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THE ALDRICH BILL AGAIN.

The currency reform bill of Senator Aldrich has been revised and reported from the committee of which Aldrich is chairman. The chief changes are the changes in amount of currency that may be issued in a time of stress, the total in the revised bill being \$500,000,000. This currency is still to be issued against railroad and corporation stocks and bonds, and against state, county, township and municipal bonds. The change lies in the raising of the amounts to be issued against each kind of security. Railroads and corporation bonds are to be good but for 75 percent of their par value, but other bonds for 90 percent. The bill seems to be framed purely in the interests of Wall street. At least the whole country outside of Wall street opposes the bill, and all New York financiers and trade journals, from Harpers Weekly to the Wall Street Journal, are in favor of it. The chief objection to the bill is that it makes, in a time of panic, the currency of the country rest upon collateral of no intrinsic value at least as far as the corporation paper is concerned. It is far sighted scheme of the speculators. It is supposed to work thus. In a time of panic the market value of stocks and bonds declines. But the currency is to be based on these stocks. To get currency banks must use stocks and bonds, the greater the panic and the greater the demand for currency the greater the necessity for the banks to buy. The value of this paper will, therefore, be maintained by the very panic caused by the manipulation of the owners of this paper. The end would be to create an artificial market for the bonds up to the \$500,000,000 limit. This reached there would be no further demand for them in any form and they would go the way of the market, leaving the currency with ever lessening security. It is no wonder that all banks and bankers except those in the very center of the stock gambling of Wall street fear the bill.

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Edythe Coburn Noyes.



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WINTER BUTTERFLIES.

A Hardy Brood For Which Frost and Snow Possess No Terrors.

Coming in one day from a walk in a heavy snowstorm, I dropped upon the evening table some triangular brownish bits that looked at first sight like flakes of dried bark.

"What are those—chips?"

"No. Butterflies."

"Such a reply with a foot of snow on the ground and great probability of a foot more before morning was accepted as a pleasantry and not to be taken seriously. The idea of catching butterflies in a snowstorm seemed too 'fishy' for serious consideration.

On the approach of winter most of the butterflies, those delicate little creatures of fair weather, naturally die. But among their number there is a whole hardy brood for which the rigors of winter possess no terrors. These are the angle wings, or vane-sided. They are frequently called "thaw butterflies" from the fact that during the warm spells of winter they awake from their torpor and may frequently be seen sunning themselves near their place of hibernation or if the weather is mild and pleasant flitting lightly about in the open places.

These insects pass the winter both as chrysalis and as mature butterflies. Normally they remain in the chrysalis form only about two weeks, but it is probable that the severe cold overtakes some before they are fully developed, which may account for some of them hibernating as chrysalis.—St. Nicholas.

COURTING DEATH.

The Work of the Mounted Police of Canada in the Northwest.

The Northwest policeman's first duty is to die if that should be necessary. He is not allowed to shoot a desperado, go up, sit on his carcass, roll a cigarette and then read the warrant. He must not shoot. At all events he must not shoot first, which is often fatal, for if there is a time when delay is dangerous it is when you are covering an outlaw, writes Cy Warnan in the Sunday Magazine.

Numbers of the force have been known to ride or walk into the very mouth of a cocked .45 Colt and never flinch. In about ninety-eight cases out of every hundred the man behind the gun weakened. In the other two cases he extended his lease of life, but made his going doubly sure. When a mounted policeman falls, the open space he leaves is immediately closed, for back of him stands the Dominion government and back of that the British empire. So the desperado who thinks he can kill and get away has a hard time. If the police chase him out of the Dominion back to the islands, he is likely to fetch up at Scotland Yard. If his native village lies south of the forty-ninth, the Pinkertons take up his trail, and when all these forces are after a man his days are gliding swiftly by.

"Next!"

"I was counsel for a railway company in the west," says a prominent New York lawyer, "in whose employ a section hand had been killed by an express train. His widow, of course, sued for damages. The principal witness swore positively that the locomotive whistle had not sounded until after the entire train had passed over his departed friend.

"You admit that the whistle blew?"

"I sternly demanded of the witness.

"Oh, yes; it blew."

"Now," I added impressively, "if that whistle sounded in time to give Morgan warning the fact would be in favor of the company, wouldn't it?"

"I suppose so," said the witness.

"Very well. Now, for what earthly purpose would the engineer blow his whistle after the man had been struck?"

"I presume," replied the witness, "with great deliberation, that the whistle was for the next man on the track."—Harper's Weekly.

Summary Conversion.

