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BRYAN AND KERN.

Nebraska and Indiana have showed their faith in the Democratic leaders by electing Democratic houses in the legislature. On joint ballot both the legislature of Nebraska and Indiana are Democratic. It is altogether fitting that the demand of the people of these two states, and the demand of Democrats of all the states that Bryan and Kern be selected by the joint houses of each state to represent the people of Nebraska and Indiana in the senate of the United States should be obeyed. They have won the honor and deserve it. Further, these two men, who have fought the fight for the people of the country, should have the right and the chance to fight still further that battle in the upper house of the nation. We need them there. Their states have made it possible to place them there, and with their consent, the Democracy of the country demands that they go there.

And now comes the Indianapolis Star and repudiates everything it has been saying about Marshall, declares that he won on his merits, that Watson went down to defeat because he was the machine candidate, and states further that the brewers contributed nothing to Marshall's success. It will now be time for those far-seeing politicians in Greencastle, who followed the Star's lead in denouncing Marshall, to revise their opinion in harmony with the facts. A number of men who knew Watson's record for political buncombe were either fooled by it, or willingly swallowed it knowing it false. It is now time that they look up the real facts in the case and cease to hide their head in the sand of political lies.

It is evident that the good people of Danville, Ill., heeded the voice of the politician rather than the voice of the church. Joseph Cannon speaker of the house, has been re-elected by an unusually large majority. Evidently the church people of Illinois felt that morality was a matter of the fight in Indiana alone, and that Cannon and his record on the booze question was not a fit matter for clergymen to discuss. So they voted a little stronger than usual for J. C. simply because the church had warned against him.

A Statement.

Already, with the announcement that the Indiana legislature will be Democratic on joint ballot, the question of a United States Senator has been thrust before the people. I believe that most Democrats are a unit in the thought that John W. Kern, by right of merit, deserves the place. For long years he has been the bulwark of Democracy in Indiana. He has made the race for governor, only to be defeated, not for any lack of ability, political skill or personality, but by a Republican landslide. He has been put forward by the Democracy of the nation as the candidate for the second highest office in the gift of the people. His ability, his manliness, his service to his party, all demand that his party honor him if it be within that party's power. The people of Indiana, I am sure, will delight in bestowing that honor upon him, and I shall do what I can to that end.

F. C. Tilden.

Matrimony.

Youngly—Did you ever notice that the matrimonial process is like that of making a call? You go to adore, you ring a bell and you give your name to a maid. Cynical—Yes, and then you're taken in.—Boston Transcript.

The Extremes.

Lobster and champagne for supper—that's high jinks. Sawdust and near-coffee for breakfast—that's hygiene. Between these two extremes, however, there's room for some genuine living.—Life.

Watched Fifteen Years.

"For fifteen years I have watched the working of Bucklen's Arnica Salve; and it has never failed to cure any sore, boil, ulcer or burn to which it was applied. It has saved us many a doctor bill," says A. F. Hardy, of East Wilton, Maine. 25c at the Owl

Von Bulow and Sarasate.

In one of his letters Von Bulow refers to Sarasate as follows: "He has enchanted me beyond measure, particularly in his concert of yesterday, when he played a splendid work, 'Symphonie Espagnole' by Lalo—played in so genuinely artistic a manner that today I am still intoxicated with it. His playing also of the Saint-Saens concert piece for violin is as entrancing as interesting. It is a shame that he cannot come to see me. N. B.—I have purposely avoided his personal acquaintance. Perhaps he has tried to see me, for over my door stands the notice:

"Mornings—not to be seen.

Afternoons—not at home.

"But perhaps he did not ring the bell. (He never plays under 1,000 francs—he received this sum here at a private musicale.) For secretary he has Otto Goldschmidt, who sent me a pass, which I returned with the remark that for such an important concert I could certainly afford to buy my ticket. Six marks was in no way too much to pay."

Bulow did make his acquaintance, however, as he refers in a later letter to Sarasate coming, quite unexpectedly, to a "conference with Johannes" (Brahms), at which he himself was present.

He Preferred Mules.

One of the pet hobbies of Senator Christopher Mabee was his newspaper, the Pittsburg Times. He kept the paper well to the front, and it was a credit to modern journalism. One morning the Times had been scooped on a railway wreck.

"Senator," asked an intimate acquaintance, "how do you console yourself on the loss of that wreck story this morning?"

"By congratulating ourselves," he answered quickly, "that we are among the number who missed that ill-fated train."

