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Greencastle Herald.

VOL. 3. NO. 191.

GREENCASTLE, INDIANA, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1908.

THE WEATHER

Fair tonight and Tuesday; slightly cooler south portion tonight.

SINGLE COPIES 2c.

THE LACK OF KNOWLEDGE

In the Spelling Line is so Prominent—Made Manifest to Prof. Barnes That He Sets Up, Takes Notice, And Gives Exhibit on Blackboard.

ARE PUBLIC SCHOOLS A FAILURE?

Eloquent testimony that the graded and high schools are deficient in teaching the fundamental rules in spelling is given in examples of incorrect spelling, which appear daily in themes handed to Prof. N. Waring Barnes, head of the department of rhetoric and English composition in DePauw University. Noticing the general lack of knowledge on the fundamentals in spelling among the freshmen, who constitute the membership of his classes, the professor has, during the last two days, tabulated the list of misspelled words on the blackboards in his class room.

One freshman declared that he shun" day.

The Demonstration of the Gossard Corsets

"They Lace in Front."

By Miss Yates

This Week in our Store

Is an event which should not be neglected or overlooked by any woman in Greencastle who has regards for her good looks or the continuance of her good health.

Do not allow habit or prejudice to prevent your taking advantage of this Corset Demonstration.

If you've never tried on a GOSSARD Corset suited to your figure, you cannot know how much it really will accomplish for you in style, health, comfort and beauty.

If You'll Come In

Miss Yates will gladly fit you in the proper Gossard Corset

For your figure—but for this there is no charge or obligation on your part.

Then a glance in the mirror will show you instantly how GOSSARD Corsets

—mold the figure to lines of utmost gracefulness—long, slender, sinuous, sweeping lines that give the supremacy of artistic grace.

—reduce and support the abdomen as no other corset possibly can do.

—lengthen the waist, without markedly increasing the waist measure, as do practically all other corsets.

give proper hip reduction without the unsightly cut at the bottom usual with other corsets.

—support the back and fix it in the "beauty line" of "the new back"—something that no other corset can even attempt to do.

The GOSSARD Corset alone gives "the new back" which is essential to a truly fashionable appearance, because the back of the Gossard Corset is fixed and permanent—it cannot get out of shape, as the backs of all back-laced corsets must do.

You'll find that GOSSARD Corsets may be worn with comfort from rising to retiring.

Why not come in and learn how much Gossard Corsets will bring you in Style, Comfort, Health and Beauty

ALLEN BROS.

VOTE FOR CONGRESSMAN

The Holliday Plurality of Five Thousand, in 1904, Was Wiped Off The State at the Election of Last Week and the People Gave

MOSS A PLURALITY OF 1,497

Official returns from the seven counties of the Fifth Congressional district give Ralph W. Moss for Congress a plurality of 1,497. When one stops to think that Congressman Holliday carried this district by a plurality of over 5,000 four years ago you begin to realize what a splendid race Senator Moss made. But the vote four years ago was the Roosevelt high water mark and two years ago Mr. Holliday narrowly escaped defeat at the hands of Claude Bowers.

Many Republicans expected that if Mr. Holliday made another race, he would have been defeated, but they had no idea that Howard Maxwell would be snowed under by a Democratic plurality equal to the normal Republican plurality in the district.

The official figures as reported from the various counties are as follows:

Counties.	Moss.	Maxwell
Clay	831	
Hendricks	445	
Morgan	27	
Parke	162	
Putnam	480	
Vermillion	653	
Vigo	1473	
Totals	2784	1287
Moss's plurality	1497	

ITALIANS LOSE CLOTHES

Fire at the Quarters of the Foreign Employees at the A. & C. Stone Company's Quarry Saturday—Destroyed All They Had.

\$100 IN BILLS ALSO GOES

Saturday afternoon about six o'clock the old brick house at the A. & C. Lime and Stone Company's quarry east of town took fire and was completely burned. The building had been moved some distance from the quarry proper, and was used as a rooming house by a number of the Italian employees of the company. These men were at work at the quarry at the time the fire started, and when it was discovered it was well under way, and nothing could be done to stop its progress.

Many of the men rooming there lost their complete outfit of bedding and clothing. Some money was also burned, one of the men stating that he had lost \$100, all of which was in bills in his clothing which was burned. The fire burned till well into the night and attracted quite a number of people from Greencastle. It is not known how the fire started.

TRIAL IS POSTPONED

The Hearing of the Murder Charge Against Emory Cassell, In the Owen County Circuit Court, Goes Over to a Date Yet Unnamed.

The trial of Emory Cassell, charged with the murder of Thomas M. M., was called in the Owen Circuit Court Thursday, but was postponed and may not come up for trial at this term. The case was postponed because the Owen County Council has not yet made an appropriation of funds to pay the defendant's counsel.

Sunday Evening Service. Last evening the services at the Christian Church drew out a large attendance. The chorus rendered some excellent music. The sermons which are being preached at these services are on the general theme, "What Shall I Do to be Saved?" The aim is to make all the Sunday evening sermons evangelistic. The next sermon will be "Obedience as a Principle of Human Progress."

CASES SET FOR TRIAL

Judge Rawley Places the Following Cases for Trial Upon the Days Designated in Order That the Docket May be Pushed Through.

BUSY TERM FOR NOVEMBER

Judge Rawley has set the following cases for trial during the November term of the Putnam Circuit Court. It is expected that the cases will be tried on the days set for them:

Nov. 16, No. 3276, State of Indiana vs. Clarence A. Tuttle, and all State cases.

Nov. 18, No. 3028, Charles F. Pigg vs. estate of Allen.

Nov. 19, No. 2991, Rose Smith vs. Broadstreet, executor.

Nov. 19, No. 2992, James Smith vs. Broadstreet, executor.

Nov. 20, No. 3031, Amanda J. Goff vs. Wilson, executor.

Nov. 20, No. 3032, McMahan vs. Daniel L. Henry estate.

