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THE PEOPLE'S PART.

As the days go by the fight between Democratic candidates for the United States Senate grows strenuous. All the candidates and their political friends are active. In a perfectly legitimate way, so far as we know, a most strenuous campaign is being made. This is perfectly right. Few men get things in this world that they do not, first, ask for and, second, work for. But there is another side to the struggle. The senators and representatives in the state legislature are by no means altogether free to decide for themselves in this matter. They are the representatives of their constituents. They are supported to do the will of the majority of their constituents if they can find what the majority wishes. It is when the will of the majority is in doubt that the representative fails back upon his own judgment. If he does not represent the will of the people he is not a representative. In the senatorial fight, if the people have any preference in the matter, it should be expressed. If the representatives do not know what the people want, the people and not the representative are to blame, if a man or a measure passes that does not meet with general approval. Let the people speak.

Mind Your Business!

If you don't nobody will. It is your business to keep out of all the trouble you can and you can and will keep out of liver and bowel trouble if you take Dr. King's New Life Pills. They keep biliousness, malaria and jaundice out of your system. 25c at the Owl drug store.

The rebellious angels had just been cast out of heaven. In the swift downward flight Lucifer overtook Beelzebub. "What's troubling you, Bub?" he called. "An old problem," answered the future foul fiend between somersaults—"Where are we going this fall?"—Philadelphia Record.

To those afflicted with kidney and bladder trouble, backache, rheumatism, Pincules for the Kidneys brings relief in the first dose. Hundreds of people today testify to their remarkable healing and tonic properties. 30 day's trial \$1.00. They purify the blood. Sold by Badger & Green.

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Big Four Route

NOVEMBER, 1908.

All-Year Tourists Rates. NEWPORT, NORFOLK, VA. OLD POINT COMFORT, VA. VIRGINIA BEACH, VA. On sale beginning Nov. 14th.

DENVER AND RETURN. ANNUAL CONVENTION AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOR. Tickets sold Nov. 4th to 14th inclusive.

Richmond, Va., and Return. NATIONAL CONGRESS. Tickets sold Nov. 11th to 13th. To the WEST. NORTHWEST. SOUTHWEST. MICHIGAN, MEXICO AND BRITISH POSSESSIONS.

Winter Tours. To California, Mexico, Arizona, New Mexico, Texas, Florida the Gulf Coast and Porto Rico.

Spokane, Wash., and Return. National Apple Show. Tickets sold Dec. 1st, 2nd and 3rd.

A NEW STORY OF INDIANA

"Uncle Tom Andy Bill" Mr. Charles Major's New Book a Capital Story For Boys and Their Elders.

Here is a story that will delight the youngsters—when their fathers have finished with it. Although it is a story about boys, and will probably find its most enthusiastic admirers among young readers, it is a book from which the older person can derive much enjoyment. Mr. Major is one of the born story-tellers, and this capital tale of adventure unfolds itself as simply and naturally as if the author had himself lived every word of it.

To readers in this State "Uncle Tom Andy Bill" has a special appeal, first, because the author is one of the most famous of Indiana authors, and secondly, because practically the whole story is laid in Indiana. The leading character is the old man, Thomas Andrew William Addison, whose quaint name gives the book its title, and who is the narrator. It is the story of his own boyhood, when he and his friend Baiser Brent were mighty hunters and Indiana was on the western frontier of the country. The two boys encounter various exciting adventures on their hunting trips. The most momentous of all begins when they befriend an old Indian and in time learn from him the secret of a treasure buried in a mysterious cave. They go in search of the treasure, and in the end actually find it in the famous Wyandotte Cave in Crawford County. Mr. Major has given a remarkable atmosphere of realism to his story by his correct descriptions of its scenes, and towards the end of the book, there is an actual map of the Cave, showing just how and where the boys found the treasure. There are besides numerous very good illustrations by P. Van E. Ivory.

