

THE HERALD

Founded 1908
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. ce \$2.00
By Carrier in city, per week 6 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

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 Iscambarger, 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. Aley, Bloomington.

PUTNAM COUNTY TICKET

REPRESENTATIVE,
D. B. Hostetter,
TREASURER,
Jasper Miller

SHERIFF,
Frank Stroube.

COMMISSIONER, THIRD DIST,
Ed Houck.

CORONER,
R. J. Gillispie,

SURVEYOR,
Lee Lane.

COMMISSIONER, 2nd DIST,
George E. Rain.

JOINT DISTRICT TICKET

FOR CONGRESS
Ralph Moss

FOR PROSECUTOR
James P. Hughes

FOR JOINT SENATOR
C. Tilden.

TOWNSHIP TICKET.
For Trustee,
Lincoln Snyder.

FOR ASSESSOR,
John W. Cherry.

Those who are in favor of county local option, and wish it effective should remember that Howard Maxwell has not as yet declared for any national legislation that will prohibit the interstate shipment of liquor from wet to dry territory nor has he stated where he stood on Cannonism, which some good people profess to believe a moral issue. Mr. Moss has pledged to do right on both. Perhaps it is true that morality is only a matter of the state and does not extend to national affairs—at least as long as the Republican party has not yet taken it up as an issue.

Let it be remembered that two months ago The Indianapolis Star was declaring that Mr. Marshall was a man of such excellent character that any citizen of intelligence would be glad to see him sit for four years in the executive chair. Now it is denouncing him as a symbol of all that is bad. Thus far will a reputable paper stoop for partisan ends, forgetting its respectability, forgetting its own statements, forgetting all but the attack it is making and the dire needs of its party. Which will save men believe, the statement of the former independent paper or the security of the present partisan sheet?

Made It Clear.

A Scottish blacksmith, being asked the meaning of metaphysics, replied: "When the party who listens disown what the party who speaks means, and when the party who speaks disown what he means himself, that's metaphysics"—Dundee Advertiser.

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.

DEMOCRATIC NEWS

READ THIS BEFORE YOU VOTE

ARE YOU GOING TO SURRENDER THE RIGHT TO CONTROL YOUR OWN GOVERNMENT?

Do you want in the United States

Liberty, or Coercion?

Republic, or Empire?

Democracy, or Autocracy?

President, or Czar?

Governor, or Dictator?

The Constitution, or One Man's Will?

Shall there be in nation and state three departments of government, legislative executive and judicial, or only one, based on usurpation—whether by Roosevelt and Taft or Hanly and Watson?

SHALL THE OCCUPANT OF THE WHITE HOUSE DICTATE HIS SUCCESSOR?

Shall the People rule, or shall the Government be administered by and for the trusts, privileged classes, special interests, officeholders and party favorites?

Shall the occupant of the White House dictate his successor?

Theodore Roosevelt, president first by tragedy and next by false pretense, has thrown off the mask and revealed his true character.

What at first were either excused as eccentricities or applauded as honest blunders, must, in the light of the president's attitude in the present campaign, be looked upon as contemptuous disregard of the constitution, the laws, the institutions and traditions of the country and the people.

Mr. Roosevelt assumed the right to make treaties without the consent of the senate.

He has sent Taft, Root and other royal ambassadors abroad with imperial instructions.

He connived at and afterward defended as an "accomplished fact" the spoliation of the Republic of Colombia.

He rules foreign peoples as dependent subjects.

He gave his consent to the absorption by that giant monopoly, the steel trust, of its principal competitor, the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company, which had been first forced into trouble by Wall street manipulation.

He has publicly denounced abuses while secretly placing himself under obligations to those who are guilty of them.

Under his administration trusts have multiplied, special interests have thrived, expenses have piled up, the burdens of the people have grown heavier, the cost of living has enormously increased, and a panic has occurred which has produced idleness, impoverished thousands of business men and brought hunger into hundreds of thousands of homes.

