

## 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 Sat. 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 Crawfordsville.

Mrs. Eliqah McKee, relieved 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 Life Pills," writes Jacob Springer, of West Franklin, Maine. "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 Key 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 Key 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 Key and family visited Mr. and Mrs. Rambo Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Zimerli 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 Misery.

"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, in

Guarantee at the Owl Drug Store, in



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### 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 of light, your moldy man of Paris and your "hooker" 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 agended that the existence of these miserable purlieus 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 mizzetopman, 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?"

"When 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 sails 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-some thin' to s-say, my dear, b-but you've gone an' s-scared it out of m-my head. Oh, I remember it n-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?" demanded 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 a bit rough on a fellow. Sincerely guaranteed that it would be the real thing."

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



"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 electric light instead of candles. You dance in the barn, but the dancing floor 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 a little sulkily as he turned away. A little hand rested upon his arm for a brief instant, though he felt the impress long after it had been removed.

"It is 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 de-collete mulle gown trimmed with real lace. That's her idea of the way a farmer's daughter dresses."

Ted glanced approvingly at the simple little print frock that suited so well the fresh, rounded figure and the pliant face above.

"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 fix 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 wire 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 arrival of a hay wagon loaded with guests from a nearby "farm" closed the argument. Others of the house party hurried out on the piazza, and Nella was free to wander to the side porch.

From a society point of view the arrangements were perfect. At the foot of the side lawn was a stubble field in which lay the great yellow pumpkins cut into jack-o'-lanterns and lighted by electricity, as were those that lined the front lawn. At the rear was the huge barn lighted by arc lights hung in great Japanese lanterns, which

made curious patches of color on the polished surface of the specially laid dancing floor. On the lawn were scores of small tables served by negro waiters looking oddly unhappy in their overalls, which for the night replaced their usual service clothes.

Yes, it was all perfect, but Nella smiled a little sadly to herself as she recalled the anticipations which the invitation had aroused. She still loved their old farm, but her stepmother would never permit her to go to the country. It was something she was supposed to forget.

Ted's fashionable "farm" had been a great disappointment to her. It was all so unreal, so insincere, and most of all she was disappointed in the dance itself. She made herself comfortable in one corner of the dark porch, where the music came but faintly to her ears, and where she was not liable to interruption.

For an hour she sat huddled in a rustic chair that had cost as much as a whole parlor suit in real farm-houses, and it was not until she heard Ted's voice that she recalled herself to the present.

"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 rustics 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'm sick of it too. This is a real farm in spite of the trimmings, and we'll make it real. Then we can live on both sides of the fence, content on either side with the knowledge that we have the key to the gate."

Nella's hand stole into his. "It would be very nice—on both sides of the fence—with you," she said softly.

### Postponed.

Beaming with joy, little Mr. Meek sat upon the edge of his high backed chair. His spectacles were dim with happiness, and he listened in rapt attention to the remarks of his prospective mother-in-law.

"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 flatiron handy or a rolling pin. Has the marriage day been fixed yet?"

But Mr. Meek's spectacles were no longer misty.

"I have, madam," he remarked nervously, "to see a man about a dog. If you will excuse me I'll chat it over with you—er—tomorrow!"

And as he flew out of the hall door the little man congratulated himself upon the fact that tomorrow never comes.—London Answers.

### The Wisdom of Karma.

The pundit Karma sat by the river and watched the ripples.

A man came toward him carrying a skin of wine on his shoulders.

"Master," he said to Karma, "is the bridge safe?" And he pointed to the twisted ropes that crossed the stream.

"I am not accustomed to pass judgment hurriedly," replied the pundit.

"Before I can either condemn or praise the bridge I must know that it has been fully tested twice."

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

"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."

And the man was very angry, and when he reached a safe distance he rudely threw a stone at Karma, but happily missed him.

### Bombarded.

"Ah, my friend," said the old soldier, "you don't know what it is to be in the midst of a shower of shells."

"Yes, I do," responded the younger man.

"Been in the war?"

"No, but I have often sat in the parquet while the gallery gods were munching peanuts."—Detroit Tribune.

