

VOL. 3. NO. 161.

GREENCASTLE, INDIANA, MONDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1908.

SINGLE COPIES 2c.

## GIRLS MET WITH ACCIDENT

Horse Driven by Miss Carrie Brown Falls And Young Woman Is Thrown From Buggy—Is Caught Between the Horse and Buggy—Horse Began to Run and Kick.

## DICK BUN EN TO THE RESCUE

The prompt action of Dick Bunten in stopping a runaway late Saturday afternoon probably saved the life of at least serious injury of a young woman. The runaway was the result of an accident which occurred just in front of the Commercial Hotel at near 5 o'clock.

Miss Carrie Brown, who stays at the home of Charley Huffman, and Miss Calloway, a friend, were driving in Mr. Hoffman's rig. As the girls drove past the Commercial Hotel the horse slipped on the stone crossing and fell. The sudden stop of the buggy threw Miss Calloway over the dash-board and she was caught between the buggy and horse in such a way that she could not get out. Miss Brown jumped from the buggy.

The horse immediately got to its feet and started to run and kick. The several persons who witnessed the accident believed the girl would be kicked to death.

Dick Bunten was sitting in the hotel at the time and saw the horse fall. He immediately ran into the street and after the horse which had started to run by that time. Mr. Bunten managed to get hold of the horse's head just in time. He held the animal while Walter Crawford and others got the girl out from between the horse and the buggy. Had Mr. Bunten not caught the horse when he did the accident probably would have resulted very seriously. As it was neither of the girls were badly hurt.

John Goodwin of Brookville was here yesterday for a visit with friends. Mr. Goodwin is a DePauw graduate.

## I. U. WINS A HARD GAME

State University Defeats the Methodists in Hard-Fought Battle at Bloomington Saturday Afternoon—Score is 16 to 0—Was a Grueling Contest.

## LOCALS PUT UP A STIFF FIGHT

Before a crowd of 2,500 assembled on Jordan Field in Bloomington Saturday afternoon the Indiana University football team defeated the scrappy DePauw eleven by a score of 16 to 0 in a grueling and hard-fought contest. The Methodists proved to be fully as strong as they have been touted this season, and, with Indiana's shattered lineup, they made the state school fight for every inch of ground they gained, and showed up stronger on advancing the ball than Capt. Paddock's men had anticipated.

Too much praise cannot be given the Greencastle warriors for their showing, although their interference at times was not of the best. DePauw's line worked hard all the time the work of Harmon and Dewey at tackles being especially good. Capt. Jackson at end played an aggressive game, breaking up several forward passes, and the halves, Greenstreet and Beesey, registered several gains.

With Cartwright, Capt. Scott and Howard Paddock, Hatfield, the giant tackle, and Markle out of the game, Indiana faced the Methodists with practically an unseasoned lineup. "Cotton" Berndt at quarter back was one particular star for Indiana. Besides registering the first touchdown her pulled off a number of end runs, was accurate in his forward passes and ran back punts for many yards.

Johnson at end also played a star game, and, while his kicking hardly came up to what was expected of him, he was there on forward passes and played a great defensive game. Cunningham at half back made good and Winters, full back, plugged De-

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## WHAT THEY ARE UP AGAINST



## HOW IT WORKED IN MIAMI

Illustration of How Republicans Help Democrats Who Aided in Passing the Politically Inspired County Option Law.

## DEMOCRATS DESERVE NO CREDIT

When the county local option law was before the legislators of Indiana, it will be remembered that there were several Democrats who were besieged by Republicans to vote for the bill. They were assured, in cases where they were candidates for reelection, that the temperance Republicans would support them regardless of party. How honest these assertions were may be seen in the case of Representative Greene of Miami County. Scarcely had Mr. Greene reached his home after the bill passed when the Republican paper of his county came out in support of his opponent on the Republican ticket. This paper declared that Mr. Greene was deserving of no credit nor support. That he had been forced into voting for the bill, and no honest temperance Republican could afford to scratch the Republican candidate to support Mr. Greene.

In counties where Democrats who supported the bill now stand for re-election it was at once pointed out that though they stood for the county option law they were Democrats, deserved no credit and no support, for they had merely voted for and saved a Republican measure. The Republicans deserved all the credit, and the Republican candidate should receive all the votes of temperance people since it was a Republican bill, although passed by Mr. Greene's Democratic vote. Such is the attitude of the Republicans toward the bill and the people. Such, too, seems to be the attitude of the Anti-Saloon League, for it has made no attempt to aid Greene in his serious situation in Miami.

## 16 YEARS OF TAFT AND TEDDY

President's Son-in-Law Asks The People to Keep the Presidential Office in His Family, So to Speak.

Theodore Roosevelt for president again eight years from now, was the declaration of the president's son-in-law, Congressman Nicholas Longworth, in a speech today here on the grounds of the Tri-State exposition to an audience of several thousand persons, who cheered the sentiment again and again. Mr. Longworth's

statement was made during a eulogy and defense of the president's administration. He first proposed that the Republican leader for the next eight years be William Howard Taft, the nominee for president, who, if elected, as the speaker declared he was confident he would be, should be returned to that office for a second term.

Following Mr. Taft as president, seriously declared Mr. Longworth, Theodore Roosevelt should be returned to the chair for the next eight years.

## REPUBLICAN PROSPERITY

Some of the Conditions in Chicago Prevailing Under High Tariff and Republican Rule.

## THE BOTTOMLESS DINNER PAIL

Heartrending conditions prevail in Chicago, according to Friday night's Chicago Tribune, (Rep.). The Tribune had a two column article on the front page telling of the suffering caused by the Republican panic. In part the article said:

"There are 15,000 underfed children in Chicago who do not have three square meals a day. Of these, 10,000 specific cases have been examined and reported on by the child study department of the board of education.

This was the opening paragraph of a report presented Friday to the school management committee of the board of education. The document is the result of a three months' investigation made by the city truant officers, under the direction of the compulsory education, child study and legal departments of the board.

"In the canvass made by truant officers," said the report, "mothers were found repeatedly who go to bed hungry themselves in order that their children may have a scant breakfast next day. This self-denial is habitual heretofore in some large families.

"We find that a large number of children have only bread saturated in water for breakfast, day after day; that the noon meal is bread or bananas and an occasional luxury of soup made from pork bones; that children often frequent south Water street begging for dead fowl in crates or decayed fruit; that others have been found searching for food in alley garbage boxes. Several cases were reported where hungry children at school picket up crusts of bread or fragments of lunch which other children had thrown away.

## HOSPITAL FAIR A SUCCESS

Hard Work of the Managers is Crowned With Goodly Reward in Hard Cash Amounting to Two Hundred and Sixty Dollars.

## FIFTY DOLLARS FROM TAGS

The Hospital Fair was a success. Mrs. Maze was able to state this today in no uncertain manner. The books have not yet been balanced but enough is known of the situation to state that the net proceeds will be not less than \$260. It is hoped that they will be in excess of this. Over \$50 was secured directly from the sale of the little red tags that were hung from the buttons of so many people on Saturday.

Today Mrs. Maze, president of the society, announced that the Association had just received a gift of two more lots in Commercial Place, one from Mrs. Hoop and one from Ol Honck. This, with the two lots already decided to the Association, makes a respectable holding in Commercial Place.

## WORKING ON A NEW CLEW

Detectives and Officers Believe They Have Something Which May Result in the Arrest of the Murderer Of Otis Hendren—Town Man Under Surveillance of Officers.

## WILL AWAIT DEVELOPEMENTS

The detectives and officers have a new clew in the Hendren murder case which may result in the arrest of the murderer of Otis Hendren, the interurban agent, who was killed a week ago tonight.

The officers say that the clew they are now working on is the best they have found and they will not be surprised if the clew will result in the arrest of a suspect within a few days.

The police now have a local man under surveillance and will keep a close watch on him. It is from this man that the police expect to get the story of the murder. It is believed by the officers that this man if he did not kill Hendren himself probably knows who did.

The police intended to arrest this man on Saturday but later at the last moment they decided to wait until later developments. In the meantime the suspect will be kept under close surveillance of the police.

## CIRCUIT COURT NOTES

Suit has been filed by Charles F. Zeis against the C. C. C. & St. L. Railroad to collect \$1,000 alleged to be owing the plaintiff. The complaint alleges that the plaintiff purchased from Ratcliff Bros. contractors, two accounts against the defendant, one for \$956.71 and the other for \$42. That this amount was due Ratcliff Bros. for work done on the new right of way of the defendant company. That this account was assigned in writing, and that the company has failed to pay the assignee. The defendant asks judgment for \$1,000.

