

The Greencastle Herald NEWS OF OLD PUTNAM RESIDENTS

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F. C. TILDEN C. J. ARNOLD

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BY THE PEOPLE.

If William J. Bryan is made president of the United States next November, he will, more than any man since the time of Washington, represent the choice of the people. From the very first it has been the people's voices that have pushed him forward, often when leaders have hesitated. No machine has had to do with his position in the party at any time. He stands today in marked contrast to all the Republican Candidates, except, perhaps, Hughes. In Indiana a Republican machine, without enthusiasm, and in the face of coldness and protest, is pushing Fairbanks for the presidency. In Kentucky, the lately successful Republicans, organized on graft, have been pulled into the circle, and are pushing Fairbanks. In Ohio the Taft machine headed by Cox is in a death grapple with the machine so long controlled by Foraker, and both careless of the people's wishes, are pushing a presidential boom. At Washington the national machine has been used by the president to push forward a favorite of his own and used against a favorite of the people of New York. The Republicans rely, not upon popularity with the people but upon the strength of their organization, the power to control votes in factories through threat and intimidation, the size of the campaign fund. It looks as if the fight would be the people against a machine, the engineers of which are the people's enemies—Foraker, Aldrich, the silent Cortelyou of Wall Street fame, grafty Platt of New York, Cannon, the legislation queller from Illinois, and others of equal notoriety. From remarks heard on every side we believe the machine is doomed. Everywhere we hear Republicans declaring they will not blindly support a machine made nominee, and in every case they mention Bryan as the probable recipient of their vote. Strange things are coming to pass in the Republican ranks.

FACULTY GRANTS HOLIDAY

Friday, February 7, is to be a holiday according to action taken by the faculty at its meeting last evening. For some years heretofore the day following the State Oratorical at Indianapolis has been granted by the faculty as a holiday and this year will be no exception.

In past years, however, the Oratorical generally took place on Friday evening, and then Saturday was "the day set for rest," but this year all students will be expected to be back in time for all classes on Saturday, the eighth.

RURAL ROUTE NO. 4.

Having nice weather now. Several cases of sickness in this neighborhood.

Those on the sick list at this writing are: Ella Plummer, Mrs. Elvira Skelton, Mrs. Anna Dean and Thomas Welsh.

Richard Frazier and family, Chas. Shaner, wife and daughter, Mrs. Lue Rurik and daughter spent Sunday at John Plummer's.

Lottie Cox called on her sister, Bessie Ashworth, Sunday afternoon. Frank Ruark has returned to Terre Haute to finish his course in telegraphy.

Mrs. Victor Frazier of Oakalla is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Wilson this week.

Mrs. Cora Morgan of Edinburg Ind., will come Saturday for a few days' visit with Mrs. Sarah Baysinger.

Howard Rockhill of Greencastle spent Sunday night at Charley Shaner's.

Anna Plummer spent Sunday afternoon with Maud Ruark.

Mr. and Mrs. John Baysinger spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Earl Wright.

Alva Dean and wife have returned home from Ohioville, Penn. where he has been at work.

There was a dance at Will Boone's near Manhattan Saturday night.

Mrs. Cordia Rockhill is able to be up after a siege of pneumonia fever.

Mrs. Helton is quite poorly at this writing.

Mr. Leland Frazier and wife called on Mr. Al Sears and wife Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Baysinger spent Sunday afternoon at Jake Knaub's.

Ella Frazier and Anna Plummer visited Sarah Baysinger on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Rogers spent Sunday with their daughter, Mrs. Eartha Baysinger.

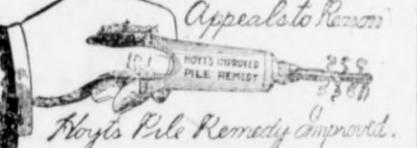
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The Return.

... BY ...
Martha Cobb Sanford.

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Friends of the family of Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Sells who formerly lived at Mt. Meridian, Putnam County, will be grieved to hear of their recent trouble. Mr. Sells died several years ago, leaving the mother, six girls and one boy. For some time Mrs. Sells and the two youngest girls have been living with a married daughter, Emma, in Arthur, Illinois. On the 10th of this month Mattie Sells Marshal of Urbana, Illinois, after retiring at the usual hour and in the best of spirits died very suddenly at ten o'clock. Mrs. Sells, the mother at Arthur, Ills., could not go as she was at the bedside of Goldie, a younger daughter, who is dying with tuberculosis. However, the married daughter and husband went immediately to Urbana and on Sunday morning while they were preparing for the funeral of Mrs. Marshal at Urbana, Ills., a telegram was received from Arthur, Ills., saying that the mother had dropped dead beside the sick daughter's bed.

Friends from Urbana went to Arthur to assist friends in preparing the body for burial. The double funeral was held at the Christian church in Urbana, Ills. Coming in opposite directions the two processions met at the church. Mrs. Marshal leaves a husband, and one child, while the mother leaves five daughters and one son.

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Graphic Description of a Climb Over a Volcanic Island.

A climb over a volcanic island in Bering sea is thus described in Owing Magazine by Robert Dunn:

"Cliff sank away into chaos. Upright fans of tuffa, crevices like salt crusted wounds, chasms with leprosy edges—breathed all like mad. Less steam, but more crinkly and venomous gases. Parched white and red and ochre in their depths, they seemed almost to whistle—yet they did not whistle—a furtive, ambient, high pressure 'Zjessho-ooo!' Was it sound? Then I would pause and catch only the horrid, overburdened silence."

