

LOCAL AND PERSONAL HAPPENINGS

What Greencastle People and Their Friends Are Doing

Elks will dance this evening.

Edgar Boone has returned from Kokomo.

Prof. Kleinsmid is reported much better today.

Carl Eiteljorg was in Indianapolis yesterday.

Douglas Huffman is in Spencer today on business.

Claud Hamilton went to Cloverdale this morning.

Mrs. C. H. Barnaby went to Indianapolis yesterday.

Jesse Richardson was in Stilesville yesterday on business.

Miss Ethel Hamaker went to Putnamville this morning.

Mrs. George Snodgrass is visiting friends in Indianapolis.

Mrs. Walter Vermilion is spending the day in Putnamville.

Frank McNorton of Bainbridge was here this morning.

Mrs. Charles Reeves is visiting relatives in New Albany.

Dr. and Mrs. O. C. Neier of Indianapolis were in Greencastle yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Stephens and son are visiting friends in Indianapolis.

The Eastern Star will meet tonight. There will be the annual election of officers.

Mrs. Frank Vestal and daughter, Gretchen are in Cloverdale spending the day.

Mrs. Asa Smith and Mrs. George Davidson are spending the day in Roachdale.

Mrs. Jane Conklin is in Roachdale visiting her daughter, Mrs. Otis Browning.

Mrs. H. C. Darnall has returned to her home in Muncie, after visiting friends here.

J. W. Dodd has returned to his home in Marion County after visiting his son here.

Mrs. Anna Edwards has returned to her home in Cloverdale after visiting friends here.

Aaron Breckenridge has returned to his home in Crawfordsville after visiting friends here.

Walter Albaugh and family left today for Muskogee, Okla., where they will make their future home.

Miss Belle Hoeman of Indianapolis was here this morning en route to Patrickburg to visit relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Amos Neier left yesterday for Mullinsville, Kansas, where they expect to make their home.

Professor W. G. Seaman, head of the department of Psychology, addressed a union meeting of the brotherhood organizations of all the Methodist churches of Indianapolis last night. His subject was "The Joy of Service for Others in Christ's Name. What Am I Doing? What Can I Do?" The meeting was held in the Second Presbyterian Church, at Pennsylvania and Vermont Streets.

A party of thirty-one music students chaperoned by Dean Mansfield will go to Indianapolis tomorrow evening for the purpose of hearing Chaminade, the distinguished French composer, in a program of her own compositions. The company will leave early in the afternoon and return late that night. Chaminade is perhaps the most famous French composer and she holds a high position in the rank of world artists.

Mrs. C. M. Short is ill.

Verne Elrod of Stilesville was in Greencastle today.

Cloyd Summers of Groveland spent today in the city.

Alex Lockridge was an east bound passenger this afternoon.

Mrs. Harry Collins and daughter are visiting in Roachdale.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Skinner went to Putnamville this morning.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Moorish of Brazil were in the city today.

Newton Busenbark of New Market is visiting Sigma Chi brothers.

Will Thompson of Terre Haute spent this afternoon in the city.

Clarence Wyssong of near Bainbridge is spending today in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. James Vermilion will see Maud Adams at Indianapolis tonight.

Mrs. James James has returned to Paris, Ill., after visiting relatives in the city.

Mrs. Reed has returned to Amo after visiting Mrs. Clark Wells of this city.

Dr. Maloney of Terre Haute is spending a few days with his son, John Maloney.

Mrs. Will Thompson of Terre Haute met with the Protected Home Circle last night.

The official board of the Christian Church will meet tonight at 7 o'clock. The members are urged to be present.

Clarence Hazelett who has been in Chicago for the past several months has returned to the city. He has accepted a position with the Central National Bank.

A representative of the Salvation Army was besieging the officials in the court house this afternoon. She declared that she was waiting for some one to start her subscription list with five dollars or over, but the force at the court house did not fall over each other for the chance of being either first, second or third, or any where on the list at that figure.

