their usual sobriety. For instance, what could be funnier than the method used by Nicholas Wain, a gifted minister of the Friends who lived in Philadelphia during the eighteenth century, to mortify the carnal pride of his wife? The story is as follows:

The wife of Nicholas Wain was an only daughter, and for those days possessed a very large inheritance. She thought it would be suitable to her wealth and station to have a footman behind her carriage. This wish being frequently expressed, her husband at last promised to comply with it. Accordingly the next time the carriage was ordered for the purpose of making a stylish call she was gratified to see a footman mounted. When she arrived at her place of designation the door of the carriage was opened and the steps let down in a very obsequious manner by the new footman, and great was her surprise and confusion to recognize in him her own husband.

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8:00 am	8:00 am
9:00 am	9:00 am
10:00 am	10:00 am
11:00 am	11:00 am
12:00 m	12:00 m
1:00 pm	1:00 pm
2:00 pm	2:00 pm
3:00 pm	3:00 pm
4:00 pm	4:00 pm
5:00 pm	5:00 pm
6:00 pm	6:00 pm
7:00 pm	7:00 pm
8:00 pm	8:00 pm
9:00 pm	9:00 pm
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## Alicia's Platonics.

By BEATRICE BENNETT.

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Deep down in her own heart every woman has a pet theory. It may have been exploded a number of times to her apparent satisfaction, but secretly and with feminine inconsistency she clings to it.

Alicia had such a theory, but she did not keep it buried in so inaccessible a dungeon as the bottom of her heart. Indeed, she wore it on her sleeve. It was her favorite theme of discourse, and the more it was disproved the more persistently did she revive it and champion it.

And it must be admitted that Alicia's men friends at least took particular delight in discussing her theories with her and promptly proceeding to disprove them, to that young woman's outward disgust and secret satisfaction. Her hobby was platonics—specifically, platonic love.

"It has been proved to me conclusively," argued Alicia, with delightful confidence, as flanked on one side by the ample person of Richard Corrigan and on the other by her squatty little dachshund Pretzel she strolled toward the great stone garden seat near the sundial.

"Yes," her companion replied in doubtful acquiescence, "to you. But how about the other fellow? Was he convinced?"

"Dick, how silly! Who ever heard of platonic love that wasn't platonic on both sides? How little you know of the subject!" scoffed Alicia with a mischievous little laugh.

"And yet I have known you—how long is it?"

"Seven months," promptly.

"And you ride your hobbyhorse at least every other time I see you," he said without marked intent.

Alicia assumed a wholly unsuccessful air of hauteur. "Oh, I beg your pardon. I'm very sorry I've bored you. I shall avoid the topic in future," she said distantly.

"Not at all, my dear Alicia. I assure you it rather amuses me," argued Corrigan, observing her aggrieved attitude with little discomfort to himself. "In fact, I don't know when any one subject has kept me interested for so long a time."

"Indeed!" The comment was pregnant with feeling.

It was the first time Alicia's self-styled philosophy had been so decided, and it nettled her.

"I should be apt to accept that as a compliment," ventured Corrigan. He had been watching her pull a crimson ramble to pieces and scatter it over her tiny white shoes.

Apparently she had not heard.

"I say, Alicia," he persisted.

"When you are ready to open a subject that may be of more interest than any I am able to suggest I shall be glad to talk to you," she said feebly.

Corrigan smiled broadly, but surreptitiously. Had Alicia seen him thus amused he would have been left with only the crimson rambles for companions.

"But, upon my word, Alicia, I am interested," he said earnestly. "I've never been so absorbed in a study in my life. Why, my dear girl, if it weren't for my belief in platonic love I might never have known you so well."

Alicia confronted him with a half smile that, even in its semicompletion, was most attractive.

"That's the Irish in you, Dick! You always manage to say something that will make the worst case of mad turn to joy," she said, removing her big droopy hat and dangling it by the strings. "That's one reason why I love to be friends with you."

"Then it is true that God is good to the Irish," he laughed, and, subtle as it was, Alicia extracted the compliment and beamed good nature on him again.

"You see, Dick," she began as if she were commencing a fairy story to an incredulous child, "it is so—well, it is such a tremendous comfort to be just friends with a man."

"Yes," said Dick readily, "I'm friends with several."

"Silly! I mean for a girl. She can go about with him, ask him to do this and that for her and feel that she is not putting herself under obligation—if she's only friends with him, whereas, if he's in love with her, he expects her to marry him—and it just spoils everything!"

"I'm jolly glad I'm not sentimental," said Corrigan with a purpose if without veracity. "You'd have banished me long ago."

