

## The Greencastle Herald

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F. C. TILDEN C. J. ARNOLD

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### STATE CONDITIONS.

The fact that the state tax levy has been increased this year, in addition to the fact that the assessments over the state have been also largely increased, is remarkable when we remember that we are getting absolutely no value for this increased expense. The utterance of Mr. McCullough, candidate for the nomination for governor on the Democratic ticket, on this subject is worthy of note.

"The reckless extravagance permitted in state affairs is opposed to sound business principles and has imposed unnecessary burdens upon our taxpayers; the late law governing municipal corporations has brought home to us the full appreciation of this fact. I feel that by application of that sound economy which governs the business interests of the state, the costs of administration can be materially reduced. It would be my ardent ambition to see that these safe and sound business principles be applied in this direction. I believe in retrenchment of expenses and the doing away with all unnecessary offices and sinecure positions; this can be accomplished without impairing, in the least, the efficiency of the service rendered. I believe that the taxes paid by the people should be honestly and economically expended and fully accounted for to those furnishing the money."

### THAT NINE CENT BREEZE.

There is, every now and then, a bit of ancient history rehearsed in the form of a criticism of the increase of nine cents in the city tax levy under the Democratic administration of some years since. It is well, at this time to ask some questions of the retailers of this history, questions bringing out facts which they have overlooked. If the nine cent increase at that time was wrong, wasteful and unnecessary, why has the Republican administration continued to levy it? Why have they made no use of the increase beyond raising the salaries of the police? Why, if the money is unnecessary, do they not make good our streets, increase the number of our arc-lights, increase the street force that the town may be presentable in summer? The fact is the Republican administration uses all the money of the increased levy, makes no show with it, has fewer lights, worse streets, more inefficient police than at any previous time. Ancient history is strange.

Our strenuous president is evidently becoming too active for some of his erstwhile friends. Report now has it that Cortelyou has resigned his place in the Cabinet, and the reason assigned therefor is the president's too manifest interest in the Taft boom. No one thing President Roosevelt has done has so surprised the country at large, and so broken in upon his popularity as his present attempt to nominate his successor in office. This country has never taken

kindly to inherited office, and there is little real difference between handing it down to a son and handing it down to a cabinet officer and friend. The president's attitude on the question has split the Republican party into factions. Roosevelt has fought Hughes in New York, and has alienated the New York Republicans. He has personally opposed Cortelyou's aspirations, and brought forth a resignation in the cabinet. He has pushed Taft forward, in and out of season, much to the anger and disgust of the Republican friends of other candidates. An outsider can not decide as to the reason for this presidential preference. It can hardly be the belief that Taft, better than any other, will carry out his pet schemes of reform, for Hughes is also a reformer, and a powerful one. It would seem that the president is willing to endanger the chances for Republican success for friendship sake. This is excellent friendship, but poor judgment, poor politics and poor patriotism.

No matter about the coal pile, this weather brings joy to the ice man.

And then no one was really ready to begin gardening, except on paper and in the seclusion of his warm fireside.

### GOOD TEAM SUBSTITUTED

In the place of the Franklin five which was to have played here Saturday, Manager Larimore, has secured a splendid substitute in the Indianapolis, one of the strongest of the Indianapolis city teams. The announcement is more than satisfactory to the management for the prospect of a week without a game did not look good with the team in its present unsatisfactory condition. It will be the first home game of the season and a team of the calibre of the Independents will offer a good opportunity.

The game is to be played at 3:30 in the afternoon and with a Danville High School-Prep. game as curtain raiser there should be plenty of amusement. The men were given a rest yesterday but will take light practice this afternoon.

A game with Wabash is not an impossibility according to Manager Larimore and he is doing all in his power to secure a game with them later in the season. The schedule is already a good one, but a contest with the Little Giants would be viewed satisfactorily by the students.

### WALNUT VALLEY.

The convention went off quietly and the Democrats elected John W. Stroube for Trustee and Carry Payne for Assessor.

Mrs. Alexander is spending a few days with her daughter.

While Warren Goddard was splitting stove wood on Friday his ax handle struck something and threw the ax over on his left hand almost cutting his front finger off. Dr. Tucker dressed the wound and said he would not be able to work any for some time.

Johnnie and Ross Wells were very much surprised on last Tuesday evening when quite a number of their young friends came in at seven o'clock. The evening was spent in music and singing. At nine o'clock left at a late hour wishing them many more such happy occasions.

Word was received last week that Harvey Tony's sister, Mrs. Bercham was very bad sick.

Miss McCullough and Avis Thomas visited Ruby Wells Tuesday night. Minnie Rea visited Mary Anderson last week.