The case of George W. Christie against the C. C. C. & St. L. Railroad was taken up today in Circuit Court. This is a case venued from Hendricks County. It concerns the closing of a highway through the construction work on the line of the defendant company while building its newly constructed cut-off. Trial is by jury.

## "The Caverns of Dawn."

It has been announced that Mr. James Paxton Voorhees' book, "The Caverns of Dawn," is now in the hands of the publishers and will be issued shortly. Mr. Voorhees' many friends will rejoice with him that this consummation has at last been reached. The first edition is limited in number, but a second and larger will soon follow.

## HOW THEY HONOR HANLY

Speaks at Cloverdale Saturday and Gets Cold Shoulder When he Returns to Greencastle to Reach Indianapolis That Evening.

## WAS SENT TO THE TRAIN ALONE

That Governor Hanly was not popular in Greencastle was noticeable Saturday noon when he drove through town in an auto on his way to Cloverdale, and but two Republicans besides the reception committee came forward to shake his hand. What he did in Cloverdale to turn even the committee sour we do not know, but when he reached Greencastle the distinguished visitor was turned adrift so far as the committee was concerned. He was loaded into an old buggy and driven to the Vandalia station unaccompanied by a single representative of Putnam County's official Republicanism. It has been many a day since a man of such note has received such treatment here. Doubtless the Governor will remember with warmth and pleasure his short stay in Greencastle.

His speech at Cloverdale attracted a fair crowd. The hall was comfortably filled. As to the speech itself we have been unable to learn from the few Republicans from here who were present whether it was a success or not. Talk about the speech is not plenty. It may be that something was said that caused the frost when the Governor reached Greencastle on the home trip.

Engraved cards at the Herald Office.

## Fall Greeting

We take pleasure in announcing our readiness for the fall and winter SHOE business. Everything that's good and desirable in the Footwear line is here, ready for your choosing. With this store it's always "how good" rather than "how cheap."

Our aim has always been to furnish such satisfactory Footwear as would induce our patrons to tie to us—come here themselves and induce their friends to come. It is on this platform that we have built up our large Shoe Business and upon this platform that we base our hopes for the future.

We believe an investigation will convince you that this store gives you the best all around Shoe satisfaction—best shoes—best styles—and best prices. w 13t d m w 13t39

Christie's Shoe Store

## Sworn Statement OF Central Nat'l Bank

To the Comptroller of the Currency, at close of business  
SEPTEMBER 23, 1908

Showing Total Assets Larger  
than All Other Banks in  
Putnam County Combined

An increase since our last Statement in July of

### \$62,748.52

#### ASSETS

Loans .....	\$377,582.43
U. S. Bonds to secure Circulation .....	100,000.00
County and other Bonds .....	111,685.11
5 Per Cent. Redemption Fund .....	5,000.00
Banking House .....	10,000.00
U. S. Bonds .....	53,680.00
Cash in Banks .....	196,966.10
Cash on Hand .....	85,324.99
Total Cash Resources .....	325,971.09

Total.....\$940,238.63

#### LIABILITIES

Capital .....	\$100,000.00
Surplus .....	100,000.00
Undivided Profits .....	14,523.43
Circulation .....	100,000.00
Deposits .....	625,715.20

Total.....\$940,238.63



## THE HERALD

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 F. C. TILDEN ..... C. J. ARNOLD  
 Editors

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 Entered as second class mail matter  
 at the Greencastle, Ind. Postoffice.  
 Telephone, ..... No. 65

FOR PRESIDENT,  
 William J. Bryan of Nebraska.  
 FOR VICE PRESIDENT,  
 John W. Kern of Indiana.

## DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET

GOVERNOR,  
 Thomas R. Marshall, Columbia City  
 LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR,  
 Frank J. Hall, Rushville.  
 JUDGE OF SUPREME COURT,  
 "B. Lairy, Logansport.  
 ATTORNEY GENERAL,  
 Walter J. Lotz, Muncie.  
 SECRETARY OF STATE,  
 James F. Cox, Columbus.  
 AUDITOR OF STATE,  
 Marion Bailey, Linton.  
 TREASURER OF STATE,  
 John Isenbarger, N. Manchester.  
 APPELLATE JUDGE,  
 E. W. Felt, Greenfield.  
 REPORTER SUPREME COURT,  
 Curt New, North Vernon.  
 STATE STATISTICIAN,  
 P. J. Kelleher, Indianapolis.  
 STATE SUPERINTENDENT,  
 Robert J. Alcy, Bloomington.

## PUTNAM COUNTY TICKET

REPRESENTATIVE,  
 D. B. Hostetter,  
 TREASURER,  
 Jasper Miller,  
 SHERIFF,  
 Frank Stroube,  
 COMMISSIONER, THIRD DIST.,  
 Ed Houck,  
 CORONER,  
 R. J. Gillespie,  
 SURVEYOR,  
 Alec Lane,  
 COMMISSIONER, 2nd DIST.,  
 George E. Rain.

## JOINT DISTRICT TICKET

FOR CONGRESS  
 Ralph Moss  
 FOR PROSECUTOR  
 James P. Hughes  
 FOR JOINT SENATOR  
 F. C. Tilden.

Some weeks ago, when Mr. Hostetter insisted on voting as he believed right in this state in spite of the representations of a number of Republicans who besieged him to cast his vote the other way, it was declared that he was the representative of the people not of his party. Do the Republicans who said this of Mr. Hostetter believe that the same holds true of the United States? And if it does hold true what about the president, and the cabinet also, turning the White House into campaign headquarters? It looks strange to many people.

Last week we quoted from the Marion Gazette a statement in regard to a lie the Marion Chronicle was hatching in that town. The Chronicle pretended to have interviewed fifty saloon keepers in that city and found them all for Marshall. The Gazette the next day covered the same ground and found that few of the saloon men had been visited at all, and that most of those seen had been misquoted. Saturday the story was run as a supplement to most of the Indiana Republican newspapers. It is a cheap trick and should meet its reward.

## Had a Close Call.

Mrs. Ada L. Croom, the widely known proprietor of the Croom Hotel, Vaughn, Miss., says: "For several months I suffered with a severe cough, and consumption seemed to have its grip on me, when a friend recommended Dr. King's New Discovery. I began taking it, and three bottles affected a complete cure. The fame of this life saving cough and cold remedy, and lung and throat healer is world wide. Sold at the Owl Drug Store. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

Mrs. Grumpy—Women have all the troubles in this world.  
 Mr. Grumpy—Except one; they don't have wisdom.—Illustrated Bits.

## DEMOCRATIC NEWS

A local preacher in his sermon Sunday night compared Governor Hanly to Moses. Will the preacher kindly quote the passage that tells about Moses attempting to bribe public officials? When did Moses try to bribe the friends that made him? When did Moses draw a salary from the people and then get the legislature to hire another man to do part of the work so Moses could deliver Chautauqua lectures at \$200 per? If this Hoosier Moses would get lost in the wilderness for about 40 years it would bring no end of joy to 90 per cent. of the Republican politicians of this state.—New Castle Democrat.

## THE BASTILLE.

Men and Methods in the Famous Old French Prison.  
 The Bastille as a prison was apparently better kept and cleaner than either Bicetre or the Chatelet, and imprisonment within its walls did not, it would seem, dishonor the prisoner or his family. A great many prisoners were charged as mad, and under this elastic term the violent maniac, the ambitious madman, the young spendthrift, the megalomaniac, the reacher for the philosopher's stone or the secret of perpetual motion—all these tressome persons might be and were included.

How, then, did these prisoners live? In the underground cells or dungeons, as in the cells in the towers, the prisoners were on bread and water, as a rule. In the other rooms in the main building three meals were served a day, with drinkable wine—"vin potable." In certain cases, according to the quality and distinction of the prisoner, he might supplement the meager furniture of his prison and get a provision of books. Very favored persons were allowed their own servant if he would consent voluntarily to undergo confinement. Voltaire began to write the "Henriade" as prisoner in the Bastille; Abbe Morellet of the Encyclopedia speaks of the great fortress as the cradle of his fame, but we must remember that it was perhaps not advisable to say much about the Bastille when you were still living within its walls and that, as M. Moulins has reminded us, "the old Spartans offered sacrifices to fear." Prisoners, moreover, had to sign on their release an elaborate declaration by which they swore never to divulge, directly or indirectly, anything they might have learned as prisoners concerning the Bastille.—Mrs. Frederic Harrison in Nineteenth Century.

A Feat For Blondin.  
 "Speaking of the straight and narrow path," said a congressman, "reminds me of a story about a man I knew in Chicago who stayed very late at a dinner at the club. When he came out he started to walk in the middle of the street.  
 "Hey, John," said a friend who met him as he was making the best of his way along the car tracks, "why don't you walk on the sidewalks?"  
 "Walk on the sidewalks?" snorted John. "Do you think I'm Blondin?"—Saturday Evening Post.