Nov. 21, No. 3039, Pope vs. Admir. Pope estate.

Nov. 23, No. 7467, Hannah Hadley vs. C. C. C. & St. L. Ry. Co.

Nov. 23, No. 7468, Hannah Hadley, grdn vs. C. C. C. & St. L. Ry. Co.

Nov. 24, No. 7531, International Filter Co. vs. Zaring & Manning.

Nov. 26, No. 7537, Phillips vs. T. H. I. & E. Traction Co.

Nov. 27, No. 7538, Morgan vs. Vandalia Coal Co.

Nov. 27, No. 7548, Yemim vs. Vandalia Coal Co.

Nov. 30, No. 7554, Sillery vs. City of Greencastle.

Dec. 1, No. 7564, Nona B. Kiergan vs. Fred Vaughn.

Dec. 2, No. 7568, Francis O. Jones vs. C. C. C. & St. L. Ry. Co.

Dec. 2, No. 7569, Dean vs. C. C. C. & St. L. Ry. Co.

Dec. 3, No. 7577, Lukens vs. Lukens.

Dec. 3, No. 7580, Lane, grdn, vs. Paul & Graham.

Dec. 4, No. 7582, Brazier vs. C. C. C. & St. L. Ry. Co.

Dec. 7, No. 7526, Downing vs. Williams.

Dec. 8, No. 7590, Dearing vs. Domestic Block Coal.

Dec. 9, No. 7593, Harding vs. Ballinger.

Dec. 10, No. 7508, Mosgrave vs. E. I. DuPont, Denemours.

Dec. 14, No. 7354, Charles A. Ward vs. Clarence A. Tuttle.

NEW GOVERNOR'S HAND-OUT

The Incoming Governor Will Have a Multitude of Good Things, Carrying With Them Honors or Emoluments, Or Both, to the Faithful Who Are Worthy, After His Inauguration.

INTEREST IN WHO GETS THERE

Governor-elect Thomas R. Marshall will soon be confronted with the problem of distributing the loaves and fishes. The first candidate for an appointment under the new governor made his appearance yesterday. Timothy Griffin wants to be custodian of the state house, and he has made known his wishes to the Democrats who congregate about Democratic headquarters. Mr. Griffin is a familiar character in political circles. He has had charge of the decorations for every state convention for a generation. He was for six years superintendent of the state capitol when it was under construction and after that for twelve years he was custodian of the building. He is familiar to a gnat's heel with all of the duties devolving upon the custodian. The salary of custodian is \$2,000 a year. He has the appointment of an assistant custodian at \$1,200 and about fifteen janitors at \$60 a month. While Mr. Marshall was stumping the state in the race for governor he frequently referred in strong and denunciatory language to the large number of commissions that have been created and said that if the legislature keeps up the pace it has set it will only be a short time

until every man in Indiana will be a guardian for some other man. The number of commission, it is said to say, will not appear any less to him when he comes to dole out the appointments.

Very few persons have an idea how much patronage the governor has at his disposal. He has the appointment of a private secretary at \$2,500 a year, an executive clerk at \$1,500, a stenographer at \$2,500, an executive accountant at \$2,500, a chief engineer of the state house at \$2,000 an adjutant general at \$2,250 a brigadier general at \$2,250, a factory inspector at \$2,000, an oil inspector at \$2,500, four trustees at \$300 a year and expenses for the Central, Northwestern, Eastern and Southern hospitals for the insane, for the epileptic village at New Castle and the insane hospital at Madison, the deaf and dumb institute, the Girl's school, the Woman's prison, the institution for the blind, the State penitentiary, the Indiana Reformatory, the Boys' Reform School, the Soldiers' Homes at Knightstown and Lafayette and the School for Feeble Minded at Fort Wayne, a state entomologist at \$1,500, four members of the state board of forestry at \$300 a year and expenses, a commissioner of fisheries and game at \$1,200, five members of the state board of optometry at \$5 a day and expenses, six members of the state board of medical registration and examination at \$300 a year and expenses, five members of the state board of pharmacy at \$5 a day and expenses, two state labor commissioners at \$2,000 a year, three members of the state tax board at \$3,000 a year, three members of the state railroad commission at \$4,000 a year, three members of the state board of pardons at \$300 a year and expenses, five members of the tuberculosis commission at \$25 a month and expenses and members of other commissions too numerous to mention most of whom serve without pay or draw nominal salaries. In several of the offices mentioned there are deputies who are appointed by their immediate chiefs, but it has been the custom in the past for governors to make suggestions regarding some of these appointments, which suggestions were treated with eminent respect by the chiefs. There are about thirty-five deputies under the oil inspector.

Prof. Christie is an enthusiast in awakening the interest of the boys and girls to the opportunities of life on the farm, and that the young people of our county may derive full benefit from his visit, the chairman will request the township trustees to grant the county schools a holiday, Friday, January 29.

Saturday, January 30, T. J. Hancock of Salem, will discuss "Poultry, Successful System of Raising the Chicks," also, "Management of the Farmer's Orchard." The committee adjourned subject to call.

For Governor.

THE FARMERS' INSTITUTE ON FACE OF THE RETURNS

A Program to be Arranged That Will

Interest and Instruct All the People, Male and Female, Old and Young—Christie and Heacock the Foreign Talent.

Elects Three Democrats on the State

Ticket, But the Democratic Campaign Managers Claim That Illegal Votes and Other Irregularities Account for Defeat of Democratic Candidates for State Offices.

A LARGE ATTENDANCE ASSURED

MAY CONTEST THE ELECTION

The officers of the Farmers' Institute held a meeting Saturday afternoon with Mack Jones, County Chairman, presiding. The preliminaries for the annual institute to be held January 29 and 30, were arranged and a program committee consisting of S. A. Hazelett, J. W. Robe, Mrs. Albert Albaugh and Mrs. John Dunbar was named to complete the details of the program.

