

HERALD

Entered as Second Class mail matter
at the Green castle, Ind., postoff. e.Charles J. Arnold.....Proprietor
PUBLISHED EVERY AFTERNOON
Except Sunday at 17 and 19 S. Jackson
son Street, Green castle, Ind.
TELEPHONE 65Cards of Thanks.
Cards of Thanks are chargeable at
a rate of 50¢ each.Obituaries.
All obituaries are chargeable at the
rate of \$1 for each obituary. Additional charge of 5¢ a line is made for
all poetry.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENT

FOR CONGRESS—Jacob E. Cravins of Hendricks County announces his candidacy for the Democratic nomination as representative to Congress from the Fifth Congressional district, 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 Representative in Congress. Primaries, May 4, 1920.

FOR PROSECUTING ATTORNEY—Fay S. Hamilton announces his candidacy for prosecuting attorney of Putnam county, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary election.

FOR TREASURER—Otto G. Webb of Marion township announces that he is a candidate for treasurer of Putnam county, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary election.

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

FOR SHERIFF—Edward H. Eiteljorge 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 Gildewell, of Warren township, announces that he is candidate for sheriff of Putnam county, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary, May 4, 1920. Your vote appreciated.

FOR SHERIFF—Of Putnam county, 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—Harklus L. Jackson of Green castle, formerly of May 4, 1920.

How Dike Was Wrecked.
For most people the dikes of Holland 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 railroad line along the top and completely wrecked a loaded passenger train, killing at least 50 and injuring 100 travelers. The cars were rolled to the bottom of the bank in a tangled mass.—Popular Science.How Fear Affects Mankind.
Man has been oppressed by influences making for fear for ages, and he frequently and erroneously thinks it difficult to rid himself of his reactionary heritage. His salvation depends upon an understanding of his plight—upon a slight-consciousness—and upon successful revolt. Fearlessness must dominate instead of fear; mental freedom must put psychic autocracy to rout; the entire mental attitude must be altered; it is just as easy to cultivate a wholesome attitude as a vicious one.How 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 superstition. Long after people have clearly seen that there is no rational evidence for the thing believed the superstition lingers.

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

FOR COMMISSIONER—OF THIRD DISTRICT
J. J. Hendrie of Washington township announces his candidacy for commissioner of Putnam county from the Third district, subject to the decision 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 commissioner for the Third District, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary, May 4, 1920.

HOW TO PREVENT BARK FLAKING OFF LOGS IN "RUSTIC" STRUCTURES.

—To prevent the bark from flaking off logs in rustic structures, the forestry products laboratory, Madison, Wis., recommends 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. File in shade in open pile and allow thorough circulation of air. Allow timbers to season until following spring or summer before using.

2. Proceed as in (1) and in addition coat ends, stripped portions, and knots with coal-tar creosote, using one coat a few days after timber is cut and another just before using the timbers.

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 without particular attention to time of cutting or other treatment.

The nailing method has been used successfully by one Western company which maintains numerous rustic hotels, and also on a large rustic building erected for exposition purposes.

DONE WITH ELECTRIC NEEDLE

How Expert Tattooists Create a Permanent Blush on Women Not Afraid of Pain.

We have always been under the impression that the English women were blushing with one of the finest complexion 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 brightened and given a rosy tint by expert tattooists, whose electric needle applications can be graduated to suit any physiognomy, and further, that the tattooists report they have never done such a thriving and profitable business among women as now.

How Egypt Is Prospering.
An interesting paper recently read before the Cairo Geographical society by William Willocks is described how many of the fellahs' wives have profited by the rising tide of agricultural prosperity, to start a little money lending on their own account, 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 except 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 altogether no less than \$30,000, usually at very high rates of interest. The profits at least remain in the family instead of going to the Greek and Coptic money lenders, and certainly strengthens the woman's hold upon her husband, in a country where, according to Mohammedan customs, he can divorce her by a mere word.

How East Indians Catch Fish.

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

gills.

In the Ceylon rivers, too, we find the peacock still clinging to the wading method, almost identical with that practiced by the Chinese; the fisherman finding his catch with his bare hands.

It is only about a month, now, that the peacock still clinging to the wading method, almost identical with that practiced by the Chinese; the fisherman finding his catch with his bare hands.

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 Boys' Life. The moon's latest photo measures 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.

Therefore 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.

"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.

Quail as a Souvenir.

One of the queerest souvenirs of the war preserved from the French front is a wounded quail which Lieutenant John Rogen of Free land, Pa., picked up in the Argonne forest and took to America. Lieutenant Rogen nursed the quail back to health and it became a great pet with the company.

ST. ALBAN'S BELLS

By ELEANOR R. JOHNSON.

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CALL OF THE WILD

By ETHEL W. FARMER.

(© 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate)

HOW NATIVES OF SOUTH SEA ISLANDS TAKE SEA MONSTERS AND CRABS.

—South sea islanders are adept at fishing, the inhabitants going 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 attack a man at once, tearing him to pieces.

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 gayety.

"Oh, no," Virginia answered sleepily, carefully scrutinizing the beautiful 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 final, wistful glance out of the window at the wonderful snow-covered world, the stitcher's sigh mingled with the renewed buzzing of the exasperating 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 don't you leave the snowshoes and strike off for the woods? Let us seek some thrilling romance in the cold, open country!

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 disgust. "That word was not meant for us! And who ever heard of wild animals 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, becoming 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 seeking my lost romance," and the front door banged.

Then Virginia was sorry that she had so insistently refused the invitation for the hike, for her work was already becoming tiresome. She watched her enthusiastic sister strap on her snowshoes and start gracefully along, stopping only long enough to wave a bright mitten hand at her.

"I shall go into the woods," she thought.

The next morning John Cameron departed for the Klondike, and, as the train slowly drew out from the station, Anne waved a good-bye with her handkerchief, 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 he's coming or isn't he coming at all?"

"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, do you think 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 awkwardly.

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

"If I didn't have any more to do than to sit on folks' doorsteps and propose I declare I would—" Anne exclaimed as she hustled 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 haggard 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 little 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."

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 another cry, she fell headlong into a bank of snow. She did not dare to move, for the sound was coming rapidly 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 minute before she could extricate herself from the snow enough to see if the owner of the voice were truly Tom. And his surprise was even greater when he found out who this Marathon snowshoe runner 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 impromptu 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 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 conditions, 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 bandied 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 rosemary in a dream is said to foretell 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 intelligence and standing; all your enterprises 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."

The fish traps used in the South sea islands are many and ingenious. Square traps are made by the natives of Washington 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 beyond its end, the fish swimming in and passing out of the circular 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 automatically as it strikes the bottom. When a crab enters the net, the mouth of which is kept open by the extended shell, the watching fisherman pulls on the string, thereby closing the shell with the crab in 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 experiments in this direction have not usually 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 reported there were only eight "smell dreams," and only three of these actually 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 consciousness artificially to take cognizance of a sense of smell.

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