

The Greencastle Herald

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F. C. TILDEN C. J. ARNOLD

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WHERE IS THE BLAME.

There were 5,000 deaths and 76,286 injuries by accident on the railroads of the United States during the last year. As usual, when the yearly death rate of our railroads are published, the question is asked, where does the blame lie? It has usually been laid at the door of the officials. It has been held that an attempt to operate fast trains with too few men, on single tracks, or too many trains on double tracks. Now it is urged that the blame lies largely with the employees. This writer, himself a railroad operative, declares that it is the custom for train men to disregard rules for the running of trains. He holds that it is this disregard of rule that is responsible for many wrecks. It is undoubtedly true that the business of railroad has a peculiar effect upon the temperament and nerves of the engineer. Take, for illustration, such an accident as has happened near Greencastle often the past few years. An engine strikes and kills and mangles a man. It is known to the engineer, he stops, or he does not stop, as the case may be. At any rate he climbs to his seat and starts again on his run. He must pass other road crossings with men and teams upon them. The accident is fresh in mind. Under ordinary circumstances the mangled body of the dead would dance in blurring visions before the eyes of the engineer. But it is not so. Time has been lost and must be made up. There must be no shrinking at the next crossing as he sees the farmer driving toward it. Shrinkage would mean slowing of the train, loss of time. The risk must be run. Both man and engineer must take their chances. And it is little wonder that month after month of "his waging with death in many forms leads to the breaking of rules for speed's sake—leads to carrying the wagger a little further. And still the question arises, where is the blame?

A Cure for Misery.

"I have found a cure for the misery malaria produces," says R. M. James, of Louellen, S. C. "It's called Electric Bitters, and comes in 50 cent bottles. It breaks up a case of chills or a bilious attack in almost no time; and it puts yellow jaundice clean out of commission." This great tonic, medicine and blood purifier gives quick relief in all stomach, liver and kidney complaints and the misery of lame back. Sold under guarantee at the Owl Drug Store, in



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HOME SEASON OPENS TODAY

The local basketball season will be ushered in this afternoon at 3:30 when the Independents, one of the strongest of the Indianapolis city teams, meets the DePauw men on the opera house floor. The date was scheduled with Franklin as opponents but it was called off because of difficulties in the Baptist's squad and the city team taken on at the last moment. The visitors have a good record, however, and will doubtless give the locals all they want.

The squad has worked hard during the past week's practice, and should show a decided improvement over the form shown a week ago at Hanover. The lineup was not certain, but it is possible to judge from the play of the men in yesterday's practice. Crick and Sheets at forwards; Pruitt at center and Grady and Holloper, guards, seems to be the five although Ell, Hodges and Bacheider will likely get in before the close of the game.

Danville High School will meet the Academy team as a curtain raiser and it promises to be a spirited struggle. Ross Baker, the old DePauw basketball star is in charge of the high school five and the contest will have this added interest.

It Does The Business.

Mr. E. E. Chamberlain, of Clinton, Maine, says of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, "It does the business; I have used it for piles and it cured them. Used it for chapped hands and it cured them. Applied it to an old sore and it healed it without leaving a scar behind." 25c at The Owl Drug Store.

A Fatal Austrian Flag.

Once there was an epidemic of plague at Odessa, in Russia, which lasted more than a year. It had a most remarkable origin, being due to a fatal flag. An Austrian vessel arrived at Odessa, bringing one of the crew who had died during the voyage. The sailor was duly interred in the Catholic cemetery at the port, and at the funeral the Austrian flag was carried by two seamen. On their way back to the vessel the men entered a great number of saloons and laid down the flag while drinking. A very short time afterward the sailors who had carried the flag died, and before long it was found that people were ill in all the houses where the men had called with the fatal flag. Soon the plague spread throughout Odessa, filling all with terror and claiming a frightful toll. There is no doubt that the flag contained the plague bacilli in the folds and so spread the disease.—Baltimore Sun.

Strictly Business.

"Sir," began a stranger as he walked directly up to a business man, "I am strictly on business."
"So am I."
"Good! I believe every man should furnish money for his own tombstone."
"So do I."
"Good again! I want to raise \$25 to pay for a stone over my grave. What assistance will you render the enterprise? I want a business answer."
"You shall have it, sir. Unless you immediately take your departure I will aid the enterprise by furnishing the corpse."
The stranger hurried off.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Golf.