AND YET MR. ROOSEVELT DEMANDS OF THE PEOPLE THAT THEY APPROVE HIS SELECTION AND ELECT WILLIAM H. TAFT AS HIS SUCCESSOR.

He is managing Taft's campaign from the White House, using government clerks, paid by all the people, to convey his orders and commands to 300,000 other officeholders also paid by the people, and to all other persons subject to his power or susceptible to his influence.

It is the purpose of Mr. Roosevelt to control the presidential succession, if possible.

He declares that he has been training Taft for seven years to take his place.

He dictated his nomination, forcing it by using the power of his office and in disregard of the laws regulating the civil service.

Son-in-Law Longworth, in a public speech, proclaimed the purpose of the new dynasty to be the election of Taft for eight years, Roosevelt again for eight years more, and down the line.

The present secretary of war, Luke E. Wright, in a speech in New York on Oct. 19, resented the charge that Roosevelt is only a "hired man," and declared that he is the chief ruler of the country."

Senator Beveridge, in a speech in Kansas City on the same date, said that "there is no longer a Democratic party—only the government and the opposition," a condition which exists only in an autocracy like Russia.

Two years ago Elihu Root, Mr. Roosevelt's secretary of state, proclaimed the new doctrine of "wiping out state lines," which would center all government power at Washington.

Taft has knowledge of, is a part of and sympathizes with all these dangerous tendencies—these things which point to the overthrow of constitutional government and the subversion of the liberties of the people.

Under this order of things only favorites are to profit through tariffs, subsidies, special privileges, offices—and private snags like the Panama Canal swindle, wherein it is said Douglas Robinson, a brother-in-law of the president, Charles P. Taft, a brother of Candidate Taft; Morgan, Cromwell, Sheldon and other Taft supporters, financiers and speculators, pocketed more than \$30,000,000 of illicit gain shoveled out of the United States treasury.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY HAS BEEN GUILTY OF THE RANKEST EX-TRAVAGANCE AND WASTE.

The expenses of the National Government have more than doubled in ten years and now reach a billion dollars a year.

The expenses of the state offices have increased more than 100 per cent in the past twelve years.

Have all these millions of money taken from the people been honestly spent?

Is there graft, crookedness and rascality in the state house?

Is there untold rotteness in Washington?

How will you ever find out unless you vote for a change?

Bryan in the nation and Marshall in the state stand for rule by the people, constitutional government, reduced taxes and economy and honesty in administration.

Public officials are the servants and not the masters of the people, according to the Democratic creed, and a vote for the candidates of the Democratic party will be a vote against official insolence and threatened despotism.

"Mamma, I want some water to christen my doll," said Ethel.

"No, dear," answered her mother, proving. "It's wrong to make sport of such things."

"Then I want some wax to waxin her. She's old enough to have something done."

Angles.

By LULU JOHNSON.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

"Keep still, Jack. I'll take your picture."

Ethel Deane pointed her camera at her brother, there was a click, and, with an "All right," she wound off the film.

"I'll send you a post card as soon as it's developed," she added. "I'm sorry that I didn't take one of you when you came. You'd make a great 'before and after' picture for the hotel advertisements. I declare Agnes won't know you when you get back, you've grown so stout and handsome."

Her big brother smiled at the compliment, and Ethel clicked the camera again.

"That will make a good advertisement for a dentist," she commented. "I wish I could smile like that."

"You could," insinuated her brother, "if you were as happy as I am."

"Back to home and Agnes!" scoffed Ethel. "Here comes your train, Jack. I'm sorry you have to go. This little vacation has done you a world of good."

Deane kissed his sister goodby and swung on to the train, glad to get out of the press of the station platform and into the comfortable wicker chair in the Pullman smoker. He was sorry his vacation was over. He had worked hard for two years and needed the rest. He was going back to Agnes Weston, and a tender smile played about his lips as he drew a tiny leather case from his pocket and glanced at the picture within. It was one of Ethel's snapshots, but the girl was clever with the camera, and she had caught more of the personality of her subject than a professional could have done.