The state speakers were assigned their topics as follows: Prof. Christie, the corn expert of Purdue, will discuss "Boys and Girls Clubs, Their Value and Advantages." The subject of his second discourse will be "Corn Improvement by Selecting, Testing and Grading."

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NEW YORK P. M. SHOT

A Disappointed and Disgruntled Seeker After Appointment to Office Fired the Shot This Morning That Threatened the Life of Edward M. Morgan.

MURDERER COMMITTED SUICIDE

New York City, Nov. 9.—(Special to the Herald)—Postmaster Edward M. Morgan was shot while on his way to his office today by a disappointed office seeker named Eric H. B. MacKey, who committed suicide immediately after his attempt at murder. MacKey was stenographer of 546 Broadway. Morgan will recover.

A little German band struck the city this afternoon and distributed some fair music and collected a considerable amount of small change.

25 Cents Each

MYSTIC BOX SALE

Friday Afternoon, November 13th, at 2 p. m.

Every box guaranteed to have the value of 25c in it.

As a gift to you one box will have an order for \$5.00

in trade, payable in our ready-made department.

Another will contain a \$2.50 pocket-book.

Another will contain a \$1.00 handkerchief.

Several will contain 75c values.

Several will contain 50c values.

Every box will be sold for 25c.

Every box will have a piano ticket in it.

25 Cents Each

THE HERALD

Founded 1868

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

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WEEKLY STAR-DEMOCRAT

Established 1855

The official county paper, sent to every 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

It is suggested that since it has been found expedient to appoint a receiver for the Indianapolis Star that its finances may be conducted in a business manner, that it would now also be wise to appoint a censor whose business it would be to see that the editorial staff contradict each other as little as possible, especially on political matters. No one there seems to know what has been said or what was meant when it was said.

Seven Years of Proof.

"I have had seven years of proof that Dr. King's New Discovery is the best medicine to take for coughs and colds and for every diseased condition of throat, chest or lungs," says W. V. Henry, of Panama, Mo. The world has had thirty-eight years of proof that Dr. King's New Discovery is the best remedy for coughs and colds, laryngeal, asthma, hay fever, bronchitis, hemorrhage of the lungs, and the early stages of consumption. Its timely use always prevents the development of pneumonia. Sold under guarantee at the Owl Drug Store 50¢ and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

A Boston Touch.

Once upon a time De Wolf Hopper met a Boston person in that town whom he had not seen for a long period of duration.

"Hello! How are you? Where have you been?" said Hopper in his hearty way, giving the New York pronunciation to the word "been."

"Please don't say 'bin,' but 'been,'" pleaded the Boston person plaintively.

"Sorry, but I can't," pleaded the big fellow. "I never had a bean in my mouth in my life, not even in Boston." —Bohemian Magazine.

How is Your Digestion.

Mrs. Mary Dowling of No. 228 8th Ave., San Francisco, recommends a remedy for stomach trouble. She says: "Gratitude for the wonderful effect of Electric Bitters in a case of acute indigestion, prompts this testimonial. I am fully convinced that for stomach and liver troubles Electric Bitters is the best remedy on the market today." This great tonic an alternative medicine invigorates the system, purifies the blood and is especially helpful in all forms of female weakness. 50¢ at the Owl drug store.

Mrs. Briley (sobbing)—I don't care what you say, Harry doesn't love me as much as he did. Her Mother—How ridiculous! Why, only this morning I heard him tell you were the dearest girl on earth. Mrs. Briley—That's just it. He used to call me "the dearest girl that ever lived."

The Modesty of Women

Naturally makes them shrink from the indecent questions, the obnoxious examinations, and unpleasant local treatments, which some physicians consider essential in the treatment of diseases of women. Yet, if help can be had, it is better to submit to this ordeal than let the disease grow and spread. The trouble is that so often the woman undergoes all the annoyance and shame for nothing. Thousands of women who have been cured by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription write in appreciation of the cure which dispenses with the examinations and local treatments. There is no other medicine so safe and sure for delicate women as Favorite Prescription. It cures debilitating drains, irregularity and female weakness. It always helps. It almost always cures. It is strictly non-alcoholic, non-secret, all its ingredients being printed on its bottle-wrapper; contains no deleterious or habit-forming drugs, and every native medicinal root entering into its composition has the full endorsement of those most eminent in the several schools of medical practice. Some of these numerous and strongest of professional endorsements of its ingredients, will be found in a pamphlet wrapped around the bottle, also in a booklet mailed free on request, by Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y. These professional endorsements should have far more weight than any amount of the ordinary lay, or professional testimonial.

The most intelligent women now-days insist on knowing what they take as medicine instead of opening their mouths like a lot of young birds and gulping down whatever is offered them. "Favorite Prescription" is of known composition. It makes weak women strong and sick women well.

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing. Send to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. Postage stamps are payable, or 31 stamps for a clasp-bottle. He sick about the Doctor, free of charge by letter. All such communications are held sacredly confidential.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets invigorate and regulate stomach, liver and bowels.

Behman's Compromise.

By W. F. Bryan.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

For a third time the "By Request" sign was hung in front of the music stand, and as Arthur Behman came slowly down the stairs from the restaurant on the upper deck the strains of "The Merry Widow" waltz filled the social hall. Behman fled.

It was not so bad on the forward deck, where the scraping of catgut was replaced by the music of the waves. Now and then the deep-toned whistle sounded above the noise of the water, but a smart breeze from dead ahead carried off the sound of the man made music.

It was cool, almost cold, on the forward deck, and considerations of comfort as well as culture held the people inside the cabin. Behman was glad it was so.

He had the deck to himself, so he lit a cigar and took a camp chair well ahead of the deck lights, shaded toward the bow that the port lights might be more easily seen by other boats.

There was no moon, but the stars shone brightly in the cloudless sky, and the Milky Way, like some phantom banner, streamed across the blue expanse. Beyond the dark waters a darker tone told of the land, and here and there the lights of the beacon winked solemnly into the night.

