

WEATHER REPORT.  
Snow tonight followed by fair.  
Wednesday except snow near  
Lake Mich. cold wave, high winds.

# Greencastle Herald.

ALL THE NEWS ALL THE  
TIME FOR JUST 1 CENT A  
DAY—THAT'S THE HERALD  
CALL PHONE 65.

VOL. 2. NO. 280.

GREENCASTLE, INDIANA. TUESDAY, JAN. 28, 1908.

PRICE ONE CENT

## IT RUN DOWN BY MONON

John Fitzpatrick, Employed by Ratcliff Bros. to Look After Their Stock, is Struck by Coal Car and Badly Injured—Ribs and Collar Bone Broken.

## HOURS WITHOUT MEDICAL AID

While walking down the Monon track last night on his way to the camp just north of town where Ratcliff Bros. the interurban contractors, are wintering their stock, John Fitzpatrick, one of the men employed to look after the stock, was run down by a Monon train and so badly injured that he may die.

It was after 8 o'clock when the victim, who is quite old, started up the Monon tracks for the "Nelson Eighty," which is north of the town

and a little east of the Monon Depot. The old man had gotten past the coal chutes when he was struck by a coal car which was being switched and knocked down.

Persons who saw the accident hastened to the old man and assisted him to his feet. It was not believed that he was seriously injured and he was allowed to walk on to the camp. He did not call a physician until this morning.

Dr. McGaughey, who was summoned, found that three of the old man's ribs were broken and that they had penetrated his lungs. His collar bone also is broken and the bone punctured the flesh and skin. The old man also is suffering a dislocation of the shoulder and a deep scalp wound. It is feared the injuries may prove fatal. Fitzpatrick and three other men are employed to look after the horses, mules and implements belonging to Ratcliff Bros. The stock is in tents on the land known as the "Nelson Eighty" just north of town.

## TWO FINED BY THE MAYOR

Pat Dean, an Irishman, and Russo Ignazio, an Italian, from the National Engineering Co. camp, were arrested yesterday afternoon at the interurban station. The men were intoxicated. This morning they were before the mayor and fined \$11 each. Nick Lamma, in charge of the commissary at the camp, paid the men's fines and they were released.

Does your boy need a suit? See the long pants suits being sold for half price at the Model.

## Rubber Satisfaction

When needing Rubber Goods do not fail to call and examine our stock of Hot Water Bottles, Fountain and Bulb Syringes, Rubber Gloves, Nipples, Etc. They are the quality that gives satisfaction.

## JONES' DRUG STORE

## Wool Sweaters Half Price

The invoice has brought to light quite a broken lot of sweaters. Taken separately, there's not a sweater in the lot but what is well worth the regular price, but the assortments are broken and to speedily clean them up buy them for 1/2 the regular price.

## Sweaters for Little People

White and red with fancy stripes; regular price 75c, special to close 38c.

## Sweaters for Boys

Black and colors, were \$1.00 now 50c.

## Sweaters for Men

Black, white and colors, sold for \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.50; pay us just half and take your choice.

It's a splendid opportunity to buy sweaters for less than they are worth at wholesale. See them in our "Store for Men."

ALLEN BROTHERS

## POSTMASTER HAS FIGHT ON

Putnam County Republicans Declare They Will Not Stand for the Methods of the Ring, Which is Endeavoring to Carry Out a Pledge Made at the Last Republican Congressional Convention.

## SAY ITS ANYBODY BUT GULLY

Not that it has become generally known that there is a factional fight on in Putnam and Clay Counties for delegates to the Republican Congressional Convention to be held in Brazil, February 26, the leaders of the two factions in Putnam County are making themselves known in the matter.

Postmaster John G. Dunbar and Chairman Charles Zeis, who has been promised the postoffice in case Howard Maxwell of Rockville is nominated and then elected to Congress, are the leaders in the fight in Putnam against Otis Guley of Danville. The rank and file of the party, however, are for the Hendricks County man and will fight the "Ring" to a standstill to get the Putnam County delegates in line for Mr. Guley.

The fight against Guley originated two years ago at the Republican Congressional Convention. Mr. Guley and Mr. Maxwell were both candidates for the nomination in opposition to Congressman Holliday. At the time of the convention Mr. Dunbar, representing the "Ring" of Putnam County, and leaders of the party in Clay County went to both of the above candidates and asked them to lay down for Mr. Holliday. Guley refused, but Maxwell, on the promise that he would be given the Clay and Putnam County delegations at the next convention, agreed to get out of the way.

Now Clay and Putnam County Republicans, who promised to fix their delegations for Mr. Maxwell are endeavoring to fulfill their promise. But they are having some trouble as the Republicans in the two counties are in favor of Mr. Maxwell, that is the rank and file of the Republicans. In this county the party believed it had its chairman with it until he was taken to Terre Haute and won over by the Postmaster on a promise that he would get the Postoffice.

It is said that the Clay and Putnam County anti-Guley men have nothing against Guley except that he refused to lay down when asked to by them. Their slogan now is "anyone but Guley." The split talk has now become so prevalent that Thos. T. Moore, of this county, is now talked of as a compromise candidate. Whether Mr. Moore will get into the fight or not he so far has refused to definitely state. He has not fully decided yet he says.

The fact that Charley Zeis has been promised the postoffice is also grating pretty hard against the partisanship of several of the old members of the party in Putnam County. They believe that the big congressional plum should go to some one older in the ranks of Putnam Republicanism than Mr. Zeis.

## STILL BEHIND THE SCHEDULE

West End of the Line Blamed for the Slow Time on the Run From Terre Haute to Indianapolis—Things Improving.

The interurban, in its attempt to make the schedule between Indianapolis and Terre Haute is still having its troubles. The cars were still behind today. The east bound cars were noticeably further from the schedule than the west bound ones. This is accounted for by the heavy traffic between Harmony and Terre Haute. Many stops have to be made and the large cars start and stop slowly and lose much time. It has also been discovered, so interurban men state that where the traffic is heavy the large cars require time to fill and empty, people being in each other's way in the aisles. Brazil is already clamoring for a half hour car, and the schedule is, under present conditions, a hard matter to make.

All young men's long pants suits at half price at the Model. Sizes 30 to 36. Many men can wear sizes 35 and 36.

## Peg Woffington

Meharry Hall  
Monday,  
Feb. 3, 1908

Edith Coburn  
Noyes

## Lecture Course

## JOHN P. APPEL IS STUNG

Lugs Woman's Telescope in Plainfield and is Rewarded by Being Offered a Dime for his Services—Traction Promoter's Friends Have One on Him.

Not so very long ago John J. Appel, well known here, who has been very active in promoting the success of the Terre Haute, Indianapolis & Eastern Traction Company; C. C. Reynolds, general manager of the company, and Hiram W. Moore were at Plainfield, which is one the western division of the road, when they saw a woman lugging a heavy telescope down the street toward the traction station.

"Won't you let me carry that baggage for you," asked Mr. Appel.

The woman was more than willing. She looked up with a grateful look in her tired eyes as the traction man took her baggage and struck out down the street, trying his best to make the woman think that the grip didn't seem heavy to him at all. But it was heavy—terribly heavy. The woman was a few paces back of him. And immediately back of her came Mr. Reynolds and Mr. Moore.

There was a seat in the car. The traction man got the woman settled and put her telescope down beside her. As he put the telescope down he rubbed the red and blue creases out of his hand. His arm ached.

"And now," said the woman, "I want to pay you for your trouble," and, so saying, she held up a dime.

"Oh, no," said Mr. Appel, "You keep your money. It's all right. I merely wanted to accommodate you."

"But I shall insist," she said, "I shan't feel right unless you take it."

"But I couldn't even if I wanted to," explained the traction man.

"You see, I'm connected with the traction company and—and it's part of my business to carry baggage."

"Oh!" said the woman, and she put the dime away very carefully.

The traction man proceeded to the front of the car, where his companions were seated.

"What did she offer you?" asked Mr. Moore.

"Why, nothing. She merely thanked me," said Mr. Appel.

"Oh, come off!" said Mr. Reynolds "It's a fact."

"We saw her offer you a dime," insisted the general manager.

It was not until then that he saw through it all. He meditated for a moment.

"You, you son of a gun," he said, "you gave her that dime and told her to offer it to me!"

