

HERALD

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Cards of Thanks.

Cards of Thanks are chargeable at
a rate of 50c each.

Obituaries.

All obituaries are chargeable at the
rate of \$1 for each obit ary. Addi-
tional charge of 5c a line is made for
all poetry.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENT

FOR CONGRESS—Jacob E. Cravin
of Hendricks county announces his
candidate for the Democratic nomination
as representative to Congress
from the Fifth Congressional dis-
trict, subject to the decision of the
Democratic primary election.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE—W. E.
Gill, of Cloverdale, announces to
the Democratic voters of Putnam
county, that he is a candidate for
the nomination for representative of
Putnam county.

CHARLES S. BATT of Vigo County
Democratic candidate for Representa-
tive in Congress, Primaries, May 4
1920.

FOR PROSECUTING ATTORNEY—
Fay S. Hamilton announces his can-
didate for prosecuting attorney of
Putnam county, subject to the deci-
sion of the Democratic primary elec-
tion.

FOR TREASURER—Otto G. Webb
of Marion township announces that
he is a candidate for treasurer of
Putnam county, subject to the deci-
sion of the Democratic primary elec-
tion.

FOR SHERIFF—Fred Lancaster of
Madison township, has announced
his candidacy for sheriff of Putnam
county, subject to the decision of the
Democratic primary election, May 4,
1920.

FOR SHERIFF—Edward H. Eitle-
jorge announces to the Democratic
voters that he is a candidate for the
nomination of sheriff of Putnam
county, subject to the decision of
the primary election, May 4.

FOR SHERIFF—Allen Eggers, of
Jackson township, announces that he
is a candidate for the Democratic
nomination for sheriff of Putnam
county, subject to the decision of the
Primary election, May 4, 1920.

FOR SHERIFF—Will Gildwell, of
Warren township, announces that
he is a candidate for sheriff of Put-
nam county, subject to the decision
decision of the Democratic primary,
May 4, 1920.

FOR SHERIFF OF PUTNAM COUNT.
ty—Sure vote for Jesse M. Ham-
rick, at the Democratic primary, May
4, 1920. Your vote appreciated.

FOR SHERIFF—Of Putnam coun-
ty, E. S. (Lige) Wallace of Green-
castle announces his candidacy for
sheriff of Putnam county, subject to
the decision of the primary election.
FOR SHERIFF—Harkus L. Jack-
son of Greencastle, formerly of
May 4, 1920.

Marion township, announces that he
is a candidate for sheriff of Putnam
county, subject to the decision of
the Democratic primary election,
May 4.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER
For commissioner of Second dis-
trict, Reese R. Buis of Marion town-
ship announces his candidacy for
commissioner of the Second district,
subject to the decision of the Demo-
cratic primary election, May 4, 1920.

FOR COMMISSIONER—Third dis-
trict, David J. Skelton of Washington
township announces his candidacy for
commissioner of the Third district,
subject to the decision of the Demo-
cratic primary election, May 4, 1920.

FOR COMMISSIONER
OF THIRD DISTRICT
J. J. Hendrix of Washington town-
ship announces his candidacy for
commissioner of Putnam county from
the Third district, subject to the de-
cision of the Democratic primary
election.

FOR COMMISSIONER—O. A. Day
of Marion township, announces to the
Democratic voters of Putnam county
his candidacy for commissioner of
the Second district, subject to the

decision of the Democratic primary
election, May 4, 1920.

FOR COMMISSIONER—L. M.
Chamberlain, of Cloverdale township,
announces his candidacy for commis-
sioner for the Third District, sub-
ject to the decision of the Demo-
cratic primary, May 4, 1920.

HOW TO PREVENT BARR

FLAKING OFF LOGS
IN "RUSTIC" STRUCTURES.