Golf as a recreation appeals to practically all ages. Impetuous youth, staid middle age and the man in the evening walk of life alike feel its fascination and enjoy its manifold pleasures. Golf entails walking, the best of exercises for the average man. It trains the eye and the arm, and, while it tries, it ought also to train the temper.—Liverpool Courier.

A Warm Time Coming.

"I'm doin' me best with the fire, sir," said the janitor at the door of Galle's office one cold morning, "but I'm afraid I can't make it very warm for you. You see, sir—"
"Never mind," feverishly replied Galle, who had been out all night. "My wife will be here shortly, I expect."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Loaded.

Farmer Jones (to amateur hunter)—There wasn't a better water dawg livin' until you shootin' gents took to borrowin' 'im. Now 'is 'ids that full of shots he'd sink to the bottom like a brick.—Bystander.

Standards.

She—Men and women can't be judged by the same standards. For instance, a man is known by the company he keeps. He—And a woman by the servants she can't keep.—Judge.

Time to Get Busy.

"But life has no bright side!" wailed the pessimist.
"Then get busy and polish up the dark side," rejoined the optimist.—Chicago News.

One of the most rare kinds of courage is the courage to wait.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

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THE GREATEST WEDDING.

Over Twenty Thousand Persons Were Married by One Ceremony.

The biggest wedding ever known to history was when Alexander the Great and over 10,000 of his soldiers took part in a wedding in the court of Darius, king of Persia, after the latter's conquest by Alexander. Twenty thousand two hundred and two persons were made husbands and wives in one ceremony.

The facts are these: After conquering King Darius, Alexander determined to wed Statira, daughter of the conquered king, and issued a decree that on that occasion 100 of his chief officers should marry 100 women from the noblest Persian and Median families. He further stipulated that 10,000 of his Greek soldiers should take to wife 10,000 Asiatic women.

For this purpose a vast pavilion was erected, the pillars being sixty feet high. One hundred gorgeous chambers adjoined this for the 100 noble bridegrooms, while for the 10,000 soldiers an outer court was inclosed. Outside of this tables were spread for the multitude.

Each pair had seats and ranged themselves in a semicircle round the royal throne. As it would have taken several weeks for the few priests to have married this vast number of couples had the ceremony been performed in the ordinary way, Alexander invented a simple way out of the difficulty. He gave his hand to Statira and kissed her, and all the remaining bridegrooms did the same to the women beside them, and thus ended the ceremony that united the greatest number of people at one time ever known.

Then occurred a five days' festival which for grandeur and magnificence never has since been equalled.

MAN AND HIS HORSE.

The Way to Show Approval That the Animal Will Appreciate.

Careless plays no small part in developing the best in any horse, but this is never to be by word of mouth. You may as well curse as bless for all your horse knows or cares. The careless of the hand addressed to the part with which the animal has just performed some feat is always appreciated—the expression shows that—and one loves to see a good man as he lands safe over a big place just reach back and give the clever horse a loving pat or two on that swelling muscular loin which has been the chief agent in negotiating the obstruction.

Do not pat neck or shoulder or any part not actively engaged in the undertaking. Careless may do no good, but it is pleasant to believe that it does, and we are quite positive that the voice simply diverts attention. The former mode of address is at least worthy of trial if only as a mark of appreciation between two gentlemen. The threatening tones appear sometimes serviceable, but this is so only when horses have been abused and associate punishment with the stern voice. The wild horse is as indifferent to the voice of affection as to that of rage.—From "Schooling the Hunter," by Frank M. Ware in Outing Magazine.

Drowned Manuscript.

James Russell Lowell, the first editor of the Atlantic, was walking across Cambridge bridge when his hat blew off and fell into the Charles with half a dozen or more manuscripts with which it was freighted and which he was returning to the Boston office. A boatman recovered the hat, but the scattered manuscripts perished in those waves of oblivion. "If they had been accepted articles, it wouldn't have been quite so bad, for," said he, "we might with some grace ask the writers for fresh copies. But how can you tell a self respecting contributor that his manuscript has been not only rejected, but sent to a watery grave?"—J. T. Trowbridge in Atlantic.

A Domestic Breakdown.

A well known lord discovered a thief in his London house. Aided by the butler, he secured the man and then rang the bell. A servant appeared, whom the peer requested to "go into the kitchen and bring up a policeman or two." The domestic returned and said there were no policemen on the premises. "What?" exclaimed his master in incredulous tones. "Do you mean to tell me that with a cook, two scullery maids, a kitchen maid and three housemaids in my employ there is no policeman in my kitchen? It is indeed a miracle, and our prisoner shall reap the benefit. Turner, let the man go instantly!"—London Standard.