To this day the manager of the company denies that he gave the woman the dime. Mr. Moore doesn't recall seeing any money change hands between the manager and the woman, he says. But neither of them misses an opportunity to tell how the woman took Mr. Appel for a porter.

## A FAREWELL PARTY.

At the home of Miss Gerald and Adelaide Thomas' twenty girls and boys spent a delightful evening at a farewell party given in honor of Master Morris Murphy who left Sunday at noon for his new home in New York City remembered by many friends.

The Model is selling Young Men's long pants suits at half price.

Edythe Coburn Noyes.

## WHERE THE CITY TAXES GO

Figures and Facts From the Auditor's Office That are of Interest to Those Who Pay the Bills in the City.

## CITY PAYS TOTAL OF \$64,555

The County Auditor has just completed the computation of the taxes for the City of Greencastle for the coming year, and the figures resulting are of interest to those persons who pay the bills. When we remember that we pay out a total of \$64,555 in taxes this year, it is a matter of moment where they go and for what purpose they are used. All the taxes are now collected by the County Treasurer. Part is sent to the state, part kept by the county, part turned over to the townships, part paid to the city treasurer, and part placed in the hands of the school board direct. It is the total of these various funds that amounts to the sum of \$64,555.

To begin the city pays to the state directly, to oil the wheels of the state government, pay the salaries of state officials, etc., \$8,923.27. It is here that the citizen suffers when state legislatures become careless with the people's money, and make uncalled for expenditures. For state benevolent institutions the city contributes \$1,123. This goes to the various asylums and poor relief institutions kept up by the state. The state school tax takes \$3,382 more, but this is largely returned in the state's per capita contribution to the public schools. In addition the city helps pay the free tuition of those who attend Indiana University, Purdue or the State Normal, giving \$617.66 for that purpose.

The city pays to the county for its share of the expenses of county government, \$5,574. The city also pays a bridge tax of \$1,125, although she has no bridges within the city limits. This money is used for the repair of bridges wherever needed in the county. The city pays toward the keeping up of the gravel roads of the county at large, \$4,236, and for the building of macadam roads, \$4,492, none of which money is used upon the streets of the city proper. There is also a contribution of \$1,347 toward paying the bonds and interest on bonds sold to build the court house.

For its own use the city pays a corporation tax of \$20,787. This is collected by the County Treasurer and paid over to the City Treasurer. The County Treasurer also collects a tuition tax of \$8,413 and a special school tax of \$8,741 and a library tax of \$1,347 and turns the total over to the school board direct, for the use of the schools. In addition to all this each poll pays a tax of \$1 part of which goes to the state, the county and the city. 165 dogs also contribute toward the grand total.

Into these many funds and for these many purposes do we pay our cash, when we relieve our pocket books in the office of the Treasurer of the County.

Peg Woffington.

## THE FIRST PICK IS STRUCK

Gang of Workmen This Morning Begin Removing the Trees from DePauw Library Site Near College Avenue Church.

This morning a little before seven o'clock a workman struck a pick into the frozen ground on the site of the new building for DePauw University. It was the first work upon the new structure that has been done off of paper. The workmen began cutting down the cedar trees that border the lot just south of College Avenue church. This lot faces East College and has its west line on College Avenue. This is an admirable location, both from the standpoint of use and beauty.

Now that the work has begun it will be pushed steadily unless it should become so cold as to make excavation impossible. At present the lot will be cleared, that the foundation lines may be located.

At one-thirty this afternoon the ceremony of breaking ground for the new DePauw Library took place. A large number of the students and faculty had congregated at the site just south of the College Avenue Church at the time set Dr. Hughes called upon as many students as could to act as horses and draw the plow. About 150 students responded and grasped the long rope attached and with Dr. Hughes at the plow handle the first ground was broken for the library.

Don't miss this opportunity— young men's long pants suits at half price. \$20.00 suit 10.00, \$15.00 suit for \$7.50, \$10.00 suit for \$5.00, \$6.00 suit for \$3.00. The Model.

## COMPROMISE DITCH CASE

Attorneys McNutt, Millon and Hathaway, representing the American Steel Dredge Company, contractors for the Cook Ditch in Morgan and Putnam counties, were here today to meet the County Commissioners and attempt to compromise the suit. In addition to the attorneys, Nichols Bros., the sub-contractors were also present.

The commissioners met at 1:30. The County Attorney, J. H. James, stated the business. Attorney McNutt, as spokesman of the visiting attorneys stated that the contractors feared the length of the litigation not the outcome. He acknowledged he had not consulted co-council, and had no proposition to make. Mr. James stated that not only the matter of the bridges but of damages and costs in the present suit, must be considered.

Having heard this statement from Mr. James the attorneys for the contractors retired to frame a proposition. They returned at the end of an hour and stated in substance that they would accept approximately \$10,000 damages, and would take out sections of the bridges in litigation, removing them with care, and that Putnam county was to replace them. This proposition was refused by the board. After some discussion the board withdrew to frame a proposal of its own. The commissioners, as a counter proposal offered to raise the bridges to allow the dredges to work and to restore the same to good condition. The county was also to pay all costs in the case to date, except the attorneys' fees of the defense. This offer was rejected. As the case now stands the parties seem too far apart for possible compromise.

Peg Woffington.

## The Central Trust Company

Submits to its customers and the citizens of Greencastle and Putnam county a comparative statement of its growth in total assets since its organization, and take pride in saying that we have never made a bad loan or lost a dollar since we opened for business.

|      |              |
|------|--------------|
| 1900 | \$30,500.00  |
| 1901 | \$70,654.66  |
| 1902 | \$107,240.63 |
| 1903 | \$138,600.99 |
| 1904 | \$153,975.15 |
| 1905 | \$176,500.24 |
| 1906 | \$205,568.30 |
| 1907 | \$219,941.80 |
| 1908 | \$236,718.06 |

We have recently added REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE to our growing business. Come in and see what we have to offer you. 3 per cent. interest paid on saving accounts.

R. L. O'HAIR, Pres. S. A. HAYS, V. Pres.  
J. L. RANDEL, Sec. & Treas.

## And They Are Bargains

Just a few neck furs left and we are going to sell them so that our stock will be clean. It's our loss and your gain if you buy one for they are being sold at one half price. They run from 50c, \$1.50 to \$12 values and are being sold at just one half price.

We also are cleaning up our Youngsters' coats. You can purchase coats at from \$1 to \$4, which is just 60 per cent of their value.

Don't forget the bargains in blankets we told about yesterday.

## Vermilion's



## The Greencastle Herald

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F. C. TILDEN C. J. ARNOLD

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### ROOSEVELT'S MISTAKE.

Perhaps no mistake among the many mistakes make by President Roosevelt has so stirred the rank and file of the Republicans as his attempt to nominate his successor. Like many another man he counted too far on his popularity. He believed himself so sure of his place with the people that anything he might do would be applauded. He therefore, attempted to control national politics doing "what he thought best for the nation". But American people love the right to mix in things for themselves. Especially do they dislike any thing in the form of dictation. For this reason the Roosevelt fight upon Hughes and Foraker not only turned men away from Roosevelt and his proteges, Taft, but actually turned them towards Hughes and Foraker. As a result the President has thought better of the matter, and "will grant Mr. Hughes the right to try for the nomination". We imagine that the people of the country will take the matter out of the President's hands and decide for themselves. The Republican party, has long been machine ridden, but this attempt, both nationally and in Kentucky, has opened the eyes of the people as never before.

### MARRIAGE BY CONTRACT.

American girls are becoming wise, not in their old age, but in their dealings with that species of evolved ape known as a fortune hunting count. Miss Van'erbilt has just married one, undeterred, so it would seem, by the fate of her relative, Consuelo. But a glance at the marriage contract makes all plain. There is no pretense that it is a marriage for love. She has purchased a title, and is taking it on trial. None of her money is to go to the husband, except as she does it out. And this in spite of the law of Austria-Hungary making the property of the wife absolutely that of the husband. She will leave her property at home, and take only the interest on it abroad. If she dies it reverts to the American family. Thus will she keep the count on his good behavior. She will not pay all his debts at once, but keep him sufficiently embarrassed, financially, to insure good behavior. She will act as his paying teller, so to speak. In return for funds he must put up the social functions as collateral. No society, no funds. There is a standing warning that any attempt to run domestic affairs on the plan of Count Boni will cut off the bank account. It is a far sighted contract.

