

GREENCASTLE HERALD

THE HERALD

Founded 1906

PUBLISHED EVENING

Except Sunday by the Star and Democrat Publishing Company at 17 and 19 South Jackson Street, Greencastle, Ind.

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

Terms of Subscription

One Year, in adv. or per week \$1.00
By Carrier in city, per week 5 cents
Single Copies 2 cents

Advertising Rates Upon Application

WEEKLY STAR-DEMOCRAT
Established 1858
The official county paper, sent to any address in the United States, for \$1.00 a year—Payable strictly in advance.

Entered as second class mail matter at the Greencastle, Ind. Postoffice.

Telephone, No. 65

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FOR VICE PRESIDENT, ..
John W. Kern of Indiana.

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FOR CONGRESS
Ralph MossFOR PROSECUTOR
James P. HughesFOR JOINT SENATOR
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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.

DEMOCRATIC NEWS

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 inflamed passions, selfish motives and IS NOT GUILTY 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 Baily-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:

"Mr. Hearst is guided by the turmoil of inflamed passions, selfish motives and is not guilty 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.

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 knife 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 in 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 racher for the philosopher's stone or the secret of perpetual motion—all these tiresome 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—"in 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. Moulin 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 Feast 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 well 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." 50¢ at the Owl Drug Store. 50¢ and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

Mrs. Grumpy—Women have all the troubles in this world.

Mrs. Grumpy—Except one; they don't have wives—Illustrated Biss.

TAFT, ROOSEVELT AND THE "SISTER 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. Instead 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."

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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 to 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:

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"The 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 desk murmured softly, "If they do, they never ought to be trusted with a gun again!"—London Telegraph.

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 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 spell. She had a beautiful body and 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 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