"You can have sentiment without being sentimental," she hastened to explain. "And for some reason or other a flush stained her cheeks, and her eyes dropped."

"It's just as clear as mud," Corrigan laughed in spite of his efforts to be serious.

Alicia's eyes flashed.

"See here, Dick Corrigan, I believe you are making fun of me. Deep down in my own heart I know from your own actions and your whole attitude toward me that you agree with me, but just to amuse yourself you make fun of me. I'm sure you like me," she went on, "just as I like you, or you wouldn't seek me out and want to be with me day after day, as you do, and that—that very fact proves to me that you are in sympathy with my own attitude. We are friends, and you know it," she declared challengingly. Then she rose abruptly from the stone seat and walked over to the balustrade with her back toward him. "Come, Pretzel," she said imperatively, as if

calling her dog from a contaminating influence.

Corrigan began to whistle very softly to himself while the small Dutch dog eyed him accusingly.

"Alicia," said Corrigan's deep voice fondly from the depths of the great stone seat. He had not moved. And right here it might be observed that Alicia always selected picturesque settings for her discourses. The old garden, shady and secluded, breathing romance and the fragrance of roses, was ideal—for platonics.

"Alicia," repeated Dick when his first effort gained no response.

With studied reluctance she turned her head.

"I'd like to ask a few questions," he said, still somewhat indifferently.

"I'll be glad to answer them."

The frigidity of her tone moved Corrigan almost to the point of turning up his coat collar, but his better judgment prevailed.

"This old guy, Plato"—he was beginning as he walked toward her.

"Dick!"

Her glance and tone froze the words.

"I'm sorry," he said contritely.

"But, Alicia, I wonder if he ever knew the most beautiful woman in the world? I wonder if he could have been with her almost daily for seven months? And yet, no, how could he? He lived B. C."

In spite of herself Alicia dimpled. "It was beauty of mind, mental excellencies, that he admired," she remarked wisely.

"Perhaps that's what I admire in you, but somehow I doubt it."

"My mental powers are not wholly to be despised," pouted Alicia.

"No. But an ordinary mortal cannot penetrate so dazzling an exterior," observed Corrigan.

Alicia looked impatiently across the green. Somehow she was out of harmony with the afternoon—disappointed in—herself perhaps.

Corrigan turned to her quite suddenly. "See here, Alicia, do you like platonic friends better than anything else?"

"Yes," she said, but the syllable did not carry conviction.

"Better than—husbands, for instance?"

Alicia's color deepened. Things were more interesting after all.

"I never had one," she laughed, and her voice was a little tremulous.

"Then it's only theory?" Corrigan stepped closer.

"Of course," she replied, looking up into his now earnest eyes.

"Listen," he said softly. "Couldn't you be platonic friends with every one else but me, Alicia?"

She did not reply, but one by one the petals of her rose tumbled down her frock.

"Couldn't you?" His big voice was vibrant with emotion.

"I—I might," she admitted, "but first let me tell you I like you better than all the rest. I like you better than I could a mere friend. I—I just hoped and hoped you wouldn't agree with me, Dick."

"It's with Plato I disagree."

### Gambling in Metal.

Gambling in metal is done by means of buying and selling warrants, these being the notes for specified quantities of metal held in stock.

The basis of the gambling is that in many businesses it is often necessary to buy ahead large quantities of metal.

When things are slack large stocks accumulate, while as soon as things become more brisk the metal is taken out of the stores.

An immense amount of gambling is done in connection with "pig," as pig iron is popularly known. Warrants for pig are made out in units of 500 tons, and payment is made for the warrants once a month. Should a man really want 500 tons of pig iron he obtains a warrant which authorizes him to take 500 tons out of store, and he will be required to pay for the metal within the month.

Supposing a man buys in the expectation that he will be able to sell the pig iron at a higher price than is ruling, he buys warrants according to his means, and he has a month for things to mature. Should the price of pig go up during the month he is able to sell his bargain to another man, and he pockets the difference, although he has never laid down any money in real coin.

Should things go wrong with him and prices go down, then he is obliged to pay the difference between the price at which he bought the pig and the price at which he is able to sell it, and so he sustains a loss.—London Answers.

### His Discovery.

A lone armed man sat down to his noonday luncheon in a little restaurant the other day, and seated on the right of him was a big, sympathetic individual from the rural district. The big fellow noticed his neighbor's left sleeve and kept eyeing him in a sort of low-did-it-happen way. The one armed man failed to break the ice, but continued to keep busy with his one hand supplying the inner man. At last the inquisitive one on the right could stand it no longer. He changed his position a little, cleared his throat and said, "I see, sir, you have lost an arm," whereupon the unfortunate man poked up the empty sleeve with his right hand, peered into it, looked up with a surprised expression and said, "By George, sir, you're right."