Try a Herald Want Ad.

**THE GENTS'**  
**Dry Cleaning and**  
**Pressing Shop**  
OVER JONES' DRUG STORE  
**Stone & Grogan**  
Phone 305 PROPS.

**New Moving Pictures**  
**AT OPERA HOUSE**  
Commencing Monday Night, January 13th

2000 feet Film each night—the best ever seen in the city.  
Stereopticon Desolving Views—they are fine. GOOD MUSIC.

Miss Freda Huffman Musical Director.  
Miss Gertrude Taylor Vocalist.  
Admission 10c; Children 5c

### BELL UNION.

Health very good at present in and around our little city.

Dr. Moser is building an addition to his office.

They are having such crowds at Walnut Chapel that people have been gathering as early as four o'clock in the evening for night meeting.

Meeting closed last Sunday night with a full house.

Otto Dobbs and wife visited at M. M. Hurst's one night last week.

Emory McCamack and family visited at Robert McCamack's last Saturday night.

Ed. Jones is still buying hogs. Preston Buis writes back from the sunny South and says he is enjoying the climate fine, and says he believes he is going to get over that spell that he had felt was coming on him before he left here since seeing so many pretty young women in the South.

A. R. Hurst has moved to our little city and will likely go in the implement business in the spring.

Mrs. Lucy Dorsett of Martinsville is visiting in our community this week.

There was quite a crowd out to hear the lecture at the Valley church last Friday night.

Our schools are progressing nicely and got about six more weeks.

Mrs. Dorsett and grandson have been visiting at Hubert Allee's a few days.

This week seems a little like winter.

Forest Hurst and family of Fillmore visited at Frank Dorsett's last Saturday night.

George Hurst and wife are moving in the George Hill property.

Cora Buis attended the lecture last Friday night and visited Frost Hurst and family over night.

### Rank Foolishness.

"When attacked by a cough or a cold, or when your throat is sore, it is rank foolishness to take any other medicine than Dr. King's New Discovery," says C. O. Eldridge, of Empire, Ga. "I have used New Discovery seven years and I know it is the best remedy on earth for coughs and colds, croup, and all throat and lung troubles. My children are subject to croup, but New Discovery quickly cures every attack." Known the world over as the King of throat and lung remedies. Sold under guarantee at The Owl Drug Store, 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

### OBITUARY.

William M. Dimler, son of Paul and Dora Matthews Dimler, was born at Kesslitz, Bavaria, Germany, June 2, 1853, died January 12, 1908, aged 54 years, 7 months and 10 days. He was reared to manhood in his native land, serving three years in the German army. He came to the United States in 1884, arriving in Indianapolis in September of that year, where he resided nearly two years. He came to Putnam County in July 1886 and has resided in this county since that time. He was united in marriage with Lucinda Day, July 17, 1886 and was a faithful husband and companion until death. In early life he was identified with the German Lutheran Church. He united with the Christian Church at Fillmore, April 13, 1889, under the ministry of Elder O. P. Badger and was an active member until his late illness, having served as Deacon for a number of years. He was made a F. A. M. May 11, 1889, and had held several offices of trust in that order. He had been confined to his bed for four months with a complication of diseases primarily due to one form of Bright's disease, the immediate cause of his death being cerebral hemorrhage.

He leaves to mourn his demise, the widow, two step-sons, two brothers and one sister in Germany, one brother in Pennsylvania, and several cousins in Indianapolis, besides a host of friends in this county. Funeral services were held at Fillmore Christian Church, January 14, conducted by the pastor, E. B. Scofield; burial at Fillmore Cemetery.

### 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

## CHECKING —A RUN.

...By TAYLOR WHITE...

Copyright, 1908, by E. C. Parcells.

"Is it true that your father's bank cannot stand the run?" asked Sydney Ware. Eunice Whitehead nodded.

"Dad says that he cannot meet the run before the current funds will be come exhausted," she said. "That means that the bank will have to be closed down. He is solvent, but he sent too much of the currency to town to be put out at the high interest they are paying now."

"The run is only on the savings department," said Sydney. "That should not bother him much."

"It will break his heart," she returned, "if the bank has to close down even for a couple of days. Dr. Dunnham says that he is afraid it will give father a shock which will leave his permanent imprint on him."

"He can make his home with us if the bank fails," said Ware. "It may be for the best, so far as we are concerned."

"That's what I came to talk to you about," said Eunice gravely. "If the bank fails, Syd, I shall have to give you up, dear. Father would never consent to share a home with a Ware, and I could not leave him."

"You were willing enough to leave him last week," suggested Sydney.

"That was before the trouble came," she reminded. "Then he had his bank and his friends. If he loses one, he will probably lose most of the others, and my place is with him."

Sydney nodded gloomily. Thirty years before Joshua Whitehead and Cyrus Ware had been rival suitors for the hand of pretty Nellie Morton. Whitehead had won, and Ware had never forgiven him his victory. Whitehead had then just founded the First National bank of Carversville, and Ware had drawn his funds from the bank



"So it appears that you are going away," said Cyrus.

and had vowed that he would never patronize the institution. Such banking as he had done was transacted through an institution in the next town, but Ware had conceived a distrust for all banks, and most of the large fortune which he had accumulated was stored in gold and bills and bonds in the huge vault in the knitting mills, a vault as large and as safe as that in the bank.

But in the second generation the feud was not carried on. Eunice Whitehead and Sydney Ware had fallen in love with each other and, realizing the uselessness of asking parental sanction, had agreed to elope and seek forgiveness afterward.

To Eunice it seemed almost a punishment for her contemplated sin that the run on the bank should have commenced the very day they had set for their marriage. Instead of meeting Sydney with her suit case in hand she had come to tell him that her place was by her father in his hour of trouble.

Mrs. Whitehead had died shortly after her little daughter was born, and Eunice had bravely striven to take the place of her gentle mother in her father's house. She could not leave him in his extremity even for the man she loved.

For awhile they sat on the fallen trunk which formed the seat in their rustic parlor. Vainly Sydney sought to urge the girl to his views, but he could not shake her resolution, and Eunice had just risen to go when there came the sound of some one crashing through the underbrush, and Cyrus Ware came into view.

His eyes flashed as he caught sight of the suit case that Sydney had brought with him, and he turned to his son.

"So it appears that you are going away," said Cyrus. "I suppose that this young woman is to be your companion in your travels. She will need some one to support her now that her father has wrecked his bank."

"He has not wrecked his bank, and I am not going away with Sydney," cried Eunice, with spirit. "Dad is afraid that he cannot meet this run and will have to shut the doors, but he did not wreck the bank. He will be able to pay dollar for dollar. I was

going to elope with Sydney, but now my place is by my father's side, and I came to tell Syd that I could not go."

"But you were willing to sneak away like a couple of thieves and be married secretly," taunted Cyrus. "I suppose that the plan was yours and you entangled this boy."

"That is not so," said Sydney hotly. "It has taken me a year and more to persuade Eunice to elope. We knew that there was no use asking either her father or mine, and we did not see why your absurd stubbornness should spoil our happiness."

Cyrus stared at his son. Like most men of dominant personality, he secretly admired spirit in others. It was the first time that Sydney had ever taken so bold a stand against a parental edict, and he felt a thrill of satisfaction even while he spoke.

"I guess you'll find happiness without having to go to Josh Whitehead's daughter for it," he said harshly. "I want a girl I can recognize as my daughter, not the child of a bank wrecker."

Eunice sprang forward at the taunt. "You are a nasty, wicked old man!" she cried. "You know that you are saying what is not true. I believe that you started this run because you knew that most of the country banks had sent their surplus to the city to take advantage of the money market. It is you who are a bank wrecker. I hate you!"

She stamped her foot to emphasize her words, and something in the gesture brought back to Cyrus' memory a far earlier day when these same words were spoken. He and Josh and Nellie had been out nutting—three children with no thought of marriage.

He had killed a bird with a stone and had brought it to Nellie, proud of his prowess. Instead of the praise he had expected, she turned on him and scolded him for his wanton act. Eunice in her anger was very like her mother, and the whole scene came back to him as vividly as though it had been an occurrence of the very day instead of a reminiscence of forty years and more.