### WASTED PRECAUTIONS.

A Spell of Worry and Anxiety That Went For Naught.

Ferguson was wending his uncertain way homeward, sorely troubled in his mind over the curtain lecture he knew was in store for him and casting about for some means of evading it. Suddenly a bright idea was evolved from his befuddled brain. He would slip into the house and get quietly into bed without awakening his wife.

Accordingly he stole gently upstairs, carefully undressed outside the door and crept into bed, with his face toward the outside.

He mentally congratulated himself upon his success thus far and went to sleep. When he awoke in the morning he dared not look at his wife, and after lying still for a few minutes and not hearing any noise from her he concluded she was still asleep.

He then determined to arise very quietly, carry his clothes outside the door, dress there and go downtown to business without waiting for breakfast. He was successful in this, and, meeting the servant girl downstairs, he said:

"Eliza, you can tell your mistress I expect to be very busy today and therefore I didn't stay to have breakfast with her this morning."

"Laws, sir!" said Eliza. "Missis went away yesterday morning to her mother's and said she wouldn't be back till this evening."—London Telegraph.

### ENGLISH JUSTICE.

Hard on Petty Thieves and Light on Wife Beaters.

It is only about a century since the death penalty was inflicted in England for theft not exceeding the value of a sheep. Now some of the London journals are making a merciless exposure of magistrates throughout the kingdom who keep up the tradition by sentencing petty thieves to jail while inflicting only trifling fines upon wife beaters and even more brutal offenders.

In one police court one defendant was fined 10s. 6d. for knocking his wife down in the street because she refused to give him money for drink, and another was sentenced to sixty days' imprisonment for damaging growing potatoes and stealing two footballs.

For cruelty to a horse, beating his wife, who was ill, with fist and hammer and leaving her with nothing to eat one man was fined 10 shillings, while another, charged with stealing a pair of socks valued at sixpence, got fourteen days' hard labor. It would not be difficult to make up a list of similar cases from American police courts, yet the tendency in America is rather toward a higher estimate of the value of human life.—Van Norden Magazine.

### Australian Curiosities.

There are some curious things in central Australia. Lake Amadeus in the dry season is merely a sheet of salt. Ayers rock, about five miles long, rises abruptly from the desert. Formerly vast rivers flowed here, and the diprotodon, a wombat-like creature worthy of its name and four times as large as a kangaroo, flourished on the plains. Now there are hardly any animals to be seen. The fish live in water holes of the hills until the floods wash them down to the valleys. At the end of the wet season the water frogs fill themselves with water, roll themselves in the mud and lie low till the next rains, which may not come for two years. Meanwhile the provident frog, like the "mouse" of Robert Burns, may have the misfortune to furnish a drink to a thirsty black. The natives also get water from the roots of trees. They are in the "totem" stage and revere certain plants or animals which protect them. Men of one group can only marry women from another single group.

### The Need of Common Sense.

I had a really scientific man to see me the other day, and in the course of our investigation of a point we had in common it was necessary to wash out a bottle. The bottle was empty. It was a round, wabbly vessel, and he had to hold it under the water a long time so that it might get full enough of water to hold it down. I asked him why he did not fill it with water first, and he laughed and said he did not think of it. And that bears out my contention that it is not because a man is as "clever as paint" that he therefore grasps "the common sense of common things."—G. H. R. Dabbs in Fry's Magazine.

### Why Currants Are Nutritious.

The reason why currants are so remarkably nutritious is that they consist to a very large degree of saccharin in its most easily digestible form—that of grape sugar. The piquant flavor of the currant, which adds so much to its pleasantness as a food, is derived from the valuable percentage of tartaric acid which the berry contains. Potash is also present in the form of cream of tartar and is undoubtedly of dietetic value.—Ladies' Pictorial.

### No Excitement.

"Here," said the dramatist, "we have a husband who loves his wife and a wife who loves her husband."

### "Well?"

"How am I to construct a drama from such material?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

### His Inference.

"Evidently a Turkish bath is a scheme to keep one perpetually dirty."

"I judge from what you say that you've never taken one."

"No, but I've seen a Turk."—Exchange.

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