—To prevent the bark from
flaking off logs in rustic struc-
tures, the forestry products labo-
ratory, Madison, Wis., recom-
mends the following different
methods of seasoning:

1. Cut timbers late in summer
and score on two sides; that is,
cut off narrow strips of bark for
the entire length. Pile in shade
in open pile and allow thorough
circulation of air. Allow tim-
bers to season until following
spring or summer before using.

2. Proceed as in (1) and in ad-
dition, coat ends, stripped por-
tions, and knots with coal-tar
creosote, using one coat a few
days after timber is cut and an-
other just before using the tim-
bers.

3. Proceed as in (1), but do
not score bark. When timbers
are in place, tack back on with
large headed nails, placing one
to every square foot of surface.

Paint heads of nails to resemble
color of bark.

4. Tack or nail the bark with-
out particular attention to time
of cutting or other treatment.

The nailing method has been
used successfully by one West-
ern company which maintains
numerous rustic hotels, and also
on a large rustic building erect-
ed for exposition purposes.

DONE WITH ELECTRIC NEEDLE

How Expert Tattooists Create a Per-
manent Blush on Women Not
Afraid of Pain.

We have always been under the im-
pression that the English women were
blest with one of the finest complex-
ions in the world, says the Electrical
Experimenter, but here comes a cable
from London telling of the popularity
accorded to a new fad in the English
city—that of electrically tattooing a
permanent complexion or blush on the
face. The report goes on to say that
the pallid and sallow faces of London
women are being permanently bright-
ened and given a rosy tint by expert
tattooists, whose electric needle ap-
plications can be graduated to suit any
physiognomy, and further, that the tat-
toois report they have never done
such a thriving and profitable business
among women as now.

How Egypt Is Prospering.

In an interesting paper recently
read before the Cairo Geographical
society by William Wilcocks is de-
scribed how many of the fellahs' wives
have profited by the rising tide
of agricultural prosperity, to start a
little money lending on their own ac-
count, and not infrequently to their
husbands. In one thriving village
where the value of the land held by
the fellahs amounted to about \$1-
000,000, mostly in small holdings, they
had cleared off their indebtedness ex-
cept for \$125,000. In this community
80 per cent of the women had money
out on loan, and their husbands were
found to have borrowed from them al-
together no less than \$30,000, usually
at very high rates of interest. The
profits at least remain in the family in-
stead of going to the Greek and Coptic
money lenders, and certainly strength-
ens the woman's hold upon her hus-
band, in a country where, according to
Mohammedan customs, he can divorce
her by a mere word.

How Dike Was Wrecked.

For most people the dikes of Hol-
land have held a romantic suggestion
of peril ever since mother read them
the story of the boy who stopped the
leak with his arm. Some time ago a
dike near Amsterdam was undermined,
not by the seepage of the sea, but by
heavy rains. The disintegration of the
earthen embankment destroyed a rail-
road line along the top and completely
wrecked a loaded passenger train, kill-
ing at least 50 and injuring 100 travel-
ers. The cars were rolled to the bot-
tom of the bank in a tangled mass.—
Popular Science.

How Fear Affects Mankind.

Man has been oppressed by influ-
ences making for fear for ages, and
he frequently and erroneously thinks
it difficult to rid himself of his reac-
tionary heritage. His salvation de-
pends upon an understanding of his
plight—upon a plight-consciousness—
and upon successful revolt. Fearless-
ness must dominate instead of fear;
mental freedom must put psychic au-
thority to rout; the entire mental at-
titude must be altered; it is just as
easy to cultivate a wholesome attitude
as a vicious one.

Why Superstition Lingers.

Man's curiosity is in excess of his
power to interpret and understand;
consequently he guesses, and when he
guesses wildly and inaccurately others
of a later date call his guess super-
stition. Long after people have clear-
ly seen that there is no rational evi-
dence for the thing believed the super-
stition lingers.

ST. ALBAN'S BELLS

By ELEANOR R. JOHNSON.