He looked into the eyes that were so like those he had loved in the long ago and partly turned away. For the first time he realized why Whitehead had won. Nellie had admired his gentleness even while she feared Cyrus' roughness. Perhaps, after all, he, Cyrus, had been more to blame for his loss than had his old playfellow.

"You two go on with your spooning," he said gruffly, and could not see that the shrewd gray eyes were filled with tears.

Cyrus stumbled blindly along the half defined path that led to the road. He was living over again his boyhood days, and he found therein much to regret.

There was a howling mob about the bank. The employees of half a dozen big mills had taken the day off to rescue their money from the fancied danger, and they clamored about the doors. As fast as those in the bank obtained their money they were let out and others were admitted. The tellers were paying out as slowly as possible in the hope of being able to tide over the day. On the morrow they might expect help from the city.

Cyrus Ware stamped his way up the steps, the crowd giving way before him. The watchman at the door let him in at once, and, without explanation, Ware pushed his way into the president's office, where Whitehead puzzled over long columns of figures.

He did not hear Ware's entrance, and not until Cyrus' hand fell upon his shoulder did he look up.

"Josh," he said thickly, "I've been a blamed fool for more years than I care to remember, but that's no sign I've got to keep on to the end of my days. I've got about \$109,000 out there in my wagon. I want to open an account."

For a moment Whitehead glanced into the other man's face and saw in his eyes the mute appeal for reconciliation which Cyrus could not frame in words. Their hands met in a clasp that wiped away the memory of bitter years, and together they went out of the office to where a guard of men stood over the boxes. Already the news that Cyrus Ware was going to deposit had broken the rush, and the crowd had materially lessened.

The two men stood on the step superintending the removal of the currency. Cyrus passed Whitehead a cigar. "I'm glad I've squared up old accounts in opening a new one," he said, with a pensive effort at carelessness. "You see, our young people are planning to get married."

### Repairing Clocks.

"Watch repairers have a horror of touching a clock that has been tinkered by amateurs," explained a watch repairer to a reporter, "and they would rather get out of such a job if they can do so, for the loss of one of the smallest parts means considerable work to reproduce it, and much more work than the general customer expects or wants to pay for. They try to get rid of such a job when they can, for in nine cases out of ten the result is not entirely satisfactory. People who have a good clock, unless they know something about the way clocks are made and how they should be taken apart, will do the wise thing to let it alone when it gets out of order. Experimenting with it often means the ruin of the clock. It is absolutely dangerous to try to unwind a mainspring, as men have discovered for themselves, unless the proper tools are handy. Now, a clock repairer has a contrivance known as a spring controller which grasps the spring and holds it while being taken out or put into the clock, so that there is no danger. The spring for an eight day clock is often two yards long, and when suddenly let free it flies out with nearly the force of a charge of shot from a gun."

### A PUMA CUB.

He Was Plucky, but Paid For His Temerity With His Life.

Hissing like a sullen geyser, the great puma mother crouches with flaming eyes. Ridge of her tawny back brushed up in rage, tail a-switch, she glared at her four cubs in the cage corner. A fluffy ball of spotted fur sprawled on unsteady legs across toward her. Out shot a mighty fore paw; the baby was hurled suddenly back among his cowering brothers and sisters.

"Nasty temper," I remarked to the keeper. "Has she been long like that?" "Started this forenoon." He shook his head in anxiety. "I don't like it. I'll have to separate them, I fear."

The unnatural mother commenced pacing her prison, snarling viciously at her offspring in passing. Three huddled together in a pitiful heap, but one stood up and defied her. A jungle terror in miniature, his tiny rage was magnificent. Tensely alert before his trembling mates, he shifted warily to meet each blow, dodging, spitting, striking out an awkward paw at the great thrusters.

"They don't turn on their cubs often. Only knew it once before. You notice, mein herr, her claws are not out when she strikes. That may come; then we will lose some promising babies here."

The young German keeper was greatly distressed. I returned in the morning to see how the affair had progressed. Entering the Frankfurt Thiergarten, I found the lion house. My friend stood in the empty corridor looking into the cage. Sleek forms shifted restlessly on every side; a pale light came from above; the place was close with a heavy odor.

He greeted me mournfully. "The little beggar was too spirited. She got him last night. Just a second in her jaws, and the taxidermist won't attempt to stuff the skin." The remaining cubs peered wonderingly at us from an adjoining cage; the murderers paced in silence, but her eyes were alive with a strange fascinating light. The tragedy had stirred the rows of imprisoned beasts. An uncanny howl in a chilling key came from the leopards; the lion's deep throat-cutting guttural sent unwelcome quivers through one's nerves.

I left the building, relieved to feel the breeze and see the sunlight. Poor little chap of a puma, he surely had tremendous pluck!—Travel Magazine.

### A PRESENT DAY UTOPIA.

Moorea Island, the Happiest and Fairest Spot on Earth.

Hugo Parton, writing in the Outlook Magazine, says that the happiest and most beautiful spot on earth today is the island of Moorea, one of the Society Islands, in the south seas. As a contrast to strenuous American methods this description sounds alluring:

"Whenever you are thirsty a word will send a lithe brown boy scrambling up a tall palm tree trunk, and in two minutes a green coconut is ready for you to quaff—the nectar of the Polynesian gods. It is worth the trip down here to eat the native 'vittals' for you get at every meal things you never tasted before, and each seems better than its predecessor; to see your dinner of fresh water shrimps, sharks' fins and roasted sea urchins. The bananas you eat—there are eleven varieties—baked, raw, fried, dried—grow a few rods back in the valley; ditto the breadfruit, the pineapples and about everything else on the board. It's nice to have your morning coffee grown in the back yard. Guavas grow in such profusion they are used as pig food, grated coconut is fed to hens, while sensitive plant is considered excellent fodder for cattle.

"For perfection of the human body the Tahitian is unexcelled, if, indeed, he is anywhere equaled. They are a large race, both men and women being noticeably taller and more fully developed than Anglo-Saxons. I doubt if any Society Islander ever went through a whole day in his life without having a wreath of flowers on his head or a blossom behind his ear. The love of flowers is innate with man, woman and child. They can't pass through a patch of woods without emerging with a garland. Every gay mood calls for flowers on their hats, in their hair, behind their ears, and their life is an almost unbroken sequence of gay moods. Scarcely a native on the island of Moorea can speak a sentence of English, but every one you meet greets you with a courteous smile and the welcoming word 'la-ora-na' (Yorana)."

### Poetry Defined.

George P. Morris, the author of "Woodman, Spare That Tree," was a general of the New York militia and a favorite with all who knew him. Mrs. Sherwood in her reminiscences tells how another poet associated the general with a definition of poetry.

Once Fitz-Greene Halleck, the author of "Marco Bozzaris," called upon her in New York in his old age, and she asked him to define for her what was poetry and what was prose.

He replied: "When General Morris commands his brigade and says, 'Soldiers, draw your swords!' he talks prose. When he says 'Soldiers, draw your willing swords!' he talks poetry."

### A Bargain.

"What!" exclaimed the husband. "You drew your savings from the bank, went to a broker's office and bought Z, X, and Y, stock at 14, when it has been dropping like a rock?"

"But, my dear," argued the wife. "It was such a bargain. Why, during the short time I was in the office I saw the man mark it down to 14 from 45!"—Success Magazine.

Next to excellence is the appreciation of it.—Thackeray.

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**GET RESULTS SAYS FISHER**

Giving DePauw journalism the  
biggest lift of the year and urging  
the local men to show results, Ferd  
Fisher, telegraph and state editor of  
the Indianapolis Star appeared as  
the feature of the Press Club's guest  
meeting at the Deke house, last  
night speaking on "University  
Needs."

Mr. Fisher stated that in the past  
the newspaper had generally been  
looked upon by college graduates as  
a "Post Graduate Course" leading or  
opening the way to something else,  
such as politics or other phases of  
public life; but that now the news-  
paper business was considered more  
in the light of a profession and that  
big newspapers demanded college  
trained men upon their staffs. There  
was a time, he said, when the men  
just from college were the laughing  
stock of the business and profession-  
al men and that much humor was  
had at the college man's expense,  
however, the college bred man has  
demonstrated his worth and has  
been given his rightful rating in the  
business world.