"It will only be a few days now, little woman," Jack whispered to the photograph. "I'll be in town tomorrow, and Sunday week you'll be there too. It's some comfort even to be nearer to you."

He slipped the case back in his pocket and reddened as he saw a man

might be able to find out. It was obvious that Jack could offer no explanation when he was not conscious of having given offense, and it was with leaden feet that he sought his home and tumbled into bed to toss until dawn.

Haggard and hollow eyed, he rose for breakfast and made a pretense of going through the meal. He was idly sipping his coffee when the maid handed him a thick letter from Ethel.

There was the promised post card, with the crowd as a background. There was also another card showing him looking down with a tender smile into the eyes of a girl whose ardent glance was even more fervid than his own.

The girl was an entire stranger to him, and Jack wondered by what trick of photography Ethel had brought about the result. He knew how she delighted in performing the seemingly impossible. He turned to the letter for explanation.

"Dear Jack," he read, "do you remember that I promised to get even with you for playing that joke on Ben Drummond and me? I guess I've done it. I am inclosing one of the postals I promised. That silly little Bedford girl was standing right behind you when you smiled that silly smile because I told you how handsome you were. From the angle at which I stood it looked as though you were sulking at her and she was making moon eyes at you instead of Dick Odell. Dick is just off the edge of the film. I sent one of these to Agnes on Monday, and, unless I am very much mistaken, you did not enjoy your Sunday. Let this be a lesson to you not to play tricks on your affectionate sister. P. S.—I am sending this same explanation to Agnes."

In an unlucky moment Jack had rendered Ethel and her latest admirer ridiculous. Ethel had sworn to be revenged, but Jack had paid little attention to the threats. Now he could understand what Agnes meant when she said she knew him for what he really was.

He hurried from the house to the telephone station and called up Agnes Weston.

"This is Jack," he explained over the wire. "Did you get a letter from Ethel?"

"I might have known that it was one of Ethel's jokes," same the response.

"And is it all right? May I come around tonight?"

"As long as that?" came in tender tones. "Why can't I meet you and have lunch with you at that little place where you take me. There's a jeweler right around the corner."

There was no formal engagement between Jack and Agnes Weston, but an understanding existed that when his salary was increased there would be an announcement. The raise had come in the shape of promotion while he was on vacation. A letter had told him that on his return he would sit at the superintendent's desk. He wanted to start back at once and tell Agnes of his good fortune, but he had sacrificed his vacation last year in his struggle for advancement, and he needed the rest. Agnes had gone to visit relatives in a distant resort, and Ethel wisely persuaded him to stay.

Now he was on his way to town, and in another week Agnes would join him. He could then put the question, to which the answer seemed assured.

It was a trying week. Had it not been that Jack was busy getting the angles of his new position he would have jumped on a train and headed for the west, as no letter had come from Agnes during the latter part of the week. He telephoned her mother to learn the time of her expected arrival.

Jack was at the station when the train rolled in, but the greeting chilled him. In place of the sunny smile the girl was coldly formal. She addressed him as "Mr. Deane" and insisted upon going home alone in a cab.

Deane was in despair. He could not argue with her in the station, and not until after dinner did he go to the house for an interview.

The explanation was simple in the extreme. Agnes declared that she no longer loved him; that she was glad she had discovered his true character before it was too late. More than that she would not say. After a brief half hour Jack gave up and left the house to pace the streets and dumbly wonder what had happened to make so great a change in his life.

Perhaps when Ethel returned she

INTERURBAN TIME TABLE.

WEST BOUND

	Lv. G. C.	Lv. T. H.
6 local ..	6:05 am	
8 local ..	7:15 am	5:30 am
10 local ..	8:15 am	6:30 am
102 limited ..	9:40 am	8:15 am
14 local ..	10:17 am	8:3