

The Greencastle Herald

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F. C. TILDEN C. J. ARNOLD

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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 flandering 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.

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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 con lists arranged.

The committees 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 Slandering.

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 Cleveland 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 Cleveland 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 Easton 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 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, 25c.

Discord and Harmony.

... By NANCY BRENT ...

Copyright, 1908, by N. E. Doley.

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 le 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 wobbled, 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 finest sardines that I have in the back of the music case you can tell me your depression."

He put the kettle on the alcohol lamp and drew the piano bench in front of the fireplace, spreading a sheet of music for a table cover. The girl dried her eyes furtively, and after the outdoor chill her nerves slowly relaxed by the comforting gas log. She watched him with the amused tolerance a woman has for a man's house-keeping, and when he brought the "Tannhauser" score to put under the teapot she forgot her woe long enough for a faint smile, which the professor quickly observed.

"Ah, you are feeling better even now, and when you have eaten six of the little fish and two of the crackers and ask for a second cup of this well cooked tea you may tell me your story." He arranged three of the prescribed little fish on a cracker and deftly squeezed some lemon juice over them. "I believe I am equal to three more," she said, selecting an unbroken cracker from the box and holding it while he angled for the sardines. "And now I must tell you what a failure I made. When my voice stopped with that asthmatic gasp, I never was so surprised in my life. I told him I didn't know what was the matter—I'd never had such an attack before. He said he had often had candidates for positions in the choir get so nervous they couldn't sing at first and for me to rest a few minutes and try again."

"But I thought how hard I had tried for that position as soloist and how hard I had studied with you for the last six months, when the people at home had scripped and saved to keep me here in the city, and I don't know how I lost my grip, but great big tears commenced running down my cheeks, not nice ladylike tears, but the great big splashy kind that you can't swallow and that a real ladylike handkerchief will not soak up."

She had hung the ladylike handkerchief before the fire to dry, and the big blond professor, who looked more like a Norse sea king than a French teacher of voice, handed it to her, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Perhaps you might find a spot slightly dry," he suggested.

"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 souled 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. In my country we always drive a horse back and make him look at the object that has given him the fright. It is so with this nervous terror of yours, petite. It will grow larger day by day until you will be so sensitive you cannot do the solos in the church or the concert. Will you try it again next week?"

"I feel that I couldn't—positively couldn't," she gasped, trembling at the thought of a second fiasco.

The professor got his hat and coat to walk down the street with her to her boarding house.

"I go with you next week, mademoiselle. I play your accompaniment for you. You must forget yourself, and when he hears you sing the place as soloist at St. John's is yours for the accepting. Monsieur the director will implore you to accept."

The next week an elated girl entered the professor's studio. She was not alone. The professor himself threw the roll of music on the piano, with a little whoop of enthusiasm.

"Never have you sung so well, and do you not feel glad that the horse that balked was led back to try again?"

"I don't mind being called a horse a bit, I'm so happy," she exclaimed. "You couldn't offend me even if you called me a donkey. And it's you—who have done it all. I found out yesterday that you have been teaching me for practically nothing when your other pupils are paying outrageous prices. It was good—so good—of you," and she held out her hands impulsively.

The professor took them in his, and the blueness of his eyes sparkled into hers.

"It was not goodness, petite—it was—happiness."

He led her to the chair by the fireplace and stood looking down at her. "I have been here so long, petite, in a country where I have not the home feeling. There are five years that I have taught, at first to few, then to many, much; yet, petite, I have not the home feeling. And your voice I loved first, and then you. I wanted to make you succeed so you would not despair and go back to the country before I had the time to try to make you care. Petite, may I go to your country home tomorrow and ask the honor of your hand from madam, your mother?"

The girl laughed softly. "That is not the American style. If you want to settle in America for life, don't you think it would be well for you to conform to our customs?"

"And will you tell me the best way?" he pleaded.

"Suppose you should go—not by your self, 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 knelt 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 a century should not be bisextile, 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.—Exchange.

