

The Greencastle Herald

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F. C. TILDEN C. J. ARNOLD

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LONG BRANCH.

Lola Johnson is staying with her Aunt Mary Wright for a while.

Alva Johnson and wife, who have been living for some time on William Durham's place are making arrangements to move as soon as a suitable location is found.

Mrs. John Gardner has been seriously ill the past week. Dr. Moore of Clinton Falls is attending her and pronounces her ailment heart trouble and dropsy.

Mr. and Mrs. Marion Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Johnson and John G. Sweeney attended the William Dimler funeral at Fillmore last Tuesday.

Zed King and Isaac Day are making railroad ties on Saul Marshall's place. Mr. Day boards with Mr. Marshall.

The members of the Long Branch congregation spent the day last Friday getting wood to be used for fuel in heating their house of worship.

Marion Wright is conducting a singing class at Lena. They meet every Tuesday and Thursday evening.

Hugo Mann has had a strange experience with his hogs. A number of them were taken suddenly ill and seemed to have symptoms of poisoning. Several of them are dead already.

Andrew Johnson is on the sick list. He has never regained his former strength since his operation for appendicitis.

Elder Colglazier and wife of Salem have moved to the home of John G. Sweeney, the latter's father, to live until a suitable location can be found.

May Gardner is wrestling with the chickenpox.

Elder William of Lena will begin his year's work with the church at Long Branch next Saturday evening. All are invited. Service on Sunday also.

"Nummy Dumny."

In his "Highways and Byways in Devon and Cornwall" Arthur H. Norway tells of a fragment of antiquity that still "lingers in the neighborhood of Redruth, where the country people when they see a ghost say, 'Nummy dumny' and he adds, 'I leave the riddle to be solved by any one who is curious enough to undertake a useful piece of practice in unravelling the corruption of language.'"

The phrase is probably a corruption of "In nomine Domini," the Latin for "In the name of the Lord," a phrase so familiar in the devotion of the middle ages.

His Compliment.

A few weeks back a wedding breakfast was given by a substantial farmer blessed with five daughters, the eldest of whom was a bride. A neighbor, a young farmer, who was honored with an invitation, thinking no doubt that he ought to say something complimentary upon the event, addressed the bridegroom thus:

"Well, you have got the pick of the batch."

The faces of the four unmarried ones were a study.—London Graphic.

The London Cabby.

An extreme specimen of a dandy alighted from a four wheeler and went round to pay the driver. The poor old bag o' bones mare turned her head to gaze at him.

"Yes," said the driver confidentially to the horse as the passenger moved away, "that's the blessed object you've been a drawin' off!"—London Express.

That which is his lot today may be yours tomorrow.—Latin Proverb.

You Read the Other Fellow's Ad

You are reading this one. That should convince you that advertising in these columns is a profitable proposition; that it will bring business to your store. The fact that the other fellow advertises is probably the reason he is getting more business than is falling to you. Would it not be well to give the other fellow a change

To Read Your Ad In These Columns

HE SAW THE SIGN.

Cause of the Smashup as Told by the Old Darky Driver.

The old darky was suing the railroad company for damages. The man contended that, not being warned by whistle or engine bell, he had started to drive his rig across the company's track when a shunted box car of said company crashed into his outfit, causing the death of the horse, loss of the wagon and minor injuries to himself. After the prosecution had closed its side of the case the company's lawyer called the old darky to the stand and went at him.

"Mr. Lamson," he began, "your rig was struck by the box car in full daylight, was it not?"

"I tink dar was some clouds ovahead, suh," answered the caving witness.

"Never mind the clouds! And only a few days before this accident the railroad company had put a new sign at that crossing?"

"Dar was a sign dar, yaas, suh!"

"And didn't that sign say: 'Stop! Look! Listen!'"

"Now, dar am de whole accusation up de trouble!" declared the darky, with animation. "If dat 'Stop' sign hadn't caught dis chile's eye jes' 's Ah war square on dat track, dar wouldn't 'a' been no smashup!"—Bohemian.

THE DEADLY UNDERTOW.

What to Do When Caught in the Treacherous Currents.

Those deadly undertows which so often prove fatal to swimmers are produced by tides and coast currents. The former only carry out at ebb tide; the latter usually zigzag along the shore.

"If you are a robust swimmer," said a professor of the art, "you can generally overcome them by quick, alert strokes. If, however, you do not at once succeed don't persevere, for this is one of the exceptions to the rule about perseverance. Stop fighting before exhaustion comes and go with the tide or current. By resting a short time, floating or swimming leisurely, you will have time to take your bearings and either make another attempt or call for assistance.

