

The Greencastle Herald

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THE LAW'S INJUSTICE.

Another legal decision based upon shallow technicality and a disgrace to any community, has been handed down by the appellate court of California. The case is that of Mayor Schmitz, accused of bowering and sentenced to five years in the penitentiary by a court and twelve good men. Schmitz was notorious. His trial and conviction was regarded as one of the most important victories for good government of modern times quite equaling that of the bowering of St. Louis. The evidence was clear. The guilt was proved beyond a doubt. But the appellate court has reversed the decision and suspended the sentence now hanging over the rascal. It has reversed the decision on the ground that the indictment did not mention that Schmitz used threats when getting the money from certain restaurants of odorous reputation.

This is on a par with the decision of the court which freed many of the St. Louis bowers after the shadow of the prison was upon them. It is such decisions as this that make mobs of law abiding citizens, and even a justice of the supreme court of the United States clamor for a revision of our laws. Technicalities standing in the way of conviction where there is no question of guilt are the undoing of law itself. Good government can not be based upon laws which make impossible the punishment of their own infraction. We need more of plain justice and less of technicality. We need more plain law and less of the puzzles and mazes of the present which makes the outcome of the most trifling case doubtful, and punishment in high places seemingly an impossibility.

It is noticeable that the weather man usually strikes a balance before the season ends. And then, too, it's all justice, the ice men have some cold weather coming to them. No winter might, also, mean a coal strike.

CLINTON FALLS.

Mrs. Wysong is better at this writing.

Sunday visitors in this neighborhood were George Johnston and wife and son at James Bee's, and Charlie Cunningham and wife at Joe Stagg's and wife at Emily Boswell.

George Thomas and wife and Geo. Smith at Ed. Hall's.

Mr. Bill Sutherlin is real sick at this writing.

The mark party at Lestile Frank's Saturday night drew a large crowd and a good time was had.

The meetings at Beach Grove have closed with one addition.

Mrs. Alta Keyt and daughter and Mrs. Ida Stites visited Monday with Mrs. Jane Boswell.

Enlarging Your Business



If you are in business and you want to make more money you will read every word we have to say. Are you spending your money for advertising in hazardous fashion as if intended for charity, or do you advertise for direct results?

Did you ever stop to think how your advertising can be made a source of profit to you, and how its value can be measured in dollars and cents. If you have not, you are throwing money away.

Advertising is a modern business necessity, but must be conducted on business principles. If you are not satisfied with your advertising you should set aside a certain amount of money to be spent

If you can sell goods over the counter we can also show you why this paper will best serve your interests when you want to reach the people of this community.

LOCUST GROVE.

Little Clifford Torr staid Monday night with Ethel Strouby.

Miss Anna Torr, is no better at this writing.

Mrs. Fannie Torr stayed, Tuesday, night with Miss Anna Torr.

Mr. Samuel T. Johnson is sick.

Mr. George Busby is ill.

Mrs. Jane E. Johnson, and Son, and Grand Daughter Little Anna Johnson spent Sunday afternoon with Mr. Busby and wife.

Little George William Busby, and his cousin, were skating on the ice Sunday, morning and he fell and cut a gash in his head.

Mrs. Emma Pitchard, of Maple Grove, is visiting her sister, Miss Anna Torr, who is ill.

Mrs. Clara Torr spent the afternoon with her father and mother Mr. and Mrs. George Busby.

CANBY.

Mr. Charles Easter and Charles Peck have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Nelson.

Miss Bertha Hillis of Greencastle has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Jeph Burkett.

Mr. George Gowan has sold his farm to Mr. John Ragland.

Mr. Ora Tusteson and family spent Saturday and Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Hanna at Greencastle.

Several of the farmers are taking advantage of this fine weather with their farm work.

Mr. Earl O'Hair has a horse which was poisoned from the bite of a mule. He was compelled to call in a veterinarian.

Have you neglected your kidneys? Have you overworked your nervous system and caused trouble with your kidneys and bladder? Have you pains in loins, side, back, groins and bladder? Have you a flabby appearance of the face, especially under the eyes? Too frequent a desire to pass urine? If so, William's Kidney Pills will cure you,—at Druggists, Price 50 cents.—Williams' Manufacturing Company, Cleveland, Ohio.

Problems in Fiction.

Reverence for decorum and even for social prejudices did not hamper the real masters of the English novel. It did not stifle in the cradle "Vanity Fair" or "Wuthering Heights" or "Diana of the Crossways" or "Adam Bede." There are problems enough in all these works, but they are handled by men and women of genius, who treat both their subjects and their readers with respect.—London Standard.

How They Love Each Other.

"Yes," said Miss Passay, "he's an awfully inquisitive bore. He was trying to find out my age the other day, so I just up and told him I was fifty. That settled him."

"Well," replied Miss Pepprey, "I guess it's best to be perfectly frank with a fellow like that."—Philadelphia Press.

A Good Job Coming.

Jeweler—How was your boy pleased with the watch I sold you? Fond Father—Very well, sir. He's not ready to have it put together yet, but be patient. I'll send him around with it in a day or two.

Interests of All.

