

HERALD

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Charles J. Arnold, Proprietor
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Cards of Thanks.
Cards or Thanks are chargeable at a rate of 50c each.

Obituaries.
All obituaries are chargeable at the rate of \$1 for each obituary. Additional charge of 5c a line is made for all poetry.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENT

FOR CONGRESS—Jacob E. Cravin 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 announced his candidacy for sheriff of Putnam county, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary election, May 4, 1920.

FOR SHERIFF—Edward H. Eittle-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 Gildewen, of Warren township, announces that he is a candidate for sheriff of Putnam county, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary, May 4, 1920.

FOR SHERIFF OF PUTNAM COUNTY—Sure vote for Jesse M. Hamrick, at the Democratic primary, May 4, 1920. Your vote appreciated.

FOR SHERIFF—Of Putnam county, E. S. (Lige) Wallace of Greencastle announces his candidacy for sheriff of Putnam county, subject to the decision of the primary election.

FOR SHERIFF—Harkus L. Jackson 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 district, Reese R. Buis of Marion township announces his candidacy for commissioner of the Second district, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary election, May 4, 1920.

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.

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.

WHY
Man Is Not Master in the Natural World

That man is only partially master in the natural world, and that whenever he tries to change the natural order of things he suffers for it, was brought out by Prof. Alessandro Ghigi in his inaugural address at the University of Ferrara.

"Man," he said, "has not found it possible either to change the laws that govern the general economy of nature or to suppress certain classes of beings, for it is true that the cultivation of useful plants and the rearing of domestic animals has multiplied a myriad of parasites of both. And man himself, if he no longer has to fight the lion and the tiger, is constantly battling against micro-organisms no less deadly than those great beasts."

"Biology, wisely applied, teaches us that whenever man has interfered with the harmony of a fauna, by introducing a new species or by suppressing an existing one, he has obtained good results only when he has taken into account the repercussions that this action might have upon all the other creatures, and he has run up against real disaster whenever he has failed to take it into account."

"The Americans, for instance, have waged efficacious war against noxious insects imported from other countries, by finding the natural enemies of these in their country of origin. This system of natural war has been systematized."

SURVIVAL OF OLD CUSTOM

Why Mr. Newlywed Invariably Turns to Kiss His Bride at Conclusion of Ceremony.

"Aw, can't they wait until they get home?" is what many a little page at his big sister's wedding has said at least to himself, when, at the conclusion of a ceremony, the happy man turned and kissed the bride. They kissed each other, of course, but it is he who turned.

No, little brother, they cannot wait. It is part of the game. This is a survival of a custom of ancient times when it preceded by a longer time the ceremony which it now ends.

In the days when public betrothals or espousals were the general practice, many an aspiring suitor did not have the wherewithal to endow his prospective bride with the ring which was supposed to complete the ceremony. However, a kiss duly performed before witnesses was considered sufficiently binding.

Who will blame these ancestors of ours if they came without rings then, or having the ring, demanded in addition the alternative, until the official seal reverted back to nature's own?

And who will blame the modern bridegroom if for lack of a ceremony of betrothal he has clung to his privilege and transferred it to his wedding day?

Why China Wants Newspapers.

During the last few years the demand for waste foreign magazines, pamphlets and newspapers has been very great in China among hawkers, who buy these periodicals and pay nearly one-third of what they cost originally. Their use is probably to make soles for sandals for the poorer classes of Chinese to wear in place of shoes.

If the waste magazines contain some war pictures they will be put to better use than the making of soles. Chinese who are too poor to get an education and who can't read or write find the best way of getting some knowledge of world affairs through the medium of the pictures in foreign magazines.

Why Number Thirteen Is Feared.

The thirteen at table superstition, which has spread to thirteen of anything, is well-known. The origin of the prejudice against this number is usually supposed to be the fact that thirteen persons sat down at the Last Supper, after which occurred the tragic event of the Christian era. Hesiod says it is unlucky to sow corn on the thirteenth of the first month, and an old Norse legend says that the twelve great divinities were dining at Valhalla when Loki, the god of discord, appeared, and a quarrel with Balder occurred in which Balder, the god of peace, was killed.

Why Frost Injures Food.

An egg expands when it is frozen and breaks its shell. Apples contract so much that a full barrel will shrink until the top layer is a foot below the chine. When the frost is drawn out the apples assume their normal size and fill the barrel again. Certain varieties are not appreciably injured by being frozen if the frost is drawn out gradually. Apples will carry safely in a refrigerating car while the mercury is registering fully 20 degrees below zero. Potatoes, being so largely composed of water, are easily frozen. Once touched by frost they are ruined.