It would be unfair to close this notice of "Uncle Tom Andy Bill" without mention of the charming love story which Mr. Major has interwoven with the adventure. The boys make an eventual trip to Cincinnati, fall in with the famous "Wolf Gang" of robbers, and after the narrowest of escapes from death, get away with a young girl whom they rescue from the gang. All through the story the influence of this girl is felt, and the story of Tom Andy Bill's love for her is as good as anything Mr. Major has ever written.

Certainly no Indiana boy will want to miss this admirable story. (The Macmillan Company, New York, \$1.50).

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 and alternative medicine invigorates the system, purifies the blood and is especially helpful in all forms of female weakness. 50c at the Owl drug store.

Monon Route Excursions.

To Chicago, account International Live Stock Exposition, tickets on sale, November 29, 30, December 1, to 4 inclusive, return limit, December 12. Round trip, \$5.40.

To Andersonville, Ga., account dedication Indiana Monument, tickets on sale, November 17, return limit, December 3, round trip, \$24.60.

Home seekers excursion rates to Northwestern and southern points first and third Tuesdays of each month. J. A. Michael, Agt.

Wood's Liver Medicine in liquid form for malaria, chills and fever, regulates the liver, kidneys and bladder, brings quick relief to biliousness, sick-headache, constipation. Pleasant to take. The \$1.00 bottle contains 2 and one-half times quantity of the 50c size. First dose brings relief. Sold by Badger & Green.

Mistress—I don't want you to have so much company. You have more whole in one day than I have in a whole week.

Domestic—Well, mum, perhaps if you'd try to be a little more agreeable you'd have as many friends as I have.—Boston Traveler.

If you are a sufferer from piles, Manzan Pile Remedy will bring relief with the first application. Guaranteed. Price 50c. Sold by Badger & Green.

"Well, Reuben, what did your big pig fetch?"

"Not near so much as I expected. And I never thought it would."

A COFFEE HOUSE COURTSHIP.

By PHILIP KEAN.

Copyright, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

Ruth Bradford came out from the elevated station into the street that led to the settlement. Fresh from her summer outing, her whole being rebelled against the squalor of the city street, the clamor of shrill voices, the wailing of babies in the fetid tenements.

Life was too short, she reflected passionately, to spend one's days trying to uplift one's fellow men. She decided that she would give it up, go back



"I thought you knew it," he said, to the fields and to the woods all adame with red and gold and breathe God's sunshine in freedom and content.

And just then she met Roger Roove. "My, but it's good to see you back again!" he said. "Are you on your way to the settlement?"

"Yes," Ruth stated, "for the last time."

He looked at her in surprise. "For the last time? Why?"

"Oh, it's such an eternal grind trying to drag people up who want to stay down and trying to keep children clean who want to be dirty, trying to push back waves of the sea with a broom."

"Why, Ruth?" his tone showed his intense astonishment—"when you left us in the spring you were an optimist, and now you have come back a pessimist! I believe you are joking."

"No, I'm not," Ruth declared. "I'm in dead earnest. This summer I've been living up among the hills, and I want to go back—I want to go back and forget the city and these hideous streets. After all, why am I responsible? Why should not I live a life of ease as well as other people?"

He shook his head. "Don't expect me to answer," he said, "but something has changed you awfully. And you might as well tell me what it is, because I'm going to find out if you don't."

"Well, if you must know," said Ruth slowly, "I've had a proposal."

He glanced at her quickly, and his face took on graver lines. "Then you're in love?" he asked quietly.

"I'm not sure," Ruth retorted, "whether I'm in love, but—oh, we can't talk about it here, Roger?"

"No; it is pretty public," he admitted, "but I haven't any classes for an hour or two, so why can't we have lunch together in the settlement coffee house?"

The coffee house, quaint and comfortable, with its Russian coppers glowing red against the dark wood, its smooth brick tiles, its somber tables and chairs, brought forth an exclamation from Ruth.

"It's so good to be at home again!" she said as Roger drew out a chair for her by the window and took a seat opposite.

"So you think of it as home?" he asked, his dark eyes reading her sparkling face.