"Sometimes you will find the undertow runs parallel to the shore. You may then let yourself be carried along with the certainty that before long it will twist inshore, when a short spurt will bring you to safety."—Cassell's Journal.

One Way to Judge.

"Do you know," said the head waiter at a fashionable restaurant, "that an experienced waiter can usually tell whether a diner is wealthy or not by the way he handles his meal check?"

If a man carelessly pitches out his money for the waiter to pay the bill without looking over his check we know the chances are that he isn't wealthy. He is indulging in a luxury and fears he might be ridiculed if he examined the check. On the other hand, the man who has plenty of money examines his check closely, as a rule. If he finds an item which he thinks is wrong he tells the waiter about it. It was probably just such care as that that made him rich. Is he laughed at? Well, I guess not. In fact, the waiters admire him for his carefulness, and the result is they are doubly particular about how he is charged."—New York Press.

Shakespeare and His Plays.

The Shakespeare-Bacon controversy is right where it began many years ago. The man from Stratford is still in possession, though there are many learned men who seriously question his rights. It has not been proved that Bacon wrote the plays or that Shakespeare did not write them. One thing the controversy has done, however—it has immeasurably heightened the mystery of the fact, if it is a fact, that the plays were written by the historical Shakespeare. Between the Shakespeare we know in history and the man who wrote "Lear," "Hamlet" and "Macbeth" there would seem to be an unbridged distance.—New York American.

The Way of New York.

In New York you buy your theater tickets from a speculator for two prices, and after the show you bribe a waiter to bring you food for which you pay the jolly innkeeper two and one-half prices, after which you may be hauled home by a rheumatic horse if you pay the driver once for hauling you home and once for not getting down from his perch and booting you out of the hansom.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Man With Tact.

Casual Caller (to one next him)—I was introduced to that squint eyed, red haired woman over there as Mrs. Somebody or other. Don't you think the man was an idiot that married her? Next One (meekly)—I can't just say. I'm the man.—Baltimore American.

The Sequel.

"Funny thing about Dubley. He said he needed a little whisky because he was run down."

"Well, wasn't he run down?"

"I don't know about that, but I do know he was run in."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Suited His Temper.

"You seem to find that book very interesting," said Mrs. Hennepeck.

"Yes," replied Henry; "it's delightful. I've glanced at the ending, and the hero and heroine don't get married after all."—Washington Herald.

Whether a knave or a fool can do the greater harm is one of the questions which twenty centuries of experience has not fully determined.—Dallas News.

Personally Conducted.

By ARTHUR BOLTONWOOD.

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"It has been very much like a dream," the girl was saying earnestly. "Of course I had pictured it all out to myself, but I never imagined it would be anything like this. It has been—"

she paused as if seeking a proper adjective—"heavenly," she said at length, with a little reminiscent sigh. "The only trouble is that it ends all too soon."

Day after tomorrow we sail for home."

Lancaster looked at the pretty, eager face beside him, and the pathos of it touched him. He was trying to imagine how the word "heavenly" could apply to the dull, colorless wanderings of these "personally conducted" tourists.

He glanced through the door into the next room. There they were, gathered about a tired looking guide who was using his umbrella as a pointer while he explained nasally, "This, ladies and gentlemen, is an excellent example of Rembrandt's later work."

They were a weary looking but eager group, anxious evidently that nothing should escape them. They lifted their tired eyes to the picture indicated by the umbrella and stared at it dully while the droning voice reeled off its stereotyped phrases like some school-boy reciting a well learned lesson.

"We must go back," said the girl, glancing uneasily at a tiny silver watch. "We are missing a lot."

"You had better rest awhile," Lancaster counseled. "We'll take it all in by and by. I think I know this gallery quite as well as the guide does. I'll show you a Vandyke that they will miss entirely. We'll take our time and go back to the hotel leisurely."

The girl looked at him narrowly.

"Then you've been here before?" she asked.

Lancaster nodded his assent. "I've been watching you since you joined us at Cologne," she said. "Most of the time you've been very much bored. I concluded you had seen it all before."

Lancaster said nothing. He was wondering if some sudden intuition had given her an inkling of the truth.

"If you had taught school in Iowa as many terms as I have," said she, "if you had slaved and saved and look-



"ARE YOU GOING BACK TO IOWA TO TEACH SCHOOL?"

ed forward to this, perhaps you would enjoy it as I do. But you've been awfully kind since you've joined us. You've shown me lots of things I wouldn't have missed for worlds and that I'd never have seen but for your thoughtfulness. Oh, I knew you must have traveled this country quite extensively."

She looked at him with an intentness that was rather disconcerting. "Tell me," she said, "why should you, knowing all these things as you do, care to travel with us?"