MARCH 25 WAS NEW YEAR'S

All the World Once Observed Day That as Beginning of the New Calendar.

New Year's day today? Not now, but formerly this was New Year's day in New York and throughout the Christian world, says the New York Sun of March 25. Until 1752 in England and America March 25 was recognized socially and officially as the beginning of the year. Leases were dated then, rents were paid and in many ways the day began a new year. To this day England, with her ingrained conservatism, calls March 26 one of the "quarter days," when house rents and land rents are paid and tenants come and go.

The three other "quarter days" are midsummer day, June 24; Michaelmas day, September 29, and Christmas day, December 25. These days correspond roughly to the beginnings of the seasons.

England and the American colonies lagged far behind the rest of the civilized world in dropping March 25 as New Year's day and adopting the more modern date, January 1. To call January 1 the more modern date is not strictly accurate, perhaps, since the ancient Romans observed the date as the beginning of the year. But in the later European countries the beginning of the spring was held to mark the beginning of the year from time immemorial until in the sixteenth century Pope Gregory XIII reformed the calendar and decreed that January 1 should thenceforth be observed universally as the beginning of the year.

The act of parliament for the change of style and for doing away with March 25 as the legally recognized New Year's day, provided that the legal year 1752 should commence not on March 25, as in former years, but on January 1. It was provided, further, that September 3, 1752, should be followed by September 14, thus dropping eleven days from the calendar. The change caused great commotion in England and was violently opposed in some quarters, especially among the ignorant.

These believed that they were being cheated out of eleven days of their lives. They made demonstrations in the street and at meetings against the statesmen who had been active in passing the act.

Another Guess at Sun's Age.

A new calculation of the age of the sun was made recently by M. Perout, who read a paper on the subject before the French Academy of Science. Here is his version in a nutshell: On the principle that the mean temperature of a star remains approximately equal to the surface temperature it had when first formed, and giving the sun an internal temperature of 12,000 degrees Centigrade, or double that of its surface, and calculating its mass to be 2 by 10,30 kilograms, the sun cannot have been formed more than between 2,500,000 and 6,000,000 years ago. A star with a surface temperature of 600,000 degrees Centigrade would have been formed from a nebula in 300 days and one with 6,000,000,000 degrees in seven hours.

On Detail.

Private Napoleon Booker Washington Simpson had obtained leave of absence to visit his buddy, who had been wounded and was in a nearby field hospital. He was stopped at the entrance by an army nurse, who asked him what he wanted.

"Has you got a dark complected man named Johnson what's been shot in his hospital?" he inquired.

The nurse replied that there was such a person there, adding, "But he's convalescing now."

"Ah beg yo' pardon?" said Nap perplexedly, scratching his wool.

"He's convalescing now," she repeated.

"Well," said Napoleon, "if yo' don't mind, I'll set right here and wait till he gets through."—The Home Sector.

Beyond Expression.

An elderly lady was questioning the ex-artilleryman. "And what was the most terrible sight you witnessed in the war?"

"Well, it was like this," replied the soldier. "We had just spotted a German machine-gun nest with about 12 enemy gunners that were holding up our advance. We located the nest and put the first shot right in the middle of the Jerries."

"How dreadful!" interrupted the old lady, "did it kill them all?"

"No," replied the soldier sadly, "it was a dud."—American Legion Weekly.

Tree Surgery.

Another new and growing work akin to forestry, is tree surgery. This was originated by an Ohio man, who now maintains a school to train his workers, all of whom find employment with the company at the satisfactory completion of the course. This work is interesting, scientific, well paid and gives a boy a wholesome out-of-door life.—Boys' Life.

Slight Complication.

"We must economize on our table," said young Mrs. Torkins.

"That should be easy enough."

"Yes. But it must be managed with a little discretion so that Charley won't spend all his money on luncheon downtown."

The Worrisome Ones.

"Well, granddad, you don't worry over your seventy-five years."

"No. Only over the last five."—Meg Henderson Platter (Munch).

STORM BOUND

By LOUISE HOFFMAN.
(Copyright, 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"Gee! the wind's blowing 60 miles an hour and everything will be drifted full by morning," prophesied John Becklin as he came stamping into the kitchen after feeding the hens. "I thought I'd be blown away once or twice myself. I pity any one caught out in this storm tonight. Heard the 4:20 go up yet, mother?"

