

The Greencastle Herald

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THE FULL DINNER PAIL.

The Republicans won the campaign of 1896 on the cry of the full dinner pail. How shallow the reasoning was of the voters who followed this cry is now apparent. The Republican party, by the use of all the methods of inflation at its command by its bonuses to manufacturers and its high protective tariff, has failed to keep the dinner pail full. In spite of double headed statements to the contrary the country is full of unemployed men. Nearly two hundred thousand laborers have been discharged in the last two months. Thousands of foreign laborers have returned to their homes in Europe. The full dinner pail based upon a protective tariff has proved to be a myth. It had none of the underlying principles of permanency. It was only a stimulant leaving the body politic weaker because of it. From its use diseases have resulted which must now be cured. Trusts have been formed, mad financing developed, the Government Treasury has been attached to Wall street. And the whole country made sickly and unsound. We must now build up again from the bottom—without stimulation and without dishonesty. Then and then only will the full dinner pail be an assured fact, not for a few months, but for all time. Special favors to the few can never result in permanent advance. It is contrary to history and to reason that it should be so. Give us tariff reduction, a safe and sane currency outside the control of a few bankers, make all solid by striking favoritism either of law or tariff from our government, and restored confidence will restore the full dinner pail. Republican inflation has twice emptied it. Democratic principles will fill it again once for all.

NO FEAR OF SMALLPOX

Disease Common in Several Border Counties but Little Likelihood of Spreading into Putnam.

The fact that small pox is epidemic in several places in adjoining counties has caused some apprehension that the disease might cross the line and reach the residents of Putnam. Dr. King, Secretary of the County Board of the Health, when questioned in regard to the matter, stated that there was little danger. Putnam county is very well vaccinated, and this renders the possibility of an epidemic very slight. Then, too, our foreign laborers are rapidly leaving. The railroad camps, our greatest danger, are practically gone, and we have no large bunches of foreign laborers as in the case in the coal fields of Clay and the stone quarries of Warren county.

Pneumonia, in the eyes of most of physicians, is more to be dreaded than the old scourge of small pox. With care an epidemic of that disease is almost impossible.

When you go away or have visitors call 65 and let people know it. 25c.

DePAUW CARNIVAL ASSURED

The committee meeting held yesterday afternoon with Dr. Seaman resulted in giving DePauw "Country Fair" its first start. The date was definitely agreed upon for February 13, 14 and 15 and the work will progress rapidly from now on. Each organization participating must have their event entered with the committee by Friday noon when all will be considered and contracts arranged.

The committee will be appointed early in the week for carrying out the plans, the entire organization being under the direction of an executive committee. Anyone having suggestions is asked to confer with this committee, which is composed of Misses Bishop, Caldwell and Zazrisky and Messrs. Brown, Larimore, Eckley, Carpenter and Shultz.

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

An Outrageous Slander.

The public may not know the good story, which has been a joy for many a long day among musicians, which tells how a celebrated conductor, admired and beloved by every one who knows him, accused his wife in broken English of conduct the reverse of admirable, to put it mildly. He was refusing an invitation to an afternoon party for her on the plea of her delicate health, but he evidently got a little mixed during his explanations, for he made the following astounding statement, which was news indeed to the world in general: "My wife lies in the afternoon. If she does not lie, then she swindles."

N. B.—"Schwindeln" is the equivalent in German for "feeling giddy."—Cornhill Magazine.

Thoughtful.

There is an elderly business man of Cleveland of whom friends tell a story amusingly illustrating his excessively methodical manner of conducting both his business and his domestic affairs. The Clevelander married a young woman living in a town not far away. On the evening of the ceremony the prospective bridegroom, being detained by an unexpected and important matter of business, missed the train he had intended to take in order that he might reach the abode of his bride at 7 o'clock, the hour set for the wedding. True to his instincts, the careful Clevelander immediately repaired to the telegraph office, from which to dispatch a message to the lady. It read: "Don't marry till I come. Howard."—Harper's Weekly.

Acting Like a Man.

The curtain had just gone down on the second act, leaving the heroine in the villain's clutches. Up in the balcony a sentimental woman burst into tears.

"Don't cry, dear," said her husband, "Remember, it's only a play. Act like a man."

"Very well, John," said the lady, smiling through her tears. "You'll excuse me for a moment, won't you? I must run out and send a telegram."—Bohemian.

The Trouble With Carr.

"I rather like your friend," Mrs. Page said graciously after Carr had gone home. "He is good looking and agreeable, but you can't call him a brilliant conversationalist. The London girls talked all round him."

"Unfortunately," replied Mr. Page, "Carr cannot talk on a subject unless he knows something about it."

A Higher Health Level.

"I have reached a higher health level since I began using Dr. King's New Lif Pills," writes Jacob Springer, of West Franklin, Main. "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. 25c.

in:

Discord and Harmony.