The young man started at the name, then broke out into a hearty laugh.

The nurse cautioned him to be quiet, but the caution came too late.

"Who's there?" It was Ruth's voice calling anxiously from the room above.

The nurse had no evasive answer ready, but had she had one at her tongue's end there would have been no time to utter it, for at the sound of Ruth's voice Norman had bounded up the stairs two, three, at a time and now stood on the upper landing with the girl crushed rapturously to him.

"Oh, Laddie, Laddie!" Ruth cried joyously. "I knew your laugh."

But at the consciousness of his kiss she drew back from him with a cry that was half grief, half anger, and threw herself upon the couch, sobbing bitterly.

"Ruth, Ruth, what is it, little one? Tell me, dearest," pleaded Norman.

"Go back to her," the girl gasped finally through her sobs.

"Go back to whom?" asked Norman, utterly mystified.

"Oh, you are cruel. Why did you come? I've watched you kiss her good by every morning when you left her at the office, and I envied her then, though I didn't know it was you. I only remembered what I had lost. Go, don't stand there and pity me. Go back, go back!"

"Ruth, sweetheart, listen! There is no one to go back to. That is my sister you have seen me with. Surely you knew I would wait for you—and you have come. Don't cry any more, little one."

And Ruth let herself be comforted and loved and kissed—like any tired child.

"The return is very sweet, Laddie," she whispered. "You'll keep on coming every day now, won't you?"

Quarter.

The term "quarter," used in warfare, originated from an agreement anciently made between the Dutch and Spaniards, that the ransom of a soldier taken in action should be a quarter of his pay. Probably it meant to "grant conditions." In this sense the expression was commonly used at one time. As a modern warlike term, to give quarter means that the prisoners of war should be sent to the rear of the army and there lodged and fed by the captors until exchanged or released on the termination of hostilities.

"I thought so," returned Ruth. "I hate him."

"That's only natural, I suppose, dear. But you must remember that he isn't really to blame if it was his car that ran into you. After the accident he held you in his arms all the way home so that the motion of the car would

not jar you. He did everything he could do for you. I never saw a man more broken up over anything. He's been here at least once a day ever since."

"H'm!" commented Ruth. "His motive is obvious. He's afraid I'll sue him for damages. I despise him. When did he send these roses?"

"Every day—today, I mean. He's had fresh ones sent every morning. It's very romantic, Miss Ruth, to my way of thinking," ventured the nurse, casting a sly glance at her patient.

"Romantic!" repeated Ruth. "It's lucky you were not the one run over. That man would have had you thanking him for the privilege, but he can't bribe me with daily visits and floral contributions. You see there isn't the ghost of a chance for anything romantic in the situation. He's married."

"Oh!" exclaimed the nurse, with unmistakable disappointment. "I didn't know, Miss Ruth. I beg your pardon."

So that was why he presented roses anonymously and why her patient had him. Possibly before he was married—it was thus the nurse allowed her imagination to put two and two together.

"Don't keep any more of his old roses, please, and don't let him come here any more." Ruth gave her orders wearily and was soon asleep.

Norman McDonald continued to call, however, and to send roses, quite unconscious that the latter never found their way to Ruth's sickroom.

The reports that the nurse gave him from day to day of the girl's recovery were not gratifying.

"She doesn't seem to gain at all," the nurse complained one morning disconsolately. "She sits up, but she has no animation—no courage hardly. She never mentions her work, and they say she was heart and soul devoted to it before the—before her illness. The wistfulness of her little pale face is enough to break your heart."

The young man looked very thoughtful.

"I suppose she has never asked to see me?" he inquired at length.

"I have never heard her speak your name, Mr. McDonald," replied the nurse evasively.

"No, of course. It isn't likely that she would. It's a blessed thing, though, that she doesn't realize that it was I—that it was my car that injured her."

The nurse was confused.

"But I fear she is confused, Mr. McDonald. In fact, I'm sure she does."

"But I thought you said you never heard her speak of me?"

"Not by name," the nurse repeated.

Norman's perplexity was evident.

"She speaks of you as the 'gentleman of the fur lined overcoat,'" the nurse explained. "And she has requested me not to let you come here. Mr. McDonald. I hadn't the courage to tell you before."

The young man showed no surprise, but looked deeply troubled.

"Well," he said finally, "at least I can telephone, and I'm sure you'll tell me if there is ever any way I can be of further service to her. When she has fully recovered, I shall hope."

"Oh, Mr. McDonald," the nurse interrupted, "I suppose I haven't any right to tell you, but sometimes in her delirium Miss Jeffrey used to mention me to let you come here. When she had been in her new position. But never before had it plunged her into such an implacable mood of discontent."

"Well," she commented to herself as she pinned on her little tailor made hat, with a gesture of wholesomeness determination, "this will never do at all. It's my own fault. I refused him, and that's all there is about it. At the time matrimony seemed such an obvious, commonplace transaction in comparison with the allurement of independence—and now, well, it's no use thinking about it. I may bump into romance any day."

This pretty and refreshing bit of sentiment in the midst of a hustling workday world Ruth had witnessed nearly every morning, to be sure, since she had been in her new position. But never before had it plunged her into such an implacable mood of discontent.

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