

## 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.

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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 its 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 equalled. 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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61	Walnut and Madison
321	Engine House
32	Hanna and Crown
42	Bloomington and Anderson
52	Seminary and Arlington
62	Washington and Locust
72	Washington and Locust
212	Seminary and Locust
23	Howard and Crown
43	Main and Ohio
53	College Ave and Demotte Alley
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