There was the smell of salt in the air, the tang of the sea that Behman loved, and for the first time in weeks he almost knew content.

It was worth while, this communion of the night and the sea, and Behman was grateful to the musicians who had driven him from the cabin, with its satin upholstered chairs and its gaping occupants.

Somewhere inside sat Nell Wheaton. He had seen her in the dining saloon, and he had taken seat close to the stairs—and the music—that he might be as far from her as possible.

He had no mind to let her think that he would seek to attract her attention. He knew that she had learned that her jealousy was entirely without foundation. It was her place to speak first. Probably she was in there, with other tourists, listening to the band.

He was better off here in the cool of the summer evening. It was a symbol perhaps. He was far better off, after all, even if she had broken the engagement, and he had vowed that life was no longer worth the living.

Down on the lower deck a boyish laugh rang out. Half a dozen youngsters were crowded into the sharp bow and were leaning over the rail watching the white fall of water on either side of the prow.

Their voices came to Behman vaguely and indistinctly, and he smiled indulgently as he caught the note of youth and love of life. He had felt like a boy himself only a week ago.

Now he was a man who would carry through life the thought that a woman's jealousy and a woman's pride had spoiled his career. Let the boys have their laugh. Their awakening would come all too soon.

Behman found it rather pleasant to sit and dream of the last few weeks. He was at the stage where self compunction is a balm to wounded feelings, and he went over the incidents that had resulted in the breaking of the engagement by Nell Wheaton, assuring himself that his course had been blameless.

Surely it was Nell's place to speak, and as he started out into the night Behman found pleasant occupation in wondering just how she would make apology.

She was clearly in the wrong, and it would never do to bow to her before marriage. He would be hempecked all his life, and Behman hated the sight of a hempecked man.

He would be rather stern at first.

He might even make her plead a little,

but in the end he would be magnanimous and would forgive her on her promise not to offend again.

For her own sake as well as his,

for the sake of their future happiness,

there must be no compromise. He had hinted as much to Bob Wheaton when the latter had offered his services as peacemaker between his sister and Behman.

So engrossed was Behman with his thoughts that he did not hear the light footfall on the canvas covered deck nor realize that his solitude had been intruded upon until Nell Wheaton stood beside the rail and looked out across the foam capped waves.

She did not see him until she had taken her stand beside the rail, and then she was too proud to beat a retreat. She stood quietly looking down upon the water, one hand clasping the rail, the other clutching her hat.

On the lower deck the boys had piled into chairs, and now one of them was playing on the mouth organ. He was rather skillful and played with expression bits of popular songs and snatches from current musical productions. Behman found this concert more musical than the efforts of the poorly paid band within doors.

Then the music changed from new to old, and the boy was playing some of the songs that Nell had softly sung in the weeks just gone as he had paddled the canoe or had drifted with

tears now. His own were moist as he listened, and when the boy struck up the song that had been their favorite his teeth met together through his cigar, and he tossed it over the rail.

This was a simple little southern air, half mournful, wholly musical, and she had always sung it as they had come in sight of the landing.

It had been their good night song, and as they had trudged up from the boat stage to the hotel she had always hummed it softly to herself. He wondered if she was humming it now. She might be. The wind would carry the song away from him.

The boy stopped, and the spell was broken, but another had broke the silence.

"That last was pretty, Dunc," he called. "Play 'er again."

The willing musician complied, and Behman rose to his feet. He could not sit still under that music, and he took a few nervous turns up and down the deck.

He came to rest beside the rail, so close that he could reach out and touch the girl had desired.

She had removed her glove, and one bare hand rested white against the white of the rail. Her face was turned from him, and she was looking out across the sound, pretending an interest in one of the twinkling beacons whose lights she could not see through her tears.

The young musician ended his tune and without pause began to play another, a farewell song that had been familiar to Behman since his childhood.

He knew that it was a favorite of Nell's, and he wondered if the song would make her speak. There was a lift to the fragile shoulders, as though she was holding back her sobs, but she gave no sign of being aware of his presence.

The music paused abruptly in the middle of a strain, as the mother of the player came to call him to bed, and with a shout the little party hurried into the cabin.

Nell paused a moment, then turned as though to go, but a hand rested over her own and held the slender fingers firmly with a grip that pained.

"Don't go, Nell," pleaded Behman. "Stay here and make up."

"I thought that you would not even compromise," she said uncertainly.

"Compromise be hanged!" he cried.

"I don't care what you think of me. I'm tired of waiting for you to be the first to speak. Will you be friends, dear?"

He felt the relaxation of her attitude, and he drew her within the circle of his arm.

"Is that the way you treat your friends?" she demanded, with a laugh.

"That's the way I treat bad little girls," he explained. "I've been bad too. If you want to punish me, why?"

He paused suggestively, but Nell only tapped his bronzed cheek with her hand.

"It was punishment enough to have to break your no compromise declaration," she said lightly.

"That was not a punishment," was the fervent assertion. "I enjoyed it. I'm glad I found it out, because now after we're married there'll be no need of compromise."

"There'll be no need for making up," promised Nell as she slipped her arm through his.

Nero as an Art Lover.

The Journal of American Folklore has some interesting folk tales of the Nez Perces Indians:

"Once the sun fell down from the sky just about sunrise. Mole caught it and held it up until people got there and helped him to shove it back. The sun had meant to roll along on the ground instead of in the sky. It was from holding up the sun that Mole's hands are bent so far back."

"Coyote and Cloud ran a race. Cloud bet storm and Coyote clear weather. They started far away to the south, and for awhile Coyote was in the lead. Then Cloud made fruits of all kinds to grow in front of Coyote, and he, looking back and seeing Cloud far behind, stopped to eat. In this way Cloud caught up and won. This is why we have storms in winter time."

LONG SUFFERING BILL.