Hawaiians all became Christians through the simple process of an edict—kappoo—of one of the sturdy old Kamehamehas. The worthy king, observing that it was easier to kill an enemy with a rifle than with a club and that the rifle was the invention of the Christians, took a short cut through the theological mazes of the missionaries who were trying to convert his subjects and announced that all Hawaiians were from that moment Christians. As he added that he would knock on the head any who objected the thing was done as fast as his couriers could deliver his message to his loving subjects.—New York World.

What He Had Done.

Tactful and delicate even for a Frenchman was the reply made by a Parisian who had not found "a life on the ocean wave" all which one could wish. He was sinking, pale and haggard, into his steamer chair when his neighbor cheerily asked:

"Have you breakfasted, monsieur?"

"No, monsieur," answered the Frenchman, with a wan smile; "I have not breakfasted. On the contrary!"—Everybody's Magazine.

The Name Oscar.

It is interesting to remember that the name Oscar was bestowed by Napoleon on Bernadotte's son—the first King Oscar—to whom he stood godfather, not for any Swedish associations, but because it was the name of a heroic character in Macpherson's "Ossian," a work which Napoleon continually studied.—London Spectator.

The Practical Girl.

"Jack told me he could live on my kisses forever."

"Are you going to let him?"

"Not till I find out what I'm going to live on!"—Chicago Journal.

The Superstitions of Rhoda.

By Martha Endicott Eaton.

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It was evening. Rhoda had dined. The parlor in her little flat, which was also her study, was well lighted. Logs were burning brightly on the andirons. Everything was cozy and "comfy."

Rhoda had drawn a big chair close to the fire, and you would have thought she had everything heart could desire, but if you had looked hard you would have seen a tear on the long eyelashes.

She was a writer. Her stories had always sold well until lately.

B-r-r-r went the doorbell. Her maid let in a tall, good looking man with a Gibson chin. Rhoda gave him her hand with a faint smile.

Jack Welles saw the tear she tried to brush away.

"Rhoda, dear, what is it?"

"Well, to tell the truth, I am discouraged—another rejection. Do you know, Jack—I've just thought of it—I don't believe I shall sell another story this year. It is my thirteenth year."

"No; you don't mean it?"

"Yes, and it is no use. I might as well not write at all. I wonder if my money will hold out until next year."

Jack roared with laughter. He couldn't help it, she looked so serious, and he could see she firmly believed it.

"But, then," she continued, "I did see the moon through the glass this month."

"Is that bad?"

"Very bad. Didn't you know it, Jack?"

"No, I never give the moon a thought."

"You don't? Oh, how I wish I didn't! If I see it face to face, you know, I have lots of luck, and I bow three times and say 'Good evening, Lady Moon,' very politely."

"Why, Rhoda Stratton, I never knew you!" exclaimed Jack.

"I really can't help it, Jack. It's atavism, I think."

"Say, Rhoda, if you really think you won't sell any more stories this year, why don't you marry me, and then it won't matter?"

Jack had asked her to marry him nearly every week for the last five years.

"I can't, Jack. I don't want to be married," pleaded Rhoda.

"You'd better. You might starve."

"No, I won't. Maybe I can find a hunchback and touch his lump, and that will change my luck and break the spell of the thirteenth."

"B-h-o-o-a!" gasped Jack. "Where did you learn all this?"

"I don't know. I have always known it."

"I nearly forgot I had tickets for the theater. Get on your wraps. Mother is coming for us in the carriage. Here she is."

Rhoda laughed heartily all the evening at the fun in the play. Afterward they went for a bite to eat. And a very tired Rhoda tumbled into bed that night. Her trouble was forgotten for awhile.

But, alas, she dreamed. She dreamed a spider was spinning a web in the rungs of her chair.

She remembered her dream when she awoke and called to her maid to bring her a book which was on her desk. As she drank her early cup of tea—a habit formed in England—she perused the pages of her dream book and found what she wanted.

"To dream a spider spins his web before you means you will receive a sum of money."

Much encouraged, Rhoda was soon dressed. She always walked before sitting down for a long day at her desk.

Today she did a thing unusual in her. She took a manuscript with her and bearded an editor in his den. He took her story and promised to pass judgment upon it shortly.

Rhoda thanked him and walked home quickly. Her friends knew they must never disturb her in the morning. At 5 o'clock, however, some girls came for tea. Rhoda always had some new dainties for them. Today, after finishing a new short story, she had prepared some chopped walnuts and chopped pimentos and cream cheese and mixed them into a paste and spread it on some dainty biscuits. The girls declared it very good.

Only two came that afternoon, Barbara Van Allen and Dolly Van Brunt. By and by Jack Welles and his mother came; then Bob Kingsley. Bob was a kindred spirit. He was as superstitious as Rhoda.