Manager Blake is arranging to have a Christmas tree at the opera house. The object is to give a present to every poor child in the city and free admission to the picture show. He asks the aid of every one who is inclined to help in a worthy cause. A Christmas tree, where the poor are looked after has never been given in our city. Our citizens should aid in this matter in every way possible. Mr. Blake says he will make further announcement in the papers.

Those handsome pictures you see in the show window of Hanna's furniture store will be given away Saturday night at the opera house moving picture show.

The Flight of Birds.
To the average observer of the flight of birds everything is deceptive. To compare the flight of a large bird with a smaller one is especially so. The cormorant of the seacoast seems to be a slow flier, yet he does a mile in one minute and ten seconds. The honeybee seems to travel like a bullet, yet it takes him two minutes to fly one mile. The hummingbird does not fly as fast as many slow flapping birds of ungainly bulk. The quail appears to get away more rapidly than does the mallard, but he does not do it.—Exchange.

For Rent—Three unfurnished rooms.
Inquire 404 Bloomington Street.
4111

Do You Love Your SWEETHEART?

We presume you do and we are sure your Sweetheart loves pure candy. This you will find nice and fresh at

BADGER & COOK

AN INGENIOUS SWINDLER.

The Daring Scheme That Was Worked by a German Doctor.

Near a small village in one of the lake states lived a western millionaire in seclusion with his little daughter and a few servants. The child was afflicted with a rare cerebral spinal complaint, a most unpleasant manifestation of which was a frequent hicough, and eminent physicians, both in America and Europe, had pronounced the case organic and incurable.

Later there came to live in the village a widow with a little girl affected similar to the millionaire's daughter. This child was a delicate, flower faced creature, wistful from the isolation that must have been her sad lot, and the peculiar bark-like hicough which she made at once attracted the millionaire's attention, and, being a big hearted if rather ignorant man, he gave the mother employment about his home and showered the afflicted child with presents.

Perhaps four months after the widow's advent an eccentric German doctor settled in the village, and his services being sought by the widow, he gave her child treatment, with the result that it was completely cured.

The millionaire immediately sought to place his own daughter under the German's care, but the latter flatly refused to take the case. He was a Socialist of a violent type and would have nothing to do with a man whose wealth exceeded the sum that he had fixed upon as the lawful limit of material possession.

Finally, however, after the father had patiently borne the grossest insults the German agreed to give the afflicted child treatment on condition that the other would first deed over a large tract of land in Texas for a Socialist colony and pay him for his fee a sum little short of \$50,000. This the millionaire did, but as soon as the doctor had cashed the check he disappeared with the widow and her child, and the wealthy man realized that, blinded by paternal love, he had been made the victim of an ingenious swindle.

The flower faced girl of the widow had been taught to simulate a disease, and the German was no doubt her father. He was subsequently located in Buenos Aires, but he injured man, not wishing his daughter's affliction published broadcast, dropped the prosecution.—Don Mark Lemon in Bohemian Magazine.

Meaning of Herzegovina.

Herzegovina was picked out by Mark Twain as a typical hard word which a man might be proud to know how to pronounce, as he did himself. It would save a lot of trouble if we might call Herzegovina "the ducky," which is all that the name probably means. Some have held that "the Herzegovina," as a select few call it, is Turkish for "the land of stones," but the prevailing view is that it comes from the German "herzog" (duke), that title having been conferred upon the holder of this country by the emperor in 1448. "Herzog" is our own forefathers' "here-toga," army chief, the name they gave in time of war to the "alderman" of times of peace.—London Standard.

Ham Toast.

Toast six slices of stale bread to a nice brown on each side, melt four tablespoonsful of butter, add three tablespoonsful of flour and stir until well blended; then pour on it gradually, while stirring constantly, two cupsful of hot milk; bring to a boiling point and season with a little salt and taste from the heat; dip the slices of toast separately in the sauce and when soft remove to a hot serving dish. To the remaining sauce add one-third cupful of finely chopped cold boiled ham and pour this over the toast.—Boston Post.