Got Tired Quick.  
 A farmer hired a hand from town. The first morning the new hand went to work he accompanied the farmer into the hay field. They put on a load and hauled it to the barn. By the time it was unloaded it was 9 o'clock. "Well," said the new hand from town, "what will we do now?" "What will we do now?" roared the farmer. "Why, we'll go after another load of hay!" "In that case," said the new hand from town, "I will resign."

Pat and the Lava.  
 An Irishman having returned from Italy, where he had been with his master, was asked in the kitchen, "Now, then, Pat, what is the lava I hear the master talking about?"  
 "Only a drop of the crater," was Pat's reply.

No Advance Copies Given Out.  
 Gwendolen—What did Archie say when he proposed to you? Esmeralda—He won't say it until next Thursday night, and it won't be released before 12:30 a. m.—Chicago Tribune.

The wrestlers and athletes of India develop great strength by living on milk, a little goat's flesh and plenty of food made from flour.

## Where Bullets Flew.

David Parker, of Fayette, N. Y., a veteran of the civil war, who lost a foot at Gettysburg, says: "The good Electric Bitters have done me worth more than five hundred dollars to me. I spent much money doctoring for a bad case of stomach trouble, to little purpose. I then tried Electric Bitters, and they cured me. I now take them as a tonic, and they keep me strong and well." 50c at the Owl Drug Store.

"I wonder will they miss me?" wrote the poet in violet ink on gilt edged paper.

And the editor as he tossed the manuscript into the yawning gulf at his side murmured softly, "If they do, they never ought to be trusted with a gun again."—London Telegraph.

## COST OF SPECIAL SESSION.

Up to last Saturday night Governor Hanly's unnecessary and partisan special session of the legislature had cost \$22,500. The cost of the special elections to fill vacancies was about \$20,000 more. Total cost to taxpayers up to last Saturday, \$42,500. And that is only a part of it. All this expense was put upon the people by Republican politicians in an effort to get the Republican party out of a hole. But the effort failed. The Republican politicians only succeeded in digging the hole deeper. The people of Indiana are not in a humor to be either exploited or trifled with.

## THE ROOSEVELT-HEARST COMBINATION.

President Roosevelt and W. R. Hearst seem to be on very friendly terms—so friendly, indeed, that no great stretch of the imagination is needed to make one think that they are working together for Taft in pursuance of a personal understanding. This shows to what extreme means, regardless of their character, Mr. Roosevelt is willing to go to help the man that he forced on the Republican party by using the power of his office. Two years ago, however, Mr. Roosevelt sent Elihu Root, a member of his cabinet, into New York state especially to attack Hearst. Among other things Secretary Root said in a public speech:

"Mr. Hearst is guided by the turmoil of inflated passions, selfish motives and is NOT GUILTYLESS OF McKINLEY'S DEATH. What public servant, honored by the people's trust, has he not assailed by vile and vulgar epithets? \* \* \* It is not the spirit of Washington and Lincoln; it is the spirit of malice for all and charity for none; it is the spirit of anarchy, of communism of Kishineff and Bally-stok."

But now Mr. Roosevelt seems willing to accept Hearst's help in the campaign. Mr. Bryan is fortunate in having Hearst's opposition.

## THE WATSON FINANCES.

Who finances James E. Watson's campaign? Is it the steel trust, in which Dan G. Reid of the Indianapolis Star, Republican state organ, is a shining light? Is it the ship subsidy graft combination? Is it the Standard Oil company? Does help come from Joe Cannon, who, while a member of congress on \$5,000 a year, has managed to make \$2,000,000? Can James A. Hemenway, who entered congress twelve years ago a poor man and is now reputed to be rich, spare a little for Watson? At any rate, where did (and does) he get it? It is said that his nomination cost him between \$50,000 and \$100,000. There was a scandal in the Republican state convention about the purchase of delegates. There was scandal in many places, notably Fort Wayne, Anderson, Muncie, Terre Haute, South Bend, Marion and Evansville, about the election of delegates, and it was said that "money flowed like water." Where did it come from? Who put it up? Watson says he is a poor man. If so, who are the people who are backing him? And why are they backing him?

TRAVELS OF THE HEIR-APPOINTED  
 A Chicago dispatch, speaking of the present pilgrimage of Crown Prince William, says:  
 Judge Taft is traveling in high state. He has a special train, two Pullmans, a buffet car and a baggage car. He enjoys the constant services of a valet, a physician, a masseur, and a special press agent. Of course no man in the world has spent so much money in the past in traveling as has the former secretary of war, but it was then the money of the people and no one will accuse him today of being as lavish with public funds as he was when he had control of them. Yet as a mere matter of curiosity we would like to question exactly how special trains and a complete retinue of courtiers are being paid for by a man who rather boasts that in all his adult years he has had nothing but the salaries that friendly politicians have secured for him.

Just how expensively Judge Taft traveled when he was secretary of war with the people paying the bills may be seen by his last journey to Cuba. He was gone three weeks and the cost is said to have been \$70,000 for the expenses of himself, his servants, retainers, sword-bearers, almoners, etc. Surely a strenuous "Three Weeks."

## TAFT, ROOSEVELT AND THE "SINISTER MONEYED INTERESTS."

In his Foraker letter—the letter in which he tries to show how superior Taft is to everybody except himself—President Roosevelt says:

"The great and sinister moneyed interests, which have shown such hostility to the administration and now to Mr. Taft, have grown to oppose the administration on various matters not connected with those which mark the real point of difference."

The point that Roosevelt attempts to make is that "the great and sinister moneyed interests" are against Taft. He knows that this is not true. In stead of "hostility" toward Taft these interests are all supporting him in this campaign. And no one knows it better than Roosevelt himself. Taft's whole campaign is being managed by "the great and sinister moneyed interests." Sheldon, Cromwell, DuPont, Harriman, Morgan, Rockefeller—all of them are for Taft. During the Republican national convention E. H. Gary, the head of the steel trust, was in Chicago working day and night for Taft's nomination, and he was only one of the "60 millionaires" that were present for the same purpose. And early in September, when Taft's campaign in Ohio was opened for him by Hughes and Beveridge at Youngstown, the steel trust showed its "hostility" in the following manner, as reported in the press dispatches:

The commanding feature of the day was the parade that preceded the speaking in Wick Park. There were few over 12,000 men in line. Of these more than 10,000 came from the steel mills which form the chief and almost the sole industry of the city and suburbs. They were the employees of the Republic Iron and Steel company, the Youngstown Sheet and Tube company and the United States Steel corporation, better known as the steel trust. Supplied with uniforms at the expense of these companies, the toilers presented a striking appearance as they marched past the reviewing stand. Because of the opening a shut-down of the mills was ordered until next Monday and the occasion made a holiday.

Is that the kind of "hostility" that Roosevelt talks about?

## WATSON'S ADVICE TO FARMERS

In a speech in Bloomington on Sept. 5th James E. Watson, Republican candidate for governor, said:

"If this is a panic the farmers of Monroe county ought to fall on their knees and pray to God Almighty to continue the panic forever."

Does anyone believe that a man who can talk like that is fit to be governor of Indiana? What sort of an opinion about farmers does Watson have? Does he believe that they rejoice over the misfortunes of their fellow-men? Does he think that they would pray that want and hunger continue in hundreds of thousands of homes, filled with industrious men who cannot find work and with wives and children who are suffering for the necessities of life? Would Watson have the farmers pray that business remain paralyzed in thousands of towns and cities throughout the land? Does Watson believe that the farmers do not know that their prosperity is linked with the prosperity of all? James E. Watson won't do.

## STRANGE BEDFELLOWS.

Evidence accumulates from day to day that President Roosevelt and W. R. Hearst have entered into a campaign arrangement in the interest of Mr. Taft. And it was only two years ago that Mr. Roosevelt sent Elihu Root, his secretary of state, into New York state to say this in a public speech:

"Mr. Hearst is guided by the turmoil of inflated passions, selfish motives and is not guiltyless of McKinley's death. What public servant, honored by the people's trust, has he not assailed by vile and vulgar epithets?"

And now the Roosevelt administration seems to like this same Mr. Hearst.

## WHEN PROSPERITY

WILL COME BACK.  
 The Republican party is discredited. It has lost the confidence of the people.

For these reasons business matters will get worse instead of better if Taft should be elected.

The panic will continue and become a catastrophe.

On the other hand:  
 The Democratic party has gained favor.

It has the confidence of the people. Its platform is without a flaw. Its candidates are clean and honest. Democratic success means a return of prosperity through confidence begotten by honest government, by honest officials who represent the people instead of the predatory special interests.

