

The Greencastle Herald

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F. C. TILDEN C. J. ARNOLD

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BAINBRIDGE

Several from Roachdale attended the skating rink here Saturday.

Miss Pearl Brown, who is attending school at Greencastle spent Saturday and Sunday at home.

Miss Kate and Antha Petty, spent Saturday and Sunday at Roachdale.

Mr. Milton Brown, and some other boys have bought, the skates of the mrs. Hann & Isaac, ladies may skate free, but gents 25 cents.

Pearl Calloway, spent Saturday, and Sunday at Carpentersville.

Chas. Carver spent Saturday, at Crawfordville.

Mrs. Elijah McKee, received word Tuesday, of the death of her brother, Seaton Rice, of Vermillion Grove, Ill. Mr. Rice's wife died the 13th making a week, and one day between their deaths. Mrs. Rice will be remembered as Elizabeth Catherwood.

Mr. C. M. Moffet is on the sick list.

A Higher Health Level.

"I have reached a higher health level since I began using Dr. King's New Lif Pills," writes Jacob Springer, of West Franklin, Main. "They keep my stomach, liver and bowels working just right." If these pills disappoint you on trial, money will be returned at The Owl Drug Store. 25c.

JONES BRANCH.

The chickenpox is raging in this vicinity.

Mr. Albert Heady from Boone Co. is spending a few days with his aunt Mrs. Charles Toney and family.

Miss Mae Keyt spent Sunday with Miss Elizabeth Heady.

Mrs. Toney and daughter, Little Miss Goldie, spent Friday with Mrs. John Reynolds and daughter Pearl.

Will Brown and family and Earl Toney visited the former's father Charles Brown near Brick Chapel Monday.

Mrs. Gertrude Keyt and daughters spent Sunday with her grandmother Mrs. Newgent.

Mrs. Newt Harlan, called on Mrs. Robert Erwine Tuesday afternoon.

Harry Toney and family are going to move from Mrs. Leatherman's on Ben Wyson's place.

Mrs. Will Cox spent Thursday with Mrs. John Reynolds.

Maurice Keyt and family visited Mr. and Mrs. Rambo Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Zimler Boswell called on the former's sister Warren Goddard and wife.

Mrs. David Boswell was taken critically ill Saturday night but is reported some better at this writing.

Mrs. Toney called on Mrs. Reynolds Wednesday afternoon.

A Cure for Malaria.

"I have found a cure for the misery malaria poison 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. Jn

TOKYO'S SLUMS.

Worse Than the Worst In Paris, London or New York.

Tokyo has slums whose poverty reaches the last depth of human degradation. Below the cellars of Paris, the alleys of London and the crowded slums of the New York east side, the Japanese capital reveals a lower gulf. It is a region that no ray lights. Your moldy man of Paris and your "hooligan" of London do have at times fierce joys and moments of acid pleasure, but the microscopic intensity of the distress in the Shitaya quarter of Tokyo bars out all hope. Tokyo has far too many poor people, and their disposition is a pressing problem. Thousands are shipped to Korea and Formosa, but the pressure steadily increases owing to the constant migration of ambitious Japanese from the provinces to the capital city.

Japan carefully avoids all public reference to these great sores on its body politic. Their existence is hidden from the foreign visitor. Rarely does a tourist see the slums, and specialists studying the city for precise information are sedulously kept out of the poorest quarters. Japan is so skillfully press agented that the existence of these miserable purleus is not even suspected by the average student of conditions. It is a journalistic rule in Japan not to say anything that betrays weakness in the life of the people, and it is a rule generally observed. But there are writers in Japan who think that in adopting the civilization of the occident the republican form of government should also have been imported, and these give the ministry trouble at times by telling plain, unpalatable truths. The Kokumin newspaper detailed a representative to live the life of the lowest and poorest in Tokyo, and his articles dealing with life in the Shitaya district created an immense sensation. When translated into English in pamphlet form the government promptly bought up the entire edition and destroyed the plates. —Walter J. Kingsley in *World's Work*.

LIKE HUMAN CORKS

How the Water In Great Salt Lake Treats the Bathers.

Bathing in Great Salt lake is a unique experience.

Flights of steps lead down into the water from the interminable platform along which the bathhouses are situated.

The water is quite shallow at first, and you find a rare enjoyment for a time in wriggling your toes about in the salt that forms the bottom in place of accustomed sand. You are obliged to wade out some distance before you experience the peculiar buoyancy of the lake. First you feel your feet trying to swim out from under you. You find it more and more difficult to walk. You begin to float in spite of yourself. Then you realize you are nonsinkable. You can't sink if you want to. Throw yourself on your back or sit down or try to swim, and you bob about like a rocking chair in a freshet. You feel as though you had been turned to cork. You can't help looking at the phenomenon subjectively. You don't see that there is anything peculiar about the water. It looks and feels like any other bathing water—until you get some of it in your eyes or in your mouth. Then you wish you hadn't come. Ocean water is sweet in comparison. In fact, the chemists tell us it is eight times less salty.

You can't drown in the lake by sinking, but you can be suffocated to death, which is just about as uncomfortable and undesirable. We found signs everywhere warning us against being too talkative or too frolicsome in the water.

When we came out we brought with us large deposits of salt on our skin. As the water evaporated we found ourselves covered with white crystals.

Only a strong shower bath of fresh water or a good clothes brush can put you into fit condition to dress.—Travel Magazine.

Weighting a Horse's Stern.