A LIVE COAL TRICK.

Teaches Natural Law, Yet Has All the Appearance of Magic.

No one would suppose that it is possible to hold a glowing coal on a piece of linen or cotton without burning the cloth, but that such can be done is easy for any one to prove, and at the same time the experiment teaches an important natural law. Every child knows that the telephone and telegraph wires are made of copper because that metal is a good conductor of heat and electricity, which is only another form of heat. If a poker is heated in the fire you pick up a cloth to hold the outer end, although it has not been in the fire, because experience has taught you that the heat is conducted through the metal from the fire to the outer end.

This experiment with the flaming coal is based upon this principle and the additional one that linen and cotton are poor conductors of heat. Take a globe of copper and draw a piece of cloth tightly over it so that there is not a wrinkle at the top. If the linen or cotton is closely woven the trick is all the more certain. Then, holding the cloth tightly in place, you can safely put a glowing coal on top of the cloth, and, while it burns fiercely, the cloth will not even be scorched.

The reason is that the great conductivity of the copper draws the heat of the coal before it can burn the cloth. Do not make this experiment with a good handkerchief first, for if the cloth is not tightly drawn it may burn, but take some worthless piece of linen or muslin, and after you are certain of your experience you can astonish your friends who do not know the secret.—Washington Post.

DEADLY POISONS.

One Whiff of Pure Prussic Acid Is Sufficient to Kill.

The discoverer of prussic acid was instantly killed by inhaling one whiff of his own handiwork.

Pure prussic acid is never sold or handled. The smell of it is always fatal. It kills not in three minutes or half an hour, but the instant it enters the lungs as a gas. The mixture ordinarily sold as prussic acid is 98 parts water to two parts of the drug. Even in this form it is very deadly. A 20 per cent mixture of the acid would kill nearly as quickly as if pure.

Atropine, though it has no harmful odor, is so deadly that as much of it as would adhere to the end of a moistened forefinger would instantly cause death. Cyanide of potassium has a pleasant smell which is not injurious, but a small quantity swallowed kills at once. Pure ammonia if inhaled would cause death almost as quickly as prussic acid.

When a carboy of nitric acid is broken some one has to suffer. It will burn wood, eat through iron plates and destroy whatever it touches. Such an accident once happened in an acid factory. Every one ran away, leaving the acid to amuse itself by setting fire to things. Soon it was seen that the building would be destroyed and hundreds of people thrown out of work, and four men volunteered to put out the fire in the acid room. They succeeded and came out all right. Five hours later all were dead.

His Gallantry.

"See that man who just gave his seat to a young woman?" queried an elevated railroad passenger. "Queer case that. Never encountered one before just like it."

"He's not a New Yorker, he is not a ready maker of friends, and he is so diffident where women are concerned that he really has not one among his acquaintances, with the possible exception of a landlady and a landress."

"Yet the fellow has a longing for feminine recognition. I happen to know that he always relinquishes his seat to a woman where the opportunity is presented, and I also know that his only reason for doing so is the hope of receiving a smile and a 'Thank you' in return. It's like a bone to a hungry dog. Queer case, don't you think?"—New York Globe.

The Suicide Symphony.

The idea that music may be harmful—that it can create a fever in the blood dangerous to life and reason—will come as a revelation to many. Friedrich Nietzsche, the well known German philosopher, declares that there is something in some music, most notable in Wagner and Tschalkowsky, which acts unfavorably on the brain and nerves of many people. Tschalkowsky's harmful influence cannot be denied. He destroyed himself after composing his famous "Sixth Symphony," and, as several have died by their own hand after playing it, it has come to be known as the "suicide symphony."

Extravagant.