"Oh!" her eyes grew startled—"I believe I do! A minute ago I was so depressed, and now—I think it is the spirit of the place that rests on me, Roger—to feel that these poor foreigners can come here and find something familiar in a strange land of strange customs."

Roger smiled thoughtfully as he consulted the menu. "But about that proposal," he reminded her.

"Oh, yes?" Ruth slipped off her gloves and folded her hands before her on the bare table. "The man is rich, Roger. He has two automobiles and a country place and a house in town, and—and he sent me a box of candy nearly every day, and flowers and books, and drove me through the country in his big car, and—oh, I had the time of my life, Roger!"

"The man eyed her a little wistfully," he said, "but—but we shall have to lose you from here."

"But you can't blame me," she said feverishly. "Surely you can't blame me, Roger. I'm young, and I've given the five years since I left college to work among the poor people of this neighborhood, and my heart has been in it, and I've been glad to do it, but now—oh, I want something of ease and beauty and brightness!"

He tried to speak lightly. "You have earned it," he said, "and of course the man is—Prince Charming."

Ruth shook her head. "No; that's the trouble," she faltered. "He's not

very young and not very handsome, and he's very dictatorial, Roger."

"But you love him?"

"Oh!"—Ruth hesitated as the waitress brought them their omelet and bread and butter. Then when they were alone again she said, "I—I don't believe I love him, but I love the things he can give me."

Roger flung back his head, his dark eyes flashing.

"And you think you can be happy with a motor car and a house in town and a complacent husband? Oh, Ruth, Ruth, where are your dreams?"

She stared at him with a pale face. "My dreams?" she faltered.

"Yes; the things that we planned at college. We were to give our lives to others, separately at first, because each of us must be very sure that we wanted to live for humanity, and then, if love continued, we were to be married and have our home in an apartment near the settlement and carry on our work together."

They were alone in the dim corner, and suddenly Ruth reached out her hand across the table.

"Oh, Roger, Roger," she cried, "why didn't you say that before I went away? Why didn't you, Roger?"

"I thought you knew it," he said, with his big hand over hers. "Have you ever doubted it, Ruth?"

"Yes," she confessed. "In the spring when I went away I was so tired—so tired of bearing the burdens of the unhappy, with no happiness for myself—and it seemed that—that if you had cared, Roger, you would have said, 'Let's bear it together, Ruth!'"

"And I"—his voice was deep with emotion—"I was so afraid that you were tired of me that I didn't dare speak. Oh, you see what a misunderstanding it was, Ruth! And now, and now, you have strayed into greener fields and have promised!"

"But I haven't promised!" she cried. His face was illumined.

"I—I told him I must think about it. But, oh, Roger, it was because I could not separate my future from yours!"

"Dearest dear," he murmured softly as the waitress came with their salad and cheese and black coffee, and after that they made a pretense of eating.

But presently Ruth said: "We'll live in that little apartment that overlooks the settlement courtyard, and I'll take a mother's class in cooking, and you shall talk with the men, and everything will be worth while, Roger."

And Roger, his glance coming back from the open window, through which he could see the crowded street, where Greek and Italian and Slav mingled, to the face of his beloved, bent forward impetuously.

"Everything is worth while," he said, with a wonderful smile lighting his fine countenance—"everything is worth while when love is the inspiration!"

The Unwise Shoplifter.

"It is strange," said a store detective, "why women shoplifters want to take the whole family along when they go out on a thieving expedition. It is a fact that many of them are accompanied by children when caught stealing. That seems a short sighted policy. A woman hampered by a child stands twice the chance of being detected that she does when operating minus such an incubus. Of course it can be argued that she fares better in the long run, inasmuch as she is more likely to be dismissed with only a reprimand on account of the child. This is no doubt true, for unless the offense is very serious it takes a hard hearted man to press a charge against a woman accompanied by children. But that very line of reasoning makes the act more reprehensible."