Lancaster regarded her for a time in thoughtful silence. Dare he tell her the truth? He looked into her clear gray eyes and decided to risk it.

"Shall I tell you the real reason?" he asked.

"Why, yes, of course," she replied, with a little note of surprise in her voice.

"Well, then," said Lancaster sturdily, "it was because of you."

The color deepened in her cheeks. "Oh!" she said, with sudden comprehension. Her eyes fell. She was abstractedly pulling her gloves to cover her embarrassment.

"You remember that evening at the hotel in Cologne," Lancaster went on, "when you and I were partners at whist? I joined your party the next morning. I wanted to be with you—just to be near you."

"I—I rather wish you hadn't told me," she said uneasily.

"Would you rather I had fibbed politely?" he asked.

"No-o," she replied slowly.

"You see," Lancaster explained, "I'd been poking about the continent all by my lonesome, and, to tell the truth, I'd not been having a very hilarious time of it. And that night at Cologne"—He paused.

"Yes, that night at Cologne?" she prompted.

"It seemed," he said very gravely, "as if you fitted into a niche in my life that had been made for you and

that had always been waiting for you."

She was still nervously pulling her gloves. The personally conducted flock, headed by the guide, swinging his umbrella like a shepherd's crook, were filing out of the room beyond, bound for the hotel.

"Are you going back to Iowa to teach school?" asked Lancaster.

"Yes," she said quietly.

There was a rather painful silence for a time.

"Is teaching school in Iowa something very, very desirable?" he pursued.

"Not always," she confessed.

"I was thinking," said he, "that after we got home I should like very much to come to Iowa if you'd let me, and then I'd like to bring you back here for a little personally conducted tour all our own—just yours and mine. I haven't showed you a tenth part of what I'd like to show you then when just you and I are in the party."

He leaned nearer her.

"I want that personally conducted tour to go on forever," he added.

He spoke quietly, but with such earnestness that the hot blood crept even to her temples. He noticed that her hands were trembling and that her breath had quickened.

"It would be no end better than this tour," said he. "What do you think of it?"

Very deliberately her eyes were lifted to meet his. He read in their depths an answer that set his pulses bounding.

"Oh, it would be"—she began.

"Heavenly," he suggested, with a gay laugh.

"Yes, heavenly," she said softly as his hand closed over hers.

Where Are the Old People?

It is proper to speak of a man under thirty as "old man" in a jocular way, but after that it becomes dangerous. As for old ladies, they have long ago disappeared. Thirty years ago it was common in society and in print to speak of an old man or an old lady without meaning any disrespect or giving the least offense. Now it is positively dangerous—in fact, isn't done.

Why this change? Partly because the physical and mental condition of the average person is better than formerly, but principally because people have decided not to grow old. That settles it. We are largely taken at our own valuation and are not now disposed to make it a low one. In this city are to be found many men who retired from business a generation ago. It was once the custom in this country, as it is now in England, that when a man had secured a competence he retired from active work and lived serenely. Nowadays it is seldom done. A competence now means not an income of a few thousand dollars, but an unlimited amount. There are to be found multimillionaires above eighty who are just as anxious to make money as ever, and they seem to be quite as competent.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Unconscious Butt Ins.

"Have you ever noticed," said the melancholy man, "how it is the vocation of certain people to get in the way—to be around when they are not wanted? I suppose that if they were aware of their calling they would feel badly about it, but, as a matter of fact, they never are aware of it, and this probably explains why they keep at it."

"Take my brother-in-law, for instance. He has a marvelous faculty for turning up at inopportune moments. If we are going to have company to dinner, we can surely count on a message from him asking whether it would be convenient for his wife and himself to drop in on us. If I am anticipating a quiet hour of reading in the evening, it is ten to one that I'll hear his voice in the hall. Just as I am hastening to close up my office in the afternoon he is apt to come in and establish himself for a prolonged talk."

"Take a hint? Such men never take a hint. They are so obtuse that they don't see when their presence turns company into a crowd. They have not learned the art of effacing themselves on occasions, and they never will. You feel sorry for them at first, but sorrow soon changes to another sentiment."—New York Press.

Cupid's Lucky Day.

"What is the best and luckiest day to be married on?" somebody once asked an old gypsy whose fame as a sibyl had spread far and wide. The venerable dame smiled a sardonic smile and answered in oracular fashion: "Today is never lucky, nor yet tomorrow. The only lucky day is yesterday."

But there is a popular rhyme, so popular and so well known that perhaps I ought not to quote it yet again, that tells us definitely what sort of luck, good, bad or indifferent, we may expect according to what day we have chosen on which to appear before the altar of Hymen.