Stranger (in Drearhurst)—Is there a place here where I can get a square meal? Uncle Welby Gosh—Yes, sir. There's a resturant round the corner where you can get the best meal this side of Chicago if you don't mind its being a little expensive. They'll sock you for 35 cents, but, by gum, it's worth it!—Chicago Tribune.

Luck.

"Do you believe in such a thing as luck?"

"Of course," answered Miss Cayenne. "Otherwise it would be impossible to explain the success of people we don't like."—Washington Star.

Troubles of the Inanimate.

"Tough old world this," sighed the anvil. "I get nothing but hard knocks all day long."

"Yes," assented the bellows, "and I am always hard pressed to raise the wind."—Boston Transcript.

Emotional Miss Tully.

(Copyright, 1908, by American Press Association.)

I met Miss Tully in a boarding house. She was supposed to earn her own living, but no one in the house knew her occupation. She usually went out about 9 o'clock in the morning and remained most of the day, but there was nothing regular either about her going or her staying. Sometimes she would remain in the house for several days at a time, and sometimes when she went out in the morning would return before noon and not go out again.

There was a good deal about Miss Tully that interested me. She was never for a long period in the same mood. One day she would be merry as a cricket, the next in the depths of despair. Then she would be subject to fits of anger, when no one cared to approach her. Any sensible person may judge from this that Miss Tully was not likely to make a good wife, but I have noticed in young men a disposition to neglect the girls who are especially fitted to make homes comfortable for those who are so constituted as to make a husband's life a burden. At any rate, I became fascinated with Miss Tully's moods. At our first meeting there was a girlish gladness about her that was simply delicious. A few days later she met me with an imperious look on her face that well nigh froze the marrow in my bones. The next week my pity was excited by a melancholy that was no less becoming than her sprightliness or her regal dignity.

It was not long before I was madly in love. But, realizing the folly of making a life partner of a girl who was not only changeable as the wind, but whom I knew nothing about—indeed, whose mode of support was a mystery—I fought against my passion. All to no purpose. I was caught in a mesh and unable to extricate myself.

One evening Miss Tully and I were sitting in the drawing room—the boarders, seeing my infatuation, had by this time come to give up the apartment to us—side by side on a sofa. It was in the spring of the year, and Miss Tully was like the season, light hearted, exuberant in spirits and, it seemed to me, willing to listen to love's young dream. Little by little I turned my words upon that dream, which by this time had enthralled me. Miss Tully saw my drift and seemed to yield to a pleased languor, listening eagerly to what I said. I poured into her ear all a lover could say, leading up to a proposal, when she stopped me and said ecstatically:

"Say it all again."

I confess I was puzzled—indeed, a trifle put out. To repeat my glowing words was not to my mind. Fortunately my embarrassment was relieved by a maid entering with a note for Miss Tully. She opened and read it. From that moment she was changed. Her light heartedness disappeared and with it her apparent interest in what I had been saying to her. Smarting under this sudden indifference, I left her.

The next evening at dinner I noticed that Miss Tully appeared to have something on her mind of an exasperating nature. Her teeth were set, and her eyes were filled with flashes, coming at long intervals, like heat lightning on a summer night. After dinner I was going up to my room when she passed me in the hall, gave me a glance I did not understand and went into the drawing room. I followed. We were alone there, and, turning on me like a fury, she began to accuse me of some unexpressed crime, working herself into a very demon. In vain I begged her to tell me what I had done. Without heeding me she talked on, or, rather, stormed on, till at last, seeing no prospect of an end to what was like a storm swaying to the east, to the west, anywhere, everywhere in accordance with its unbridled passion, I left the room.

The next morning I made an effort to escape from this mad creature. I took an early train. For a week I remained away, then, professing to myself to feel confident of my ability to resist the fascination, returned to the house and Miss Tully.

At our first meeting I saw upon her face the most engaging sadness. She gave me a reproachful look, which I took to express pain that I had kept away from her. I longed to take her in my arms; but, with a muffled moan, she went up to her room.