Chinese Aversion to Surgery.

It may occur to many people that they have never seen a Chinaman bereft of an arm, leg or other member of his body. The reason for this is that all orientals maintain a profound objection to surgical operations. Indeed, they much prefer to die rather than to be deprived of a member, because as it is undeniable that they came into the world with two arms, two legs, eight fingers, two thumbs, etc., they must of necessity go out of it with the same number. Otherwise, once on the other side, they might be sent to hunt for a missing member and spend the greater part of eternity in finding it. Perhaps the nearest approach to internal surgery that a Chinese doctor will attempt is to stand on the patient's body and with bare feet move about on the part afflicted. In dentistry the Chinese have reached the discovery that the nerve is a worm, and the best method to treat an aching tooth is to loosen it by driving in wedges in order that the worm may escape.—Chicago Journal.

A JUBILEE JOKE.

Lady Churchill's Bustle That Played "God Save the Queen."

Everything that year (Queen Victoria's jubilee year) was dubbed "jubilee," from knights and babies to hats and coats. "God Save the Queen" was heard ad nauseam on every conceivable occasion until the tune became an obsession. This led to a practical joke at the castle which caused much amusement. One morning, speaking of the jubilee craze, I pretended that I had received as an advertisement a "jubilee bustle," which would play "God Save the Queen" when the wearer sat down. This, of course, created much curiosity and laughter. Having promised to put it on, I took my hosts into my confidence. An aid-de-camp was pressed into the service and armed with a small musical box was made to hide under a particular armchair. While the company was at luncheon I retired to don the so called "jubilee wonder," and when they were all assembled I marched in solemnly and slowly sat down on the armchair where the poor aid-de-camp was hiding his cramped limbs. To the delight and astonishment of every one the national anthem was heard gently tinkling forth. Every time I rose it stopped; every time I sat down it began again. I still laugh when I think of it and of the astonished faces about me.—Reminiscences of Lady Randolph Churchill in Century.

A GREAT STATESMAN.

Humorous Incident of Gladstone's Rivalry With Disraeli.

An anecdote of Gladstone at the time of his greatest rivalry with Disraeli is often retold. At a dinner party the subject of Judaism cropped up.

"Admitted," said Gladstone, "that the Hebrews have given the world a philosopher in Spinoza, musicians in Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer, a poet in Heine, the fact remains that they have not produced a single statesman." There was silence for a moment. Every one knew of course that this was a direct allusion to Disraeli. Then one of the company stepped into the breach.

"Mr. Gladstone," he said, "as a matter of fact the Hebrews have produced a statesman and one of the greatest the world has seen."

The fighting instinct of Mr. Gladstone surged up at once. "May I ask, sir," he said pointedly, "who was this Hebrew statesman?"

Every one, anticipating a more than lively scene, waited in tense expectation for the answer. It came in the quietest tones, "Moses, sir." Every one smiled, and Mr. Gladstone joined in the laugh.—Vienna Welt.

A Jewel Beyond Price.

Many years ago a Norwegian was taken to a big London hospital suffering from an illness which prevented him from earning his living. Sir Frederick Treves operated upon him and completely cured him of his trouble. Some weeks afterward the man called upon Sir Frederick at his private house, and, much to his surprise, presented him with a coin. At first Sir Frederick refused to take it, but the man would not be put off.

"It is now three years since I left my native land," he said, "and before I came away my wife gave me this coin and told me never to part with it unless I was starving. It is not worth anything, but the value to me I cannot express. When I was in the hospital I made up my mind that you should have it. Since you cured me I have been starving, but I would not part with the coin because I wanted you to have it as a small return for saving my life."

"What magnificent piece of jewelry," said Sir Frederick when he told the story, "could equal the value of that coin?"—London M. A. P.

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 Proffered.

A tramp-applied for help at a house in the country. The kind hearted mistress made it a rule never to turn any 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."

"Thankee," 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.

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