True to Nature.

"Are you satisfied with your dentist?"
"Perfectly. He's a real artist. His false teeth are perfect jewels."
"Can't you tell the difference?"
"They are exact imitations of nature. There is even one that's so good an imitation that it aches sometimes."—Paris Journal.

Many Sides.

"That's the way the thing was told to me, but of course there's always more than one side to a story."
"Of course. There are always as many sides to a story as there are people to blame."—Philadelphia Press.

Quite a Difference.

"What does Vernon do for a living?"
"He works in a paint shop."
"Why, I understood he was a writer for the magazines."
"Well, you asked me what he did for a living."—Bohemian.

It isn't so that woman is at the bottom of all trouble. It's money.—Manchester Union.

LENGTH OF THE DAYS

Difference Between the Star Day and the Sun Day.

IT IS GREATEST IN WINTER.

Why the Difference Occurs and How It May Be Observed—Oddly Enough the Shortest Day in the Year Is Really the Longest Day in Time.

How long, after all, is a day? The geographers say that it is the time required for the earth to turn once on its axis, that it measures twenty-four hours by the clock and that a fraction more than 365 of them are to be found in a year.

It is a good plan when one reads anything in a book to test it when he can for himself. We want to see just how long it takes the earth to turn over once. Let us take any one of the fixed stars that chances to be in line with some convenient point and, watch in hand, notice the precise moment at which the star touches, let us say, a particular tree, branch or steeple on the horizon line. If on the next evening we stand at precisely the same spot and sight the same star again in line with the same point as before, then we shall know that the earth has turned on its axis just once.

Curiously enough, however, we shall discover, if this is done carefully, that, in spite of what the books say, it does not require twenty-four hours for the earth to turn over once. About four minutes before the day is up, by the clock, the earth has revolved once and brought the star back to its old position in the sky. Really, then, the earth turns on its axis once in twenty-three hours, fifty-six minutes and four seconds and, as one can easily reckon, makes something more than 366 revolutions in a year.

But human beings are not so much interested in the stars as in the sun. We really don't care much how long it takes the earth to turn over and bring a star back again to the same point in the sky or how many times in a year a star seems to go by. We set our clocks and reckon our year by the turning of the earth under the sun, and because the earth not only turns under the sun, but also goes round it, it takes about four minutes longer to bring the sun up to its old place in the sky than to bring back a star. This comes about simply enough. Suppose one is in a room looking out the window at a tree. If he turns round once exactly he will find himself looking straight at the tree again, but if he tried the same thing when he was on a moving train he would find that while he was making the turn the tree had fallen behind. He would then, according to the way he twirled, have to turn a little more or a little less to bring the tree straight before his nose.

Therefore it is not quite true that a day is the time required for the earth to turn once on its axis. It really is this time plus the four minutes or so required for it to turn and look back at the sun. The time required for this extra turn is not the same at all times in the year. One can easily see in the case of the moving train that the faster the cars were moving or the nearer the track the tree stood the more the latter would seem to shift its position. Since the earth is some 3,000,000 miles nearer the sun in winter than in summer, and since also the nearer the sun it is the faster it travels, the difference between star day and sun day is greatest in winter.

Oddly enough, it happens that Dec. 22, which has the least daylight of any day in the year and is therefore commonly said to be the shortest of all days, is really the longest. It does, as a matter of fact, run almost half a minute over twenty-four hours, while the true shortest day, which comes on Sept. 17, falls short by about the same time.

So we really have three different "days." There is the star day, which is the time during which the earth turns over once. This, because the earth spins steadily, is always the same length, twenty-three hours, fifty-six minutes, four and nine-hundredths seconds, and there are 366 of them in a year. Then there is the ordinary legal day, which is the time required for a proper clock to get round twice. This is just twenty-four hours. Besides these, there is the sun day, its time told by the sundial, which, taking short with long, averages twenty-four hours, but is never found to be exactly the same length for two days in succession.

There is a string of long days in the winter, followed by a series of short ones in the spring. In the summer the sun days get long again, though not quite so long as in the winter. In the autumn come the shortest days of all. Only occasionally are clock day and sun day of the same length. Only four times a year do clock noon by the clock hands and sun noon by the sundial occur at the same moment, while, because the long and short sun days are found in sets, their oftentimes may be more than fifteen minutes apart.