Mr. Fisher, then went on to tell  
something of the practical side of  
the newspaper business and of how  
news was collected and handled. He  
said that the old way was to put the  
reporter in the city room and allow  
him to get his experience there.

The prominent newspaper man  
was loudly applauded at intervals  
during his exceedingly interesting  
address. Especially, was this so,  
when he complimented DePauw  
highly in saying that it was the  
most classical school in Indiana;  
that it had turned out an unusu-  
ally large number of men prominent  
and influential in business, profes-  
sions and politics.

Among those that spoke after Mr.  
Fisher, were Profs. Barnes and  
Kleinsmid who expressed themselves  
in favor of better journalistic train-  
ing at DePauw.

In the business meeting of the  
Press Club before the speaking pro-  
gram, Park Lantz and Pierce Haines  
were voted in as members. Prof.  
Barnes was made the first honorary  
member. The next meeting of the  
club will be held at the Phi Psi  
house.

**It Does The Business.**

Mr. E. E. Chamberlain, of Clinton,  
Main, 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.

**JUVENILE AMBITIONS.**

Jealousies and Yearnings That  
Beset the Small Boy.

**HIS MISERY AND TRIUMPHS.**

The Things That Other Boys Had and  
He Wanted and Couldn't Get—A Fat  
Man's Memory Deeply Stirred by a  
Pair of Sleeve Protectors.

"The other day at a poultry market  
I saw a chicken butcher wearing a  
pair of those basket sleeve protectors,  
and I stood and laughed like a fool,"  
said the fat man. "First time I'd seen  
a pair of basket sleeve protectors for  
years, and so I just had to laugh. Tell  
you why. When I was a tike I used  
to look with wonder and awe upon a  
fellow who wore a pair of basket  
sleeve protectors. I considered that  
fellow with a pair of those things was  
all right, all right, plus some more."

"They had a kind of jaunty air  
about 'em that I couldn't and can't de-  
fine, but it was there, and I revered  
and revered 'em. I made up my mind  
that if I ever grew up and got the  
price, me, too, for a pair of those  
basket sleeve protectors, no matter  
what sort of work I'd happen to tackle.  
"Queer Dickens, boys, eh? 'Mem-  
ber those patent pencil attachments  
that marketmen used to have—may  
have 'em yet—hitched to their aprons? Well, I thought those were pretty nifty  
things, too, and I used to secretly  
hanker to own one of 'em. Made up  
my mind that I would own one of 'em,  
too, when I got to be a man, but some-  
how I never seemed to want one  
when I reached the shaving age."

"Guess some of my ambitions as a  
boy were pretty crazy anyhow. I was  
so jealous of the first boy I ever met  
that could spit through his teeth at a  
mark and hit it that I hated him. That  
same boy pretty early in life got a job  
driving a delivery wagon for a grocery.  
Well, pretty soon after he got that job  
he was wearing a pair of those patent  
elastic sleeve supporters, or holders, or  
whatever you'd call 'em—things with a  
clutch at either end that pulled the  
cuff back from the wrist. This boy's  
pair of those things were pink elastic,  
and how he used to flaunt 'em before  
my eyes!"

"He knew blamed well that those  
pink elastic sleeve supporters looked  
finer to me than any Star of India or  
Victoria Cross could possibly look, and  
he knew besides that because I had  
to go to school and wasn't earning any-  
thing there wasn't a possible chance  
on earth for me to get a pair like 'em—  
and so he just held 'em over me and  
made my life miserable. Yet when I  
got to the wage earning age I never  
seemed to care at all for a pair of pink  
elastic sleeve supporters."

"Another boy that I hated had a  
maroon colored cardigan jacket. That  
was before the day of sweaters. This  
hated boy wore the cardigan jacket  
beneath his regular outer coat and so  
he didn't have to wear any overcoat.  
That, I considered, was a gorgeous  
blessing—not to have to wear an over-  
coat to school. I despised this boy for  
having it on me—that way. Anyhow,  
his maroon colored cardigan jacket had  
a couple of pockets in front that he  
kept full of all kinds of junk—some-  
times he even carried mice to school in  
'em. And that made my indignation  
all the greater—the fact that he had  
those two fine covered up pockets to his  
cardigan jacket."

"One great triumph did come to my  
tike life, though, and that was the fact  
that I was the first boy of my school to  
own a pair of copper toed boots. Well,  
I sprang the first pair, as I say, at my  
school, and I guess I didn't break the  
hearts of all the other boys or nothin'.  
Besides the copper toes, these boots  
had red tops, with a silver star and  
crescent stamped on the red tops, and  
that made the blow all the more fright-  
ful to the other lads that had to see  
me stalking around in those boots.  
After awhile, though, nearly all of the  
other youngsters showed up with cop-  
per toed boots and thus took the wind  
out of my sails."

"We never see boys wearing peaked  
caps any more—notice? I don't mean  
these dinky little cloth caps with peaks  
to 'em, but regular soldiers' caps with  
glazed peaks. First boy that turned  
up in our neighborhood with one of  
those things on made a sensation, all  
right. This same boy had got hold of  
a carpenter's pencil somewhere, and  
he'd stick that carpenter's pencil un-  
derneath his forage cap, with the  
sharpened end projecting in a mighty  
blaze way that certainly caused us to  
regard him as some punkins. I was  
always crazy for a carpenter's pencil  
when I was a boy, but I never got  
hold of one—never did have much  
luck when I was a boy anyhow. My  
folks were too blamed respectable."

"As a matter of fact—you can believe  
it or not, but I'm telling you the truth  
—they wouldn't let me at the age of  
ten apply for the job of brakeman on  
a passenger train. That, I thought,  
was the finest job in the world—brake-  
man on a passenger train—just swing-  
ing a red lantern all the time, and  
wearing a peaked cap mostly on the  
left ear, and the peak pushed back so  
as to show an oiled hair plastered  
down, and sitting on a wood box in  
the smoker talking to fellers, and car-  
rying a pair of red flags around every-  
where, and all that. But the main ap-  
peal of the brakeman's job was the  
pair of red lanterns."

"Oh, well, that pair of basket sleeve  
protectors that I saw at the poultry  
market the other day certainly car-  
ried me back a long way, and I was  
still laughing like a fool when I strol-  
led away."—Charleston News and Con-  
tributor.

**Writers' Cramp.**

Writers' cramp is a serious matter  
to people whose work requires that  
they use a pen very much, while for  
the unaccustomed writer who takes an  
afternoon off now and then to catch up  
with her correspondence it is, to say  
the least, very discouraging. The trou-  
ble is more than muscular in this kind  
of cramp. Very often a low, nervous  
condition will cause it. Then one  
should take it as a warning that the  
system is run down and needs general  
toning up. Very often, however, the  
trouble is all in the way you hold your  
pen.

Children now in school are not like-  
ly to be troubled with writers' cramp,  
because they are taught to hold the  
pen lightly and make all the move-  
ments from the arm instead of the  
hand. The old fashioned method  
which most of us learned of holding  
the pen between the thumb and fore-  
finger is also very likely to encourage  
a cramp. The muscles become tense  
and hard, until finally they contract so  
much that all control over them is  
lost. The pen should be held between  
the first two fingers, well up toward  
the joint. The trouble may often be  
relieved by putting the hand and wrist  
into the hottest water one can stand.  
—Boston Herald.

**Tenderness of the Hanging Judge.**

Mr. Justice Hawkins' tenderness for  
women prisoners was well known. He  
admitted it, and he had a great dislike  
of sentencing these poor creatures to  
death who had been recommended to  
mercy and would probably be replevied.  
On one such occasion the sheriff  
asked if he was not going to put on  
the black cap.

"No," he answered, "I am not. I do  
not intend the poor creature to be  
hanged, and I am not going to frighten  
her to death."

Addressing her by name, he said:  
"Don't pay any attention to what I  
am going to read. No harm will be  
done to you. I am sure you did not  
know in your great trouble and sorrow  
what you were doing, and I will take  
care to represent your case so that  
nothing will harm you in the way of  
punishment."

He then mumbled over the words of  
the sentence of death so that the poor  
creature did not hear them.—London  
Graphic.