Mrs. Becklin, a remarkably trim, young looking woman to be the mother of such a stalwart looking son, was busy setting the table and alternately stirring creamed potatoes on the stove.

"No, John, I haven't heard a sound," she replied in a motherly tone. "But I thought I saw a sleigh with two come around the bend in the road a while ago. I've been watching everything more of it."

She went to the window again. It was just dusk.

"Oh, John!" she exclaimed. "There is some one trying to get through the drifts by the old barn. There, the horse is down."

John Becklin came to the window and peered out into the fast deepening gloom.

"Why, it looks as though there was a woman in the sleigh. Too bad they've been caught out in this. But the drifts are soft yet, and maybe they'll pull through. I wonder who they are? They must be strangers, or they wouldn't attempt to drive through that spot."

"Well, the horse is up," announced Mrs. Becklin with relief, "but they are trying to make him go ahead. The next plunge and the poor animal will only go down again. Even if they do manage to get through this bank, they can't go on in this blow. It would be sure death, with night coming on, and it's growing colder every minute. Oh, my! Mercy! I hope that poor woman isn't hurt."

She turned.

"Where are you going, John?" she questioned as he began putting on his things.

"I'm going to take down the bars so that man can come through the field. He was gone, and the mother watched with keen anxiety as he battled against the fierce wind and whirling snow. Once he turned his back to catch his breath. Twice he sank out of sight, but finally succeeded in reaching the two weary travelers."

John directed the strangers through the perilous drifts into the open field and up to their barn, where the hired man took charge of the almost exhausted animal.

Mrs. Becklin ran to the kitchen door and threw it as hospitably wide as the storm would allow to welcome the strangers.

"Come in, come in out of this wind," she invited cheerfully. "You must be nearly frozen."

"Fortunately we both escaped, but such an experience!" returned a sweet young voice, as the man, divested of his furs, came into the living room.

"Myra," he gasped, gazing straight into her clear gray middle-aged eyes. "Is it possible?"

"Wilbur," breathed Mrs. Becklin, scarcely believing her eyes. "I thought you were in the West. And this," she paused gazing at the pretty blue-eyed girl.

"Is my daughter, Una," he said briefly. "And this lad to whom we are indebted for our escape is—"

"My son," returned Myra.

After a moment's silence, "If it were not for the children, we might think time had almost stood still," he murmured.

Over delectable creamed potatoes, sliced pink ham, hot rolls and coffee, Wilbur Norcross told how the urge to come East had been too strong for him. In the fall he had bought a small farm at Fallsburgh. His sister kept house while Una taught school in the old Everet district about five miles distant.

Myra nodded. She had heard about a Norcross family moving into the village.

As the weather looked promising and as it was Friday night he had started out to drive Una home.

For three days the travelers were storm-bound in the mountains. It was impossible to shovel out roads until the wind abated. During this time a friendship and intimacy sprang up, which ripened into something warmer, and when the storm had ceased and the roads were open, Myra and Wilbur told the children the same old ever new story. Years ago they had quarreled because Myra refused to live in the country.

"Such a silly thing," laughed Myra happily, "because I live on a farm now and love it, even to being storm-bound and cut off from civilization."

"We'll make it a delightful binding for life," added Wilbur.

John looked at Una.

"I guess we have something to confess, too. It's a pretty short courtship, but—Cupid has been flinging his darts around so lively he has struck us squarely, too."

"The second edition, bound for life," murmured Wilbur. Then with boyish enthusiasm: "Let's make it a double wedding."

And so it happened that in a few short weeks the neighbors nodded their heads and joyously announced, "Spring's coming. The young will marry, but the old—well—they may. Sure sign."

CELESTE

By AGNES G. BROGAN.
(Copyright, 1920, Western Newspaper Union)

"I'm real glad you've come," said Mrs. Lawson, "it'll be so nice to have a good visit once more. Folks don't get to our corner of the world too often, an' you'll want to know what's happened to your old friends. I reckon we an' our houses look about the same as they used to before you went away. Ain't much progress in Landseer. You asked about Celeste an' those are the same words I says to her last time I got up as far as her place. You know it's awful inconvenient to get there, but Sam said he'd take me when he drove over with supplies, so I went. Celeste's gran'ma had died then, an' Celeste was alone in the little house her gran'ma left her under conditions that Celeste would go on livin' in it, an' keep the place like it was used to. I reckon it wasn't so much because she cared about losin' her legacy that Celeste kept on livin' there alone, but the gift has that kind of a conscience. A dyin' wish to her is an oath—it has to be kept."