### The Afghans.

Native Afghan historians assert that the inhabitants of their country are the lost ten tribes of Israel. According to these chroniclers, the Afghans are descended from Afghana, the son of a certain Jeremiah, who was the son of King Saul. The eastward removal of the seed of Afghana is attributed to Nebuchadnezzar.

### "THE POSE OF POWER."

A Doctor Says It Can Only Be Obtained by Carrying the Body Right.

The human body is a machine—a machine in some respects not unlike a watch. If you bend the watch slightly you displace its parts (its organs, if you please), and then the watch will not go aright.

The same is true of man. In his body every organ has its place. If his body is bent some or all of his vital organs are displaced. They cannot perform their work, and the man, like the watch, is out of order.

"How many of us are like that?"

Well, in an examination covering several thousand people I found less than one in a hundred who was right. Ninety-nine people out of a hundred have displaced organs.

I may add that I have never found disease in any organ that was habitually carried in its normal place. The organ always becomes displaced before it becomes diseased.

And what is the cause of this universal displacement? In a word, the cause is a bad method of holding the body in standing, in sitting, walking about and lying down. The trunk is merely a flexible, hollow cylinder inside of which the organs are supported, each in its place. When, however, the body is bent and collapsed, as in most people, the organs drop out of their places and are crowded against each other. They are then unable to do their work, and thus they become diseased.

Every case of chronic indigestion which I have ever examined has had a stomach that was hanging from two to five inches lower than its right position—a condition known to medical men as gastropoiesis.

And the rare man who holds his body aright in standing, walking, sitting, such a man is always a man of power. Cromwell was a man of this type. So were Napoleon, Washington and Bismarck.

"And how shall I restore my organs to proper position?" asks one of the ninety-nine.

By so developing the body that it is at all times erect, uplifted and expanded. This will draw each organ into the position in which it can do its best work. A glance at the pictures of the men I have mentioned will show you what I mean.

As to practical methods, take the following exercise for five minutes four or five times a day:

Place the feet together, arms at sides, head back, chest up and forward, abdomen in, knees back, weight on balls of feet—"the position of a soldier." Throw the weight as far forward as you can. Hold the position from half to one minute, then relax. Repeat the exercise from six to twelve times.

Add to this reasonable habits of living, and in three months you will have gone far toward gaining the pose of power.—Dr. Latsion in Chicago Journal.

### Warding Off a Cold.

The first point that must have struck almost every careful observer of catarrhal pneumonia is that in nine cases out of ten a cold is caught as the result, not of getting cold, but, on the contrary, of getting unduly hot.

This apparent paradox is, of course, intelligible enough when one considers that it is when the body is heated that the pores of the skin are opened and are then much more likely to take a chill than when they are closed by the action of the cold.

This is also the explanation of the efficacy of a cold shower bath after taking a Turkish or even an ordinary hot bath, as the sudden action of the cold water closes the pores and so protects the skin from the action of the air. The best possible preventive from catching cold is cold water, applied either in the form of a cold bath, or if that is considered too drastic a measure, it will be found that merely bathing the neck in cold water, both in the early morning and also the last thing at night, does a great deal toward giving one immunity from colds.—Modern Society.

### Rossetti's Way.

This striking picture of Rossetti appears in William Allington's memoirs: "Rossetti walks very characteristically, with a peculiar lounging gait, often trailing the point of his umbrella on the ground, but still obstinately pushing on and making way, humming the while with closed teeth in the intervals of talk, not a time or anything like one, but what sounds like a sotto voce note of defiance to the universe. Then suddenly he will fling himself down somewhere and refuse to stir an inch farther. His favorite attitude—on his back, one knee raised, hands behind head. He very seldom takes particular notice of anything as he goes and cares nothing about natural history or science in any form or degree. It is plain that the simple, the natural, the naive, are merely insipid in his mouth. He must have strong savors in art, in literature and in life. About these and other matters Rossetti is chivalrously bold in announcing and defending his opinion, and he has the valuable quality of knowing what he likes and sticking to it."

### A Hopeless Pessimist.

At a gathering of men and women each one in turn was called upon to cite the attribute he or she considered of greatest worth in the formation of character, each attribute to be followed by the name of some one who best embodied it. For instance, a man gave sterling integrity and as his example Abraham Lincoln; a woman, tact, with Mme. de Maintenon as illustration; another woman, loyalty, adding the name of George Washington. At last it came the turn of a very plain spoken woman who in loud, clear tones cried, "Honesty, and I know of no example, either living or dead!"