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Among the many cities, towns and
villages scattered over the world there
is not one which does not have some
particular characteristic, some custom
which makes it apart from all others.
It is the little village of St. Albans,
situated among the broad, sloping hills
of New England, which will perhaps
bring out this spirit most clearly, for
about its quaint custom the romance
of Anne Bryce and John Cameron is
woven.

On the slope behind St. Albans
stands a small church, and by its door-
way one may read a bronze tablet
stating that in 1865 the church was
erected by a certain Charles Long-
worth in memory of his son, who died
for the Northern cause in 1861. As
the old sexton comes up on his tour
of work and inspection he will tell
you that whenever any festive takes
place in the village it was the wish
of the founder that the bells in the ivy-
covered tower be rung.

Many times the bells had pealed
forth while white-clad brides had
slipped elusively away with their hus-
bands, and it was on such an occasion
when the minister's son had been mar-
ried that Anne Bryce and John Cam-
eron were sitting on a grassy knoll
overlooking the village.

"The Klondike calls me tomorrow,
Anne," he said gently, "then looking
toward the Northwest, 'What a land
of promise! What shall I not be able
to do for you when I return! And
then it will be but a year or so before
I am back again!'"

"But a year or so," Anne murmured.
"But, perhaps the next time the bells
of St. Albans ring it will be for you
and me, Anne."

The sun was setting. They rose and
walked slowly down into the village.

The next morning John Cameron, de-
parted for the Klondike, and, as the
train slowly drew out from the station,
Anne waved a good-bye with her hand-
kerchief, then quickly rubbing her eyes
she went home to wait "for a year or
so."

Three years had passed, and Anne
Bryce's pretty little cottage seemed
to reflect the very atmosphere of the
July day. The front gate creaked, and
a tall, good-natured looking man
stalked up the path. Anne was sitting
on the piazza shelling peas.

"Mornin', thought I'd come to talk
a little bit, do you mind, Anne?"

"Oh, Joe, of course I don't mind. Sit
down."

Joe stretched his long legs the
length of the steps, ate two or three
green peas and then asked:

"Heard anything from John? When's
he coming or isn't he coming at all?"

She sighed. "I'm waiting, Joe. I
haven't heard anything about him
since he left, except that one letter he
wrote just before he got to Alaska;
but I believe he is safe, and I will
always keep to my promise that I'd
be here when he came home."

"Umph! Anne, if he doesn't come
back pretty soon do you think you
could ever look my way?"

"No, I'm sorry, Joe, but I said I
would wait, and the bells of St. Albans
haven't rung since he went away. He
hoped they would ring for us when
he returned, and I know they will."

And she set the dish of shelled peas
down with a thud as if to emphasize
her determination. Joe arose awk-
wardly.

"Well, I must be a-goin'; perhaps
you may consider my proposal some-
time, Anne." And he sauntered off
disappointed.

"If I didn't have any more to do
than to sit on folks' doorsteps and pro-
pose I declare I would!" Anne ex-
claimed as she bustled about in the
kitchen, and then stopped short and
turned around for she saw a shadow
fall across the doorway.

A very different sort of man stood
before her now; pale, tired and hag-
garded looking, his face partly covered
by a long beard, while his hair was
streaked with gray. For a moment
Anne looked startled, then with a lit-
tle cry she fairly flew to him.

"John, I waited oh, so long, but
you are here now. It all seems too
good to be true!"

"Yes—Anne, here I am. I haven't
brought back what I hoped I could.
Goodness knows, but, in spite of that,
perhaps"—and as he looked down into
her face—"Yes, surely the bells of St.
Albans will ring for us as they never
have rung before!"

A Fair Exchange.

They met in front of the News of-
fice—a young woman and a man of
uncertain age. "Why are you out so
early?" he asked. "When I called up
your house at nine o'clock they said
that you were already downtown, and
I—"

"Well, there was a dress sale," be-
gan the young woman, "and I had to
come downtown early to get a bargain.
I got one, too—a \$67 dress for \$25."