On another occasion as the senator was approaching the Times building on Fourth avenue he noticed a crowd gathered about a wagon which was filled with huge rolls of newspaper. A wheel was caught in a deep rut in the pavement and could not be budged.

"Senator," laughed a friend, "they managed at last to get your paper into a rut."

"Yes," answered Mr. Mabee, his eyes twinkling with good humor, "and I'm not trusting to men to get it out again, but to mules."—Philadelphia Press.

Vanity of Men.

In a woman's club, over tea and cigarettes, a group of ladies cited many, many instances of the foolish vanity of males.

"Take the case of bees," one said. "Because the queen bee rules the hive, because she is the absolute mistress of millions of subjects, man up to a few hundred years ago denied her sex. He called her the king bee."

"Pity wrote somewhere, 'The king bee is the only male, all the rest being females.' And Moses Rusden, beekeeper to Charles II., stoutly denied, in order to please his royal master, that the large bee, the ruler of the hives, belonged to the gentler sex."

"Even Shakespeare couldn't bear to think that the bee of bees, the largest and wisest and fairest, the live's absolute lord, was a female. No, all the proofs notwithstanding, Shakespeare called her a male. Don't you remember the lines—

"Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
 The act of order to a peopled kingdom,
 They have a king and officers of sorts."

—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Casualties Expected.

During one of Speaker Cannon's bitter political fights in his district in Illinois the opposition resorted to desperate tactics. Among other things friends of Uncle Joe were summarily dismissed from positions they held in the public service. Some of his friends became alarmed at this, and one of them called on the speaker at his residence and said, somewhat excitedly:

"Joe, Smith and Jones have just lost their positions in the postoffice. What are we going to do about it?"

"Uncle Joe took another puff at his cigar and then answered, with a benevolent smile: 'Nothing. If you go into battle, you have got to expect to have some dead and wounded.'"

A Precaution.

"Young man," said her father, "I don't want you to be too attentive to my daughter."

"Why—er—really," stammered the timid young man, "I had hoped to marry her some."

"Exactly, and I'd like to have you marry her, but if you're too attentive to her you won't have money enough to do it."—Liverpool Mercury.

Almost Qualified.

"Help you!" scoffed the irate housewife. "Well, I guess not. I only assist invalids."

"Well, mum," responded Beefsteak Ben as he tried to remove the bulldog from his shins, "I'll be an invalid if I stay here much longer."

The Poor Milkman Again.

The milkman was boiling over with indignation.

"And you mean to say my milk don't look right?" he snapped. "Why, lady, this can of milk is a picture!"

"Ah, yes," laughed the keen housewife; "a fine water color."—Exchange

Restless.

Caller—So your cook has passed away to a better place? Hostess—Yes, but I don't know if she'll stay. Poor Bridget was very hard to suit.—Boston Traveler.

"The poet is born, not made," sayeth the proverb. In other words, it isn't his own fault.

STAGE SCENERY.

Modern Settings Tax the Ingenuity of the Builders.

The big scenic artists do little actual painting beyond making the model, unless they have a panoramic effect. That they do themselves, standing on the paint bridge, many feet from the floor, while the canvas is raised or lowered. The panoramic effects are hard to handle. One difficulty is to avoid fluttering when a draft sweeps across the stage. Mountains that tremble hazily are not conducive to illusion.

With the elaborate productions of late years the importance of the builder of scenery has increased, says Everybody's Magazine. Formerly, when the scenery consisted merely of canvas stretched over a wooden frame, it was simple enough. But the struggle for realism and sensational effects has developed difficult problems for the builder of stage scenery to solve. Every piece of scenery must be made so that it can be folded into strips five feet nine inches wide, because the doors of the baggage cars in which it is transported are only six feet in breadth. Also every piece must be light and so constructed that one scene can be removed and another put in place within ten minutes. It may take thirty hours of continuous work to get the scenery "set up," to use a technical expression, after it is brought into the theater. After that the work of changing a scene is comparatively easy.

A DOGS' CLUB.

London's Luxurious Resort For Aristocratic Canine Pets.

London is the only city in the world boasting a dogs' club. The club is in a pleasant suit of rooms near the Trocadero and close to Regent street. Hand-some rugs cover the floors, the windows are veiled in lace and silk, and luxurious sofas are ranged against the walls, while a profusion of soft pillows are scattered about for the comfort of aristocratic dogs who prefer the floor for a nap. Dainty satin lined wicker baskets are provided for the smaller pets. The membership fee is half a sovereign, but this does not include meals, baths or tips to the attendants.