### The Seller of Men.

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Lopez was his name, and he was a Cuban patriot. To hear him argue that if they had the proper equipments they would drive the Spanish from Cuba within a year was to contribute cash on the spot. He solicited money from men in every walk of life. He received money from women who wept as they gave it. To be one of twelve or fifteen people invited to meet at some residence and hear the story of Lopez was a rare treat in one sense and a sorrowful one in another. He had seen it all, been through it all, and he was a talker to catch your interest in the first dozen words. Months later he knew that he was a monstrous hypocrite and liar, and worse than that, but when the human heart is big with sympathy its owner does not stop to criticize.

From its inception to its close the Cuban rebellion was kept alive by American contributions of cash, arms and volunteers. Uncle Sam knew all about it, but he rolled his tongue in his cheek. During the last two years of the rebellion his vessels were almost openly fitted out to carry arms and other supplies, but if the United States cutters chased them off the coast they did not overhaul them at sea. The government inspectors at the New England arsenals knew where the arms went to, no matter what the marks on the boxes, but they winked at each other and saw nothing.

According to Lopez, 25,000 patriots were ready to rally as soon as supplied with arms. A large sum of money was collected and spent for muskets, revolvers, cartridges and machine guns. Then there were blankets, rations and other things needed by the soldiers. A steamer was chartered and thirty Americans enlisted. Spanish spies in New York reported the purchases to Uncle Sam. He replied that he would attend to the matter and did nothing. The same spies reported the steamer. She was not even looked over by the revenue officers. To be sure she was chased down the coast by a revenue cutter that belched barrels and barrels of black smoke, but when the filibuster was at last overhauled it was to ask if the captain hadn't forgotten his nightshirt on leaving New York.

Lopez was aboard. He had been indefatigable. He had been at Washington. He had directed all while sleeping in a garret and living on one meal a day. A patriot on a pedestal! An object lesson to the world!

The steamer was to touch at a certain point on the coast. Word had gone on ahead and a thousand Cubans would be at hand to swiftly unload her. False alarms would be given and the Spanish gunboats called away from the spot. No precaution had been neglected. Nothing had been left to chance. When once the steamer got headed for the spot she slowed down at half speed. She was to reach the landing under cover of darkness. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon nothing was in sight from her bridge. At 5 o'clock a heavy fog settled down. This was all the better for the success of the expedition. Five hours' slow run would take them to the bay selected, and bon fires and torches would illuminate the discharge of the cargo.

The fog had not lifted at 6 o'clock nor at 7. At 8 one could just make out the form of a man seven or eight feet away. The captain was a prudent man. All lights were extinguished and all noises hushed. With the screw softly turning, the filibuster bored her way into the fog like some blacker shadow.

The captain, Lopez and half a dozen others formed a group by themselves and spoke in whispers. All were exultant. They were certain to get in safely.

Of a sudden the think, think, think, of a propeller was heard from straight ahead. It could not be mistaken for any other noise. Then came the same noise off the port bow. Then it came from the starboard quarter. The group listened with beating hearts.

"Porpoises or whales!" whispered Lopez in the captain's ear.

"Spanish gunboats!" was the reply.

By the speaking tube and not by the bell the way of the steamer was checked, and she floated idly on the sea. Three gunboats were converging on her. Three bloodhounds were hunting their game in the fog. They had not heard her, and they could not see her, but it had been planned that she would be in that locality at a certain hour. Lopez and the Spanish had planned it. The gunboats felt their way here and there. They almost rubbed sides with their victim. From the filibuster's deck men could be heard cursing and muttering.

Only one man was watching Lopez—an American volunteer for the Cuban ranks. The struggle of the weak against the strong had appealed to him. He saw the man suddenly draw himself up, suck in his breath and open his mouth, and then he leaned forward and clutched the bony throat in fingers of iron.

"He was going to call out to them," he explained as he still maintained his clutch.

Three minutes later a human form was dropped softly into the sea along side, and the filibuster began working her way out of the trap so treacherously set. She returned to these shores in safety, and men who asked why were never told the facts. It was the Spaniards who boasted that Lopez had been bought for gold. M. QUAD.