"My own theory is that most shoplifters do not go shopping with the fixed intention of stealing. The mania for taking something overcomes them after they get in the store, and they snatch the goods on impulse, no matter whether or not they have children in charge."—New York Globe.

The English Milkman.

In English towns, a Canadian visitor declares in the London Queen, the foreigner runs out to the pavement just to see that glorious chariot called a milk float go by—that gay bit of a two wheeled thing, white and yellow, white and blue, or red, white and blue, with the shining brass churn erect at the back, the reins coming over the shining brass rail in front, the little square seat inserted at the rear and the chariot standing at the back like Ben-Hur.

Then comes the English milkman on foot, with a modern yoke on his shoulders and swinging at each side a brass bound tin pail in which is a queer little measuring dipper. Who could wish to have milk delivered in glass bottles, with a paper sealed top, when he can have it measured out at his door into his own jug in this quaintly curious fashion? What do milkmen amount to compared with the joy of the medieval?

He Called For Tramps.

The major was laying down the law on whist. He always did, and vied to the man who ventured to differ from him!

"I tell you," he said, glaring defiantly round, as if daring any one to contradict him, "I once, and once only, had all thirteen trumps dealt to me!"

"You, I suppose, were—er—the dealer?" a meek looking young man put in. The major turned purple.

"No, sir," he roared, "no, sir! Confound your impudence, I was not the dealer!"

"Then may I ask," the meek young man asked calmly, "what happened to be the trump card the dealer turned up?"

By the time the major had recovered from an apoplectic fit the meek young man had left the room.

SCALPING.

Indian Tradition That Tells the Origin of the Custom.

According to the Indian tradition, scalping arose in this wise: Hundreds, perhaps thousands, of years ago, when all the Indians in the world were of one tribe and under one chief, there arose a dispute in the tribe as to who should succeed the old chief, who had just died without issue. There were two principal aspirants to the honor, each having a considerable following. The dispute finally ended with strife and war, and for the first time in the history was "brothers' blood shed by brothers."

The chief of one of the factions had a beautiful daughter, and one of the bravest warriors was a suitor for her hand. Her father consented to the match on one condition—that the young brave should journey to the camp of the enemy, many miles away through the deep snow, kill the chief, his rival, and return with some unmistakable token of his death. In spite of the snow and the distance, the young man immediately set out on his journey and, after lying in ambush for several days, finally entered the camp, boldly attacked the chief in his tent, slew him and cut off his head.

Next morning the murder was discovered, and the tribe set off in hot pursuit. Little by little they gained upon the fleeing warrior, who in his anxiety to elude his pursuers cast away all his impediments, to his very clothing, retaining only his stone knife and the trophy which was to win him his bride.

His pursuers gained rapidly until finally so near did they come he could hear them on his trail. His greivous burden grew heavier and heavier, and as a last resort he whipped out his knife, stripped the scalp from the head of the dead man and, thus lightened of his load, reached his own camp in safety, presented to his chief the token of his prowess and was wed, amid great rejoicing, to the damsel of his choice.

From thenceforth he was permitted to wear an eagle's feather in his cap, and to this day the eagle's feather remains the sign of the successful warrior, the number he displays depending upon the number of scalps he has taken.—Chicago Record-Herald.

HE USED TACT.

A Successful Man's Story of the Way He Won Wealth.

"The late Ira D. Sankey," said a Brooklyn clergyman, "attributed a part of his success to tact—the faculty of pleasing people. He used to tell a story in illustration of tact's great power."

"Mr. Sankey, according to the tale, met on the street one day a man he hadn't seen for two years."

"Why," said the man, "how well you're looking, Sankey!"

"You, too, are looking well," said Mr. Sankey. "And two years ago you were quite out at the elbow, while now you are clothed in purple and fine linen. Come home to dinner with me, won't you?"

"Gladly," said the other, and they went to dine.

"During dinner Mr. Sankey's guest talked agreeably of his 120 horsepower car, his wife's limousine and his daughter's husband, the earl. It developed, in fact, that he was a multimillionaire."