**Lobster Fare.**

Hungry lobsters in their natural  
state seldom refuse fish of any kind,  
whether dead or alive. The favorite  
bait with fishermen is fresh or stale  
herring, but even shark meat is used  
at a pinch. Lobsters also eat small  
crabs, sea urchins and mussels. In-  
deed, there are few forms of marine  
life suitable for food which they re-  
fuse. Lobsters sometimes capture fish  
alive, striking them with the smaller  
of their two great claws, which for  
this reason fishermen call the "quick"  
or "fish" claw, but they will live for a  
long time, especially when confined  
without taking any food. If you tether  
the lobster by the large claws, you will  
find that, like the muskrat, he will go  
off some fine morning, leaving only his  
legs in the trap, for this animal has  
the remarkable power of "shedding a  
claw," or amputating its limbs, and,  
what is still more wonderful, of grow-  
ing new ones from the stumps left be-  
hind.—St. Nicholas.

**The Microscope.**

There is good reason to believe that  
the magnifying power of transparent  
media with convex surfaces was very  
early known. A convex lens of rock  
crystal was found by Layard among the  
ruins of the palace of Nimrod. And it  
is pretty certain that after the inven-  
tion of glass hollow spheres  
blown of that material were commonly  
used as magnifiers. The perfection of  
gem cutting shown in ancient gems,  
especially in these of very minute  
size, could not have been attained  
without the use of such aids to the  
eye, and there can be little doubt that  
the artificers who could execute those  
wonderful works could also shape and  
polish the magnifiers best suited for  
their own or others' use.—New York  
American.

**Rifled Firearms.**

In the South Kensington museum  
are several wheel lock muskets with  
rifled barrels made during the reign of  
Charles I, if not earlier. Such barrels  
were then usually called "screwed." Zachary Grey in a note on "Hudibras,"  
part I, canto 3, line 533, says that  
Prince Rupert showed his skill as a  
marksman by hitting twice in suc-  
cession the vane on St. Mary's Stafford  
at sixty yards with a "screwed" pistol.  
—London Notes and Queries.

**The Forests.**

A true forest is not merely a store-  
house full of wood, but, as it were, a  
factory of wood and at the same time  
a reservoir of water. When you help  
to preserve our forests or to plant new  
ones, you are acting the part of good  
citizens.—Roosevelt.

**Reputation and Character.**

Lawyer (examining jury)—Do you  
understand the difference between  
character and reputation? Juror—Repu-  
tation is the name your neighbors  
give you; character is the one they  
take from you.—Judge.

**Strategy.**

"How did pa act when you asked  
him for my hand?"  
"Very gentle and courteous. It quite  
took me by surprise."  
"I told him you used to be a pugil-  
ist."—Houston Post.

**Too Late.**

Muriel—Why didn't you marry him?  
Everybody says he has reformed.  
Maud—Yes, but he reformed too late.  
His money was all gone.—New Orleans  
Times-Democrat.

**A FRENCH HERCULES.**

Marvelous Strength of the Father of  
Alexandre Dumas.

My father was twenty-four at the  
time of enlisting and as handsome a  
young fellow as could be found any-  
where.

His free colonial life had developed  
his strength and prowess to an ex-  
traordinary degree. He was a verita-  
ble American horse lad, a cowboy. His  
skill with gun and pistol was the envy  
of St. Georges and Junot, and his  
muscular strength became a proverb in  
the army. More than once he amused  
himself in the riding school by passing  
under a beam, grasping it with his  
arms and lifting his horse between his  
legs. I have seen him do it, and I  
recollect my childish amusement when  
I saw him carry two men standing  
upon his bent knee and hop across the  
room with these two men on him. I  
saw him once in a rage take a branch  
of considerable toughness in both his  
hands and break it between them by  
turning one hand to the right and the  
other to the left.

A few years later the gallant hussar  
was a brigadier general and perform-  
ing feats of valor which earned him  
the title of "the Horatius Coclès of the  
Tyrol." Best of all we like the  
son's description of Horatius' storm-  
ing of Mont Cenis:

The climbers reached the plateau.  
Although it was a dark night, the  
long line of soldiers, clothed in blue  
uniforms, could have been perceived  
outlined against the snow from the  
fort. But my father had foreseen this  
contingency; each man had a cotton  
cap and a shirt rolled up in his knap-  
sack. This was the ordinary dress  
my father adopted at night when he  
hunted chamois.

They reached the foot of the pallsades  
without having roused a single chal-  
lenge. The men began climbing the  
pallsades as soon as they reached  
them; but, thanks to my father's her-  
culean strength, he thought of a better  
and quieter way—namely, to take each  
man by the seat of his trousers and  
the collar of his coat and throw him  
over the pallsades. The snow would  
break the fall and also deaden the  
noise. Surprised out of their sleep  
and seeing the French soldiers in their  
midst without knowing how they had  
come there, the Piedmontese hardly  
offered any resistance. — From "My  
Memoirs," by Alexandre Dumas, Trans-  
lated by E. M. Waller.

**OLD TIME SURGERY.**

The Barbarous Methods of the Six-  
teenth Century.

Ambroise Pare, a barber surgeon of  
the sixteenth century, tells in his notes  
how in 1537 he went to the long wars  
to get practice in surgery. He inven-  
ted some new processes, particularly in  
the treatment of amputated limbs.

Up to Pare's time the most barba-  
rous means had been used to stop the  
bleeding. In his own words: "So soon  
as the limb was removed the surgeons  
would use many cauteries to stop the  
flow of blood, a thing very horrible  
and cruel in the mere telling. And  
truly of six thus cruelly treated scarce  
two ever escaped, and even these were  
long ill, and the wounds thus burned  
were slow to heal, because the burning  
caused such vehement pains that they  
fell into fever, convulsions and other  
mortal accidents. In most of them,  
moreover, when the scar fell off there  
came fresh bleeding, which must again  
be stanching with the cauteries. So  
that for many healing was impossible,  
and they had an ulcer to the end of  
their lives, which prevented them from  
having an artificial limb."

The idea of abolishing such cruelty  
by using the ligature occurred to Pare  
in one of his war journeys, and his  
success went beyond his own expecta-  
tions. His other discovery was made  
within a few hours of his joining the  
army. It was believed by the surgeons  
of the day that there was poison in a  
gunshot wound, and one of the accept-  
ed authorities insisted that they must  
be cauterized "with oil of elders scald-  
ing hot, mixed with a little treacle."  
The pain was intolerable. It happened  
that at his first treatment of gunshot  
wounds Pare's oil ran short, and he  
used instead "a digestive made of the  
yolks of eggs, oil of roses and turpen-  
tine." To his surprise he found next  
morning that the patients he had thus  
treated were in better condition than  
the others. "Then I resolved never  
more to burn thus cruelly poor men  
with gunshot wounds."

**Newton's Fearful Crime.**

At the end of a meal at Haydon's  
house Keats proposed a toast in these  
terms: "Dishonor to the memory of  
Newton."

The guests stared at him in question-  
ing surprise, and Wordsworth asked  
for an explanation.  
"It is," answered Keats, "because he  
destroyed the poetry of the rainbow by  
reducing it to a prism." And the arti-  
sts all drank, with one consent, con-  
fusion to the savant.

**A Great Change.**

Old Nurse (to young lady who is go-  
ing to New Zealand)—So you're going  
away to one of the countries, Miss  
Mary, where they have day when we  
have night and night when we have  
day?

Miss Mary—Yes, nurse.  
Old Nurse—Eh, it will take ye some  
time to get accustomed to the change!  
—London Punch's Almanac.

**Quite Familiar.**

"Jimmie," said the merchant solemn-  
ly at the eleventh hour, "we have for-  
gotten to get a fresh supply of stamps."  
And the office boy in his excitement  
responded with "Goodness, sir, so we  
have! If we ain't a couple of blunder-  
headed idiots!"—London Tit-Bits.

**IN SEARCH OF A  
FATHER.**

(Original.)

Years ago a man and his wife and  
boy baby settled in a village in New  
England and set up housekeeping in  
a small way. Why they chose to make  
the place their home no one knew.  
Neither worked for a living, but they  
did not appear to be in want of funds.  
Their station seemed to be that of  
upper servants.