"Look, Rhoda," he said; "I found a nail with its head toward me."

"How lucky! I walked miles down Broadway, but no such luck came to me."

A scream of laughter came from the girls.

"What is it, Barbara?" queried Rhoda.

"Mr. Kingsley has a rabbit's foot in his pocket."

"Is it off a left hind leg from a rabbit shot in a graveyard?" asked Rhoda.

"Rhoda!" exclaimed the girls.

"She's as bad as Bob," remarked Jack.

"Well, that's the only foot that's lucky anyway," said Rhoda.

"Rhoda, dear, how can you believe such things?" asked Mrs. Welles. "A girl so sensible in other ways and one who puts so much heart into her work, and you are methodical too."

"Mrs. Welles," answered Rhoda soberly, "some one has said, 'There is a screw loose in every one.' That is my loose screw, I suppose. I don't know."

she continued, "that I really believe anything. Thirteen or the thirteenth I don't like, really. I wouldn't begin a journey on Friday or do anything of importance then. Of course I do my regular work just the same. I should be positively ill," she added, "if I had to sit in a seat marked 13 at a play or concert."

"Let me read your hand, Rhoda," said Barbara.

Rhoda left the tea table and took a chair by Barbara, who was an expert in palmistry. Barbara read:

"You have the author's hand, all right—drooping headline with a forked end, a rather large thumb and a curved outside, which shows imagination. Your mount of Jupiter is well developed and has a star on it, which shows that you are ambitious and that your ambition will be realized. Your life line is long, and, yes, you have a line which shows superstition. You will be married soon and have quite a long life."

"Thanks, Bab, dear, if that is all true. But I do not intend to be married soon, however."

"The oft laid plans of mice and men," etc.," quoted Barbara. "You know the rest, Rhoda. You will be married soon, dear. Your hand tells the tale."

They bade her goodbye, chaffing her a little.

Jack lingered, gave her hand a gentle squeeze and said, "See, dear, the fates are against you."

"Well, it is not you, necessarily," scornfully.

"Oh, isn't it? Do you think I shall let any other man marry you? Not much!"

Not long after this Jack called just as the postman was leaving the mail. He took from his hand an envelope with a blue figure in the corner, a mark of a well known magazine. He entered Rhoda's study, waving it over his head, yelling, "Where now is your fatal 13?"

She reached for the letter, which he held beyond her reach. He teased her for awhile and then gave it to her. Her story was accepted. The envelope contained a generous check.

"Now, Miss Rhoda, now what have you to say?"

"Pooh!" That's only one in four months."

"Well, it's one, and you said you wouldn't sell any."

Rhoda laughed.

"Have a cup of tea, Jack?" she asked. "Two lumps?"

"One, only one, and no cream. You'd make a nice wife, wouldn't you? You have poured tea for me for five years and you can't remember now how many lumps I take. Woe is me!" But there was a naughty twinkle in his eye.

During the rest of the year Rhoda did not sell another story, whether it was really because it was the thirteenth year of her writing, who could tell?

When the year ended, she tried again. The first did not sell either.

Jack said, "You must go to pastures new."

He had to go to Europe on business, and he meant to take Rhoda along. He teased her to marry him.

"Rhoda, dear, I love you so, and I have waited five years."

"Well, wait seven, like Jacob."

"And then get Leah—no, sir-ee; I'll wait not another day," he said sternly. "I am going home now, and you can think it over, and when you decide to marry me let me know. Until you say 'come' you will not see me."

A week passed and no word from Rhoda, then another and another. Then she began to think. She missed him so.

Her aunt, who had returned from a trip, asked, "Rhoda, what have you done to Jack?"

"Nothing," answered Rhoda. "He has left me."

Finally she telephoned to his office. "Hello, is that you, Jack?"

"Yes, Rhoda."

"Come have a cup of tea this afternoon."

"You mean it? You know what this invitation implies?"

"Yes, I know," meekly.

It was a pale Rhoda who was clasped in Jack's dear arms—for such they had become to her—that afternoon, but a happy one.

Jack told her he was going to Europe, so they would have to be married soon, and then as she consented the little goose's superstition crept in again. "We will be married on Wednesday," she declared.

"Why on a Wednesday, dear?"

"Jack, dear, don't you know the rhyme?"

"Monday for wealth, Tuesday for health, Wednesday the best day of all; Thursday for crosses, Friday for losses, Saturday no luck at all."

So they were married on a Wednesday. Jack didn't care. She was so lovable he was glad to take her, superstition and all.

Code Messages by Wire.