One thing ought to be aimed at by all men—that the interest of each individually and of all collectively should be the same, for if each should grasp at his individual interest all human society will be dissolved.—Cicero.

All They Deserve.

"Some people claim they don't get nuthin' out o' life."

"And they are the kind that don't put nuthin' into it to draw interest on."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

At the End Of the Wait.

By WILLIAM H. HAMBY.

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A deep feeling of content and satisfaction possessed David as he looked across the hills and valleys to the south.

"Yes," he said within himself, "she will like this when she comes."

"But you are not ambitious?" she questioned.

"No. Why should I be?"

"There is so much to do in the world," she said, "and you have so much ability."

"I work every day." He smiled.

"But there is so much to be done to help people, and they need it so much."

"Whenever I see a fellow that needs help I help him if I can," he replied cheerfully.

"But think of the multitudes you can never see here," she argued.

"Do you believe that everybody was made to quit his work and go out and hunt for distress?" he asked.

"No, of course not everybody."

"If there ever was one that was not, that one am I. I was made for this," and his gesture took in the hills and sky.

"I was made to live and dream. I did not make humanity suffer, and God has never laid on me the job of curing their diseases and distresses, except such as I meet in my daily work."

"It is a pleasant philosophy," she said, with a slow smile, "but I fear it is selfish."

She seemed to be troubled as they went down the hill and said little.

For two weeks he did not see her again. He waited, poised dizzily on the narrow ledge that runs between darkness and light.

If she was really the dream woman, after a little struggle with the sense of duties that, although never hers, had been laid upon her, she would see as she saw and come to know that this was her life too. But if she were not the one for whom he had so long waited, she would go away and he would never see her again.

It had been another day of doubts and fears. Perhaps she had already gone. Possibly he was a crazy dreamer, after all. The sun was down and the robins had begun their good night song when he went to the house. As he came near his step quickened and his heart beat fast. She was on the porch, just as he had seen her that first time.

As he hurried toward her she arose, her soft hair blowing lightly about her face, and, with a smile of timid confession, held out her hands to him.

He took them both and held them tight. The lids drooped and covered her eyes, and the blood came up until it bloomed a beautiful confession in her cheeks.

"I knew you would come, dearest. As I dreamed of you it was always like this."

"Yes," she said softly; "it was always just like this."

House Plant Showers.

Shower your plants two or three times a week to wash the dust off their leaves and prevent the ravages of the red spider. This pest flourishes in a hot, dry atmosphere. Keep it moist and he will not do much damage.

A showering, bear in mind, doesn't mean a slight sprinkling. It means a real shower, and the result of it is that your plants are wet all over.

There is only one thing better than a thorough showering for house plants and that is a dip bath. Fill a large tub with water and submerge your plants under, leaving them submerged for two or three minutes, and you have the satisfaction of knowing that water has got to every part of them. No insect can possibly escape such a bath as that.

If the red spider has begun to injure your plants before you were aware of his presence, heat the water in your tub to 120 degrees and immerse the infested plants in it, allowing them to remain under about half a minute.

This will kill the spider without injuring very delicate plants.—Eben E. Rexford in Outing Magazine.

A Watchmen's Precaution.

An official of one of the big manufacturing concerns of Cleveland happened to be near the plant the other night and thought he would take a turn about the place to see if the watchman was attending to his knitting. The watchman was there, all right. He had a revolver in his hand when the officer found him back near the engine room, ready for any one who might be hunting trouble, and he had an electric searchlight in his other hand to hunt for intruders. But in order to avoid so far as possible any meeting in the big dark factory that might be a source of mutual embarrassment the watchman had taken the simple precaution of strapping a large bell to his ankle. By this means he had been able to avoid any unpleasant scenes when he made his rounds from time to time during the night.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

She did not turn, and as he stood still watching her his pulse grew strong and rhythmical until every nerve in him sang.

This was the dream woman.

"Do you like it?" he asked directly.

She did not start at the sound of his voice, but looked up and smiled. "Yes, it is perfect."

He sat down on the edge of the porch near her. "I am visiting my aunt," she explained, "and I wanted to climb this hill. When I got here it was so beautiful and restful I couldn't leave."

For few minutes they sat in silence. The south wind came from over the valleys laden with the incense of the wild plum and the wild grape. They breathed the clean, sweet air in perfect content.

She arose to go. He went with her to where the road turned down the hill.

"You will come again?" he said.

"Yes," she said. "I would like to."

"I will show you the place," he promised.

Two days later she came again. They went through the orchard and garden and then to the edge of the hill where it falls away almost perpendicularly. They sat on a flat rock and watched the sun go down.

"Isn't it restful?" she sighed. "So quiet, but full of thought."

They talked of trees and vines, the hills and the seasons, of books and people. Wherever his thoughts had

been, there hers had gone also, and whatever she had felt or dreamed he had, too, understood.

Often she turned her wide open, frank eyes upon him in wonder at the keenness and power of his thoughts, his seemingly unbounded knowledge.

"I wonder," she said musingly, "why you are not out in the world."

"I am," he laughed, "unless you call this paradise."

"But you are not ambitious?" she questioned.

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