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## LOCAL AND PERSONAL HAPPENINGS

What Greencastle People and Their Friends Are Doing

**Elias Day.**  
Mrs. Phillips still continues very sick.  
Mrs. James Truitt is entertaining a party of friends.  
Miss Glenn Simison, of Romney, is visiting in town.  
Conrad Gautier spent Sunday at his former home in Jennings county, Ind.  
Dr. and Mrs. Stephenson entertained a small party of friends on Saturday night.  
**The Days Tonight!**  
Mrs. Kenneth Harris, of Cloverdale, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. N. W. Holland, of Morton.  
Miss Verne Stoner and Miss Theo Ranney have returned from Brazil, where they visited Miss Sherkey over Sunday.  
Dr. J. P. D. John spoke at the "Big Meeting" yesterday at Indianapolis. His subject was "Fire-Proof Conviction."  
Mrs. Clyda Townsend and Mrs. Emma Thicksten, of Indianapolis, visited Miss Hallie Browning near Fillmore over Sunday.  
Dr. J. S. Hoagland begins a series of special meetings in Danville tonight. He will return home each morning during the week.  
**Tonight! Tonight! The Days.**  
Bee Hive Rebecca Lodge will meet tonight at 8 o'clock. There will be work and installation of officers. Refreshments will be served.

Mrs. Wm. McFarland is quite ill with grippe.  
Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Arnold were in Indianapolis today.  
**The Days Tonight!**  
Mr. Roy Evans, of Putnamville, will resume his school work.  
Miss Pearl Brown, of Bainbridge, is attending High School here.  
Miss Florence Scobee, of Putnamville, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Henry Arnold.  
Hazlett Vansant, of Indianapolis, was here to spend Sunday with relatives and friends.  
Dr. Dick and Dr. George, of Indianapolis, were here yesterday the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Wright.  
**Tonight! Tonight! The Days.**  
Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Sinclair, of near Cloverdale, were here today on their way to Fort Wayne, where they will visit friends.  
George Knauer went to Lafayette today where he will attend, this week, the Farmers' Short Course at the Purdue University.  
The building now occupied by the Model Steam Laundry on Washington street has been purchased by C. W. McWheaty, proprietor of the Home Steam Laundry. Mr. McWheaty will move his laundry into the building as soon as it is vacated by Mr. Graham.  
**The Days Tonight!**

**The Days Tonight!**  
Prof. Barnes entertained friends Saturday night.

Miss Mira Parks has entered college for this term.

Attorney Chas. McGaughey, of Roachdale, was in town today on business.

**Tonight! Tonight! The Days.**  
Billy Harris, of Indianapolis, was here to spend Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Harris.

Miss Hallie Hamrick is back at her place in Vermillion after being away for several weeks on account of illness.

The miserable condition of the Greencastle walks was never more apparent than during the wet weather of the past few days. Often times the water was deeper on the walks than in the gutters. It has not been uncommon to see pedestrians taking the middle of the muddy streets in preference to the walks, where the walks are the old brick ones.

**The Days Tonight!**  
Earl Lane of the Model received a telegram from S. C. Prevot today stating that his son, Edgar Prevot, who was operated upon in the Evanston Hospital a few days ago, is much weaker. It is believed that the boy cannot live.

**The Days Tonight!**  
**SUNDAY SERVICES.**

Dr. J. S. Hoagland preached both sermons Sunday in the College Avenue church. The special music was directed by Prof. Kleinmidt. He sang the morning offertory. The New Choral society sang in the evening. It is composed of twenty fine voices. Mr. Jay Carpenter gave a coronet solo at the evening service. The church was full at both services. Several joined the church. Prof. Gough taught Prof. Barnes' Sunday School class yesterday. Miss Burner directed the Epworth League service and Mr. VanArsdel led the Class Meeting. The W. H. M. Society was announced to meet with Mrs. J. H. Wilkinson on Wednesday at 2:30 p. m.

**The Days Tonight!**  
**OBITUARY.**

Where as, God in His infinite wisdom has taken from us our beloved brother, Albert L. Ruark, and while we bow in humble submission to Him who doeth all things well; be it Resolved, that in his death our order has lost a faithful and worthy member, and his wife a devoted husband and be it further Resolved, that the members of Fillmore Rebecca Lodge No. 652 extend to the bereaved family our heartfelt sympathy in this, their great sorrow, and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family, a copy be placed on the minutes of this lodge and a copy mailed to the County paper for publication.

LILLIE WRIGHT,  
LOUIE SINCLAIR,  
EDITH BRIDGES,  
Committee.

**The Days Tonight!**

**REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.**

Isaac S. Peck, Trustee, to Joseph Grimes, Trustee deed to land in Madison township, \$550.  
Bainbridge Cemetery Co., to Allen B. Louis, lot in cemetery, \$10.  
Morton M. Marshall to Thos. F. Albin, pt. lots in Greencastle, \$1,100.  
O. N. Chastain to John W. Sanders, lots in Roachdale, \$1,000.  
W. A. Spencer to John Watts, land in Clinton township, \$1,825.  
Isaac S. Peck to Alfred Runyan, land in Marion township, \$100.  
James I. Hilton to Ella Gabreath, land in Jackson township, \$1,850.

