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Editors

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#### THE GOVERNOR'S POWERS.

The proposed Merchants Bill for a uniform accounting system, seems to us to have at least one weak spot in it. This is the power it gives to the governor to interest himself in the affairs of each county and township. In the hands of an honest and high-minded man this would be excellent. The state has just had, however, an example of what might happen should a busybody be elected again to the office of governor of Indiana. One man power as advocated and used by Hanly would be largely augmented by such a law as that proposed, which would give the governor the right to order an investigation of the books of any county at any time. Such a system could be made a political club of great advantage to politicians and of little real value to the people. We believe that a system with the state auditor at the head, with county balance sheets forwarded for inspection and biennial audit by a state committee would be all that is necessary. We wish no more of one man power in Indiana.

Good old Missouri has again showed that action is far better than words. While the United States Government has been trying to make some of the Standard Oil Company incriminate themselves and has been failing miserably in the task, Missouri has taken the facts as they stand and thrown the Standard bodily out of that state. All of which shows that in spite of the blustering of Roosevelt, states still have

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East Side Square. Phone 147.

more power, or at least more determination to use what they have than the national administration.

#### Cannibal Cows.

"Now, children," said the pretty teacher, "I want you all to write a composition on the cow. You know what a cow is. You know that a cow gives us all the milk we drink. Now, write me something original about the cow as you know her, nothing commonplace." It would take several pages to print the results, but there is room for at least one composition by a girl of seven.

"A cow is a quadruped having four legs and four feet. She gives milk and sometimes has horns, but not always. The cow's baby is called a calf and sometimes bossy. When a cow talks she lows. A cow with horns can hook, but a cow without horns is helpless. A cow is a carnivorous animal when she has a chance, but she ordinarily eats grass. If there is any. A cow is a cannibal if you let her alone, for she will eat her own kind."

The horrified teacher exclaimed: "Sally May, where on earth did you get the idea, the ridiculous idea, that a cow is carnivorous and a cannibal? You meant to say that a cow is herbivorous or granivorous."

"No, teacher. I read it in the Holy Bible. Don't you remember there were seven fine fat cows feeding near a brook and seven lean and hungry cows came and ate them up? See Genesis xli, 4."

Teacher reserved decision.—New York Press.

#### What Generosity Means.

"Many people get the credit of being generous who never felt a single generous impulse in their lives," says a close student of human nature.

"Their generosity, so called, has consisted simply in formal, cold, grudging almsgiving, carried out at the call of duty and unaccompanied by any spontaneous burst of feeling or sympathy."

"The highest generosity is full of strong, unhesitating self-effacement and always inspires, except in debased natures, feelings of gratitude and affection. Almsgiving is one of the least of its attributes. It more often takes the form of helpfulness, sympathy and understanding. It gives forth compassion and encouragement of a kind which is far beyond money value."

"The secret of generosity is unselfishness, and the way to acquire it is to cultivate universal love and sympathy."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

#### Random Shots.

I shot an arrow into the air; it fell in the distance, I knew not where, till a neighbor said that it killed his calf, and I had to pay him six and a half (\$6.50). I bought some poison to slay some rats, and a neighbor swore that it killed his cats, and rather than argue across the fence I paid him four dollars and fifty (\$4.50) cents. One night I set sailing a toy balloon and hoped it would soar till it reached the moon. But the candle fell out on a farmer's straw, and he said I must settle or go to law. And that is the way with the random shot—it never hits in the proper spot. And the joke you spring, that you think so smart, may leave a wound in some fellow's heart.—Athenian Globe.

Woods Liver Medicine in liquid form regulates the liver, relieves sick headache, constipation, stomach, kidney disorders and acts as a gentle laxative. For chills fever and malaria. Its tonic effects on the system felt with the first dose. The \$1.00 bottle contains 2½ times as much as the 50c size. For sale by Badger & Cook.