"Course there was another condition to the will, which was that Celeste should go on livin' there only until she married and had a home of her own; there wasn't nothing binding against that. But land! the old lady felt pretty sure about having her place kept up. If ever sweetness was wasted on desert air it was Celeste's. There she sat in her gran'ma's faded parlor, glowin' like a rose, cheeks all pink, her eyes bright an' her hair soft and curly. "Celeste Robins," I says, "how do you manage to keep cheerful in all this lonesome waste?"

"I'm not exactly lonesome," she says. "I read an' sew an' play, an' drive my old horse Mollie. But I will admit, I often do wish for companionship."

"Well," says I, "Mr. Right will come along some day." As I said it I knew there was as much chance of anyone who would be Mr. Right to Celeste—findin' her in that buried corner—as there would of the president to drop in for afternoon tea.

"Oh, I didn't mean that particular kind of companionship," Celeste says, laughin'. "I just meant that it would be nice to have some pleasant person about to enjoy things with. There's so many things to enjoy," says Celeste; "the flowers in summer, and right now, even with all the snow about, there's the birds, who come to be fed and sit in rows on the red berry tree, and there are cookies to be baked for the schoolchildren," she says. "How they love to find me in my cutter at the bend of the road when they come home from school. Sometimes I drive the smallest ones home."

"I hope," I said, as a parting joke, "that Mr. Right will drop in soon an' surprise you."

"Alyplanes don't fly this weather," Celeste had laughed back. An' I looked up to see a blizzard gathering around me. All night that blizzard raged, while the thermometer went down below zero. No mail came in to Landseer that night, or went out, either; for the trains had been blocked in big drifts miles out, where even snowplows couldn't reach 'em."

But as the train didn't draw in, no whistle sounded. So, quicker than a careless wits, Celeste was at the telephone asking the station agent why; an' when she learned of the plight of those stranded people the girl pulled on her fur coat, tied her red hood and goes out in the darkness to harness Mollie to her cutter. An' when Mollie was ready for her fight against the night and the roads Celeste runs back to the house to fill up a hamper with everything eatable she could find. She found considerable. Celeste always did keep cooked up. I can believe that she looked like an angel to those hungry folks in the car when she smiled down the aisle, her red hood over her pretty hair, an' her basket on her arm. She'd felt into several snow mounds as she came, but she didn't mention that.

An' when one little frightened girl learned that Celeste had driven there she held on to her and begged to be taken home.

"Marion's not very well," a man told Celeste. "I'm afraid a night in the car will be hard on her."

The trains were held, you see, nearer to Celeste's faraway home than to Landseer. An', with the child's arms around her, she suggested to the man whom she took to be the father, that she be allowed to carry Marion home with her for the night.

After one look into Celeste's face he agreed willingly. That was the beginning of the end. The man wasn't Marion's father, as it turned out, but an uncle who'd gone to fetch the child to his own bachelor quarters after her father died. An' when this uncle managed to get to Celeste's next day, an' the child hung on to her there an' begged to stay—why, that's the way it was arranged. He came back, this uncle, to visit, regular, an' as her gran'ma's will hadn't said nuthin' about holdin' Celeste to the house after she was married, Celeste left it. Oh, yes! she married Marion's uncle.

An' Celeste now has a fine home of her own in the city. She keeps her gran'ma's here for a sort of country place. So to Celeste happiness did come, you see. And I reckon that, while flowers may bloom unseen, you can't hide a kind heart—it's bound to make itself known."

WHY

Underground Workers Are Superstitious

Underground workers in coal and other mines are full of superstitions, some of which are extremely weird. Darkness means mystery, and imagination has created various hobgoblins that are commonly believed to lurk in such subterranean places.

For instance, there is the "ladder dwarf," a hunchbacked demon with a large head and enormously long and powerful arm. His favorite trick is to climb the ladders in mines and, as he passes the rungs, to kick them out one by one.

In Germany the mines are haunted by two supernatural beings called Nickel and Kobold—the former being benevolently disposed and the latter evilly mischievous. They are the gnomes who fill or empty the lodes. Nickel, if properly propitiated, will reproduce metal-bearing ores as fast as they are removed.

Kobold, on the other hand, will steal away the metal from the lodes. He blows out the miners' lamps and, if he catches a man alone he may drag him about by the nose or hair. If he has a special grudge against an individual miner he will throw him down a ladder or crush him beneath a down-fall of rock.