Monday for wealth,
Tuesday for health,
Wednesday the best of all;
Thursday for crosses,
Friday for losses,
Saturday no luck at all!

October is said to be the luckiest month for marriage, though June is almost equally fortunate. May is supposed to be the most unlucky month out of all twelve, but I have known several May marriages that have been more fortunate, prosperous and happy than the majority.—Modern Society.

The Real Attraction.

English Girl—You American girls have not such healthy complexions as we have. I cannot understand why our noblemen take a fancy to your white faces.

American Girl—It isn't our white faces that attract them, my dear; it's our greenbacks.—St. Louis Republic.

YOUR WORK.

Rob It of Drudgery and Give It Your Whole Ability.

No matter how humble your work may seem, do it in the spirit of an artist, of a master. In this way you lift it out of commonness and rob it of what would otherwise be drudgery.

You will find that learning to thoroughly respect everything you do and not to let it go out of your hands until it has the stamp of your approval upon it as a trademark will have a wonderful effect upon your whole character.

The quality of your work will have a great deal to do with the quality of your life. If your quality is down, your character will be down, your standard down, your ideals down.

The habit of insisting upon the best of which you are capable and of always demanding of yourself the highest, never accepting the lowest, will make all the difference between mediocrity or failure and a successful career.

If you bring to your work the spirit of an artist instead of an artisan; if you bring a burning zeal, an all absorbing enthusiasm; if you determine to put the best there is in you in everything you do, no matter what it is, you will not long be troubled with a sense of drudgery. Everything depends on the spirit we bring to the task. The right spirit makes an artist in the humblest task, while the wrong spirit makes an artisan in any calling, no matter how high.

There is a dignity, an indescribable quality of superiority, in everything we do which we thoroughly and honestly respect. There is nothing belittling or menial which has to be done for the welfare of the race.

You cannot afford to give the mere drudge, the mere leavings of your energies, to your work. The best in you is none too good for it.

It is only when we do our best, when we put joy, energy, enthusiasm and zeal into our work, that we really grow, and this is the only way we can keep our highest self respect.

We cannot think much of ourselves when we are not honest in our work—when we are not doing our level best. There is nothing which will compensate you for a loss of faith in yourself, for the knowledge of your capacity for doing bungling, dishonest work.

You have something infinitely higher in you to satisfy than to make a mere living, to get through your day's work as easily as possible—that is, your sense of the right, the demand in you to do your level best, to call out the best thing in you, to be a man, to do the square thing. This should speak so loudly in you that the mere bread and butter question, the money making question, should be insignificant in comparison.—Success Magazine.

SAVED THE SCENE.

A Case Where Necessity Was the Mother of Invention.

William Faversham once saved himself a dismissal from a company in his early days through his quick wit.

"I had been engaged as 'utility man,'" he says, "with a company that opened with a war play in a western town. I had a difficult part that ran through every act, and it was important even if I had little to say or do. I got along very well, and in spite of the many costume changes I had I met with no difficulty until the last act. I was an 'orderly' in this scene, and I was hurrying to buckle my belt when I heard my cue."

"I hastened to the wings. Some one threw fuller's earth all over me to show that I had been riding hard, and I dashed madly on just as the sound of hoofs died away. When I reached the center of the stage and the applause had subsided my hand went into my tunic for my dispatches, which I was to hand to General Allen. I had forgotten them!"

"Now, these dispatches furnished the climax of the play, and something had to be done, and done quickly. I felt my heart rise in my throat and knew that every one on the stage was looking at me. The wait was growing awful, terrible, and I was just about losing courage when a brilliant idea came to me. I threw open my shirt, ripped off a porous plaster I was wearing and thrust it into the general's hand. Then I staggered to a chair and dropped exhausted. There was a round of applause, for the audience thought that I had been shot and had covered the wound with the dispatches."—Bohemian.

Elements of the Universe.

Science declares that up to date the suns and planets all seem to be built up out of identical materials. We are not acquainted with any element in any of the heavenly bodies which is not to be found, for instance, on the earth. Hellum, for example, first discovered in the sun, was subsequently found on earth in the rare mineral cleveite. In the handful of earth that you pick up at your feet you may behold the contents of the universe.—New York American.

A Shave In China.

The barber in China frequently purchases his calling under peculiar conditions. No soap is used, the parts being simply rubbed with water, and then scraped with a fearsome iron weapon made locally, which, though it might astonish a Sheffield cutler, yet answers the purpose very well.—Wide World Magazine.

Floral Scandal.

"You can't paint the lily," declared the rose.

"Maybe not," responded the aster. "But have you noticed?"

"Noticed what?"

"The lily pads!"—Washington Herald.

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