#### Hotel Grafters.

The proprietor of one of the largest hotels in New York, speaking of the uses made by nonpaying customers of his house, said to a rural guest a few days ago: "We have a large number of patrons from whom we never collect a cent, although we have no such thing as a free list. They come here in the morning, pick up a castoff paper, which they read, keeping an eye open for another, which they grab as soon as it is dropped. After reading awhile they stand at the ticker, often giving long lectures to their fellows on financial conditions and stock possibilities. The overcoat becomes burdensome, and it is taken to the check room, where its owner knows it will be perfectly safe. Then, if they can tear themselves from the ticker, letters are written on our stationery. They do not use our telephones because we charge an extra 5 cents for the call, but they carry home matches, toothpicks, blank cards and blotters and use up the soap in our lavatories. They also take generous nibbles of the cheese and crackers in the cafe. The starkest part of all is this—that the majority of this class are well to do and highly respectable, and on that account we do not shut them out."—New York Tribune.

#### The Sleeping Sickness.

The terrible sleeping sickness of tropical Africa is discussed at length in an article in Popular Mechanics. The disease, which long baffled scientists, is spread by the tsetse fly, a bloodsucking, day flying insect. From the approach of either man or animal at a river crossing in the densest forest the victim is soon scented out by the fly. If there is one in the vicinity, and then, either silently or with a peevish buzz, it makes straight for the most accessible spot and gives its stab. The usual course of the disease is from four to eight months. At the outset there are headache, a feverish condition, lassitude and a corresponding disinclination to work. The facial aspect changes, and a previously happy and intelligent looking negro becomes instead dull, heavy and apathetic. Later, tremor in the tongue develops, speech is uncertain, and mumbling, weak shuffling and progressive weakness, drowsiness and oblivion to his surroundings afflict the sufferer. The last stage is marked by extreme emaciation and a coma deepening into death.

#### Cause of Fatty Heart.

The great danger from obesity lies in the liability of the fat to invade the cellular elements of the body, especially the muscles. This produces fatty degeneration of the muscular tissues, which greatly weakens and impairs their functional activity. When the fat invades the tissues of the heart muscles the disease known as "fatty degeneration of the heart" results, and the patient is in serious danger. Whenever a slight additional strain upon the circulation results from undue exercise, excitement or other cause the muscles interfere with the heart's action, and it is liable to cease beating. Anemia and hysteria often are accompaniments of obesity. Because of the increased weight and difficulty of moving about such patients are prevented from taking an ordinary amount of exercise. Often, too, there are a lassitude and a positive dislike for muscular exertion of any kind.—What to Eat.

#### From Medicine to the Drama.

The earlier part of Victorian Sardou's career was beset with many trials and difficulties. His parents wished him to take up a medical career, and he began his studies with some zeal. The love of the drama, however, was far greater than the love of the pill box, and in the interval of the other work Sardou was busy upon a play. Life was a struggle for him, for he had little money, though he managed to get journalistic work to supplement his more slender income. His first play was a failure, and Sardou rushed from the theater vowing never to enter one again. He fell seriously ill, was nursed back to health by Mlle. de Brocourt, an actress who lived on a floor below, and from that time his fortune was made.

#### A Friend in Need.

About half an hour had been expended by the bashful young man in a series of advances and retreats, till little Johnny's cramped position behind the sofa was becoming somewhat painful. "I wish I dared"—the young man commenced on a new attack, when the couple were electrified by an impatient exclamation behind them: "Aw, make a break! She's dead easy!"—Brooklyn Life.

#### Literary Irrigation.

"Your latest novel seems very dry," said the reader of the publishing house to the young but rising author.

"I was pretty sure you would say that," rejoined the author. "Consequently if you will count them you will find the heroine weeps real tears on just 253 pages of my story."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

#### Inconsistent.

Howell—Rowell is an inconsistent fellow. Powell—That's right; he would tell you take all the time you wanted and then have you arrested for stealing his watch.—New York Press.

#### Public Opinion.

The single snowflake—who cares for it? But a whole day of snowflakes—who does not care for that? Private opinion is weak, but public opinion is almost omnipotent.

Wolfskin makes the best banjo parchment.