**A Touch of Vanity.**

On Nov. 25—St. Catherine's day—French girls who have passed their twenty-fifth birthday and are unmarried wear a little cap made of fine muslin, the symbol of maidenhood. As the day approaches the millinery shops show these caps in great quantities, and their manufacture by young girls is always accompanied by jokes at the expense of old maids; but, strange to relate, these caps, because they are becoming to all, are worn on St. Catherine's day by young girls as well as by old maids.

Where It Doesn't Apply.  
"Slow and sure," remarked the man with the quotation habit, "is a good motto."  
"But," protested the thoughtful thinker, "there is one thing that can never be slow and sure."  
"What's that?" queried the quotation dispenser.  
"A watch," replied the t. t.—Kansas City Independent.

A woman's love is a paradox. You can't keep it unless you return it.—Philadelphia Record.

**The Days Tonight!**

## KAPPA ALPHA THETA LUNCHEON

The Kappa Alpha Theta sorority will celebrate the thirty-eighth anniversary of its founding on January twenty-fifth. The three chapters in Indiana will hold a noon luncheon at the Claypool Hotel, Indianapolis in honor of the event. There will be twenty attend from the DePauw chapter besides a large number of Alumnae. Numbers of women from all over the state will be in attendance in addition to active members. Covers will be laid for about two hundred.

**\* DEPAUW UNIVERSITY NOTES \***

**The Days Tonight!**  
Miss Verna Stoner was in Brazil yesterday.

Dick Veesey visited at his home in Port Wayne yesterday.

Miss Nancy Hadley spent Sunday at her home in Plainfield.

Miss May Lambert, of Anderson, has pledged Kappa Alpha Theta.

Dr. and Mrs. Stephenson entertained a few friends Saturday evening.

Mr. A. W. Gardner, of Reynolds, visited his son, Irvine Gardner Sunday.

Dr. and Mrs. Gobin are both confined to their home on account of illness.

Russel Crouch entertained a number of friends after 'frat' Saturday evening.

Professor Barnes is distributing a fine lot of New York papers among his friends.

Mr. Ward Fisher, of the University of Illinois visited Phi Psi brothers yesterday.

Edward Lockwood returned last night from his home in Peru, where he spent a day.

Charles Fisher is confined to his room at the Deke house by an attack of the grippe.

Mr. A. D. Zimmerman, of Oxford College, is visiting Henry McLean at the Sigma Chi house.

Miss Pearl Fuller, who has been visiting Alpha Chi sisters, has returned to his home in Charleston, Illinois.

Mrs. Blanchard will entertain the faculty ladies Thursday afternoon at a thimble party. This is in honor of Mrs. Gough and Mrs. Seaman, the new members.

**OUR WANT COLUMN**

**House For Rent**—A seven room house barn, a large garden, good water and all kinds of fruit for rent on Illinois street. Enquire at 612 Ill. street. It

**Piano Tuning**—D. B. Caughthran, "The Piano Tuner," will be here this week. Leave orders at J. F. Hill's Music Store.

**For Sale**—Household and kitchen furniture for sale at private sale on Monday and Tuesday. J. T. Woodall, 608 Illinois street.

**Lost**—Pocket book lost Saturday afternoon—Contained \$10 bill, telephone receipt with Frank Hall signed. Lost between Sackett's Grocery store and Sidener Farm, north of town. Leave at Herald office. Mrs. H. F. Hall, Brick Chapel.

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

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## THE OUTER DARKNESS.

By SIDNEY H. COLE.

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Ackroyd moved his chair from the corner that he might have an unobstructed view of Drusilla's face. She was seated near the piano lamp, ostensibly examining the score of a recent musical farce he had brought her. Her chin rested in one little upturned palm, and her eyes were fixed pensively on the music in her lap. Ackroyd watched her silently for some moments. He was loath to disturb that pose.

"I saw Ted Briggs today," he said at length, and he said it with the evident expectation of a flutter of excitement on Drusilla's part. In this, however, he was disappointed. She turned a page of the score without raising her eyes.

"Did you?" she said calmly. "I did," he affirmed. "Had a sort of an all gone air about him."

Drusilla was silent. "Looked as if he needed some one to sympathize with him—or kick him," Ackroyd pursued.

Another page of the score was turned, but Drusilla said nothing. "Haven't seen him round here lately," said Ackroyd, and his tone suggested much.

"It's something over a week since he called last," said Drusilla innocently.

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Drusilla regarded him amusedly. "I think it would be interesting to meet some of that class," said she. "I can introduce you to one," said he. "Where?" Drusilla inquired eagerly. "Now," said he, rising and bowing gravely.