The child, Arthur, as he grew from  
babyhood to boyhood, was of a widely  
different type from his parents. While  
they were homely, he was handsome;  
while they were dark, he was fair;  
while they were of a coarse grain,  
there was that about him akin to the  
manner born.

Finally the source from which they  
drew their income seemed to be failing  
them. The man—Trainer was his name  
—made frequent trips somewhere, no  
one knew where, and on his return the  
family's finances seemed to have im-  
proved, but only temporarily. At last  
the woman died. After her death the  
father disappeared, leaving his son,  
now about thirteen years old, to shift  
for himself. He had not been required  
to work and, now that he was thrown  
on his own resources, knew not what  
to do. He desired to find his father  
with a view to having his wants pro-  
vided for, as before. He wandered  
about aimlessly, doing odd jobs and  
eking out a miserable existence.

Two years had passed in this way  
when one day while he was at work in  
a field he saw his father drive by in a  
buggy. The boy ran to the fence and  
called, but did not succeed in making  
himself heard. Running after the bug-  
gy, he followed it for miles, now losing  
it, now regaining sight of it, till at last  
he saw it turn into a handsome coun-  
try place.

Arthur was by this time exhausted,  
so he sat down on a stone to catch his  
breath, keeping his eye on the place  
his father had entered. It was a  
slightly place, the house being large  
and the grounds spacious. He won-  
dered who lived there and why his  
father went there. How beautiful life  
must be to one who could call such a  
place home! As soon as he had re-  
gained his wind he got up and ran on.  
The place was more than a mile away,  
and he was some time in reaching it.  
When he did he entered a large gate-  
way with a massive stone pillar on  
either side and followed a winding  
driveway to the house. The horse his  
father had driven was hitched to a  
post before the front porch.

Suddenly the front door opened, and  
an old gentleman ushered Trainer out,  
saying:

"Not a cent! Find the child and I'll  
square the account with a thousand  
dollars, but till then never let me see  
your face again."

Suddenly Trainer caught sight of  
the boy.

"Why, Arthur!" he exclaimed. Then,  
turning to the old man, he said: "There  
he is. Now you may atone for your  
villainy."

The old man stood staring at the  
handsome boy, all ragged as he was,  
and gasped:

"Is that my grandson?"

"He is. He's your daughter's son,  
and your grandson." Then to Arthur:  
"My boy, I'm not your father. This  
old gentleman will tell you who you  
are."

The old man took the boy in his  
arms, then, running into the house,  
called:

"Alice, your boy is here!"

In a moment a lady of middle age  
ran down a winding staircase, and, see-  
ing the astonished Arthur, she took  
him in her arms and would not release  
him.

Some eighteen years before Alice  
Archer had run away from home to  
marry a man her father disliked. Her  
father had followed her and succeeded  
in getting her back to his home, where  
he kept her a quasi prisoner. A child  
was born, and Mr. Archer made up his  
mind to get rid of it. Giving the baby  
to Trainer and his wife, who had been  
his servants, he agreed to furnish them  
with money as long as they needed it.  
But Trainer became so importunate  
that Mr. Archer was obliged to shut  
off a part of the supply and finally all.

The man Alice Archer had married  
died, and the mother at last prevailed  
upon her father to restore her child.  
But by this time Trainer had deserted  
the boy and lost track of him. After  
this Mr. Archer refused to pay Trainer  
any more money till he produced the  
boy. But on the day Arthur came  
home his grandfather paid Trainer a  
lump sum on condition that he would  
use it to leave the country never to  
return.

Arthur Archer, or, rather, Reginald,  
which was the name given to him be-  
fore he was sent away, was first put  
into a bath, then clothed in apparel be-  
fitting his station. Then commenced  
the process of making up for the years  
he had lost in the matter of education.  
He is now a man. Often he saunters  
up the road to the spot where he sat  
down to catch his breath when follow-  
ing his supposed father, and, gazing  
at the place he then looked upon so  
covetously, he recalls the picture of his  
boyhood days and contrasts them with  
the present. His grandfather is dead,  
and he is master of all the old gentle-  
man possessed. In Mr. Archer's old  
age he came to see his sin in turning  
away his own flesh and blood and  
could not do enough by way of atone-  
ment. But he never entirely forgave  
his daughter for running away and  
marrying against his will, and after  
his death it was found that he had left  
all his property to his grandson. This,  
however, made no difference, for the  
grandson lives only for his mother and  
to erase the blight caused by her fa-  
ther. SILVIA LEWIS BALDWIN.

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## LOCAL AND PERSONAL HAPPENINGS

What Greencastle People and Their Friends Are Doing

Ethel Houck has an attack of the gripe.

Mrs. Willie Irwin, was in Crawfordsville today.

Wilbur Wamsley was in Indianapolis over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Harris spent Sunday in Fillmore.

Mrs. Henry Arnold, of Fillmore, is ill with pneumonia.

Charlie White, of Quincy, was in the city this morning.

Dan Shuey, of Bainbridge, was in the city, this morning.

Roy Whisnand has returned from a visit in New Augusta.

Miss Ethel Clark was in Brazil Sunday with Mrs. Kreigh.

W. A. Beemer, and son George, spent Sunday in Lafayette.

R. B. Lank is confined to his home with an attack of the gripe.

Miss Myrtle Spaulding has returned from a Sunday visit in Crawfordsville.

Misses Forest and Agnes Luther have returned from a visit to Terre Haute.

The Progress History Club met this afternoon with Mrs. Curtiss Hughes.

F. D. Petershagen, of Jefferson City transacted business in the city this morning.

G. E. Bungard, of Terre Haute, was in the city this morning, enroute to Bloomington.

Mrs. Lawrence Athey is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. McElroy of Parke County.

Miss Ella Kneiser, and Stella Shoptaugh visited, Mrs. James Curtis, of Putnamville today.

Dale Cartwright of Portland and of last year's class is the guest of town friends and Phil Delt brothers.

Miss Mabel Bolton, who has been visiting, Mr. and Mrs. William Soper, has returned to her home in Putnamville.

A Scott has returned from Crawfordsville with Otis Masten, where he was the guest of the latter over Sunday.

Harry Merryweather, is on the sick list.

Rev. C. W. Cauble was in Indianapolis yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Barnaby, are visiting in Chicago.

J. F. Curran is in Dayton, Ohio; transacting business.

Miss Florence Brown has a severe attack of the gripe.

Mrs. Orpha Brothers, is visiting relatives in Roachdale.

Mrs. Albert Kelley, is visiting relatives in Bainbridge.

Dr. C. H. White, of Cataret, was in the city this morning.

U. V. O'Daniel, was a Monon passenger north this morning.

Miss Mary King is visiting friends in Crawfordsville, this week.

Harold Sutherlin of Indianapolis visited his parents here Sunday.

Misses Maude Carlton and Mary Ibach have returned from Indianapolis.

Dr. D. VanDyke was called to Indianapolis on pastoral business yesterday.

Mrs. Sarah Hillis is visiting her daughter, Mrs. A. C. Lockridge, of Roachdale.

Miss Louise Browning of Anderson is the guest of Miss Pearl Marlett at Woman's Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Mel Crews, are here from Arcola, Ill., visiting Mr. and Mrs. Henry Crews.

Dr. J. S. Hoagland has closed the series of meetings at Danville, and returned to his home in this city.

President Hirt, of the First National Bank entertained the directors of the bank at a turkey dinner today.

Dr. E. VanDyke was in Indianapolis, yesterday to attend a meeting of the Presbytery which was held there.

Mrs. Bertie Honeywell and children, of Delphi, Ind., are visiting her sister, Mrs. William Glidewell on Bloomington Street.

Mrs. Sallie Arnold, of near Bainbridge, who has been

a sore hand, is rapidly improving. Mrs. Arnold is ninety years old.

## New Circulating Library

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Phone 388

Ethythe Coburn Noyes.

The City Council will meet in regular session tonight.

Mrs. Noble Snyder is still very sick with the gripe.

Mrs. Carrie Foudray of Limesdale was in the city today shopping.

Paul Libar of Purdue University visited Oscar Lucas over Sunday.

Ed. Sellers of Danville, Ind., was the guest of Ray White over Sunday.

Mrs. Levi Sears and son, Lee, are visiting her sister, Mrs. Thomas Miller.