A correspondent sends the following to a remote rural organ of the people:

"Our esteemed fellow citizen, Mr. William M. Puckleton, has had several new 'No Trespassing' signs erected on his place. We have had the pleasure of perusing the one facing the Hedgeville pike. It reads:

"NOTICE—TRESPASSERS WILL BE PUNISHED TO THE FULL EXTENT OF 2 MEAN MURDER DOGS WHICH AIN'T NEVER HAD OVER SOOSHIB WITH STRANGERS AS I DUBBED BART SHOTGUN WHICH AIN'T LOADED WITH NO SOFY PILLERS DAM IF I AIN'T GETTI TIRD OF THIS HERALDIN ON MY PROPERTY. YOURS RESPECTFULLY."

BILL PUCKLETON.

—Current Literature.

IN THE CUSTOMARY PLACE.

A well known English bishop some time lost his third wife. A clergyman who had known the first wife.

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BILL PUCKLETON.

—Current Literature.

TRUE BOTH WAYS.

"The die is cast!" hissed the villain.

Then, shaking their gold locks, the chorus bounded on.

"It seems," the critic murmured, "that the cast is dyed too." —New York Press.

JUST GOES OUT.

"I'll put the question in another way," said I. "Suppose your boss is paying you at the rate of \$2 a day, how much do you get at the end of a week's work?"

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GREENCASTLE HERALD

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L L L L O O O O A A N N N S S S S
MONEY TO LOAN

in any sum from \$5 to \$300 on horses, cattle, furniture, vehicles and all other good personal property, leaving the same in your possession, thus giving you the use of both goods and money. Our charges are liberal for expense of loan. We keep nothing out in advance and if you pay the loan before due we charge interest for the time you keep it. We have a system whereby you can prepay entire loan in small weekly monthly or quarterly installments. This company is composed of home people, therefore we do not make inquiries among your neighbors and friends as out of the city companies will do. All our dealings are strictly confidential. Following is our liberal interest charges.

\$ 2.00	one month 10c
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Room 5, Southard Block, corner Indiana and Washington Sts. First private stairway south of Ricketts' Jewelry Store.	

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Phone No. 149 for Rubber Tired cabs for all trains or city calls, day or night. Price 15 cents. Prompt service positively guaranteed at all times. Give us your call and we will do the rest.

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WILLIAM ALSPAGH.

Their Green Gown.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.
Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

"I'd love to go, Aunt Lily, but you know I haven't a decent thing to wear," Mildred looked wistfully at the invitation in her hand.

Miss Weston thoughtfully turned a worn little ring on her slim finger as she surveyed her pretty niece. They looked very much alike, Miss Lily and young Mildred, only the aunt was slender to thinness and her once golden hair had faded to ashen blond, but her eyes were as beautiful and long lashed and full of depth and sweetness as they had been fifteen years ago, and her skin was as fair and her lips were as red as Mildred's.

"The check book tells a sorry tale, dear," she said at length, "but perhaps I can help you out of my magic clothes press."

"Aunt Lily! I can't take anything more from you. You have given me your embroidered muslin and the pink silk—and I have worn them out. Don't tempt me!" The girl covered her ears and closed her eyes tightly.

"Don't be foolish, Mildred," protested Miss Weston. "I want you to go to the Patterson dance, and you must have a new gown. My green tissue can be altered and will make you a sweet frock. Come to my room and try it on."

Reluctantly Mildred followed her aunt to the pretty front room where the older woman spent much of her time.

The furniture was rather old fashioned, but of fine quality, for it had



"I HAVE SEEN YOUR GOWN BEFORE, MISS LANE."

been purchased in the days before Lily Weston had lost most of her fortune.

Miss Weston spread the green gown on the bed and surveyed it with a strange yearning in her eyes. It was of fine silk tissue in a tender leaf and embroidered here and there with a tiny golden flower.

A pair of green slippers with gold buckles and green stockings were tucked in one corner of the box from which the gown had been produced.

"It is lovely, Aunt Lily! I suppose you have worn it to dances too."

"I wore it more than once, Mildred, and had the happiest times of my life. Now you must wear it, and I hope you will be equally happy." She bent and kissed the girl tenderly, and Mildred felt a warm drop on her cheek, but when she looked at her aunt Miss Weston was smiling.

"Come," she said blithely, "get your workbasket."

Mildred danced with tireless energy at the Patterson ball. The green gown was vastly becoming to her fair beauty, and she had never looked more charming.

Lester Stearns had succumbed to her loveliness and in the fragrant coolness of the conservatory he asked Mildred to marry him. She was radiant with happiness when Mrs. Patterson approached her, followed by a tall stranger.

"Mildred, dear, Captain Gray has requested an introduction to the girl in the green gown!" Miss Lane—Captain Gray! Now, Mr. Stearns, you may take me into the supper room." With a little nod she was gone with the retentant lover.

Mildred looked at her new acquaintance, and decided at once that she would like him. He was a man in the prime of life, with a brown, rugged face that told of an out of door life. Strength and kindness were in his gray eyes and vigor in his large, well muscled frame.

"I have seen your gown before, Miss Lane," said Captain Gray abruptly.

"You must be mistaken," laughed Mildred. "I have never worn it until this evening."

"It was worn by another girl," he said thoughtfully, "a girl who looked just as you do. It is fifteen years ago that I saw her last, and she wore the green gown."

"It must have been Aunt Lily," said Mildred constrainedly.

"It was Lily Weston—then."

"It is Lily Weston now," said Mildred, "and she is just as sweet and lovely now as she ever was, I am sure!"

"I am sure of that, too," he remarked gravely.

"I had no frock to wear tonight, and I wanted to come so badly, and Aunt Lily brought this out of her treasure chest and fixed it for me. I know it was the dearest thing she owned, yet she lent it to me."

"She was always unselfish and loyal

to the core, and I could never understand!" He paused and looked at her strangely, wistfully.

"What?" asked Mildred warmly. She suspected a romance in the past of sweet Aunt Lily.