"You?" she gasped. "Even I?" he said, unsmiling. There was a somewhat embarrassed pause. Ackroyd broke it.

"I shall never be happy until I offer myself to you. I don't expect to be happy afterward. I shall merely join the others in the outer darkness, and the suspense will be over."

Drusilla rested her chin on her palm again. A bit of added color flushed her cheeks. Her eyes were pensive.

"I've been very much a coward," said Ackroyd. "I was afraid you'd laugh. That is why I've been silent so long."

He leaned forward in his chair. His manner was pleadingly earnest. Drusilla moved uneasily.

"Why don't you offer yourself, then, and have it over?" she asked.

Ackroyd squared his shoulders. "I do offer myself, Drusilla," said he. "My silence has been such a long one the laugh should be doubly merry," he added bitterly.

Drusilla turned to the piano. She ran her fingers over the keys in soft little minor harmonies. Ackroyd waited impatiently; then he strode to the piano and bent over her. Something glistened on her lashes, and there was a shining streak down either cheek.

"Good heavens!" cried Ackroyd in sudden comprehension. He laughed happily.

"It—it isn't funny. I—I—d-d-don't feel a bit like laughing," confessed Drusilla.

And Ackroyd was thereupon relieved from any fears of "the outer darkness."

**The Animal Machine.**  
The animal machine wears out (crosses old in its blood vessels; other machines wear out at the points of friction or strain. The kind of blood we keep sending day by day through our blood vessels decides for us the length of life. If the blood is made pure by suitable food and drink and kept pure by fresh air and sunshine, by good action of the bowels, kidneys, lungs and skin, by enough but not too much active exercise and finally by a restful mind—too large to worry and free—the vital rubber or elastic tissue in the walls of the blood vessels will age normally and last the allotted time. If the blood stream be frequently polluted by excesses, errors in diet, late and irregular hours, vicious habits, overwork, habitual confinement indoors, lack of exercise from any cause or a fretted, anxious mind, the blood vessels become irritated and inflamed and in time diseased or hard and inelastic, which means premature old age, disability, death.—What to Eat.

**Stung the Lawyer.**  
The famous Ben Hickman of Washington was once a witness in a pending case and, having testified in the course of his examination in chief that the client of the attorney on the other side was without funds, was being sharply cross-examined by that barrister. Hickman averred that the client had himself told him of his penurious state. The lawyer insisted that the exact language be repeated. Hickman hesitated, but when pressed under threat of contempt proceedings he finally said:

"Well, sir, if I must answer, he told me this morning that he had no money."

"Well, sir, what language did he use?" "Why, I asked him to lend me half a dollar, and he said he couldn't, for you had robbed him of every cent of his money and if he didn't get out of your clutches very soon his children would starve."

By the time the laughter had subsided and the lawyer had time to collect his thoughts the case was decided against him.

**Whittier at Close Range.**  
Whittier belonged to those natures who would advance with firmness and joy to martyrdom in a good cause, but are never comfortable in society, and who impress one with the idea that they would like to run out of the door at any moment. Yet few enjoyed the society of congenial friends as did the Quaker poet. No one relished a good story more or related one with better grace. His sense of the ludicrous was very vivid, and the absurdities of life and its situations struck him never more forcibly than when they involved himself. As Whittier's nephew and biographer has asserted, it would be a mistake to suppose that gentleness was a necessity of his nature. His was in reality the result of resolute self control and the habitual government of a tempestuous spirit. Indeed, the poet had his shrewd, assertive and almost vindictive side, else he had never been so successful a politician and reformer.—Caroline Ticknor in Harper's Weekly.

**One of the Mean Ones.**  
A worthy old Gentleman in the Country, having employed an Attorney, of whom he had a pretty good opinion, to do some Law Business for him in London, he was greatly surprised on his coming to Town, and demanding his Bill of Law Charges, to find that it amounted to at least three Times the Sum he expected; the honest Attorney assured him that there was no Article in his Bill but what was fair and reasonable. Nay, said the Country Gentleman, here is one of them I am sure cannot be so, for you have set down three Shillings and four Pence for going to Southwark, when none of my Business lay that Way; pray what is the Meaning of that Sir? Oh! Sir, said he, that was for fetching the China and Turkey from the Carriers, that you sent me for a Present, out of the Country.—"Joe Miller's Jest Book," 1739.

**Not Broadened.**  
"They say that travel broadens a man," said the dark woman.

"Well, I don't know about that," replied the light woman. "My husband has been a conductor on a trolley car for seven years and see how thin he is!"—Yonkers Statesman.