It seems strange that even now there are many restrictions on the use of an ordinary thing as a cable or telegraph wire. Yet it is true that nobody is permitted to send to or through Portugal anything having to do with the deeds or thoughts of anarchists and that code messages of any kind are forbidden in Tripoli, Bosnia, Roumelia, Roumania, Herzegovina, Bulgaria and other Balkan states. After that it seems unnecessary to mention that Turkey forbids code messages, but it is a little surprising to find that you can send a message to most parts of Persia in only one language—that is, French—and if you address most places in the land of the shah your message will be translated into the tongue of Gaul and diplomacy when it reaches Teheran.

HOW A WAR WAS PREVENTED.

(Original.)

The essential features of this story constitute a notable newspaper scoop.

One evening at a ball at the German embassy at Paris M. de B., a brilliant young journalist then representing the London Times at the French capital, was standing looking on at the dancers when a girl possessing a Teutonic cast of countenance passed leaning on the arm of the German ambassador. Her eyes met those of De B., and, though she lowered them modestly, still there was that in her expression which revealed to the young journalist that he had made an impression. He sought the ambassador and begged an introduction. It was granted, and De B. was presented to Marie von Ullenstein of Berlin, a niece of Prince Bismarck.

De B. met the fraulein often in society, and at every meeting the mutual pleasure appeared to be greater than at the previous one. Within a few weeks he was encouraged to make her a proposition of marriage. She acknowledged that she was greatly pleased with him, but that no definite answer could be given without consultation with her family, and especially her uncle, the chancellor.

"You think," she added, "that I am seizing upon a pretext to put you off. To convince you to the contrary, I will confide to you what this engrossing subject is. Our government, fearful that France, displaying such remarkable recuperative powers, will soon grow strong enough to take revenge for the blow received in the late war, is about to pick a quarrel with the French, march on Paris and level it."

The imparting of such a remarkable piece of news to him, a journalist, by a niece of the real ruler of Germany threw De B. into a fearful state of doubt. What could it mean? He soon left the fraulein, going to another apartment to think. Two Germans near him were talking together, and he heard one of them mention the name of Marie von Ullenstein, whereupon the other added, "It is said that the chancellor intrusts her with many delicate bits of diplomacy."

The words did not reassure the listener. He left the embassy, went to his apartments and lay awake all night thinking of his strange adventure. What should he do? Whether the news the fraulein had given him was true or false, it was his duty as a Frenchman to impart it to the president of France. But this compelled the betrayal of a confidence reposed in him by the girl he loved. After a terrible mental struggle he sent the information to his paper. Its publication attracted considerable attention for the time being, then was dropped by the public as a piece of manufactured news.

De B. kept away from Marie von Ullenstein. The day after the publication of the news she had given him he heard that she had left Paris. One of two things was probable. Either she had been recalled by her uncle to be punished for revealing state secrets or she had manufactured the news to test him. As time passed and he heard nothing of German preparation to invade France he made up his mind that the latter hypothesis was correct. In either case his mental sufferings were almost unendurable, loving desperately, as he did, the girl whose confidence he had violated.

Then came an offer from a Paris paper for him to act as its Berlin correspondent. A burning desire to see Marie von Ullenstein once more, even though she spurned him, decided him, and he went to Berlin. It was not long before he met her in company. To his surprise she nodded to him and smiled. Her action convinced him that she had manufactured the news she had given him and, finding him unworthy, had become indifferent to him. Eager to learn the truth, he took the first opportunity to join her.

"Well," he said, "you saw that I regarded my duty instead of my love."

"Don't let us talk of that," she replied. "Your act did no harm."

"No," he said gloomily. "There is no harm in manufactured news."

"The news was not manufactured. You did your duty. Why have you not written me?"

"I? Write you after having revealed your secret?"

"I expected you to reveal it. Indeed, I wished you to do so."

"Why?"

"If I had intended the secret to be kept, I would not have imparted it to you. Your duty to your country compelled you to reveal it."

"You used me as a tool, then."

"Yes."

"And your consent to consider me a suitor was a part of your scheme."

"It had nothing to do with my scheme."

A flood of joyous relief welled up in De B. "You have given me one confidence," he said, "if you are not displeased with me, give me another. Explain."

"I have at times," she replied, "been intrusted by my uncle with delicate diplomatic maneuvers. He had been long worried by the war party who were determined to destroy France, thus antagonizing the civilized world. Finally they carried the day, and war was decided on. My uncle commissioned me to go to France and let out the secret, especially for England, expecting that power would interfere. I chose you as my medium. As soon as the news was published in England word was communicated by the British minister here that if we attacked France we must also attack England. That settled the matter."

Later the betrothal of M. de B. and Marie von Ullenstein was announced.

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