## The Priceless Gift.

(Original)  
 This is a true historical story, but as I give it in story form I think it best to change the names. The main incidents are given exactly as they occurred in the latter half of the eighteenth century.

Alvin Marston, a cabinetmaker, had a son, John, whom the father was bringing up in his business. But the young man was of a very different texture from that of a builder of furniture. He was of an ideal, dreamy nature and instead of attending to his duties spent his time in making little sketches. Was there a clean, smooth board or an unpolished desk in the shop there was sure to be a pencil drawing on it which could at once be recognized as a likeness of some of the workmen. Alvin Marston saw some of them and was pleased with them. He was more pleased when he learned that his son had made them and, relinquishing his design of teaching the boy a trade, put him in a way to take drawing lessons. The student improved rapidly, showing sufficient talent to warrant becoming a professional artist. Then he fell ill.

There being no one in the family to nurse him, a country girl was called in for the purpose. That was long before trained nurses were thought of. Mary Keyes was not made attractive by the uniform that now decorates the nurse. She had no beauty to win the young artist, nor had she mental endowments above her station. She was a plain country girl, nothing more. But John Marston was imaginative. He saw her moving about the room ministering to his comfort, and of the commonplace figure he made a Venus, while the ordinary face in his eyes became a paragon of sweetness.

The invalid recovered and married Mary Keyes. He lived with her several years and had children by her. Had it not been for his talents doubtless there would be no especial story in his life. It was only too evident that he was born for a higher life than the one he was leading. His pictures excited the admiration of critics, and the young man grew ambitious. One day he said goodbye to his wife and children to go to London to study art. He did not return to them for more than thirty years.

The cabinetmaker's son became a great artist. In portrait painting he was the only rival to the celebrated Sir Joshua Reynolds. His name, his fame, his praise, were on every lip. He was invited into the houses of the nobility and was paid enormous sums for painting their portraits.

Why did he never return to his family? Who knows? Possibly before he left home the beauties he had himself created had fallen away and he saw the ordinary woman, neither endowed with beauty of person nor of mind. Perhaps the scales were removed from his eyes by visions of the women of the capital. One of these after he became famous wrote about him a corrupt soul. There was the same imaginative process in a different form as had moved him in the case of Mary Keyes. Mary had a pure spirit, but an ordinary face and figure, on which he had built a thing of beauty. On the woman he met in London, beautiful without and rotten within, he built a superstructure that enthralled him. She was the mistress of the greatest sailor of a nation of sailors. She was pleased to leech the famous painter, but she laughed at his bewitchment. He stretched forth his hand to grasp a rose and plucked a thorn.

And now comes something more perfect than any of the beautiful creations of the artists.  
 An old man, he returns to the wife and family he has neglected for the greater part of a lifetime. His wife, too, has grown old. She knows of his triumphs and of his desertion of her in heart as well as in person. We may expect that she will receive him as a stranger, that she will reproach him with his neglect and that she who had the first right to share in his triumphs has been denied them, that, if possible, they would have been given to others—others signally unworthy of them.

When the aged invalid rode up to her door she went out with open arms to receive him. He tottered into the house supported by her. She spoke no word of reproach. The love he had slighted for more than three decades was still there for him. As she had nursed him in his youth she nursed him in his old age.

Again he saw her ministering to him not as a youth, in youth herself with life before them, but as a decrepit old man. The dreams they then dreamed had been far more than realized, but not for her, and they could not now be recalled that she might enjoy them. He remembered his triumphs and how unworthily they had been bestowed. And yet she was caring for him as tenderly as if he had shared them with her.

A poet has created a fancy of a peri asking for admittance to heaven and denied unless she will bring a gift most acceptable. She goes back to earth and brings various gifts, all of which are rejected. At last she takes a tear from the eye of a repentant sinner. This is the gift, the one gift, by which she may attain a dwelling with the blessed.

May not the neglected wife have seen that tear in the eye of the man who had so shamefully deserted her? Then was a heaven opened to both with which the plaudits of the heathen throngs of London could not be compared. Though the past could not be recalled, what remained of the future was of heaven's own kind.  
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## MONON TIME CARD

In effect Sunday June 14, 1908  
 NORTH BOUND  
 No. 4 Chicago Express ..... 1:23 am  
 No. 6 Chicago Mail ..... 12:33 pm  
 No. 10 F. Lick & Laf. Acco. 9:32 am  
 No. 12 Bloom. & Laf. Acco 4:45 pm  
 SOUTH BOUND  
 No. 3 Louisville Exp ..... 2:13 am  
 No. 5 Louisville Exp ..... 2:21 pm  
 No. 9 F. Lick & Acco. .... 5:21 pm  
 No. 11 Bloom. .... 8:03 am  
 All trains run daily.  
 J. A. MICHAEL.

## The Farmer's Wife

Is very careful about her churn. She salts it thoroughly after using, and gives it a sun bath to sweeten it. She knows that if her churn is so salted it will taint the butter that is made in it. The stomach is a churn. In the stomach and digestive and nutritive tracts are performed processes which are almost exactly like the churning of butter. Is it not apparent that if this stomach-churn is foul it makes foul all which is put into it?  
 The evil of a foul stomach is not alone the bad taste in the mouth and the sour breath caused by it, but the corruption of the pure current of blood and the dissemination of disease throughout the body. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery makes the sour and foul stomach washing and does for the stomach what the washing and sun bath do for the churn—absolutely removes every taint or corrupting element. In this way it cures blotches, pimples, eruptions, scrofulous swellings, sores, or open eating ulcers and all humors or diseases arising from bad blood. If you have bitter, nasty, foul breath, are weak and easily tired, feel depressed, and despondent, have frequent headaches, dizzy attacks, gnawing or distress in stomach, constipated or irregular bowels, sour appetite, these symptoms, or any considerable number of them, indicate that you are suffering from biliousness, torpid or lazy action of the bowels, and that you are in need of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and its attendant derangements.

The best agents known to medical science for the cure of the above symptoms and conditions, as attested by the writings of leading teachers and practitioners of all the several schools of medical practice, have been skillfully and harmoniously combined in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. That this is absolutely true will be readily proven to your satisfaction if you will mail a postal card request to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., for a free copy of his booklet of extracts from the standard medical authorities giving the names of all the ingredients entering into his world-famed medicines and showing what the most eminent medical men of the age say of them.

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AND CURE THE LUNGS

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 AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES.  
 GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY  
 OR MONEY REFUNDED.

## INTERURBAN TIME TABLE

EAST BOUND

	Lv. G. C.	Lv. T. H.
6 local ..	6:05 am	5:30 am
8 local ..	7:15 am	6:40 am
10 local ..	8:15 am	7:40 am
12 limited ..	9:40 am	8:15 am
14 local ..	10:17 am	8:30 am
16 local ..	11:15 am	9:30 am
18 limited ..	12:40 pm	11:15 am
20 local ..	1:17 pm	11:30 am
22 local ..	2:15 pm	12:30 pm
24 limited ..	3:40 pm	2:15 pm
26 local ..	4:17 pm	3:30 pm
28 local ..	5:15 pm	5:15 pm
30 limited ..	6:40 pm	5:30 pm
32 local ..	7:17 pm	6:30 pm
34 local ar.	8:15 pm	6:30 pm
36 local ar.	9:17 pm	7:30 pm
38 local ..	11:15 pm	9:30 pm
40 local ar	12:15 am	10:30 pm

WEST BOUND

	Lv. G. C.	Lv. Indp.
7 local ..	5:45 am	
9 local ..	6:42 am	6:00 am
11 local ..	7:42 am	7:00 am
13 local ..	8:42 am	8:15 am
15 limited ..	9:45 am	9:00 am
17 local ..	10:42 am	10:00 am
19 local ..	11:42 am	11:15 pm
21 limited ..	12:35 pm	12:00 pm
23 local ..	1:42 pm	1:00 pm
25 local ..	2:42 pm	2:15 pm
27 limited ..	3:35 pm	3:00 pm
29 local ..	4:42 pm	4:00 pm
31 local ..	5:42 pm	5:15 pm
33 limited ..	6:35 pm	6:00 pm
35 local ..	7:42 pm	7:15 pm
37 limited ..	8:35 pm	8:00 pm
39 local ..	10:42 pm	11:30 pm
41 arrives ..	1:02 am	

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**WILLIAM AISPUGH.**

## The Leap Year Lady.

By VIRGINIA BLAIR.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

"I have often wondered why you didn't marry," said Bobbie Hayes diffidently.

The professor leaned on the porch rail and looked over his rose garden, where the fireflies started the night with gold.

"Because I love a little lady who doesn't love me," he said dreamily, "and I'll have no other."

"Oh!" Bobbie gasped as one who has come unexpectedly upon a romance.

There was a moment's silence, out of which Bobbie questioned curiously, "How do you know she doesn't love you?"