"And yet two years ago," Mr. Sankey said, "you were as poor as a church mouse. Tell me, how did you manage it?"

"By means of tact," replied the guest. "I suddenly took to being tactful, and the results were marvelous. I never neglected on meeting an acquaintance to say, 'How well you are looking?' The acquaintance would be tremendously pleased. He would invite me home to dinner, he would introduce me to all his influential friends and he would give me valuable tips and pointers. Naturally I soon became rich, very rich, rich enough to retire."

"Then the guest looked at his watch and rose."

"But I really must be going," he said. "Thank you, my dear Sankey, for an excellent dinner. Goodbye. How well you're looking?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Settled It Themselves.

In western China European travelers recently found a simple method of settling disputes. One of them writes: "While we called the midday halt at Tachade, we asked the villagers concerning their new graves which we noticed in a field close by. They answered, 'Our head man and two others were killed three months ago in a feud with a village higher up the hills. 'Is it settled now?' 'Yes,' the hills replied. 'The matter to Laowoo?' 'No. What would have been the use? We just settled the matter ourselves.' 'How?' 'Oh, we killed eight of the other party.'"

At the marriage of Thetis and Peleus, where all the gods and goddesses met together, Discord threw on the table a "golden apple" for "the most beautiful." Juno, Minerva and Venus put in their separate claims and, not being able to settle the point, referred the matter to Paris, who gave judgment to Venus. This brought on him the vengeance of Juno and Minerva, to whose skill is attributed the fall of Troy.

Literary Taste.

"I have written a book that everybody ought to read," said the author. "I am afraid it won't do," answered the publisher. "What the public seems to want now is a book that nobody ought to read."—Washington Star.

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.

OBITUARY

Eva Mae Clark

On Friday morning, October 30, Eva Mae Clark, little daughter of Roy and Margaret Clark, was sweetly called home to her Blessed Saviour. Another dear one whom we all loved so well is gone, but now she sleeps on yon southern slope, safe in the arms of Jesus, beckoning us to join her in that bright and happy home beyond the sea. Eva Mae was born in Clay County, February 4, 1908, and departed this life October 30, 1908, at the home of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Thomas of Madison Township, Putnam County, where she had taken sick ten days before her death and was never able to be removed to her home. She died of that dreaded disease, peculiar to infants, cholera infantum, at the age of eight months and twenty-six days. All was done for her that kind and loving hands could do, but such was the Master's will and about one o'clock in the morning her little soul took its flight and her little eyes were closed in death. How sad it was for papa and mama to look upon their only darling, cold in death and to see her conveyed to her lonely grave, where she shall lie until the Resurrection morn. Mourning and grandpapa, grandmama, uncles and aunts, Eva Mae is not dead, but has only crossed the River of Death, which we all must cross sooner or later. How we will listen for her sweet little voice and look for her bright little smiles which will never be heard or seen among us again, but remember that our loss in her eternal gain. Let us have that trust in God that we shall meet her on that bright eternal shore, where sickness, sorrow and death are known no more.

The funeral services were conducted at the Methodist church of Lena, on Saturday, October 31, at 10:30 a. m. by Rev. J. O. Powell of Jasonville and her body was carried by four of her mama's cousins, Pearl Thomas, Ella Akor, Avis Thomas and Anna Thomas. Interment at the Calcutta Cemetery.

Upon the hillside where the grasses wave, Where sweetest wild flowers bloom and mosses creep; Beneath the sheltering trees we made her grave, And laid our darling, when she went to sleep.

So short her life, so brief the gift was lent! Just one summer's sun had kissed the little brown head; The shadows closed around us when she went, And life, so warm before, grew dark and cold when she was dead.

O wood bird, sing your gladdest melody! O violet, breathe your sweetest perfumes there! That music and sweetness there may be, To cheer our hearts and heal the grief we bear.

Some day we know the bands of death will break, Freeing this body from its last embrace; Upon that Resurrection morn it shall awake Clothed in the glories of heaven's wondrous grace!

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, lagrippe, 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 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

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