**Economy.**  
Small Gilbert—Papa, didn't I hear you tell mamma we would have to economize? Papa—Yes, my son. Small Gilbert—Well, you might begin by getting me a pony; then I shouldn't want out so many shoes.—Chicago News.

**Law of Progress.**  
The law of progress is the law of sacrifice—no sacrifice, no progress. The secret of sacrifice is love. Without the self sacrificing love of the mother life itself would disappear from the earth.—Review of Reviews.

No man is wise at all times.—Pitoy the Elder.

## THE MULE IN THE JUG.

An Arab Proverb and the Legend That Gave It Birth.

Who can affirm that the mule entered the jug?

This proverb is frequently quoted to show that, though one may conscientiously believe in a thing which may seem extravagant in itself, it is better not to repeat it from fear of being disbelieved. It arises from the following Arabic legend: An Arab who denied the existence of genii once bought a mule and took it home. When performing his evening ablutions, he saw the mule enter a jug, and this so scared him that he ran shouting to the neighbors and told them what he had seen. They, thinking him mad, endeavored to appease him, but all in vain. He vociferated more and more, so that the authorities sent him to the madhouse. When the doctor came to see him, he repeated the account of what he had seen, whereupon the doctor ordered him to be detained. He continued upon each visit of the doctor to repeat his statement until his friends succeeded in persuading him that if he wished to regain his freedom he must recant. This he did, and the doctor set him at liberty, to the great joy of his family and friends. On making his ablutions as before he again saw the mule, this time peeping out of the jug, but on this occasion he contented himself with remarking to the mule: "Oh, yes, I see you well enough, but who would believe me? And I have had enough of the madhouse." Needless to say that the genii to avenge themselves for his disbelief in them had transformed one of themselves into a mule and as such entered the jug.—Cairo (Egypt) Sphinx.

**A ROCKING STONE.**  
New York's Souvenir of the Remote Glacial Period.

Though tens of thousands of persons yearly see the great rocking stone of Bronx park in New York city, few realize that it is the city's most conspicuous souvenir of the glacial period, when all of this section was covered with an ocean of ice some 1,500 feet thick that was moving slowly toward the south.

That pinkish bit of granite, weighing thirty tons, standing seven and one-half feet above its rocky base, being ten feet broad and eight feet thick, came from the far north, carried in the resistless icy arms of the glacier that swept over the continent down to this latitude, marking its path by depositing great boulders as it moved and leaving scratches on the firm rocks beneath, from the sliding, grinding bits and masses of granite that settled to its base and were pushed along as it moved.

This same boulder left its mark on the bare face of the rocky hill to the north of it, in which lies the crocodile pool. There the scratches are visible today, pointing to where the boulder stands and telling the story of part of its travels.

When the melting ice departed from the great block of granite, it left it standing through the ages a rocking stone so delicately poised that a pressure of fifty pounds exerted on its most northern angle causes its apex to sway north and south about two inches.—New York Herald.

**A Considerate Reporter.**  
When the Maine was blown up the wife of Lieutenant Commander Wainwright was at her home in Washington. She had heard nothing of the news when she was awakened about 4 o'clock in the morning by a violent knocking at the door of her house. Finally Mrs. Wainwright rose and looked out of the window, asking what was the matter. A voice called out, "Are you the wife of Lieutenant Commander Wainwright?" "Yes. What do you want?" "The Maine has been totally destroyed. We are reporters and wish for some information about Mr. Wainwright." Only this and nothing more. The shock caused the poor lady to fall in a dead faint, from which she did not rally for several hours, and, fortunately for her, it was then known her husband was not among the lost.

**Hippophagy.**  
Hippophagy being in low water in these later days, somebody has set himself to show what an exceedingly respectable history attaches to the practice. Among the ancients, especially in China, eating horseflesh was general, and it was only killed in Europe by a papal decree of Gregory III, though why horseflesh should have been interdicted does not appear. It was only the famine caused by Napoleon's invasion that revived the practice in Germany, where it has survived ever since.—London Globe.

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## Trick Roller Skating

By Champion Trick Skaters

MR. AND MRS. HARRY GILMAN, champion trick skaters, will be at the Banner Skating Rink for

Monday, January 13, Afternoon and Night Exhibitions

They are marvels in the roller skating world and well worth seeing.

Admission 25c Skates Free to All

## New Moving Pictures AT OPERA HOUSE

Commencing Monday Night, January 13th

2000 feet Film each night—the best ever seen in the city.

Stereopticon Desolving Views—they are fine. GOOD MUSIC.

Miss Freda Huffman Musical Director. Miss Gertrude Taylor Vocalist.

Admission 10c; Children 5c

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