The professor laughed. "She lets me see that I am her good friend, her comrade, but nothing more."

"Look here, professor, I don't believe you've asked her, not outright, you know," Bobbie accused.

"No, I haven't," the professor admitted.

"I thought so," Bobbie stated. "I know how modest you are. You'd never believe any one cared if they didn't tell you. Now, I had to—why, professor, I just had to hang around you after class and come over here and bore you and beg you to go places with me before you'd believe that I thought you were about the best thing I'd found in college."

The boy's voice was husky with deep feeling, and the professor held out his hand to him.

"Dear lad!" he said.

"And since I've been coming I have found out how lonely you are and—well, I think you ought to marry, professor."

"Alas," said the older man, "if it were as easy as it sounds!"

"It is easy," said Bobbie cocksurely. "I've—I've had some experience with girls, professor."

The professor chuckled. "More than I have had in all my forty years, Bobbie."

"And I've learned," Bobbie asserted solemnly, "that when a man wants to marry a girl he's got to let her know that he cares awfully."

"But she knows that I care," the professor said.

"Have you told her?" Bobbie demanded.

"Not in words," was the response, "but, Bobbie, boy, I've sent her a bunch of pink roses every day that they bloom in my garden, and I have never looked at another woman."

Bobbie sat up straight. "Oh, look here," he said unexpectedly. "You won't mind if I guess who it is?"

"I don't believe," the professor hesitated, "that we ought to bring her name into it."

"Yes, we ought," Bobbie insisted, "when it means your happiness and hers. Isn't it Miss Merriman?"

"How did you guess?" the professor demanded.

"Nobody else grows such old fashioned hundred leaved roses as you, and when I went up to Miss Merriman's room the other night to borrow a book there was a bunch of them on her table."

"She is very fond of roses," the professor murmured.

"Of your roses," Bobbie amended.

"I have no reason to believe that she cares more for my roses than for any other," said the professor.

"Well, I'll bet she does," Bobbie argued. "I'll bet she's got a lot of them pressed in the Bible or her favorite book of poetry."

The professor rose. "I hardly think I like to bring her name into this discussion," he said again quietly, and after that he and Bobbie walked in the garden arm in arm, and they talked of books and of men, but not of Miss Merriman.

The next afternoon Bobbie called on the little teacher.

"I want to know if you'll chaperon some of the summer schoolgirls to a picnic at High Rock," was his excuse. But later in the evening he mentioned the professor. "I don't think he's looking well," he said.

"I have noticed it," said Miss Merriman anxiously. "I believe he is working too hard."

"It isn't that," said Bobbie. "He's in love, Miss Merriman, and the girl he cares for is treating him very cruelly."

Miss Merriman turned pale. "Oh," she said faintly, "does—does he care for some one?"

"Yes," Bobbie stated, "and he ought to be married. He is lonely, very lonely. I am sure if the woman he loves could know she would say 'yes.'"

"I am sure she would," Miss Merriman agreed.

"I have wondered," Bobbie began and stopped, "if you could find out who she is—women have such intuitions about things, and you and the professor are such old friends."

"But," palpitated Miss Merriman. "I'm not a bit of a detective, Bobbie. I shouldn't know how to look for her."

"Well, I'll give you a tip," said Bobbie. "You find the lady he sends his pink roses to; she's the one."

He was looking at her with round, innocent eyes, and he saw the color come back into her cheeks. He saw the uplift of her graceful head, with its crown of shining hair. He saw the radiance of her eyes.

"Are you sure?" she questioned.

"Dead sure," said artful Bobbie.

"Look here," he went on, "if you find out who it is, put her on to the fact that it's leap year."

"Leap year?" gasped Miss Merriman.

"Yes," Bobbie stated. "And it's her chance. The professor is such a dear old piece of humility that he doesn't think she can love him, and he's afraid to ask her, because he feels that it might make her unhappy to refuse him. And he's certain that she wouldn't accept."

"Oh, wouldn't she?" breathed Miss Merriman.

"And—and you tell her," Bobbie continued, "that he's the best ever."

"Of course he is," said Miss Merriman. "Haven't I known him all my life?"

"Well, I've only known him since I came to the summer school," said Bobbie, "but I'll always be more of a man for having met him."

They shook hands with enthusiasm, and on the steps Bobbie paused to say, "He's going to High Rock with us."

But Bobbie did not know all the workings of the feminine mind, for Miss Merriman, instead of bringing things to a crisis at the picnic, kept away from the professor all day, giving him only a vague smile now and then, instead of her usual frank companionship, and as a consequence the professor went home in a state of desperate forlornness, and even the wise Bobbie was alarmed and wished he had not interfered.

The next evening, however, just at the edge of twilight, as the professor wended his solitary way through the paths of his rose garden, the gate opened and a slender figure in white came through.

"I have come to see your roses," said the leap year lady, otherwise called Miss Merriman.

"Are you real," the professor demanded, "or just a tricky spirit, who will vanish in a breath?"

"I am not a spirit," said the leap year lady, "but I've come to ask you a question."

The professor's face fell. "I knew it wasn't just the roses that brought you," he said. "I suppose it's some tangle in your Greek?"

"No," said Miss Merriman, "it isn't a tangle in Greek. It's a worse tangle. And it has something to do with roses."

"Botany?" asked the unconscious professor.

"Oh, no!" Miss Merriman's voice expressed a certain scorn of his denseness.

"Well, you said it had something to do with roses," the professor told her helplessly.

"Do the roses you send me have anything to do with botany?" Miss Merriman demanded.

"No; of course not," the professor stammered; "of course not. They have to do with—"

"What?" Miss Merriman's tone was eager. Her upturned face pleaded. Her eyes were like stars. A faint glow from the little moon turned her hair to gold, and as the professor looked down at her a great light shone in upon his soul.

"Why—they have to do with—love," he said.

"Of course," was the tremulous response. "Oh, why didn't you say it before?"

"I was afraid," he whispered and took her hands in his.

"You see I had to come—to your rose garden"—she explained in the shelter of his arms.

"To stay always?" he begged, and as she murmured "always" Bobbie, coming up the path, saw the tableau in the moonlight and, chuckling as he went, beat a hasty retreat.

### The Great Unknown.

It was many years before the "Great Unknown" was identified. At the publication of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," "Marrion," "Lady of the Lake" and finally of a novel called "Waverley," popular curiosity was excited, and the whole of England rang with the fame of the "Great Unknown," as Scott was called.

The secret was well kept. Sir Walter Scott, who all his life had been storing material and training his mind to such concentration that he could work in the midst of interruptions and was able to turn out volume after volume with a rapidity, two a year, that made his readers doubt their very senses.

His incognito was all the more perfectly preserved in that he kept open house at Abbotsford, devoting much of his time to entertaining his guests and visiting. It was not until the embarrassment of his publishers occurred that the identity of the author of the "Waverley Novels" was discovered.

The case of Scott furnishes one of the many illustrations of the power of deceiving the public in literary matters.

### A Bit of Deceit.

Bismarck vowed that after passing a smarmy examination a man was never any good—that the strain wrecked him. Still it was cramming, the cramming of the ingenious mind of Lord Chesterfield which brought about the reform of the calendar. Cramming and dattery did it. "I have been of late a sort of an astronomer despite myself," he wrote. "It was obliged to talk some astronomical jargon, of which I did not understand one word, but got it by heart and spoke it by rote as a master."

He had to make the peers believe that he knew something of the matter "and also to make them believe that they knew something of it themselves, which they did not." For his own part, he said he could as well have talked Celtic or Slavonian as astronomy and they would have understood him fully as well. They became parties to the deceit. They would not betray ignorance upon a subject as to which he credited them with abundant knowledge. Thus they reformed the calendar.

## Mr. Smithers, Bachelor.

[Copyright, 1908, by T. C. McClure.]

One June morning Mr. Smithers, bachelor, sat looking out of the window as he smoked his after breakfast cigar. In an open window across the street a girl's face suddenly appeared. She had a birdcage in her hand, and she looked all around for a nail to hang it on. While she was looking for the nail Smithers was looking at her. He saw a vision of loveliness, aged about twenty, and while the bird was hopping about on its perch Smithers' heart was hopping about in his bosom. Even before the girl had disappeared in search of a hammer and nail he realized that he was close to that state termed "goneness."

The girl began operations with the hammer with a great show of confidence. In her innocence she supposed that a nail could be driven into a brick as easily as into a hunk of putty, and she paid for her innocence by pounding her finger. When she uttered a cute howl of pain and dropped the hammer to the sidewalk within an inch of a pedestrian's head and then stuffed the bruised digit into her mouth to suck away the pain the bachelor fairly groaned in sympathy. After a moment she disappeared, but his heart went with her. The idea came to him to run across the street, introduce himself and pour out his sympathies, but after coming his misanthropic and putting on his hat he decided not to.