To gain the good-will of these formidable goblins the miners leave bread, cake and even money in old places. And as a special means of appeasing them, two metals, nickel and cobalt, have been named after them.

HAVE NO BUSINESS SCRUPLES
Why Firms That Have Dealings With the Wily Jap Must Be Keenly Alert and Watchful.

A British firm once contracted to deliver a piece of machinery in Tokyo, but because of some unavoidable delay was unable to live up to its contract. Fearing lest the Japanese consignees should make efforts to collect the money indemnity due them for non-delivery, according to the Living Age, the Japanese agent of the British firm sent to the home office a suggestion for avoiding payment. Mr. E. is the English agent of the same firm, also stationed in Japan.

"Regarding the matter of escaping penalty for non-delivery of machine, there is a way to creep around same by diplomat. We must make a statement of big strike occur in our factory (of course big untrue). Please address my firm in inclosed form of letter and believe this will avoid penalty of case. As Mr. E. is a most religious and competent man and also heavily upright and godly, it fears me that useless apply for his signature. Please attach name by Yokohama office making forge, but no cause to fear prison happening, as this is often operated by other merchants of highest integrity."

"It is highest unfortunate Mr. E.——so godlike and excessive awkward for business purpose. I think much better add little serpentlike wisdom to upright manhood and so found a good business edifice."

In these few sentences, concludes the Living Age, lies all the wisdom of the East applied to all the wisdom of the West.

Why Few Travel in Afghanistan.
Even in recent years there have never averaged annually more than five to ten Europeans in Afghanistan. A European or American who wishes to enter the country must have a permit, or firman, signed by the army, asserting that the bearer be allowed to proceed through the country unmolested, and that a bodyguard, pack animals and tents will be supplied for the road. Upon the presentation of this firman to the secretary of state for India, a permit is granted allowing the bearer to pass the frontier, but at the same time the recipient is required to sign a paper stating that he understands that the British Indian government takes no responsibility either for him or his business. A British subject receives no more protection than any other national. A. C. Jewett writes in Asia.

Sounded Like It.
A schoolteacher relates the following dialogue which took place during a recent examination:

Teacher—Johnny, spell and define hewthling.

Johnny—Re-witch-ing, fascinating. Teacher—Correct. Now what does fascinating mean? Who can tell?

Silence for the space of half a minute, then up comes a hand, shaking with impatience to give the desired information.

Teacher—Well, Michael, tell us what your idea of fascinating is.

Michael (drawing, but shouting with the utmost assurance)—It's phwat yer put in yer arm ter keep off small-pox.

Money of the World.
From official data supplied by the director of the mint the monetary stocks of fifty-six of the principal countries of the world have been estimated in terms of American dollars. The computation shows the money of the world was approximately \$20,636,558,000.

Georgette and Tricotine.
"Tricotine, I hear some silly girl is going to marry Alky."

"Yes."

"Isn't it ridiculous?"

"Well, I don't know what to say. Georgette, I'm the girl."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Golden Opportunity.
Judge—Haven't I seen the defendant some place before?

Lawyer—Yes, your honor; he taught your wife how to sing like a grand opera star.

How Electricity May Be Used.
South African gold mines are experimenting with blasting by electricity, with a view to minimizing the fine dust, which is thought to be the chief cause of miners' phthisis.

How Distance-Camera Works.
With a French inventor's camera lens for long distance work it is possible to get a picture of a man 600 yards away large enough to fill a plate.

POWERFUL FORCE IN IDEAS

As Incentives to Work, Nothing Like Them Can Be Devised or Described by Man.

Many years ago two boys were employed in banks located at opposite ends of London. The daily job of each was to carry to the other bank whatever checks his bank held against the other.

Well, one day the boys met midway, compared checks and found they balanced.

"What's the use of my going all the way to your bank and you going all the way to ours?" asked one boy of the other. "Let's exchange checks right here."

And so they did, each returning to his own bank, carrying the checks from the other.

From this very simple arrangement between two boys there was conceived the clearing-house, a co-operative organization flourishing now in every large city and between banks.

More familiar is the story of the eighteenth century boy who, watching the lid of a boiling kettle rise and fall, applied his observation to the invention of the steam engine.

In 1733 a Dr. Clayton of London read that in a certain coal mine there had been discovered a strange gas that burned when fire was applied. Dr. Clayton reasoned that the gas might come from the coal itself, and, acting on this theory, he burned coal in a retort, caught the escaping gas in bladders and amused himself and his friends by lighting what the doctor called "the spirit of coal."