Miss Edith Erwin and Cleo Rollings visited Mrs. Ruby Dewitt near Somerset Saturday night and Sunday.

### OBITUARY.

Catherine Vaughn, daughter of Joseph and Ellen Vaughn, was born Oct. 31, 1825 in Garrard Co., Kentucky and departed this life Jan. 9, 1908 at the age of 82 years 2 months and 9 days. She was of a family of fourteen children, of whom only two survive her—a brother and a sister.

Jan. 9, 1844 she was married to Ambrose Bourne, who departed this life March 16, 1902. To this union was born eleven children: Lucy Martha Jane, Mary Elizabeth, Julia Alice, Cora Emma, Samuel Smith, Nancy and William Ambrose who survive; Ellen Josephine, Harriett Corinne and Ada May dying in infancy.

She united with New Providence Baptist church in 1852.

Angels have taken her out of our care, Dark is her room and empty her chair. She has gone to that home so beautiful and fair Rest, dear one, rest, thy troubles are o'er.

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

### TWO CHEERFUL LIARS.

A Queer Cherry Tree and a Back Action Cannon Ball.

Mr. Finlayson, town clerk of Stirling in the latter part of the seventeenth century, was noted for the marvelous in conversation. He was on a visit to the Earl of Monteth and Alrth in his castle of Taba, on the loch of Monteth, and was about taking leave when he was asked by the earl whether he had seen the sailing cherry tree.

"No," said Finlayson. "What sort of a thing is it?" "It is," replied the earl, "a tree that has grown out of a goose's mouth from a stone the bird had swallowed and which she bears about with her in voyages round the loch. It is just at present in full fruit of the most exquisite flavor. Now, Finlayson," he added, "can you, with all your powers of memory and fancy, match the story of the cherry tree?"

"Perhaps I can," said Finlayson, clearing his throat, adding, "When Oliver Cromwell was at Aith one of the cannon sent a ball to Stirling and lodged it in the mouth of a trumpet which one of the troops in the castle was in the act of sounding."

"Was the trumpeter killed?" said the earl.

"No, my lord," said Finlayson. "He blew the ball back and killed the artilleryman who had fired it!"—Pearson's Weekly.

### ALEXANDRIAN LIBRARY.

The Greatest Literary Treasure That the World Has Lost.

Perhaps the largest and most valuable of literary treasures the world has lost was the Alexandrian library. This collection, the most remarkable of the ancient world, is said to have contained in its most flourishing period 400,000 or, according to others, 700,000 manuscripts. Its royal founder collected from all nations their choicest compositions. We are told that one of his successors went so far as to refuse to supply the Athenians with wheat until they had given him the original manuscripts of Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides. When Julius Caesar laid siege to the city the greater portion of this library was destroyed by fire. It was later replaced by the collection presented to Queen Cleopatra by Mark Antony. But it was not destined to endure long. When the Emperor Theodosius the Great in 391 A. D. ordered the destruction of all heathen temples within the Roman empire, the Christians, led by the Archbishop Theophilus, did not spare that of Jupiter, in which were kept the literary treasures. From this general destruction about 4,000 manuscripts escaped, only to be burned in 640 by Saracens under the Caliph Omar.—Argonaut.

### A Pretty Fast Clock.

He was standing in front of the circular elevator indicator in one of the office buildings, watch in hand. It was the morning after, and I suppose that he had forgotten to concern himself with the frivolous detail of winding his timepiece the previous evening. His equilibrium was far from stable and his eyes, unsteadily following the indicator hand, blinked with efforts at comprehension as he tried to set his watch.

"Dilectus clock (hic)—very 'musing (hic)—very fast pace we live (hic) these days (hic)—pretty fast for my old timer (hic)—dilectus—can't seem to catch it (hic)—whoa!—there you are—gone again (hic). Pshaw!—dilectus clock."

I left him still trying to get his watch into conformity with the speed-indicator.—Boston Traveler.

### How a Flea Jumps.

It is said that a flea leaps 200 times its height, and while it usually does land on its feet, it often falls, especially when it falls on a perfectly smooth surface, where the claws can get only a slight hold. A flea has six legs, whose great length and bulk make them so heavy that they must be a great help in keeping their owner right side up when it makes one of those gigantic jumps, and when it lands upside down or in some other way its ability to kick is so great that not more than one wriggle is needed to set things right. A flea's wings are mere scales and of no use. But small and worthless as they are, they tell the entomologist something about the proper classification of the insect. To the flea itself they have no value.—St. Nicholas.