Ladies going shopping or to the theater leave their pugs and poodles at the club and give the attendant in charge at the time a few shillings for looking after it, but if the dog is fed half a crown is charged. This pays for a nut-ton chop and milk. A whole crown provides the little animal with minced chicken. For a half sovereign Pido is bathed, brushed and perfumed, and if he is a French poodle his hair is carefully curled. A veterinary is attached to the club to see that only dogs in perfect health are admitted, all sick members being quarantined in a separate room. Blankets, boots, collars, harness, soaps and brushes and all the accessories of a fashionable dog's toilet as well as dog medicines are sold at the club.—New York Press.

A Candid Critic.

"A criticism that has helped me a great deal in my work came from a man to whom I took a picture to be framed," said a young woman who spends much of her time copying in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. "As the picture progressed my friends told me it was fine. Some of the other copyists said it had value, character, good coloring and all those things, and even one of the guards in the gallery got real friendly one day and remarked that it was the best copy of that picture he had seen. I began to think that maybe, after all, my several years of study were beginning to bear fruit. At the frame's I picked out a nice frame, and the framer began to figure on the cost."

"I'll tell you, miss," he said, "that frame will come to \$3.98. If I were you I'd get something cheaper for that picture."—New York Sun.

"Setting the River on Fire."

In old English times, when each family was obliged to sift its own flour, it sometimes happened that an energetic man would turn his sieve so rapidly as to cause it to catch fire. The style of sieve used in those days was called a "temse," and it became a customary saying that a lazy man would never set the temse on fire. Now, it happens that the name of the river Thames is pronounced like the name of this old flour sieve, and after many years, when the old fashioned temse was forgotten, it was thought that setting the temse on fire meant setting the river on fire, and that is why today we say that a stupid person will never set the river on fire.

Esperanto.

"When I first started out hunting apartments I went through a long, polite dissertation," said the woman with a haunted look and weary face. "Now I go in and say to the elevator man or janitor: 'Apartments? Rooms?' 'Price? Keep 'em.' I get along just as well, and it saves lots of time. Try it."—New York Times.

Not His Fault.

Dad—Johnnie, your teacher tells me that you are at the foot of your class. How's that? Johnnie—That ain't my fault, dad. They've taken Tommy Tuff out and sent him to a reform school.—Exchange.

Better Left Unsaid.

Caller—So sorry to hear of your motor accident. Enthusiastic Motorist—Oh, thanks! It's nothing. Expected to live through many more. Caller—Oh, I trust not!—London Tit-Bits.

Noble Discontent Is the Path to Heaven.

—Higginson.

NANCY'S PROXY.

By EPES W. SARGENT.

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"Nancy, it's awful to go to school."

Nancy Hartman nodded a solemn assent to the statement, for she always agreed with what Bobby Seaton said.

In this instance her own views were reflected, albeit those views were somewhat prejudiced at the moment by the fact that she had been kept in after school, and Bobby had had to sit on the curb and wait for her. He had done his best, too, to be kept in, and so share her punishment.

"I'll be glad when I'm married and don't have to go to school," he continued solemnly. "Married people don't have to go to school."

"Mr. Seaton did," reminded Nancy. "He was a minister," explained Bobby, as though that made a difference. "Besides he was married when he was in college. College is different from a school."

Nancy nodded wisely. She could not grasp any distinction, but since Bobby said so, there must be a difference.

"School's horrid," she complained. "I just fired one twenty little spit ball, and Miss Magnus made me stay in."

"She's got to stay to correct the exercises," explained Bobby, "and she's 'fraid to stay alone. That's why she always makes some one stay in."

"Tain't fair," insisted Nancy, "and we were going after nuts too."

"I tell you what," exclaimed Bobby. "Let's get married, and then she can't make us go to school."

"Right now?" demanded Nancy, with a glance at her soiled dress.

"That little ink stain don't matter," assured Bobby. "We'll go to Mr. Seaton. He got married when he was in school, so he'll understand."

"But he went to school after he got married," reminded Nancy.

"That's because he wanted to," explained Bobby. "If he didn't want to go he didn't have to. We won't want to go."

He started to his feet, and Nancy obediently followed. Had Bobby proposed a stroll to the north pole she would have followed with the same content, for was not Bobby wise with the wisdom of full eight years, while she boasted a scant six?