... By NANCY BRENT ...

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Professor Maurier, lost in the grandeur of "Tannhauser" rendered by himself on the piano, failed to hear the first tap at his studio door. The visitor, evidently realizing how tantalizing it is to stop midway in a feeling of transport, waited until the last note of Elsa's prayer died away, then knocked again and finally by an energetic rattle of the doorknob caused the professor to come back to a realization of things mundane.

"Ah, I was awaiting you, mademoiselle! I was anxious to hear how you sang so beautifully for monsieur the manager."

Edith Garth threw her music roll on the piano and walked over to the fireplace, where the extravagant professor had lighted the gas log.

"I've simply disgraced you," she said miserably, holding the toe of her damp



"YOU MUST GO AGAIN, MADEMOISELLE." shoe to the blaze with a despairing indifference to the smell of burned leather.

"Impossible! Your voice is most beautiful, and I had taught you the oratorio until you could render it with closed eyes," the professor expostulated.

The girl sat down, hunting vainly for her handkerchief.

"I don't know what my voice was, but when I tried to sing for that horrid man this afternoon I didn't have any voice of any kind. It wabbled, avoided the tune—did everything—and finally died away in an asthmatic gasp." She found the handkerchief, and it proved to be too small for the demand, a suspicious limpness indicating that it had previously seen much service.

"Ma pauvre petite!" The professor gazed at her perplexedly. "I'll make a cup of strongest tea, bitter as the English and the Americans could wish for. While we drink it and eat some crackers and a can of the tiniest sardines that I have in the back of the music case you can tell me your dejection."

"Yes, yes, and then, petite?"

"You might say, 'I love your daughter and—your daughter loves me—so she has brought me to see my new mother,'" she said, keeping her gaze on the fire.

"And will you tell me the best way?"

"Suppose you should go—not by yourself, but with me—to see my mother, and then—"

"Yes, yes, and then, petite?"

"You might say, 'I love your daughter and—your daughter loves me—so she has brought me to see my new mother,'" she said, keeping her gaze on the fire.

"He knew beside her and turned her face gently toward him.

"The beautiful home we'll have—and your beautiful voice will be with me always. We go on the early train, the most early train, to see madam, the new mother, mon ange."

When Leap Years End.

In 1582, in the arrangement of the Julian calendar, ten days were dropped so as to get things running on the then new but the present basis of calculating time. So as to keep things running right it was determined that a year ending in century should not be bissextile, except every fourth century.

Thus there was no leap year in 1700, 1800 or 1900. It is, or at least was, rather rough on the ladies, who have special advantages in leap year; but, though there will not be many of those who saw 1900 who will see 2000, the latter year, ending a fourth century, will be a leap year. In this way three days are retrenched in four centuries, and the remaining seven days will be made up in a little over 800 years.

After that calendar years will be like solar years, and future errors in the calculation of time will occur no more.

The loss of leap year will in thousands of years affect the seasons, but I suppose the mathematicians of the centuries hence will be so flip in handling figures and making calculations that they will have no difficulty in keeping things going correctly.—Strand Magazine.

The Attraction of Chess Problems.

The mere player who has never experienced the magnetic attraction of problems cannot fully realize the feeling of joy and satisfaction from solving some masterpiece, the work of a famous composer. There can be no doubt that solving problems, especially from diagrams, is an intellectual amusement and that the study of problems tends to accuracy of analysis, quickens the perception and strengthens the chess faculties generally and may occasionally impart some of those sparkling ideas which are so sadly needed in ordinary play.—Strand Magazine.

Riot of Joy Offered.

A trap-applied for help at a house in the country. The kind hearted mistress made it a rule never to turn away empty handed.

"Here's a dime for you, my man," she said. "I'm not giving it to you for charity's sake, but merely because it pleases me."

"Thankie," said the man, "but couldn't you make it a quarter and enjoy yourself thoroughly, mum?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Gloomy Hamlet.

"I went to the theater last night."

"What did you see?"

"A play called 'Hamlet'."

"How was it?"

"Fair, only fair. A good, lively sextet would do it a world of good."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

An Easy Trick.

"My wife can tell what time it is in the middle of the night when it is pitch dark."

"How does she do it?"

"She makes me get up and look at the clock."—London Fun.

Every one desires to live long, but no one would be old.—Swift.

It's silly of me to start off this

way again. The director told me to come again next week and he would hear me—that if I could sing in half the whole soul'd way I cried I ought to make good. You ought to be ashamed to laugh at me," reproachfully. "I'll never have the courage to go again, and I'll always be afraid to sing in public now. My voice might act that way again, and I wanted so to make my living by singing."

He leaned toward her and spoke earnestly.

"You must go again, mademoiselle."

"I must go again, mademoiselle."