### Polishing Small Articles.

It is said that a high polish may be obtained after nickel plating on small steel articles, such as screws, by tumbling them with leather and dry rouge. The articles are placed in a tumbling barrel with leather scraps. Some dry rouge is put into the barrel along with the screws and leather and the whole tumbled for some time. The rouge coats the surface of the leather and causes it to act like a polishing wheel. Canvas scraps may be used in place of leather.

### Politeness.

Lady (to Irish gardener, who "obliges" by the day)—Well, Dan, and what do I owe you for today? Dan—Sure, ma'am, I'd sooner be taking the half crown you'd be offering me than the 2 shillings I'd be asking of you.—Punch.

### Birds and Feathers.

Mistress—Mary, have you any rooted objections to using a feather duster? This room looks as if you had. Maid—Yes, mum, I have. I belong to the Audubon society.—Harper's Weekly.

It is easier to suppress the first desire than it is to satisfy all that follow it.—Franklin.

### THE "MARSEILLAISE."

It Was Written by Rouget de Lisle in One Brief Hour.

On April 25, 1792, Rouget de Lisle, the military engineer, who had assumed the aristocratic prefix to become an officer, was a guest at a banquet given by Baron Dietrich, first mayor of Strassburg.

Patriotic excitement was at its height. "Marchons!" "Aux armes, citoyens!" were phrases on every lip. But as the champagne went round the ladies grew weary and pleaded for another topic. Patriotic songs? A hymn for the army of the Rhine? Something better than the jingling "Ca ira!" The host first suggested a public competition and a prize. Then he turned to Rouget de Lisle and asked him to "compose a noble song for the French people."

Rouget de Lisle tried to excuse himself. Again the champagne passed round, and just as the party broke up a fellow officer about to quit Strassburg next day begged De Lisle for a copy of his forthcoming song.

"I make the promise on behalf of your comrade," Dietrich replied. Rouget de Lisle reached his lodging close by, but not to sleep. His violin lay on the table. Taking it up, he struck a few chords. Soon a melody seemed to grow under his fingers. No sooner had he put down the notes than he dashed off the words.

Thus having in a brief hour secured for himself an undying name he threw himself upon his bed and slumbered heavily.—Reader Magazine.

### STAMMERING.

Caused More Often by Habit Than by Defective Vocal Organs.

"Stammering is often more the result of habit than from any defect of the vocal organs," says an authority. "It is generally, if not always, caused by a spasm of the larynx, resulting from nervous contraction of the organs, thus refusing to permit a proper flow of the air current producing tone. People rarely or never stammer when singing, for then the attention is divided between words and music, the nervousness is momentarily forgotten and the passage of the air current through the larynx is continuous and unobstructed."

"Stammering very often is the result of imitation, sometimes intentional, sometimes unconscious, and the affliction is much more general than might be supposed. In one comparatively small section of the city there are thirty-five stammerers, and every one of them is able to demonstrate to his own satisfaction not only that he does not stammer very badly, but that some other person he knows stammers a great deal worse than himself. Every stammerer is intensely sensitive about his infirmity, rarely forgives and never does forget any allusion to it which in his mind savors of ridicule."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### Comedy in a Back Street.

About 10 o'clock one morning two men met and began threatening and calling each other names. One finally called the other a liar, and the two men were about to grapple when a woman opened the door and said, "Gentlemen, are you about to fight?" "We are," they answered together.

Then have the kindness to wait a moment," she continued. "My husband has been sick for weeks and is now just able to sit up. He is very downhearted this morning, and if you'll only wait till I can draw him in to the window I know he'll be very grateful to both of you."

She disappeared into the house, and after one look into each other's face the men smiled, shook hands and departed together.—London Telegraph.

### An Up Stroke.

Sometimes lightning strikes up instead of down, if we are to believe a story told many years ago of a party of men standing on the porch of a church far up on the side of a lofty mountain in Styria. They were looking down into the valley below, where a great electrical storm was raging, and, with the sun shining upon them at their altitude, were enrapt by the strange sensation. Suddenly a bolt came up from the valley and killed seven of the party.—Circle.

### Going and Coming.

"What's that noise?" asked the visitor in the apartment house. "Probably some one in the dentist's room on the floor below getting a tooth out," said his host.

"But it seems to come from the floor above."

"Ah! Then it's probably the Popleys' baby getting a tooth in."—Philadelphia Press.

### The Tramp's Excuse.

Benevolent Man (who has given a tramp some work)—You're working slowly, my man. Tramp—I'm trying to spin it out. Who knows when I shall get any more?—Meggendorfer Blatter.

### The Soft Answer.

"Father, do all angels have wings?" "No, my son, your mother has none." And then she said sweetly that he might go to the club if he wouldn't stay late.—Atlanta Constitution.