## The Winning of Edmonia.

By JANET CHRISTINE STEPHENS.

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There was nothing of the knight errant about Percival Bonney. In the thoughts of Edmonia Turner, thoughts which invariably formed the frowning background to Percival's waking hours, he was discouragingly and modernly inoffensive.

She had once stated succinctly, as was Edmonia's way, that the only thing about him that remotely suggested standing up for itself, was the cowlick at the back of a square and otherwise irreproachably groomed head. The subject of this rather doubtful approval was secretly encouraged in the belief that the cowlick indicated an aggressive spirit which seemed to be the heroic attribute in the imagination of Edmonia's set.

Edmonia's faintly appreciative remark had been inspired in her mother's attic during the rummaging of a rain bound house party, when, upon the discovery of an ancient coat of mail, Percival had pulled it out from under the eaves and had fallen speedily to calculating how many chain discharges it would have made for Mrs. Turner's carefully ordered kitchen.

This was too much for Edmonia. A man who could evolve discharges from the fabric of romance must be lacking in the most rudimentary elements of civility. It counted for naught with her that Percival Bonney was evincing a business ability that made his father prouder every day or that she had never had a rival in his loyal devotion to her.

She dreamed of the clash of armor and the risks of joust and tourney, a knight who should perform feats of arms for her sake and rescue her, if used by, from a tyrant's might. In the free wholesome of American society the tyrant had not appeared, and to do Edmonia justice she really did care a great deal for Percival's allegiance, only she desired a more daring proof.

It was therefore incumbent upon this thoroughly consistent young lady that she steel her heart against the pleasing picture which a tall, broad shouldered, gray clad figure, hat off and light hair tossing in the breeze, made against a morning sky on the first day of one of his erratic autumnal visits near her country home.

She accordingly let her disdainful glance dwell upon his offensively ruddy cheek and ignored his unaffected stare of astonishment at her modern equipage, a brilliantly red automobile at a standstill upon the country road.

"What, ho, Rebecca!" he greeted her when within speaking distance of where she sat in the crimson ramble. "Armed cap-a-pie I see! Is the drawbridge down?"

Edmonia smiled tolerantly and gave him her hand.

"But why linger so far from the paternal castle? Has thy gentle palfrey gone lame?"

Edmonia glanced suggestively back along the highway. "I'm waiting for a friend." She said it with conviction.

The dusty road stretched in two long, undulating lines in either direction. No one was in sight. Percival's gaze abandoned its quest and returned suspiciously to the crimson ramble. "Could I," he asked anxiously, "figure in that capacity?"

She reddened in turn, then scanned him critically. "Perhaps." She was still rather doubtful of his capabilities. Mentally scorning as inexcusable a devotion to his business which had made him hitherto ignore the automobile craze, he flattened himself out after the manner of the ardent automobilist under her car and confided his despair to her tongue.

It was had enough not to be romantic, but not to be even useful was unbearable. He had not the slightest idea of how to start the machine. He crawled out from under the machine and mounted to the driver's seat.

Her sudden accession of trust, inspired by his businesslike manner, provoked him to fresh endeavor. He made a great show of moving brakes, tightening useless screws and peering into the machine while she scanned the scenery.

Whatever he finally did to that automobile to start it Percival does not know. Suddenly it slid out of the shade into the road like a bird from under his hand. "Aha," he cried, with an assurance that he was far from feeling, "I thought so!"

He held a trembling hand upon the wheel and answered irrelevant questions at regular intervals. They were now gliding along between hedgerows of gorgeous autumn color. He began to feel more at ease. Edmonia hummed a little sing as old as it was sweet.

The rose that all are praising Is not the rose for me.

He looked at her and in that look forgot his new responsibility. She was gazing steadily down the dusty turnpike, a little smile upon her lips, as though she would see the knight of her dreams in plumed helmet and shining armor riding to bear her away.

"He couldn't catch us," said Percival in response to her thought. She started and looked with more interest at her companion. He had spoken in the confidence that is born of ignorance.