It was a short walk to the minister's home, and presently Bobby, brave but a trifle weak in the knees and with a higher color on his face, was explaining to the minister his desire to wed.

The Rev. Seaton, grave and studious, was shocked at the suggestion and with gentle reproof at their sacrilege turned them from his study. The reproof was lost on a determined mind, and when the door had closed Bobby shook his tiny fist in the air.

"Just 'cause he's married he don't care 'bout no one else," he said indignantly. "He's not the only marrier in town. Huh!"

There was a world of scorn in the exclamation, and Bobby's wrath was hot. He had not understood what the minister was saying, but he had gathered that he was being scolded for even thinking of marriage, and this under the very eyes of his beloved.

There were three other ministers in town, but none of them was at home, and Bobby turned toward the third.

"It's no use," he said, with a tightening of the quivering lip. "We've got to go to Riverside."

Nancy blinked back the tears and put her hand in his.

"It's dreadful hard getting married," she said. "Do all people have trouble like this?"

"When they elope," explained Bobby calmly. "You don't have time to fix it with the minister."

"I don't think that 'loping's much fun," ventured Nancy, but Bobby's look silenced her. Together they trudged along in silence until the houses were passed and the road to Riverside lay bare and lonely before them.

The shadows were closing in, and there were clumps of trees that made patches of dark, just the sort that bears love to hide in.

For the benefit of his lady Bobby kept up a brave front, but his clasp on the tired, dirty little hand that lay within his own tightened when the dark places came, and the sturdy little legs were urged to greater speed until the danger point was passed.

The dark was closing in now, and Nancy's plump little legs were not as strong as Bobby's, and, though she bravely sought to hold the pace, she lagged behind.

At last, in spite of her fortitude, she had to give in and sank with a little sob on the grass beside the roadway.

"I just can't go any more, Bobby," she wailed. "It seems like we 'most walked round the earth."

"It's only a little way now," urged Bobby, "an' maybe the minister will ask us to stay for supper."

The mention of food was the last straw. Fatigue had prevented the thought of hunger, but now Nancy knew that she was famished.

A school lunch is not calculated to last until 7 o'clock, and Nancy remembered that there was to be jelly cake for supper.

At the sound of the sobs that shook her tiny frame Bobby knelt beside her and sought to check the flow of tears, but not until she had cried herself to sleep on Bobby's shoulder did silence come.

Bobby himself felt very much like crying, but that would never do, and he held back the tears while he stared bravely into the dark, his arm protectively about the sleeping Nancy.

It seemed to him ages passed as he

sat there in the silence and the dark. No wagons came along, though once an automobile shot past at a speed that rendered his cry unavailing.

The passing of the car only served to make the loneliness the more pronounced, and when two more great yellow eyes shone far down the road Bobby gently lowered the golden head from his shoulder to the grassy bank and sprang to his feet. Perhaps if he waved his arms they would see and stop.

Nearer and nearer came the lights, and he stood directly in the yellow patch the lamps made in the white dust of the road. To his great relief the car slowed down, and from behind the curtain of light that half blinded the tired eyes came the welcome sound of a familiar voice. Bobby sprang forward to throw himself into the strong arms of his big brother.

"You're a fine pair of runaways," cried Howard. "We have been searching the roads for nearly two hours."

"Is Nancy with you?" demanded an anxious voice from the car, and Bobby knew that Nancy's sister was there too.

She gave a little cry when Howard brought the girl to her and covered the tear stained face with kisses. Howard made up a bed in the tonneau for the children and ran on to where the road permitted a turn toward home. Bobby was not sleepy now, and he stood leaning over the back of the front seat watching the car eat up the road.

"We was eloping lovely," he said plaintively, "until Nancy got tired. Now I guess this spoils it all."

"I guess it does, old man," was the laughing comment. "Suppose that you give me your proxy?"

"What's proxy?" demanded Bobby curiously.

"It's this way," explained Howard as he let the car slow down. "If you want to do something, but don't have time or for some other reason you can't, you appoint a proxy to act for you. I appreciate highly your endeavors to unite the Hartman and Seaton families, but, since your scholastic duties prevent the consummation of your laudable intentions, I propose that you constitute me your proxy in the premises. I might add that in consideration of this demonstration of your confidence in my integrity I am prepared to reciprocate with the donation of one bright silver half dollar in the coin of the realm."

Bobby regarded his brother suspiciously. He never could tell just what Howard was up to when he used the big words, but the proffer of a half dollar was a business proposition, and he stretched out his hand.