### Modest.

"Did he ask her father for her hand in marriage?" "No. He needed \$10, and he didn't want to ask for too much at once."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### He Had Hopes.

Young lady (owner of great estates)—As far as the eye can reach, all the land belongs to me. Admirer (respectfully)—I hope you are not shortsighted.—Stray Stories.

### STEPHEN GIRARD.

The Eccentric Millionaire Was a Man of Many Moods.

To get a subscription from Stephen Girard, founder of Girard college in Philadelphia, was not an easy matter. It required tact and the right introduction, and many failed, while few succeeded. It is told by the author of "The French Blood in America" that Samuel Coates, a genial Quaker, was one of the few men who knew how to approach the eccentric millionaire.

He was a manager of the Pennsylvania hospital and called on Girard for the purpose of raising money for the support of that institution.

"Well, how much do you want, Coates?" asked Girard in his usual brusque tones.

"Just what three pleases to give, Stephen," replied the Quaker. Girard wrote out a check for \$2,000 and, handing it to Mr. Coates, was surprised to see that gentleman pocket it without looking at the amount.

"What! You don't look to see how much I give you?" cried Girard incredulously.

"Beggars must not be choosers, Stephen," replied the Quaker.

"Give me back my check, and I will change it," said Girard after a moment's pause.

"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, three knows, Stephen," mildly replied the Quaker. Without another word Girard sat down and wrote him out a second check for \$5,000.

His farm on the outskirts of Philadelphia was one of the best in the country, and while living in town he often drove out before breakfast to see that all was going well. He was very exacting with his hired hands and never trusted the management of his farm to any one else, but ran it himself, as he did all his affairs. Arriving one morning a little earlier than usual, he was greatly annoyed at not finding his man at work on a fence that he was building. The man's wife, noticing Girard approaching the house, hurriedly awoke her husband and sent him to his duties by way of the back door. After visiting the house Girard returned to the fence and, seeing the man at his post, reprimanded him for being late.

"I'd been here, sir, but went back for a spade," said the workman.

"No, you hadn't. I went and put my hand in your bed and found it warm," replied Girard, and he discharged the man on the spot.

### CONVERSATION DON'TS.

Don't say "You was," but "You were."

Don't say "He don't," but "He doesn't."

Don't say "Not as I know," but "Not that I know."

Don't say "He is older than me," but "He is older than I."

Don't say "Between you and I," but "Between you and me."

Don't say "She is some better," but "She is somewhat better."

Don't say "This is the finest of any," but "This is finer than any."

Don't say "Where are you stopping?" but "Where are you staying?"

Don't say "I dislike her worse than ever," but "I dislike her more than ever."

Don't say "I was raised in New England," but "I was reared in New England."

Don't say "I rarely ever go anywhere," but "I rarely if ever go anywhere."

Don't say "Either of the three will do," but "Any of the three will do."—St. Louis Republic.

### The Careful Scot.

While enjoying a pleasant smoke in a railway carriage a Scotchman was asked by his fellow passenger, a Welshman, if he could oblige him with a match and after some consideration reluctantly complied with the modest request. Placing the match upon the window ledge, the Welshman produced an empty pipe, and, gripping it between his teeth, gazed mournfully at his companion. This having no effect, he made an ostentatious and fruitless tour of his pockets. "Dear, dear, how unlucky I am!" he exclaimed at length. "I've left my tobacco at home." "Verra unfortunate," agreed the Scotchman, and, stretching out a hand for the match, he added with evident relief, "An' now ye'll no require this 'restie'!"—Glasgow Times.

### Americans Greatest of Travelers.

Americans are rightfully called the greatest travelers in the world. They all seem imbued with the spirit of Columbus, and when we think of that venturesome across strange waters in search of he knew not what we can scarcely associate him with any other country as a native than ours. It is a noticeable fact that in every resort of prominence in England and on the continent there are to be seen among the tourists during the season at least two Americans to every one representative of any other country, and in the African cities Americans are even more in predominance over travelers of other nationalities.—Leslie's Weekly.

### Reassuring.

"Now, be careful how you drive, cabby, and go slowly over the stones, for I hate to be shaken. And, mind you, pull up at the right house and look out for those dreadful railway vans."

"Never fear, sir; I'll do my best. And which 'ospital would you wish to be taken to, sir, in case of an accident?"—London Tit-Bits.

### Indefinable Perfection.

Since the beginning of time the human brain has never succeeded in defining with the necessary exactitude what really constitutes a perfect woman.—Outlook.

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42	Bloomington and Anderson
52	Seminary and Arlington
62	Washington and Durham
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## Will Be To Your Interest