However, he set himself to watch for her reappearance, and, though it was three long hours before he caught sight of her again with a white rag around her finger, he did not feel that he had wasted his time. She looked across at him, and he thought he saw a longing for sympathy in her face. He therefore waved his hand. It was in no sense an act of flirtation on his part. His sympathies went with the wave. It was the same as if he said, "Poor little orphan girl, but I pity you."

The girl drew back, and Smithers blew her a kiss. Not the slightest idea of flirting entered his mind. He was simply conveying by signs what he couldn't put into words and yell across the street—"Never mind, little girl, you'll be happy yet."

That afternoon the girl and the finger and the rag walked out together. So did Smithers and his sympathetic heart. After being charmed with a view of the young lady's back they passed her and were still more charmed with a view of her face. That face was ethereal, tender, affectionate. It had the longing look that comes to the face of a girl left all alone in the world and two weeks behind on her rent to a hard hearted landlady. Smithers might have found excuse to raise his hat and say something about the weather, but a peanut man pushed his cart against his knees and sent him sprawling, and all romance was driven out of his soul for the next three or four minutes.

That same evening as Smithers sat by his window smoking the same brand and wondering how much he would have to pay a waiter in a restaurant to write an ode entitled "The Sore Fingering Angel" the girl appeared at her casement. She sat down and looked up at the starry heavens and leaned her sore finger on the sill to rest it. She didn't see Smithers at first, but when he thought he detected tears in her eyes and a quivering of her chin he thrust himself forward to let her know that there was at least one human being in this world who felt for her.

The same rag and the same finger and the same girl walked out next day. Smithers was on the watch, and he walked out too. Nothing was further from his thoughts than "mashing" or flirting. That was something he had never done in his life. After following the girl four or five blocks and thinking up just what words of sympathy to address her with he overhauled her and raised his hat and was about to get off his little speech when a big, lusty fellow without the least romance in his soul took him by the scruff of the neck and addressed him for a moment in words of fervid eloquence, while the girl with the sore finger stood by with a pleasant and expectant look on her face. Her expectations were realized—that is, Mr. Smithers was shaken till his teeth bit his tongue. Then he was made to perform strange antics with his heels, while his legs would kink up and then straighten out again in a wonderful way. Before the big man was through with him his collar and tie were torn off, his coat ripped beyond repair and his hair badly mussed up. He could not afterward swear that he was also kicked and cuffed, but he felt reasonably sure of it. What hurt him more than the kicks and cuffs, if he got them, was the pleased and complacent look on the girl's face during the continuous performance and the words of the big man when he had finished toying.

"There, you wizenhead faced, lop shouldered son of a gun, if you ever dare to look at my wife again I'll break your neck like a pipstem!"

But Smithers looked again. The "girl" had come closer, and he saw that she was a woman of forty, with freckles on her face and two moles on her chin, and that there was no look of longing in her face and no tears of homesickness in her eyes.

"Doctor," said he as he entered the office of an oculist an hour later, "what's the matter with my darned eyes?"

"Why, man," was the reply after an examination, "you can't tell a white man from a dark ten foot away! It's the worst case of near sightedness I ever saw."

M. QUAD.

### TOWNSHIP TRUSTEE'S NOTICE

I will be at my office at my residence in Floyd Township, for the transaction of office business, on Wednesday of each week.

LEWIS C. WILSON,  
Trustee Floyd Township.

### TOWNSHIP TRUSTEE'S NOTICE

I will attend to the business of my office as Trustee of Jackson township on Friday of each week, at my residence.

J. A. Wilson,  
Trustee Jackson Township

### TOWNSHIP TRUSTEE'S NOTICE

I will be found at my residence on Friday of each week, to attend to the business connected with the office of Trustee of Jefferson township, Putnam County, Indiana.

OTHO VERMILION,  
Trustee Jefferson Township.

### TOWNSHIP TRUSTEE'S NOTICE

I will be at my office at my residence in Marion township, for the transaction of office business, on Friday of each week, and on Tuesday at Fillmore.

J. B. BUNTON,  
Trustee Marion Township.

### TOWNSHIP TRUSTEE'S NOTICE

I will be in my office to transact business at my home on Tuesday and Friday of each week.

J. O. SIGLER,  
Trustee Clinton Township.

### TOWNSHIP TRUSTEE'S NOTICE

I will attend to township business at home on Tuesday and Friday of each week.

Chas. W. King,  
Trustee Madison Township

### TOWNSHIP TRUSTEE'S NOTICE

I will attend to the business of my office as trustee of Washington township on Wednesday of each week, at my residence, and at Reelsville on 1st, 3d and 5th Saturdays of each month.

J. D. RADER,  
Trustee Washington Township

### TOWNSHIP TRUSTEE'S NOTICE

I will be at my office, at my home, on Friday of each week, for the transaction of Township business.

R. C. HODGE,  
Trustee Mill Creek Township

### A Surprised Deputy.

A number of years ago the United States marshal of western Pennsylvania sent a warrant to one of his deputies, who was stationed in a back county, for the arrest of a counterfeiter. The deputy knew the man and treated him considerably. When they reached Pittsburgh the necessary papers were not at hand to commit the prisoner to jail. The deputy would not take him to a hotel, because he would have to pay the bill out of his own pocket. So he took him to the marshal's office to pass the night there. The deputy was sleepy and the counterfeiter said he was. So the deputy handcuffed his prisoner to himself and lay down on the floor beside the steam register. As soon as the deputy was asleep the counterfeiter took his keys from his pocket, unlocked the manacle and fastened the loose end to the register. Then he took the deputy's watch and what money he had and departed.

"Where is your prisoner?" asked the marshal the next morning, awakening the deputy.

"Doesn't that beat all?" he replied as he tugged at his handcuff and bruised his wrist. "Darned if I don't believe he's got me the slip."

### Monon Route Excursions.

To Denver, Colorado Springs, and Pueblo, Col., about 100 miles. Round trip, September 16, 17, 18, return limit September 30th, \$31.35 round trip. One way colonist rates to California, North Western Pacific Coast and intermediate points, on or after September 1st to Oct. 30th. Home Seekers rates to various points. To Yellow Stone National Park, after July 15th, summer rates, round trip \$46.85.

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### Would Mortgage the Farm.

A farmer on Rural Route 2, Empire, Ga., W. A. Floyd by name, says: "Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured the two worst sores I ever saw; one on my hand and one on my leg. It is worth more than its weight in gold. I would not be without it if I had to mortgage the farm to get it." Only 25c, at the Owl Drug Store.

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Tell me about Banking by Mail, how to save and how to start a bank account with only a dollar.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_

The Mother—My little boy was rude, I know. I am afraid he is awfully spoiled. The Stranger—Don't mention it, madam. It is better he should be spoiled than that his young life should be blighted by the thought that he is different from all other American children.—Life

## Big Four Route

OCTOBER BULLETIN

LEXINGTON, KY., AND RETURN

KENTUCKY HORSE BREEDERS ASSOCIATION Tickets sold October 5th to 15th.

DENVER AND RETURN ANNUAL CONVENTION NATIONAL WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION

Tickets on sale October 15th to 31st, inclusive. ANNUAL CONVENTION AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOR. Tickets sold Nov. 4th to 10th, inclusive.

NEW ORLEANS AND RETURN CHRISTIAN CHURCH CONVENTION. Oct. 6, 7 and 8.



## LOCAL AND PERSONAL HAPPENINGS

What Greencastle People and Their Friends Are Doing

Ralph Albaugh spent Sunday in Brazil.

Miss Lizzie Sullivan spent Sunday in Indianapolis.

James Watson and son spent Sunday in Indianapolis.

Mr. and Mrs. John James spent the day in Indianapolis.

Mrs. Mayme Long and Rose Sage spent Sunday in Indianapolis.

The Penelope Club will meet with Mrs. George Conklin on Wednesday.

Mrs. James Lewis of Indianapolis was the guest of Mrs. Harry Harland Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee White of Danville visited the family of Wm. Jackson Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jessie Leuman and Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Myers spent Sunday in Indianapolis.

Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Supple returned yesterday from a visit of three weeks with relatives at Dugger.

Over The Tea Cups Club will meet Tuesday afternoon at 2:30 with Mrs. Alexander Lockridge.

Mrs. Walton and Mrs. Sharp and son of Indianapolis visited their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hunt.

Walter Thomas of New York City stopped off here over Sunday with his uncles, H. C. Allen and J. P. Allen.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Newby of Knightstown were here yesterday the guests of Miss Sue Terry. Mrs. Newby formerly was Miss Mary Lewis.