"Well, you've nothing on me," re-
sponded the man. "I bought a new
suit myself this morning. Only the
tables were turned with me—I got a
\$25 suit for \$67."—Indianapolis News

Quail as a Souvenir.

One of the queerest souvenirs of the
war preserved from the French front is
a wounded quail which Lieut. John
Rugen of Freeland, Pa., picked up in
the Argonne forest and took to Amer-
ica. Lieutenant Rugen nursed the
quail back to health and it became a
great pet with the company.

CALL OF THE WILD

By ETHEL W. FARMER.

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The rapid whirling of the sewing
machine stopped suddenly, and Eloise
turned sharply around in her chair
and faced her sister squarely.

"Are you nearly finished?" she asked
with assumed gaiety.

"Oh, no," Virginia answered sleep-
ily, carefully scrutinizing the beauti-
ful piece of embroidery in her lap.

"Why don't you leave it for a little
while?" Eloise teased.

"Oh, I could not possibly do that,"
came the determined answer.

With a final, wistful glance out of
the window at the wonderful snow-
covered world, the stitcher's sigh rang
with the renewed buzzing of the ex-
asperating machine. But it did not
buzz for long, for she soon threw her
work aside and jumped to her feet
with a laugh.

"Come, now, sis, why not don our
beloved snowshoes and strike off for
the woods? Let us seek some thrill-
ing romance in the cold, open coun-
try! I just know that romance is only
waiting for us. Perhaps some daring
hero will be waiting to rescue us from
some wild animal in the heart of the
woods!"

"Romance?" Virginia spoke in dis-
gust. "That word was not meant for
us! And who ever heard of wild ani-
mals in our woods? Eloise, please be
sensible and let me work."

"Very well, fair sister," Eloise
spoke lightly, "but I must be off for
I hear the urging call of the wild,"
and she ran happily from the room.

Soon she returned, becomingly clad
in her sport costume, with snowshoes
tucked under her arm. The bright red
cap matched the flushed cheeks and
laughingly antagonized the bright
sparkle in the fair blue eyes.

"I am only answering the call of the
wild," she laughed softly, "and seek-
ing my lost romance," and the front
door banged.

Then Virginia was sorry that she
had so insistently refused the invita-
tion for the hike, for her work
was already becoming tiresome. She
watched her enthusiastic sister slip
on her snowshoes and start gracefully
along, stopping only long enough to
wave a bright nipped hand at her.
"I shall go into the woods," she
thought.

It was not long before the open
highway was passed and the dusky
woods lay before her. With a deep
sigh of contentment, she passed into
their majestic quietness. But as she
wandered along her joyful spirits be-
gan to lower and her thoughts wan-
dered back to other days. She was
thinking of the many happy times
passed in these woods with Tom.

Some tiny tracks in the snow at-
tracted her attention.

"Why not follow this rabbit trail?"
she asked herself lightly.

Eloise wiped the perspiration from
her forehead and smiled at her appar-
ently endless undertaking, mentally
resolving to go to the end. She did
not notice how rapidly the woods were
getting dark, and that only the tip
of the sun could be seen below the trees.

She leaned against the tree to rest
herself. There was suddenly a rustling
in the underbrush. She stood ter-
rified and wondered if perchance there
were any wild animals there!

The crunching sound came nearer,
and Eloise could stand it no longer!
With a frantic cry she started to run,
forgetting that her feet were encased
in large snowshoes. Somehow the
snowshoes became tangled in some
half-concealed branches and, with an-
other cry, she fell headlong into a
bank of snow. She did not dare to
move, for the sound was coming rap-
idly toward her. It was upon her! If
it were a bear, it would think that
she were dead, but she trembled at
the thought.

"Can't you get up?" somebody was
asking pleasantly in her ear.