"I am a simple sailor, Miss Lane, and I confess to not understanding the ways of women. I was a lieutenant in the navy when I met Lily Weston and fell in love with her. We became engaged and were to be married. This green gown I brought to her from China, and she wore it several times while I was on leave. We had a foolish quarrel one night, my last night ashore. It was a matter of trifling jealousy on my part, and before the evening was over I had seen my folly, I wrote on a programme that I was repentant and asked her to meet me in a certain cozy nook on the stairs." He paused and sighed.

"She was surrounded by admirers, and as I had no other opportunity I slipped the programme into her hand as we passed each other while dancing."

"And then?"

"She never came. I waited until after midnight, and then when I had seen her depart with her friends I left. I have never seen her since." Captain Gray's voice shook a little as he concluded his story.

"How utterly ridiculous!" exclaimed Mildred. "Why, it seems to me if you truly loved each other you would not have quarreled, and yet you have never forgotten Aunt Lily, and—why, it is your picture that is on her dressing table—a young officer in a cap and uniform!"

"You are sure?" The captain bent over her eagerly.

"Positive. Come and see us tomorrow, Captain Gray. I am sure she will be glad to see you," cried Mildred impulsively, holding out her hand.

"Thank you, I will," he said resolutely.

When she reached home Mildred flew straight to her aunt's chamber, where Miss Weston sat reading and awaiting the girl's return.

"Aunt Lily," cried Mildred excitedly, "have you kept the ball programme you had the last night you wore this gown?"

Miss Weston stared a moment, and then her eyes grew said and retrospective. "I—believe so, dear," she said at last, "but please do not ask to see it!"

"I must, auntie. Please show it to me."

Without a word Miss Weston opened a small sandalwood box on her dressing table, and from it she took a yellowed lace handkerchief, a withered bunch of roses, a little green and gold fan and lastly a dance card, crumpled and faded.

"Here," she said, holding it out in her hand.

"Look at it, Aunt Lily, and see if there is not a message written on it—a plea for forgiveness by some one you cared for long ago." Mildred's voice quivered with excitement.

Miss Lily read and grew white. "What is it?" she stammered pitifully. "I don't understand."

Mildred took her in her loving young arms and told the story, and then there Lily Weston laid bare her heart to the girl. It had been a miserable mistake—she had never read the message penciled on the programme, and she had grieved all the years.

"He is coming tomorrow, Aunt Lily," whispered Mildred, and then she tipped away, radiant in the knowledge that her aunt had at last attained the happiness that had lain so long within her reach, quite unexpected.

"It is all due to the green gown," whispered Captain Gray to his long lost sweetheart when he came the next day.

Down in the garden Lester Stearns was repeating his words of love to Mildred. "I think it was due to the green gown that I really knew," he murmured tenderly.

No Private Interview.

"Could I have a few minutes' private conversation with you?" he asked as he stood at the open door of a lawyer's office.

"Can't you speak right out from where you are?" asked the lawyer in reply after looking the man over.

"I'd rather make a private matter of it."

"What is the nature of your business?"

"Confidential—strictly private and confidential, sir."

"Well, I have no time to grant you a private interview. If you have anything to say, you can let her go right here. Now, what is it?"

"I—I wanted the loan of a quarter, sir," stammered the man.

"Oh, you did! And you wanted a private interview to ask me that?"

"Yes, sir. I know that would hurt both our feelings if I were refused in public—yours because you couldn't afford to loan me the money and mine because I couldn't get it. Can you grant my request, sir?"

"No, sir."

"And does it hurt you feelings?"

"Not a bit. You are mistaken on that point."

"And my feelings are the only ones hurt?"

"Yours alone."

"Just so," said the man as he bowed and backed out. "I beg your pardon. I was mistaken. You have the money and no feelings, and I have the feelings and no money. Impassable chasm; no use in trying to bridge. Good day!"

—Washington Post.

Getting Ready.

"What is your son doing this year?"

"Fitting himself for college."

"In what school?"

"Oh, in the sporting goods store and in the pipe section."

—William Alspagh.

Love's Vibrometer.

[Copyright, 1908, by American Press Association.]

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"How would still be horrid. You are so steeped in materialism that all sentiment has gone out of you."

"Sentiment! You mean sentimentalism. And what is sentimentalism?"

Manufactured emotion, I say manufactured emotion, for it surely is not natural, like anger, fear, pity. And how many couples does it tip up in matrimonial chains who are not fitted for each other? With what result? Misery and divorce."

"Then you don't believe in marriage for love. You would scorn those happy moments of lovers in the moonlight, among flowers, listening together to strains of sweet music."

"Why not say with Shakespeare, 'To the lascivious pleasure of a lust?' I grant you that all these things induce passion, but is mere passion a sufficient reason for marriage?"

"Of course not!" (indignantly).

"The scientist, where he reaches a foundation for his faith, stands on bedrock. There is where I stand in the matter of love. We have attained to a knowledge of what love is. We may not always be able to determine if it exists between two people in a sufficient degree to warrant marriage, but I believe the day will come when it will be measured to a scale, just as we measure our weight, temperature, pulse."

"In other words, a trained nurse puts a love thermometer on our hearts and reads zero, temperate, grand passion, as the case may be. People who submit to such absurdity are indeed fit to be under the care of a nurse. A lunatic asylum is the proper place for them."

"Suppose in 200 marriages 100 of the couples are brought together by your moonlight, flowers, music and such like; the other hundred by a—well, call it a vibrometer. In the first hundred cases we cannot expect all to turn out happily. Let us assume that sixty are happy, thirty unhappy and ten are divorced. Now, if every case pronounced by the vibrometer to be genuine love—say, 95 per cent, to allow for errors—turns out happily if the amatory oscillations continue through a long life, would you admit the scientific method to be the better?"

"Oh, certainly! And if you should pump a gas into me from one of your abominable machines that would make me soar in the sky I would admit that you are a conjurer."