"Say, 'Ted,' he continued, 'I don't know much about your 'flowers of chivalry.' I don't even understand the first thing about an aut.'—He caught himself up. He positively would not divulge this humiliating fact. He went on more confidently: "But you

are the rose for me, sure, Ted. You must say you will marry me this time," he ended, with an air of desperation, "or I'll!"

The threat was not completed. In the earnestness of his plea Percival had forgotten that he was running an automobile for the first time in his life. They were now going at a tremendous speed and every instant gathering momentum. Edmonia gripped his arm as they lurched around a curve and bounced over a culvert.

"Hang on!" yelled Percival as they approached a slight descent. In his clumsy efforts to control the machine he inadvertently put on more speed.

"What are you doing?" screamed Edmonia. "Stop! Why, you are running away with me!" she laughed tremulously.

"Why not?" he shouted wildly, as she thought, recklessly. The idea of stopping was a delectable one now to Percival, but one which he felt that he must abandon.

The road sides of fireweed and goldenrod flew by like a track of flame. Hens flapped from under his wheels as they passed farmhouses at a rate of speed that made the occupants rush out of doors to stare after them. Outraged cries followed them when a barking dog was not quick enough to elude those blurring wheels and with a yelp of pain rolled over and over into the ditch. Three horses bawling by the roadside in front of another house stampeded as they whizzed by and raced them out of sight.

Edmonia now tried to expostulate with her mad cavalier. But Percival said nothing to her almost tearful appeals. His whole attention was concentrated on keeping the thing within the limits of the road.

"Beats Lochinvar!" he yelled breathlessly as they grazed a watering tub. Edmonia moaned. "You are crazy!" she cried. "Let's go home! Oh, take me home!" she commanded him.

"Home!" Percival ground the word passionately between his teeth. "You will be lucky if you ever see home again. We shall never stop!" But even as he spoke he felt something respond to his groping fingers. The machine was obeying his controlling hand.

Joy and a relief that rolled over him like a wave made him shout aloud. Edmonia received this new demonstration as the exultation of a captor and commanded and implored by turn. But he did not at once diminish his speed. He knew now that Edmonia had not realized his impotence. He put the machine at a hill and plunged down the other side. Edmonia was clinging to him with wild promises.

He brought the car carefully to a standstill and climbed painfully to the ground. Edmonia was sobbing into her handkerchief. He hoped he was accepting the role of victorious knight modestly, but he was not!

"Ted," he cried, "you've got to keep your promise, you know. I'm not much of a knight, and I don't know how to run!"

His unsuspected confession was interrupted for the second time as she suddenly, to his astonishment, smiled up at him through her tears.

"I never was driven like that in my life!" she remarked, with pride. "But—let's go home in a buggy!"

"Not until we're married," said Percival firmly.

Edmonia refused to continue in the car, however, so they walked on to the nearest town, where the minister's fee was the first of a series of more mundane charges which punctuated their homeward journey in the buggy.

But in his new joy, which was only enhanced by pecuniary interludes with the wrathful owners of slaughtered hens, the fearful mistress of an injured dog and damages due to the recovery of errant horses, Percival made it a triumphal journey.

#### Why He Saved Them.

For weeks upon weeks the heavy rains descended upon the holiday resort of Lakeswash, and the proprietor of the Punt and Puntpole was looking very blue. Indeed, those two straw batted, miserable looking objects out in the Lakeswash canoe were the only visitors of the season. The hotel proprietor gloomily watched their clumsy endeavors to navigate their tiny craft. Suddenly, plopp, splosh! "Help!" In a moment the hotel proprietor had changed from a sluggish do-nothing to a frenzied rescuer. Putting out rapidly in a boat, he succeeded in reaching the terrified men just at the critical moment.

"Oh, thank you—thank you!" they cried as they scrambled into the boat. "Don't thank me!" growled the hotel keeper. "Thank the weather! Visitors is so scarce this year we can't afford to let even the fools drown! I did it for your board and lodging!"—London Answers.