It was fully a minute before she
could extricate herself from the snow
enough to see if the owner of the
voice were truly Tom. And his sur-
prise was even greater when he found
out who this Marathon snowshoe run-
ner really was.

"Why, Tom?" she gasped weakly.

"Why, Eloise!" he echoed happily.
For a moment they eyed each other
silently, and then they laughed.

"Why did you run?" he asked, good-
naturedly.

"I heard a rustle in the bushes," she
answered, sheepishly. "Listen, there it
is again!"

Tom listened, and as he rose to his
feet with an improprietous club in his
hand the gentle face of a cow peered
at them through the branches.

"Oh," they gasped in one breath,
and then the quiet woods rang with
laughter.

"Well," Tom laughed contentedly,
"I have found my cow and you, I
know that I have been a brute, and I
am sorry, but I was too ashamed to
explain before. You see, I wrote two
important letters to you, and when
you did not answer, I thought you did
not care. But a few days ago I found
my letters in my forgetful brother's
pocket, unmailed! Now can't we fix
it all right?"

She did not speak her answer, but
when she threw her arms around her
sister's neck a little later, she was
happy.

HOW NATIVES OF SOUTH

SEA ISLANDS TAKE

—South sea islanders are adept
at fishing, the inhabitants go-
ing out in frail canoes outside
the reefs where sharks usually
live and catch monsters that
measure from 3 to 15 feet in
length. Sometimes the boats
are capsized, and as the shark
charges the man in the water
the man dives under it and rips
open its stomach. The sharks
are very cunning, however, and
generally a dozen of them at-
tack a man at once, tearing him
to pieces.

The fish traps used in the
South sea islands are many and
ingenious. Square traps are
made by the natives of Wash-
ington islands from bamboo,
held together by coir string.
The circular entrance of a trap
runs about three-quarters of the
length of the trap and narrows
gradually. Bait is placed be-
yond its end, the fish swimming
in and passing out of the cir-
cular tube into the larger confines
of the trap.

The crab trap used by the
Solomon Islanders consists of a
small net, inside which is placed
a medium sized clam shell,
which is lowered to the bottom
of the lagoon, opening automati-
cally as it strikes the bottom.
When a crab enters the net, the
mouth of which is kept open by
the extended shell, the watch-
ing fisherman pulls on the
string, thereby closing the shell
with the crab in it.

DOES AWAY WITH WRINKLES

How French Specialist, by Simple
Operation, Creates a Skin That
Is Permanently Smooth.

Obiteration of wrinkles in the fore-
head is effected by Dr. Julien Bourget
of Paris, by making a curved incision
on either side, a few centimeters from
the median line and at the junction of
the forehead and hairy scalp, remov-
ing a crescent-shaped piece of skin,
convex above, and closing the wound
with intradermal sutures.

Wrinkles in the temporal region,
starting at the outer corner of the eye,
and extending outward in a fan-
shaped figure, are removed by spread-
ing out the external margin or base of
the triangle. An angular incision is
made in the area forming the border
of the temporal and frontal regions,
and resection of a corresponding an-
gular piece of skin, followed by in-
tradermal suturing, gives the desired
result.

How to Avoid Deafness.

Keep yourself from getting deaf, of-
ten improve your hearing if deafness has
begun, by "ear drill." That, at any
rate, is the advice of Dr. J. Madison
Tawlor. Here is the result of an ex-
periment he made: "I inaugurated a
series of movements that were
designed to restore elasticity to the
tissues of the neck, the jaws and the
ear structures. The patient was then
sixty-nine years of age; now is eighty-
seven. After a month of these exer-
cises there was a 30 per cent improve-
ment of the hearing." Yawning has
long been recognized as a means of
aiding the muscles of the throat and
chest. The act can be induced by deep
breathing and suggestion. It has an
acknowledged place in the avoidance
of deafness."

How East Indians Catch Fish.