"Now, I have said that we know what love is. It has been defined by Dr. Scheibler of the Berlin Institute of Electro-Therapeutics thus: 'The oscillations in the interior of a person's body, as may be seen in the case of vibratory attraction, are in harmony—that is to say, they are at the first movement in complete accordance with the oscillations in the interior of some other person's body.'"

"Oscillations? That's a man's love. And the more women between which he may oscillate the better, I suppose."

"Please don't interrupt. It is, of course, necessary that the reactionary sentiment!"

"Sentiment? You mean clockwork?"

"In the case of the two subjects?"

"Automatons."

"Should be of an agreeable nature?"

"A grin painted on their faces."

"Since the two vibrations facilitate the movement of all the atoms which in this way accumulate and emit their rays without disturbing the diffusion..."

"I suppose each heart is a lighted candle?"

"This is it which causes the sentiment known as sympathy!"

"Machine sympathy. I'd stick a pin in a man who would offer me such sympathy."</p

OPERA HOUSE
One Week, Starting
MONDAY, NOVEMBER 9TH

THE
DePew-Burdette
Stock Company

15—People—15—10—Plays—10—5—Big Specialties—5

Without doubt the best company on the road.

Admission 30c, Gallery 20c, Children 10c

Seats on sale at Badger and Cook's Drug Store.

OPENING "An American Girl"

On Monday night two ladies or lady and gent admitted on one thirty-cent ticket.

THE NEW STATE OFFICERS

That Cold

Break it up now

With Weeks Cold Tablets. For the treatment of Colds, La Grippe' Headache and Constipation it is a most excellent remedy. It does not effect the head.

No Cure, No Pay

PRICE 25c.

**Jones,
Stevens
Company.**

SPECIAL IN FLOWERS

\$1.50 roses \$1.00
\$1.00 roses 75 cents
Carnations 50c doz
Chrysanthemums 10c each

JOHN EITEL & SON.

Maple Heights.

John Ash is ill at his home. Alonzo Crawley is on the sick list. Miss Hazel Lounsberry is reported some better.

Miss Ida Cunningham spent Sunday in Linedale.

The revival at the M. E. Church is still continuing.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. May and family, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Williams and family spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Paul Williams.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL HAPPENINGS

What Greencastle People and Their Friends Are Doing

Albert Hamrick was in Brazil last evening.

Fred Rice of Roachdale was in the city last evening.

Nathan Call was down from Roachdale today.

C. A. Pierle spent Sunday with Cloverdale friends.

Will Herrod spent Sunday afternoon in Roachdale.

W. A. Durham of Indianapolis was in the city Saturday.

George Clark of Harmony visited relatives here Saturday.

Mrs. Ed. Howard of Brazil is spending to day in the city.

Ed. Hodges of Terre Haute spent Sunday with relatives here.

Mrs. Nellie Walsh of Indianapolis visited relatives here Sunday.

The S. C. C. girls will meet with Miss Margaret Kreigh tonight.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Hamrick, Saturday night, a boy.

Miss Bertha Higgins visited her parents in New Maysville yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Welch visited relatives near Bainbridge Saturday.

Attorney Charles McGaughey transacted legal business in the city today.

Mrs. Flora Crist of Indianapolis spent yesterday with her daughter, Flora Mahoney.

Miss Loral Richards is on duty at the Palace Restaurant after two weeks' vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Crump spent yesterday with Mr. and Mrs. Taylor Crump of Oakalla.

Miss Nona Lovett of Bloomington, spent yesterday with her mother, Mrs. Kate Lovett.

Paul Johnson has returned to Plainfield after several days' absence on account of illness.

Joseph Cline, cashier of the Roachdale bank, is transacting business in the city today.

Mrs. George Iuppenatz and Mrs. William Dean of Roachdale visited Mr. and Mrs. Garth Job Saturday.

Mr. Earl Crooks of Greensburg, has returned home after a visit with his brother, John, of the university.

Prof. Frank Gauze, Supt. of the schools at Salem was in the city yesterday returning home from a meeting of the city superintendents at Indianapolis.

Circuit Court Prosecutor James P. Hughes was called to Cloverdale on legal business this morning.

Miss Jessie Williams and Miss Emma Beckwith have returned from Indianapolis where they spent Sunday.

Miss Vera Kelley, Miss Lola Torr and Miss Gene Stroube visited Miss Reggie Wright at Manhattan yesterday.

John Madden, traveling salesman for the Marshall Field Company spent Sunday here with relatives and friends.

Miss Gibbons, formerly of Greencastle, but now of Indianapolis, spent Sunday here returning to her home this morning.

G. E. Black goes today to Jenkins, La., where he will be interested in business matters for some months to come.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex McMains and daughter, Miss Roxie, spent the day with Mrs. McMains' sister, Mrs. Jesse Lewman and husband.

The Putnam County Board of Children's Guardians and Board of Charities and Corrections met in joint session, this afternoon.

James Pierce is moving into the property at the corner of Franklin and Jackson Streets recently vacated by Columbus Alsbaugh.

Mrs. Nicholson and daughter of Vincennes have returned home after a short visit with Miss Marguerite Nicholson at Florence Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Barnaby are expected to return from Rushville, Ills., where they were guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Scripps, on Wednesday.

Ed Mahoney and Frank Allen, of the firm of Mahoney & Allen, road contractors, were home yesterday from Kokomo where they are building gravel roads.

In the Clay Circuit Court, this morning, Mrs. Katie Roller, was given a decree of divorce from her husband, Harry Roller, and her maiden name of Strother was restored.

Mrs. Henry Crews is on the sick list.

Raymond Thompson was in Brazil today.

John James was in Brazil today on business.

Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Crawley was in Brazil today.

Bertha Vandament was in Bainbridge yesterday.

Miss Bertha Clark of Greenfield is visiting in the city.

W. P. Sackett and family spent Sunday in Cloverdale.

Miss Mary Cadwell has returned from a visit with Russellville friends.