Some of the officers and men of a vessel once anchored in the harbor of Funchal, Madeira, went ashore for a horseback ride around the island. About halfway up the mountain we came across a little mizzen-topman, flushed and evidently very warm, riding a spirited little horse with a stone tied up in a silk handkerchief slung to his tail.

The first Lieutenant laughed and said, "What are you doing with that handkerchief, Brown?"

"Why, you see, sir," said Brown, "that when I first hitched her up she pitched badly, being too much by the head, so I just rigged this stone on aft and brought her down to her bearings, and she sells now like a clipper, sir."—On a Man-of-war."

What He Had to Say.

"Well, George, do you know it is 1 o'clock? What have you to say for yourself?"

"I did have s-s-something to s-say, my dear, b-but you've gone an' s-s-sared it out of my head. Oh, I remember it now!"

"Well, what is it?"

"Good night"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Family Jar.

"The body of the late Major Jinks was cremated."

"What they goin' to do with it?"

"His widow has him corked up in a fruit jar. Says it's the last of the family jars."—Atlanta Constitution.

When a girl with an angel food taste marries a man with a ginger bread income it's a sign that she doesn't know on which side her bread is buttered.—Dallas News.

On Both Sides

By W. F. BRYAN.

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"Looks pretty, doesn't it?" demand Ted Barrion as Nella Fenway came out on the broad piazza.

The girl glanced over the well kept lawn, past the road and so across the fields to the cool dark of the woods beyond.

"Pretty!" she repeated scornfully. "It's just the loveliest thing I ever saw. It looks almost like the country."

"Almost," echoed Barrion. "I say, that's bit rough on a fellow. Slicker guaranteed that it would be the real thing."

"That's just the trouble," she explained. "You just go to the man and

make him say that he would be the real thing."

"I've been looking for you everywhere," he announced as he came toward her. "The ball is making a great hit. Every one says it is the best of the season, and as a reward Bess says that I may have leave of absence for half an hour."

"Your sister makes a charming hostess," said Nella, with an approving smile. "It must be a great relief to have some one to take from your shoulder the burden of entertaining."

"You bet," declared Ted, with more fervor than elegance. "This dance will cover a multitude of social debts. But come; let's get out of this and into the real country. It lies just across the road. We can sit over there with the real rustic and imagine that we are enviously looking on and listening to the music."

Nella fell in with the suggestion, and laughingly they stole across the road to where a little knot of the real farmers had gathered to watch the fun. Ted found a seat for her on a smooth stone and took his place by her side.

"It's funny," he said, "that we on the other side of the fence want to come over here, while those over here wish that they could be over there. It's human nature, I suppose, to want what we know nothing of."

"I have been on both sides," she reminded, "and I like this side best. Society is all right for those who know nothing else, but I am awfully tired of it. Ted, it is all so artificial and so unhuman."

"Inhuman, too, for that matter," chuckled Ted. "I say, Nell, how would you like to chuck it all?"

"I SAY, NELL, HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO CHUCK IT ALL?"

tell him you want to give a barn dance regardless of expense. Your jack-o'-lanterns are carried by an artist, and they are illuminated by electric lights instead of candles. You dance in the barn, but the dancing door you laid down costs more than some of the real barns themselves, and the band you imported from town will play the same music that we are going to have all winter and by the same men."

"I wanted to have the best," he said. "But it's not a real farm dance any more than this is a real farm, Ted. It's all a play and a pretense. We were to wear print dresses, and Rita Farnum is upstairs getting into a decollete mulle gown trimmed with real models."

"It's the best—your best," she said.

"But it's not a real farm dance any more than this is a real farm, Ted. It's all a play and a pretense. We were to wear print dresses, and Rita Farnum is upstairs getting into a decollete mulle gown trimmed with real models."

"I must tell you frankly, Mr. Meek," said the lady, "that my consent to your marrying my daughter has been wrung from me only under protest. I knew that if I did not agree she would disgrace the family by an elopement. When she wants anything we always have to give it to her or take the consequences, and long experience has taught me that I might as well try to fan off a cyclone as reason with her when she loses her temper—especially if there is a dation handy or a rolling pin. Has the marriage day been fixed yet?"

"It is useless to paint the lily—until the lily is faded," he said, with a little laugh. "When Rita Farnum gets to heaven and she finds her angelic robe is not to her liking she will search the other place for a dressmaker to fit it over. All dressmakers will go to—the other place," he added.

"That's the feminine belief," assented Nella, with a rippling laugh that reminded Ted of the song of birds in the early morning.

"That's where they ought to go," he growled. "Even eternal torture will not atone their crimes against art and nature in the way they fix over the human form to make it conform to the dresses they have built on those wile models."

"How about the way you have made this farm over into a toy? That is just as bad."

"What's the matter with the farm?" demanded Barrion. "It's one of the show places of the country. You are the only one who has said anything against it."

"I am disappointed," explained the girl. "You see, dad does not like to be reminded of those times when—er—"

"Before they found coal on his farm and he got into society," completed Ted, who knew the story of Joel Fenway's sudden rise to riches and his subsequent avoidance of any reference to his country life.

"Well, dad has hated the country ever since, but I love it. This has been my first visit to a farm since the old days. I was like a little girl promised a new toy when I heard I was to be one of the house party for the barn dance, but it's not the same," she added wistfully. "You are wearing overalls and a cotton shirt, but you've got your society manner on, Ted."

"The bridge is not safe!" Karma called to him.

The man angrily waded ashore.

"But I thought you required two tests?" he said to the wise one.

"That is true," Karma replied. "A little while before your arrival I tried to cross and fell in the river myself."

"You are too fussy," said the man. But the ropes sagged beneath him, and finally he fell into the current.

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