I saw nothing of her for a week. Then she was plain Miss Tully, neither happy nor miserable nor angry. She gave me a smile, put out her hand to me and, intimating that she had something to say to me, led the way into the drawing room.

"I owe you an explanation," she said, "and I am going to reveal to you that which no one else in this house knows. I am an artist's model. I never pose, however, except in proper clothing and only for artists who wish to catch an expression of some one of the passions. They have found me very versatile in this respect, and I have been successful. The secret of my success is that I can at any time work myself into any required mood, and this gives the artist the expression which comes from the model really feeling what is expressed. Indeed, it can be expressed in no other way. When you began to talk to me the other evening I was preparing myself to sit for a bride. While you were talking I received a note that the artist would instead work on a picture representing a tragedy. On your return I was to pose for Mary Magdalene."

I won Miss Tully for my wife, but I have never quite forgiven her for utilizing my loveliness professionally.

BEVELLY WORTHINGTON.

MARVELOUS

Moving Pictures

And Illustrated Song at Opera House

AUGMENTED WITH STARTLING MECHANICAL EFFECTS, WONDERFULLY REALISTIC.

They are the same as shown in the best theatres in New York, Chicago, London and Paris.

Plenty of room—Everything pleasant; if not satisfactory, your money back.

TONIGHT:

Summer Boarders Taken In.

Misadventure of a Sheriff.

Music and Poetry.

SONGS:

"My Apple Blossom Girl."

"On the Bench, Neath the old Willow Tree."

Admission 5 and 10 Cents.

Commences promptly at 7 o'clock, three shows each evening.

HERALD WANT ADS

Watch Lost—Open face gold watch

left on the ledge of the window in the south closet of the ground floor toilet room at the court house Thanksgiving morning. Monogram H. C. A. engraved on case. Return to this office and receive reward. If

For Sale—5 room cottage near the square at a bargain if sold at once. Enquire of Home Loan and Real Estate Co., room 5 Southard Bldg. 6111

For Rent—7 room house, 508 South Jackson Street. Apply to John Keightley, Star Barber Shop. 2110

Furnished Room for Rent—405 N. Jackson Street. 618

Would Do the Same.

A certain professor in a medical college had a most exasperating student.

"You see, Mr. Smith," said the professor to this young man one day, "the subject of this diagram lumps, because one of his legs is a trifle shorter than the other. Now, what should you do in such a case?"

"I should limp, too, I think, sir," replied the student, with an expression of perfect innocence on his stupid face.

The Pompous Man.

I do not like the pompous man. I do not wish him for a friend. He's built on such a gorgeous plan that he can only condescend, and when he bows his neck is sprained. He walks as though he owned the earth—as though his vest and shirt contained all that there is of sterling worth. With sacred joy I see him tread upon a stray banana rind and slide a furlong on his head and leave a trail of smoke behind.—Emporia (Kan.) Gazette.

From Limb to Limb.

Housewife—Why don't you get a job and keep it? Hobo—I'm like de little bird dat keeps flyin' from limb to limb. Housewife—G'wan, you're only a bum! How could you fly from limb to limb? Hobo—I mean de limbs o' de law, mum!—Kansas City Independent.

Criticism often takes from the tree caterpillars and blossoms together.—Richter.

Character Counts

No Substitutes Sold

In choosing a drug store, character counts for everything, and price counts for nothing—where health and safety are concerned. We adhere strictly to the principle that quality is all that counts in medicine.

Of course, when it comes to patent medicine, toilet articles, etc., the price is well known and on those things our store has enjoyed a reputation for getting these articles for its customers at a material saving from the price elsewhere.

Our stocks are complete, and we never offer a customer some unknown concoction at a cut rate for a well advertised article in which he has confidence. We are proud of our reputation in the drug business—proud with a reason—and, positively assured that we can well please you, we invite you to try us, if you do not know, and continue as our friend if you now are.

The Owl Drug Store.
The Red Cross Drug Store



Scene from the "Cry Baby" at Opera House December 4.