

The Greencastle Herald

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ROOSEVELT'S MISTAKE.

Perhaps no mistake among the many mistakes made 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 protege, 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 't 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 doles 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.

OBITUARY.

William M. Dimler, son of Paul and Dora Matthews Dimler, was born at Kaslitz, 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 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. Scobell; 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 Blitters, and comes in 50 cent bottles. It breaks up a case of chills or bilious attack in almost no time; and it puts yellow jaundice clean out of commission." This great tonic, medicine and blood purifier gives quick relief in all stomach, liver and kidney complaints and the misery of lame back. Sold under guarantee at the Owl Drug Store. Jn

**CHECKING
A RUN.**

... By TAYLOR WHITE ...

Copyright, 1908, by E. C. Parcell.

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

"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 its permanent imprint on him."

"He can make his home with us if the bank fails," said Ware. "It is my belief 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 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 Carrsville, 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 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. Valily 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 as 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 their surplus to the city to take advantage of the money market. It is you who are a bank wrecker. I hate you!"

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