The fisheries of India scarcely differ
from those of China, the deep-sea
work done by the natives being prac-
tically confined to the pearl oyster.
But a river fish greatly sought after by
native anglers is the tucpsee, or barhar,
known by Europeans as the mango
fish, from its yellowish color. It is
not unlike our perch and always com-
mands a high price, partly on account
of its toothlessness, but especially
because its air bladder yields isin-
glass.

In the Ceylon rivers, too, we find the
peasant still clinging to the wading
method, almost identical with that
practiced by the Chinese; the fisher-
man finding his catch with his bare
feet.

How Moon Is Brought Nearer.

With the aid of the world's largest
telescope recently installed at the
Mount Wilson observatory the moon
has been brought nearer to the earth
than ever before in history, according
to Boyers' Life. The moon's latest pho-
tographs four feet in diameter and
reveals details of the moon's surface
never before seen by the human eye.
With the aid of the great telescope it
will be possible to observe 300,000,000
stars.

How One Physician Proves Death.

Doctor Icard of Marseilles publishes
a new test for death. This is based
upon the fact that the body fluids are
alkaline in life, but are acid three-
quarters of an hour after death. There-
fore he compresses a fold of skin with
a forceps and expresses a drop or two
of serum. Ordinary test paper will
show after five or ten minutes whether
this is alkaline or acid.

How Ireland Is Prospering.

The total extent of land under crops
in Ireland in 1918 was 5,711,127 acres,
compared with 5,570,592 acres in 1917
and 4,806,575 acres in 1916. As the
harvest was a heavy one and the crop
was saved under fairly good condi-
tions, the unusually high prices put
farmers in a prosperous position.

Last Night's Dreams

—What They Mean

DO YOU DREAM OF ODORS?

DREAMS in which the sense of

smell is present are of the rarest.
Yet they do sometimes occur and that
they have attracted attention for a
long time is evidenced by the fact that
interpretations of them have been
handed down through the centuries by
the mystics. They account it a most
happy omen to dream that you smell
perfumes, and to this rule there seems
to be only one exception—the smell of
mourning; though to see it and not
smell it is good fortune. All other
perfumes mean that you will be well
spoken of by your acquaintances and
will associate with people of intelli-
gence and standing; all your enter-
prises will turn out successfully. But
let the married man whose wife dreams
that she puts perfume on her head
look to himself; there is going to be
only one boss in that household and
she is "it."

Why the dream consciousness, which
deals so readily and acutely with
most other sensations, should be so
chary of handling olfactory ones is
puzzling—something for Professor
Freud yet to explain. The scientists
have endeavored to excite "smell
dreams" by the application of odors
to the sleeper's nostrils, but experi-
ments in this direction have not usu-
ally been successful and Ellis cites
an experiment made by Prof. W. S.
Monroe upon twenty women students
at the Westfield Normal school. A
crushed clove "was placed on the
tongue for ten successive nights before
going to bed. Of the 254 dreams re-
ported there were only eight "smell
dreams," and only three of these actu-
ally involved cloves. The real "smell
dream" occurs without any "objective"
source, and it would seem to be a most
difficult matter to force the dream con-
sciousness artificially to take cogni-
zance of a sense of smell.

(Copyright.)

Mothers' Cook Book

The demand for unification of effort to
make the whole world a wholesome place
to live is the supreme demand of the hour.
—Henry Buchtel.

What to Eat.

The following cake is one which may
be given to the children:

Cream Jelly Roll.

Beat two eggs without separating the
whites and yolks; gradually beat in
one cupful of sugar, add one cupful of
cream from the top of the milk bottle
and one and two-thirds cupfuls of flour
sifted with half a teaspoonful of salt
and three teaspoonfuls of baking pow-
der; add also a grating of lemon or
orange rind or half a teaspoonful of
the extract. Bake in a dripping pan,
lined with greased paper, in a hot oven,
about eighteen minutes. Turn out on
a damp towel, cut the crisp edges and