#### For a Loaf, All Right.

As the tramp looked at Mrs. Godard he felt a thrill of hope. Here was surely an easy and benevolently inclined person. "Could you gimme a dime to buy a loaf o' bread?" he whined.

Mrs. Godard's guileless soul looked out at him through her nearsighted eyes, and she fingered her purse hopefully.

"I have only a quarter here," she said, "and I'm really too tired to walk home."

"Sure, I can change it for you," said the tramp cheerfully as he took out a dime and a nickel, and not until Mrs. Godard was halfway home on the car did it occur to her that there was anything unusual in the transaction.—Youth's Companion.

#### Generous.

"What would you do if you went fishing and a whale were to bite your hook?"

"Make him a present of it!"

## 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**

## GET YOUR MONEY ON THURSDAY

Our agent can be found in our office in the ALLEN BLOCK, over American Express Company, all day Thursday, prepared to make loans on furniture, pianos, live stock, etc. Features: long time, cheap rates, small payments, liberal discounts. No better time than now to prepare for winter. See our agent Thursday, or mail your application to Room 17 Cit. National Bank Building Brazil, Indiana.

**ALLEN Brazil Loan Co. ALLEN**  
**BLOCK BLOCK**

#### Location of Fire Alarm Boxes.

For Fire Dept. Call Phone No. 41.  
LOCATION. NO.

College Ave. and Liberty	21
Hanna and Indiana	31
Jackson and Dacey	41
Madison and Liberty	51
Walnut and Madison	61
*Fire Dept. Headquarters	321
Hanna and Crown	32
Bloomington and Anderson	42
Seminary and Arlington	52
Washington and Durham	62
Washington and Locust	72
Seminary and Locust	212
Howard and Crown	23
Main and Ohio	43
College Ave. and DeMotte Alley	53
Locust and Sycamore	63

1-2-1, Fire Out.

\*Box rung for all telephone calls.

#### INTERURBAN TIME TABLE.

##### EAST BOUND

Lv. G. C.	No.	Train	Lv. T. H.
6:05 am.	6	local	
7:15 am.	8	local	5:30 am
8:15 am.	10	local	6:30 am
9:15 am.	102	limited	8:15 am
10:17 am.	14	local	8:30 am
11:15 am.	16	local	9:30 am
12:40 pm.	104	limited	11:15 am
1:17 pm.	20	local	11:30 am
2:15 pm.	22	local	12:30 pm
3:40 pm.	106	limited	2:15 pm
4:17 pm.	28	local	2:30 pm
5:15 pm.	32	local	3:30 pm
6:40 pm.	108	limited	5:15 pm
7:17 pm.	38	local	5:30 pm
8:15 pm.	12	local	6:30 pm
9:17 pm.	16	local	7:30 pm
11:15 pm.	50	local	9:30 pm
12:15 am.	52	local	10:30 pm

##### WEST BOUND

Lv. G. C.	No.	Train	Lv. Indp.
5:42 am.	7	local	
6:42 am.	9	local	
7:42 am.	11	local	6:00 am
8:42 am.	15	local	7:00 am
9:35 am.	101	limited	8:15 am
10:42 am.	11	local	8:30 am
11:42 am.	21	local	10:00 am
12:35 pm.	103	limited	11:15 am
1:42 pm.	27	local	11:00 am
2:42 pm.	31	local	1:00 pm
3:35 pm.	105	limited	2:15 pm
4:42 pm.	37	local	3:00 pm
5:42 pm.	41	local	4:00 pm
6:35 pm.	107	limited	5:15 pm
7:42 pm.	47	local	6:00 pm
8:35 pm.	109	limited	7:15 pm
10:42 pm.	51	local	9:00 pm
1:02 am.	53	local	11:30 pm

RUPERT BARTLEY, Agt.

#### MONON TIME CARD

In effect Sunday, June 14, 1908.

##### NORTH BOUND

4 Chicago Express	1:23 am
6 Chicago Mail	12:33 pm
10 F. Lick & Laf. Acco.	9:32 am
12 Bloom. & Laf. Acco.	4:45 pm

##### SOUTH BOUND