Wednesday, afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. The paper will be by Mrs. J. G. Dunbar on Bishop Simpson and Henry Ward Beecher.

J. C. Akers, south of the city, went to Carpentersville, this morning, to make plans for tearing down the Presbyterian Church. The M. E. Church people are figuring on buying it, if not, it will be moved to Beech Grove, Indianapolis; and used for a Mission Church.

Joseph Mullen, division engineer, of the Big Four, is expected to return from Virginia, the latter part of the week.

Rev. Suddarth was in charge of the funeral services of J. H. Smith whose remains were brought from Indianapolis for burial.

Mr. Cartwright of Winchester stopped over Sunday to be with his cousin, Miss Bernice Caldwell. Mr. Cartwright is on his way to California.

Mr. and Mrs. William Reeves, who are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Noble Snyder, will return to their home in Indianapolis the latter part of the week.

E. M. Nichols of Hebron, Ind.; was in the city this morning to meet the County Commissioners, in regard to former trouble over removing bridges of Bel River.

The Woman's League of College Avenue church will meet tomorrow.

Mr. Cline on Indiana Street is very ill with pneumonia.

The Elks will give a dance in their hall tomorrow evening.

DePauw boys will play basketball with I. U. tonight at Bloomington.

Wiley Comstock has returned from Terre Haute where he visited his parents.

Olin McBride of Lafayette, was the guest of Arthur Newbanks over Sunday.

Mrs. S. J. Ryan is in Indianapolis for a visit with her son, Fred Bryan, and his family.

Mary Matson who has been visiting in Elwood for the past two weeks has returned home.

Lane Stone of Terre Haute was here Monday to spend the day with his mother, Mrs. Ella Stone.

About twenty Elks will go to Indianapolis tonight to attend the initiation and see work done.

Miss Sally Cawthorn will go to Indianapolis tomorrow for a visit with her sister, Mrs. Edwin Spooner.

Mrs. Elizabeth Murphy near Buffalo, Mo., was in the city this afternoon en route to Orleans, to visit her brother.

Fred Crawford is fitting up a restaurant on the corner of Indiana and Seminary streets, opposite the inter-urban station.

Dr. W. M. Blanchard entertains tonight at dinner for a number of his gentlemen friends of the university and city.

Mr. and Mrs. Kent Rhorer of Bloomington have returned to their home after a visit with Mrs. Rhorer's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Moore.

Mrs. R. N. Cawthorn, is expected to return home this evening from several days' visit with her daughter, Mrs. Edwin Spooner, of Indianapolis.

Mrs. Grace Mahoney Porter, on Bloomington Street is preparing to join her husband in Oklahoma. She will probably leave the first of the week.

The students are greatly enthused over the idea of having a new library and quite a number congregated at the location at noon, where preparations are being made for its erection.

Mrs. Mary Merryweather returned to her home in Anderson this afternoon, after attending her brother's funeral, and spending a few days with relatives and old friends.

During the absence of Mrs. William Glidewell last week, the water pipe froze and upon her return yesterday she found the floors rather icy and the cellar well filled with water.

The Alpha Phi's of College Avenue Church will meet in the church parlors at 2:30 o'clock Wednesday afternoon. The subject will be "Mathew Simpson and Henry Ward Beecher." The paper will be by Mrs. J. G. Dunbar.

The ten o'clock interurban car going west was delayed about twenty minutes just below the station. The resistance of the gravel train had burned out and left the train on the main track. Repairs were soon made and cars running again.

The death of Edgar Pierson, a merchant at Groveland, occurred at his home early this afternoon. Mr. Pierson was about 32 years old. He leaves a widow and three children.

Typhoid fever was the cause of his death. The funeral will be Thursday morning at 10:30 o'clock at the Presbyterian Church in Groveland. Burial will be in the New Maysville Cemetery.

James Bryan of near Fillmore was here today for the first time since Thanksgiving. Soon after Thanksgiving while in the woods one day he cut his foot with an axe. He has been confined to his home ever since. Mr. Bryan cannot yet get along without the aid of crutches.

Alfred Barnes, a carpenter, died at the county house last night at midnight, of organic heart disease. Mr. Barnes was 55 years old. He was taken to the county house just a week ago. The body was brought to Greencastle this afternoon and buried in Forest Hill cemetery. The only relative of the dead man had here was his son who is employed at Charley Kiefer's store.

The Theta girls entertained at their fraternity home yesterday in honor of their thirty-eighth birthday. The hours were 3 to 5 and 7 to 10. The ladies of the town were first entertained and then the alumni.

Guests to the number of 150 were present. The parlors were tastefully decorated with roses and carnations and the former were used as favors. Refreshments of sandwiches coffee and salad were served. They were the recipients of many pieces of silverware, presented by the Theta mothers and the Phi Psi's, as well as receiving individual presents. Both the afternoon and evening were greatly enjoyed and appreciated by those entertained.

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.

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Mr. A. H. DeVault of Lafayette having purchased the stock of hardware belonging to the Owl Hardware Co., wishes to announce to the citizens in general of Greencastle and Putnam County that he intends to place the stock in good shape; so at any time you will find a complete line of Hardware at prices that will interest all purchasers, and will assure you fair dealing.

Mr. Huffman will be retained as salesman, who wishes to see all his old friends and customers. Come and see us.

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## OPERA HOUSE ONE WEEK

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The St. Clairs in character impersonations.

Harvey Haas in ballad.

Coyer and Geyer, the famous acrobats.

Think of having this high class entertainment at popular prices.

The opening play for Monday night is

"JUST COMMON FOLKS"

On Monday night two ladies or lady and gentleman will be admitted on one paid 30 cent ticket.

Admission 30 cents, Gallery 20 cents, Children 10 cents.

Seats on sale at Badger & Green Drug Store.

Special Matinee Saturday afternoon.

who has a wide reputation as a reader and impersonator.

The Sophomore Class met in Meharry Hall yesterday afternoon at 1:15 for the purpose of holding the second term's election of class officers.

The meeting was called to order by President Crik and a ballot taken for the choice of class president. Marion Hedges, a member of the Phi Gam. fraternity was elected on the Independent ticket by a vote of 40 to 35 over Park Lantz, a member of Delta Tau Delta and of the liberal faction.

Ed. Hearld:—

In your paper of Saturday last I noticed that there is to be a change in the postoffice here. Can you tell me how soon that will take place, and if Mr. Zeis will retain the same old force, or will he let some of us who have been party workers here for years, have a chance to get a place in the office. Some of us think that Harry Smith was to have the office as he has been a party worker here for 15 years, or more. Many think that Mr. Zeis has not been here long enough to hold an office of that kind, and we do not know for certain that he has been naturalized. I do not know how that is, perhaps you can tell.

There was considerable stir here on Sunday morning last, after the boys had read the Herald of Saturday. The newly elected secretary of the county central committee and the ex-county chairman were in session that morning, and other members of G. O. P. were in session at other places and groups on the street.

Many men can be fitted in the young men's suits, sizes 35 and 36, being sold at half price at the Model.

MASONIC NOTICE.

There will be a called meeting of Temple Lodge No. 47, F. & A. M. on Wednesday evening, January 29, at 7 o'clock p. m., for work in the Entered Apprentice Degree. All Master Masons in good standing are cordially invited. J. M. King, W. M.

2t

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Write this sentence as many times as you can on a card furnished by me. I will publish the name of the winner, and all cards are open for examination after February 22. In the event of a tie, the first card received will win the piano. There is positively no chance for dissatisfaction. After the close you can count the winner's card yourself if you so desire.

**\$2500.00 In Prizes \$2500.00**

1st Prize. I will give \$200.00 on any piano in my store; all strictly high grade instruments which I assure the winner to last a life time. To the remaining contestants I will award prizes in accordance with the number of times they have written the sentence until \$2300 in prizes has been distributed.

Rules: Use pen or pencil. Write plainly, and the number of times you have written the sentence on the card. No person connected with the piano business allowed to compete. Expert penmen and engravers are barred from this contest. Only one card from each person will be accepted. All cards must be in by noon February 22.

Now get busy. I hope you'll win. I will put \$200 against your good sense and penmanship, and will do it absolutely as I agree.

James L. Hamilton, Music Store

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