James Allen of Bainbridge passed through here today on his way to Brazil.

Flora Vandament of Reelsville spent Sunday with Greencastle friends.

Albert Callahan of Terre Haute spent Sunday with Greencastle friends.

Dr. and Mrs. Miller of Terre Haute spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Vestal.

Mrs. Noble Snyder and Mrs. Peter Conklin are shopping in Terre Haute today.

Mrs. George Peck returned to Indianapolis today after a visit with friends in this city.

Mrs. M. Feibleman, of Indianapolis, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Charles Sudranski of this city.

Miss Gertrude Hall and Chris Herold spent Sunday with her son, Will, in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Oliver and daughter, Mary Katherine, spent Sunday with relatives in Bainbridge.

Mrs. D. E. Preston of Indianapolis was in the city yesterday going to Bainbridge to visit her father, Mr. Smith.

A new sub-station is being built at Eagles to furnish power for that division of the T. H. I. & E. Traction Company.

The missionary society of the Baptist Church will meet with Mrs. Milo West, south of the city tomorrow afternoon at 2:00 o'clock.

Born to Rev. Robert Kimberlin and wife, of Terre Haute, a son, on Nov. 6. Mrs. Kimberlin, was formerly Miss Bessie Town of this city.

H. C. Allen is in St. Louis where he goes as a delegate to the missionary convention of the Methodist church. While there he will stay with his daughter, Mrs. Charles Wallace.

About fifteen of Mrs. John Hodshire's friends, surprised her Sunday, being her birthday. They brought well filled baskets and a delightful dinner was spread, all leaving at a late hour.

Mrs. Charles Rockwell, wife of the postmaster of Cloverdale was operated on for appendicitis in Indianapolis Saturday. She recovered from the operation, and at last reports was doing nicely.

John Elliott, who has been spending the last two months with his niece, Miss Claudio Vermilion and James Vermilion and family of this city, left today for Indianapolis, where he will visit en route home.

Miss Margaret Quayle, daughter of Bishop Quayle, and formerly a DePauw student, who has been visiting Mrs. A. B. Phillips, for several days, left at noon for Kansas City, Mo., where she will visit before going to her home in Oklahoma City, Okla., the present residence of Bishop Quayle.

On Saturday afternoon the Theta Alumni Club heard a very interesting discussion of the state benevolences by Mrs. Waugh, of Tipton, one of the state officers of the Board of Charities. Charities and benevolences are now attracting the attention of many of the woman's clubs of the state, and the address of Saturday was not only interesting but timely.

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Masquerade

At the Banner Rink

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 11

at 7:30 P. M.

Admission to all, 10c; skates 15c.

Prize of \$2.50 to lady and gent best representing their parts.

Second prize, free admission to rink remainder of month.

No one will be allowed on skating surface till 9 P. M. unless masked. Rink closes at 10:30 P. M.

For

25

Years

Central National Bank

THE DOINGS OF A DOG

An Epidemic of Hydrocephalus
From the Bites of a Bull Dog at
Terre Haute—One Death Already
Reported.

Since the death of 12-year old
Peter Grosse from hydrocephalus,

eleven victims of the rabid dog which

caused the boy's death have been re-
ported in the family's immediate
neighborhood. Through the generosity

of the citizens of Terre Haute, who
have subscribed liberally to the

fund, eight of these will be sent to
the Chicago Pasteur Institute. Three
victims, Harry, Anna, and Cecilia
Grosse, the mother of 4-year old Ce-
cilia, left tonight for Chicago where
they will begin treatment in the

morning.

The latest case reported is that of
Nicholas Machanick, whose mother
will take him to Chicago tomorrow.

Rally Day at Locust Street.

Yesterday was set apart as Rally
Day for the Locust Street Sunday
School. The morning service had
been arranged with regard to it.

There were short addresses by the
superintendent of the school, Mr.
Foreman. The superintendent of the
county Sunday school association,
Mr. O. L. Jones, an address by Mrs.
Mansfield on Systematic Study of the
Bible and a closing address by the
pastor, Mr. J. M. Walker, full of
thought and vital suggestion to those

who have the care and training of
young people and children. A full
house greeted the speakers. A banner
awarded the Standard Bearers of the
church by the Bloomington dis-
trict Association for the largest in-
crease in attendance within a year
was presented by the pastor. At the
Sunday School hour the Sunday
School rooms were full.

Hot Stuff.

On opening a new golf course at
Tankerton, Whitstable, Mr. Akers-
Douglas related a good story. A
golfer at Hale had an irritating ex-
perience with a local caddie. He fol-
lowed so closely and was so anxious
to please by intelligent anticipation
that the player had several narrow
escapes of severely disfiguring him.

After a tedious and unprofitable round
he paid him off, gave him his lunch
ticket and threepence for cleaning his
clubs and addressed him: "You know
you are not quite perfect as a caddie.
There is room for improvement. But

as an agent for an accident insurance
company you are pretty hot stuff.
What is your name?" The caddie, a
stolid looking and hitherto silent youth,
moved, like Balaam's ass, by the ex-
pressions of the situation, opened his
mouth and replied, "Mustard."—Lon-
don Express.

We have a large amount of money
to loan at 5 per cent on good farm
loans. Broadstreet & Vestal, Green-
castle, Ind. dw-tf

Wanted—Young man or young lady
to do reportorial work on the Her-
ald. Apply at the office. 6th

For plain sewing call at 818 South
College Avenue.

Watched Fifteen Years.

"For fifteen years I have watched
the working of Bucklin's Aronia
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
drug store.

Christmas Photos at Special Rates

At the Cammack Studio

Throughout the balance of the month of November, we will make
some of our most popular styles of photos at a reduction from the regular
prices. Some will be as low as \$1.50 and \$2.00 per dozen.

As the days are short, come in as early as possible, and for good re-
sults, bring the little folks in the morning.