The Fortnightly Club will meet this evening with Miss Elizabeth Lockridge. The subject for the evening is "James Russell Lowell," discussed by Mrs. Benton Curtis.

Mrs. Sunday of Chicago, wife of the well known evangelist Billy Sunday, and her little son, Billy Jr., are visiting her daughter, Helen and son George, for a few days, here.

Mrs. Bertha Besser Janney and little daughter went to Marshall, Ill., this morning called there by the death of Mr. Janney who died suddenly at the home of his parents in Marshall.

M. Wright of the firm of Wright & Norris of Muncie, was here today on his way to Bainbridge. This firm has the contract for the new school building at Bainbridge. The foundation of the building is laid and work on it is expected, will go steadily on.

Miss Bertha Higgins was in Indianapolis today.

C. H. Meltzer was in Bainbridge on business today.

Miss Alma Higert spent the day in Indianapolis today.

Neal O'Hair visited her parents near Brick Chapel Sunday.

Miss Eulalia Hamilton returned to her work at Cicero this morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Quigg and baby spent the day in Indianapolis yesterday.

Misses Garnett Sackett and Leslie Garner spent Saturday and Sunday at Terre Haute.

Mrs. J. J. Harrell and son, Freddie, visited Miss Ella Myers at Limesdale yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Newby and baby of Knightstown visited Miss Sue Terry here yesterday.

The Enterprise and the Leader stores are closed today because of the celebration of a Jewish holiday.

Mrs. John Doty who has been quite ill at his home on Hanna Street is reported as improving very slowly.

Mrs. George Allig of Indianapolis and Mrs. Emma Dill of St. Louis spent Sunday with their sister, Mrs. Augusta Higert.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Green and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. James Moore Miss Nellie Moore and Albert Hill spent Sunday at T. E. Stewart's near Vivalla.

Mrs. Dr. Thomas of Indianapolis who has been here during the illness of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Doty has returned to Indianapolis for a few days' stay.

Word has been received of the death of Mlo Janney at his home in Marshall, Ill. Mrs. Janney formerly was Miss Bertha Besser of this town. Mr. Janney's death was the result of heart disease.

A pair of travelling musicians gave a concert on the square this morning with bag-pipe and clarinet. The concert which was repeated at intervals all morning made up in quantity and strenuousness whatever it lacked in musical quality.

The Over the Tea Cups Club will meet tomorrow afternoon at 2:30 with Mrs. Alex Lockridge. The book for the afternoon is "The Fruit of the Tree" by Edith Wharton. The leaders for the afternoon are Mrs. Denman and Mrs. Renick.

Barton Shipley was in Brazil last evening.

John Miller is down from Roachdale today.

Elmer Long visited Brazil friends last evening.

Will Herrod visited Roachdale friends Sunday.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. George Browning a son.

C. Sumner Woody of Chicago is visiting his parents.

Ed. Hodges of Terre Haute visited relatives here Sunday.

Robert Mathews of Bainbridge is spending today in the city.

An organ grinder and a monkey were a street attraction today.

Jeff Rader, trustee of Washington Township, was here on business today.

Maurice Cockran of Wabash visited Phil Delt brothers here yesterday.

Ralph Cosner returned from the east on the 3:35 Interurban car yesterday.

Miss Mary Matson is here from Chicago for a visit with friends and relatives.

Misses Mary Howard and Marie Cutler spent Sunday with Indianapolis friends.

James D. Rockefeller of Indianapolis was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gilmore today.

Mr. H. L. Stone, of Terre Haute, spent Sunday with his mother, Mrs. Ella Stone of this city.

C. V. Yelton of Chicago visited Greencastle friends yesterday while en route to Indianapolis.

Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Carpenter and daughter, Louise, of Noblesville, visited relatives here Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Greene and Mr. and Mrs. Len Ware of Roachdale spent yesterday in the city.

John and Dalby Donohue, who are working on the College Library, visited home folks in Indianapolis over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Brown and Mrs. Jennie Mumaugh of Indianapolis spent Sunday with relatives in Putnamville.

Mrs. F. A. Arnold entertained this afternoon in honor of Mrs. Keating of Kokomo, who is here a guest at the Arnold home.

The little son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Shoptaugh, who was hurt by a fall down the stairway at his home is slowly improving.

Miss Grace King of Indianapolis and Miss May Carpenter of Roachdale were guests of Miss Elizabeth Lockridge yesterday.

Aybert Ricketts of Springfield was here today on his way to West Baden. Mr. Ricketts, it will be remembered, formerly lived here.

The Ladoga High School team defeated the Greencastle High School team at football at Ladoga, Saturday by a score of 6 to 5.

Miss Mary Matson and her friend Miss Mary Rose of Chicago came last night for a short visit here with friends. They will return to Chicago tonight.

Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Tilden will entertain this evening in honor of Mrs. Harry Wilson, of Cleveland, who is here the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Arnold.

Charley Smith and Steven Vancleave were before the Mayor this morning and were fined for intoxication. Vancleave went to jail and Smith paid his fine.

A pair of travelling musicians with a hand organ and monkey favored Greencastle with a visit today and ground out "Home Sweet Home" with variations (and the variations were many and elaborate) for the benefit of our citizens and incidentally for the pennies forthcoming.

Miss Mary Jewett of the university visited home folks in Mooresville over Sunday.

Miss Mammie Long spent Sunday in Terre Haute.

Dr. and Mrs. Collins of Roachdale were in the city yesterday visiting friends.

Miss Rose Sage visited friends in Terre Haute yesterday.

Mrs. C. Call of Gary, Ind., and daughter, are visiting Mrs. John Cannon.

Miss Ella Marlatt of Connersville is visiting her sister, Miss Pearl Marlatt of the university.

Mrs. Renning and daughters of Terre Haute and Miss Blvins of Chicago visited Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Randel Sunday.

Miss Blanche Woody of Crawfordsville visited home folks Sunday.

Mrs. Julia Bence has returned from a visit with her son at Hamrick station.

Francis Moore visited friends in Bloomington over Sunday.

Mrs. Gibbons and daughter, Mrs. Birchman, visited here Sunday.

Miss Helen McNeil is expected tomorrow to visit Theta sisters.

Miss Edna Bailey visited friends at I. U. over Sunday.

Lawrence Birch is visiting friends in Indianapolis today.

Chester Lawrence visited home folks in Mooresville Sunday.

Charles Moorish spent Sunday in Brazil with relatives.

## I. U. WINS A HARD GAME

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE.

Pauw's line for many good runs.

Indiana's line showed effects of the poor week's practice, as it did not change consistently or hold well when forward passes were attempted. Dutter played well at times, but the best work of the linemen was done by Trimble, the big guard, who was in his first game. His work no doubt won him a place on the regular team at guard.

Indiana's scores were the result of the hardest kind of work and twice the Methodists held the crimson eleven about the five-yard line after it had worked the ball almost the length of the field. Although a larger score was expected Sheldon is not discouraged, considering the number of varsity men who were on the side lines.

Indiana	Position	DePauw
Johnson	L-E	Jackson, Capt.
Dutter	L-T	Dewey
Trimble	L-G	Whitehair
W. Hoover	Center	Lawrence
Hackman	R-G	Ward
Netherton	R-T	Harmon
Roberts	R-E	Whistler
Berndt	Q-B	Grady
Sutphin	L-H	Greenstreet
Cunningham	R-H	Beesey
Winters	F-B	Dennison
Toughdowns	Berndt	Cunningham

Goal kicked—Johnson. Officials—Siler, Illinois, referee; Ralph Davis, Princeton, umpire; Stevens, Princeton, field judge; Harris, Chicago, head linesman; Showalter, DePauw, and Barclay, Indiana, timers.

## GRANT TRACTION FRANCHISE

Permit Given by the Putnam County Commissioners in Session on Monday—Also Five Roads Ordered Let and Three Accepted.

## THE LINE THROUGH CLOVERDALE

The County Commissioners today granted a franchise to the Indianapolis, Cloverdale and Terre Haute Interurban Company. The franchise gives this company the right to use, cross and follow where necessary the roads of the county. The company proposes to pass through section 24 in Mill Creek Township and sections 23, 22 and 21 in Jefferson, then to go in a southwesterly direction to Cloverdale and through that town to Cataract. The road will be begun soon.

Five gravel roads were ordered opened to contract. They are the A. E. Chamberlain road in Cloverdale tp., the Harry Elliott, Greencastle tp., E. C. Darnall, Monroe tp., I. U. Edwards, Franklin tp., and Joseph McCullough, Washington tp. The following roads were accepted, the J. H. James road in Greencastle tp., the J. H. Miller county line road and the Mat Young county line road. A large number of claims were passed upon and other regular business transacted.