The exchange was made and Howard turned to the girl.

"Etta," he said gently, "it would be a shame to frustrate the plans of these two innocents. Don't you think, dear, that you might act for Nancy and make this marriage by proxy an assured fact?"

For a moment the girl hesitated, then she half turned in the seat.

"It would be a shame—to spoil their plans," she said gently. "I think—I should like—to act as Nancy's proxy, dear."

A Natural Result.

Willowby had a good shoemaker, Hiram Pool by name. Nobody knew the trade of making, mending and tapping, resoling and patching shoes better than he. His conversation took on local color from his shop, no matter what the subject might be. One evening an astronomer, sojourning in Willowby, gave a "talk" at the town hall, and Hiram went to hear him.

"What did you make of all he said about the cause of wet weather when he'd spoken so light of the moon having all to do with it?" somebody asked Hiram the next day.

Mr. Pool held up the boot he was mending and squinted at the sole of it.

"His talk needed waxing," said the shoemaker dryly when his inspection of the boot was finished. "But what I made out of it was that he considered the wet weather usually comes when the clouds are so old and rotten they won't hold the patches."—Youth's Companion.

Encouraged to Hope.

When the Empress Frederick, eldest daughter of Queen Victoria, was a little girl, her disposition, to the great grief of the queen, was haughty and arrogant. Once, when about to embark on the royal yacht Victoria and Albert, she was lifted across to the deck of the boat by one of the sailors, who, as he was putting her down gently, said, "There you are, my little lady."

"I am not a 'little lady'! I am a princess!" was the prompt and indignant reply. The queen, who had overheard the conversation, detained the man with a gesture and, turning to her spoiled little daughter, said:

"Tell the kind sailor that you are much indebted to him for his civility and that, although you are not a 'little lady' yet, you confidently hope to merit the title before long."

An Air With Real Air.

During one of the political tours of Mr. Cleveland, in which he was accompanied by Secretary Olney, he arrived during a severe storm at a town in which he was to speak. As he entered the carriage with his friends and was driven from the station the rain changed to hail, and immense stones battered and rattled against the vehicle. A brass band, rather demoralized by the storm, stuck bravely to its post and played.

"That is the most realistic music I have ever heard," remarked the president.

"What are they playing?" asked the secretary of state.

"'Hail to the Chief,' with real hail!" rejoined Mr. Cleveland.

Are Window Panes Broken

This is the time of year that the cool winds begin to tell you of the broken window panes. You should have these fixed at once.

THE GLASS AND THE PUTTY

For this work are ready for you at this store. We have anticipated your needs and have all the various sizes of window glasses cut and ready for you. Don't delay any longer in attending to this, for winter will soon be here.

THE OWL DRUG STORE

New Motion Pictures And Dissolving Views

With Song at OPERA HOUSE, TO-NIGHT. Change of program each evening. Good Music.

Admission 10 Cents. Children 5 Cents.

Jenny's Quick Method.

Jenny's uncle, who was a school-teacher, met her on the street one beautiful May day and asked her if she was going to the Maypole dance.

"No, I ain't going," said her uncle, "Oh, my little dear," said her uncle, "you must not say 'I ain't going.' You must say 'I am not going.'"

And he proceeded to give her a little lesson in grammar. "You are not going. He is not going. We are not going. You are not going. They are not going. Now, can you say all that, Jenny?"

"Sure, I can," she replied, making a courtesy. "There ain't nobody going."

—Ladies' Home Journal.

Jury at the Theater.

An unusual spectacle was witnessed at the Theater Royal, Nelson, Auckland, when the jury, who had been locked up three nights because they could not agree to a verdict in a murder case, were allowed to witness a living picture display. They had expressed a desire to attend the theater as a relief, and the judge consented.—Auckland News.

A Work Maker.

"Binks is weak financially, isn't he?" "He hasn't much money, but he gives employment to a great many men."

"Who are they?" "Other people's bill collectors."—London Tit-Bits.

Not Exactly What He Meant.

A German who did not talk very fluent English and who had been in England some little time was desirous of giving his wife a fortnight's holiday at the seaside. He found, however, that he would be unable to spare the time himself, but promised to accompany her there and return the following day.

Accordingly on the morning when they were to make the journey he went to the ticket office and said to the official:

"Please give me von ticket to Brighton for meself to return tomorrow." Then, to the amusement of every one, he added, "And von order for my wife—nevairde to return!"—London Tit-Bits.

Mind Your Business!