The vast majority of the people reckon their time by the sun. But time for civilized men is time by the clock. The days are all twenty-four hours long, and no matter where the sun is it is noon for us when the clock strikes 12. Nevertheless, astronomers often go by star time, get in an extra day in each year and have their noon fall at all times of the day or night.—E. T. Brewster in Chicago Record-Herald.

It is a kindly act to help the fallen.—Ovid.

ANXIOUS WAGNER.

The First Performance of "Rienzi" at Dresden.

In Ludwig Frankenstein's Wagner year book Gustav Kietz tells this story in connection with the first performance of "Rienzi" at Dresden: "On the day of the first performance Wagner asked me to meet him in front of the theater after the box office had been opened, so that he could give me and my friend Schuster, the butcher, tickets for the performance. Wagner was in a state of great excitement, and when he gave me the two tickets Helme whispered to me, 'Take some one with good big hands with you.' He watched the people as they came toward the theater, and every time one went in he would make some remark to his wife which showed his satisfaction. I had to go within, but I shall never forget the childish joy of the composer when he saw groups enter the house and the disappointment when others passed the open doors. I thought of it even that evening when the enthusiasm was the greatest. How happy Wagner and his wife must have been at the following two performances, when the house was so filled that even his relatives, who had come to Dresden for that purpose, could not be admitted to the theater!"

THE DESERT SANDS.

Why the Arabs of Sahara Lose the Use of Their Eyes.

"I shall winter in the Sahara," said a traveling man. "With a caravan I shall traverse under a blinding sun and an endless plain of snow white sand, but none of my Mohammedan attendants will wear any kind of shade over his eyes."

"Against that dazzling glare the backs of their necks will be swathed in white linen, and even their ears will be protected. Nothing, though, will keep the sun out of their faces."

"Wondering about this, I said one day to the kaid of an Algerian village: 'Why don't you Arabs wear a cap of some sort? You live in the world's worst sun glare, but neither fez nor turban under any circumstances has a peak.'"

"The Koran," the kaid answered, "forbids all true believers to shade their eyes. Obeying the Koran implicitly, we dwellers in the desert avoid like poison brims to our headgear. In consequence there is more blindness among us than among any other people in the world."—Los Angeles Times.

A Popular Play Indeed.

Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar" has been translated into German nine times, into French seven, into Italian six, into modern Greek three, into Latin and Swedish twice and into Croatian, Danish, Dutch, Frisian, Polish, Roumanian, Russian, Magyar, Portuguese and Yiddish. There are seven or eight English acting editions of the tragedy. But one attempt actually to alter and improve it has ever been made. This was in 1722, when John Sheffield, duke of Buckingham, divided it into two parts at the death of Caesar, calling it "The Tragedies of Julius Caesar and Marcus Brutus," and made many other changes. To enrich this poor play, or, rather, these poor plays, Pope furnished some choruses, but they had the usual effects of ill-adjusted ornaments—they served only to make the meanness of the thing they bedecked the more conspicuous.

Full Faith in the Doctor.

A young farm laborer called one market day at the registrar's office to record his father's death. The registrar asked the date of death.

"Well, father ain't dead yet," was the reply, "but he will be dead before morning, and I thought it would save me another journey if you would put it down now."

"Oh, that won't do at all," said the registrar. "Why, your father may take a turn before morning and recover."

"Ah, no, he won't," said the young laborer. "Doctor says he won't, and he knows what he's given father."—Liverpool Mercury.

Irish Wit.

As Sir Walter Scott was riding with a friend near Abbotford he came to a field gate, which an Irish beggar, who happened to be near, opened for him. Sir Walter was desirous of rewarding him by the present of sixpence, but found he had not so small a coin in his purse. "Here, my good fellow," said he: "here is a shilling for you, but, mind, you owe me sixpence." "God bless your honor!" exclaimed the Irishman. "May your honor live till I pay you!"

The Bone.

"Say, paw," queried little Tommy Toddlers, "what is the bone of contention?"

"The jawbone, my son," answered the old man, with a side glance at his wife.—Chicago News.

A Blunder.

Customer—I must say, waiter, this is the first time I've ever had a really tender steak here. Waiter (aghast)—Good gracious, I must have given you the proprietor's steak!—London Standard.

His Awful Threat.

Mother—Why did you not scream when Hans kissed you? Daughter—He threatened me. Mother—How? Daughter—He said if I did he'd never kiss me again.—Meggendorfer Blatter.

Worry.

He—You know, if you worry about every little thing it's bound to affect your health. His Wife—Yes, I know. That's one of the things I worry about.—Town and Country.

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