## COMRADES ATTENTION!

Greencastle, G. A. R. Post, No. 11, October 3, 1934.

General Order No. 6: Comrades will please bear in mind that there will be business of unusual importance to transact at our regular meeting on Monday evening the 8th instant, especially with reference to the reception and entertainment of the visiting Posts to be given at the Court House between 10 a. m. and 4 p. m. on next Thursday the 8th instant.

Let our post in conjunction with the splendid co-operation of the Woman's Relief Corps make the reunion of next Thursday a pronounced success.

To that end let every comrade as far as possible, attend our Post meeting on Monday evening.

By order of Commander Lee.  
Signed. W. B. Vestal, Adjutant.

## THEY TRIED TO MAKE HER A DUCHESS.

(Original.)  
"Bridget," said Pat Flanagan, "I've an idea."

"What kind of an idea?"  
"A social idea."

"Better yer social idea. You and I bear too plain the marks of the sow's ear. Y' can't make silk purses of us." "It's not us I'm talkin' about; it's the kid. Haven't y' heard o' all these women goin' over to Europe and marryin' princes and jukes and lords? Since we got all these millions together I've been thinkin' we might do the same for little Nora, only we'd have to give her up."

After a desperate struggle between love and ambition little Nora, then three years old, was sent away from home to be educated for an American title catcher. She was to forget her father and mother and assume a new name. She was entered as an orphan, and a guardian was appointed who was to turn over to her a fortune of \$5,000,000 when she should marry—with his consent.

Fifteen years later a Mrs. Van Valkenburgh of New York opened a house in London for the purpose of introducing her niece, Winifred De Witt, into society. Mrs. Van Valkenburgh took no care to conceal the fact that her niece would receive a comfortable dot at her marriage, and there was a pricking up of ears of the young bloods of London.

Mrs. Van Valkenburgh proceeded methodically, procuring an introduction for her niece at court and giving a splendid coming out ball, at which many of the nobility were present. Winifred was rather a pretty girl, of fair complexion and a subdued reddish hair, and bore the marks of having been brought up to associate with the most aristocratic American girls.

Of the many suitors who appeared the Marquis of Crowhurst, heir to the dukedom of Marlebut, and William Pitt Burleigh, a rising member of the house of commons, were the most conspicuous for the reason that the former would surely have the sanction of Miss De Witt's guardian and a marriage with the latter would be a love match. The marquis' father was in a dying condition, and certain obligations on the part of the estate were being staved off till after his death with the hope that his son would succeed in marrying a fortune with which to pay them and build up the estate, though it was feared that Crowhurst, who was of the smart set and a typical London swell, would spend any fortune he could get on himself rather than on his estate.

Mrs. Van Valkenburgh engineered matters so that the suit of the marquis was successful. Winifred De Witt told her lover, Burleigh, that her whole fortune was involved in her choice of a husband. If she married him she would lose it. Why, she knew not. Her parents she knew nothing of. She had a vague remembrance of a woman who had the care of her baby days who could not possibly have been her mother. Burleigh was affected just as was he. He wanted her, but did not want her to lose her fortune. After many sighs and tears on her part and heartbreakings on his they decided that they must give each other up.

Winifred accepted the marquis, but his father at the time was at the point of death, and for various reasons connected therewith the marriage was put off till after the son's expected accession to the title. Indeed, Winifred's guardian, whose instructions were that she get a duke, insisted upon this.

But the old man was such a long while dying that when he did die the new duke was informed that owing to a recent financial panic in America Miss De Witt's fortune had been so far reduced that no settlements could be made—at least not for some time.

This was the end of the proposed marriage. Burleigh returned to his allegiance, declaring that since Winifred would not suffer financially by a marriage with him he wished her to be his wife. But meanwhile Mrs. Flanagan had suffered a protracted agony at her husband's plan for their daughter, and one day the couple appeared at Mrs. Van Valkenburgh's London residence, announced themselves as her niece's parents and gave away the whole plot. Fortunately more than twenty years of intermingling with wealthy people had rubbed much of the rust off Pat and Bridget, and they did not appear at so great a disadvantage as one would suppose. Winifred, who had always been lonely as an orphan, gladly accepted them. Besides, there was something touching as well as amusing in their sacrifice to make her a duchess. Furthermore, there was good individual stuff in Nora Flanagan that seemed to belong only to herself, and she made up her mind to try to repay some of her parents' sacrifice even if it had been unsuccessful at the last moment. To cap the climax she was glad to be relieved of Crowhurst.

She gave the whole story to her lover, telling him that if he could accept her with her parents, whom she would in future stand by, she would marry him. Burleigh was introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Flanagan, and their hearty good nature triumphed.

Though he would marry Nora Flanagan, by marriage she would become Mrs. Burleigh. Nora would be the only part of her name remaining. If she would consent to retain the name by which he had courted her—Winifred—even that objection would be canceled.

Shortly after the marriage an iron company in which Flanagan's money was invested was absorbed by a larger concern, and he was richer than ever.

NELLIE EDNA CURTIS.

## Sworn Semi-Annual Statement

OF THE

## Central Trust Co.

OF GREENCASTLE, IND.

To Auditor of State, Close of Business Sept. 30, 1934

## RESOURCES

Loans	\$195,800.00
Overdrafts	3.29
Bonds	39,160.00
Furniture	500.00
Advances to Estates	471.48
Due from Banks and Trust Companies	29,212.01
Total	\$265,146.78

## LIABILITIES

Capital	\$25,000.00
Surplus	9,000.00
Undivided Profits	3,385.35
Demand Deposits	81,408.79
Time Deposits	79,925.14
Guardianship of Estates	68,427.50
Total	\$265,146.78

R. L. O'Hair, Pres. S. A. Hays, V. Pres. J. L. Randel, Sec.

## WANT AD COLUMN

Rooms for Rent—One nicely furnished room, with bath, electric lights and furnace. 629 E. Washington St. 3161

Lost—Pair of eye glasses. Finder please return to this office and receive reward.

Wanted—A girl for general housework. Good wages and permanent place to the right party. Mrs. I. O. Cammack, 309 S. Jackson St. 3161

Wanted—A middle aged lady to do light housekeeping. Small family. Easy Place. Good wages. Mrs. Shipley. Call at store. 3161

WANTED—Girl to do general housework in small family. Call on Mrs. R. J. Gillespie, west Walnut street 3161

## Interesting Services.

The beautiful Autumn Sunday was used by the people yesterday for church purposes and many visitors in the city were present at both services at the College Avenue Church. Among those who honored the morning service with his presence was the Rev. Samuel Post, D. D., the oldest Methodist preacher of New Jersey. Dr. Post recently celebrated his ninety-first birthday at the home of his son, Dr. Edwin Post of this city. Dr. Hoagland spoke of his presence in the morning congregation and said he was particularly desirous to preach well that morning for the reason that he had as an auditor a minister who used to preach to his grandfather in an early day in New Jersey. At the conclusion of the sermon Dr. Post pronounced in a fine rich voice the Apostolic Benediction. The pastor preached the evening sermon also and welcomed new members into the church at both services. The quartet sang nicely both morning and evening. Mr. Coffin led a most interesting Epworth League service at 6:30 p. m. in the chapel.

Engraved cards at the Herald Office.

Fresh  
New  
Sauer  
Kraut

IN BULK

AT

ZEIS &amp; CO'S

Phone 67

## A Healthy Family.

"Our whole family has enjoyed good health since we began using Dr. King's New Life Pills, three years ago," says L. A. Bartlett, of Rural Route 1, Guilford, Maine. They cleanse and tone the system in a gentle way that does you good. 25c. at the Owl Drug Store.

## Map of Greencastle.

A new map of Greencastle showing interurban line and station, new Carnegie Library and new Big Four line, printed on good paper at the Herald Office for ten cents.

## NEW RETAIL LUMBER YARDS and PLANING MILL

North College Avenue,  
South of the Railroad Tracks

We can furnish your house patterns COMPLETE, including DOORS, SASH, and GLASS. We have an EXPERT ESTIMATOR and DRAUGHTSMAN in our employ, who will DRAW UP YOUR PLANS FREE OF CHARGE.

We also handle the famous LAWRENCE PAINTS and FLINTOID ready PRE-PAIRED ROOFING.

LET US FIGURE WITH YOU.  
You do not have to cross the tracks to reach our yards.

C. H. BARNABY



## LaVogue Materials Endure

Not only in style, a paramount feature of LAVOGUE garments, but also you find that the materials are enduring.

Combined with a correct delineation of style is a serviceability that is indeed unusual in such a class of up-to-date garments.

LAVOGUE materials are the pick of the market and represent the best from the looms of the world.

We have ready for you a collection of many colors and styles among which you are sure to find just the garment that suits your particular taste and pocket book.

VERMILION'S