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WM. G. DUSTIN, Editor.
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"Paranoia" and "paranoiac" are two new words which we have to become acquainted with. They come from the Greek "para"—alongside of, against, beyond or amiss, and neo, to think. "Para" is familiar to us in "parasel," against the sun; "parable," to lay alongside of; "parallel," beside one another; "paraphrase," a writing or marking at the side, etc. Paranoia is thus literally thinking outside reason. It is the old expression, "beside himself." "Crank" means the same as "paranoiac," though "crank" is supposed to come from the German "krank," ill or sick.

THE LURE OF THE POSTOFFICE.

Is there anything so fascinating as a postoffice?

In the opinion of more than half a million free, and independent, not to say democratic, Americans there is not, says the National Tribune.

Fully 500,000 ardent patriots are burning with indignation at President Taft's having placed 50,000 postoffices under Civil Service. For each of these 50,000 there are at least 10 fretting lovers of their country who feel that there can be no real progress; no Reform worthy the name; no actual Reduction in the Cost of Living; no proper Revision of the Tariff; no successful stop to Negro Supremacy until he is installed as Postmaster. This must be done at once, for those vital reforms will halt until then.

What lure can there be in selling postage stamps at two cents apiece when there are idle fields crying to have raised on them \$1 wheat, 48-cent corn and \$8 pork?

Though nine out of every ten of these ardent patriots are certain to be disappointed—probably a much larger proportion—they are devoting oceans or more less valuable time to loud denunciation of the Presidential order, to demanding its revocation, to circulating petitions, to setting up political pins, making lifelong enemies

of friends who want the postoffices themselves and infusing gall and wormwood into the waking hours of democratic congressmen.

The hunger of a young man for a wife, an old maid for a husband or a Bulgarian for Turkish blood is a mild passion compared with the lust of an American citizen for a postoffice, when the fever once seizes him.

REORGANIZING THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

The republican party will have to be reorganized from the foundation upward, and not from the ridge pole and garret downward, says the National Tribune.

The gentlemen who are on the roof shouting for reorganization must come down. That is all.

The rebuilding must begin—as all safe and sane rebuilding must—at the bottom.

We are not in need of unity among the leaders and would-be leaders, but among the voters.

The ridge pole and the garret may be in bad shape, but that is small consideration compared to the walls.

That about 2,000,000 republicans should stay away from the polls or vote for the democratic candidate is the overwhelming fact.

That none of the present shouters and reorganizers from the roof tops could then bring in those absentees is strongly against their being able to do so in the future.

The rebuilding of the republican party must be on the same lines as its original formation. Then men who thought alike on slavery began to get together in town and county organizations. They next came into communication with similar organizations in other towns and counties, and state organizations followed. Leaders plenty cropped up as the movement strengthened. The trouble was, as today, not to get leaders, but to choose from the multitude eagerly offering.

It will be the same again.

The minority which has come into power is made up of advocates of every political heresy which has been condemned in the past. The minority has no other political ideas than those repudiated nostrums. In again attempting to foist these on the country they will revive the old-time opposition. The men who united in the past to defeat those political and economic heresies will have to unite for another battle against them.

The months will be few until there be a rising Nation-wide clamor for the election of a new congress to undo much of the work done by that which will convene next April.

Then will come the time for the men in every township and county to

get together to rescue the government from the injurious control of the incompetent minority.

Men who think alike on the great questions of public policy—men who have always thought alike on those questions—will forget the minor differences of the recent past, and come into union on the much greater issues.

We do not require self-selected leaders, who only want to lead to be elected to something. We demand men who are for the republican party and its principles first and themselves afterward.

We want men of the temper of Lincoln, who was always ready to sacrifice his own ambitions to further the interests of his party.

There are plenty such men in every county. Let them be brought to the front.

WHITE HOUSE CHRISTMASSES.

In an article recently published in a Washington, D. C., paper we clip the following interesting facts regarding Lincoln's Christmases in the White House:

The White House Christmases of the Lincolns were never happy ones. War was scourging the country at first; then death took the White House pet, little Willie. Those were no times for reveling. In the East Room haggard women and worried men waited for days at a time for audience with the homely, harassed man upstairs, whose big heart was almost broken with the cares of state. In the corridors, upstairs and down, blue coats and brass buttons, the clatter of jangling swords and rattle of muskets in the hands of armed guards told the hard tale of civil strife. All official society was given a go-by. It was a time for mourning and not for merriment. Just before the Christmas of 1863 Mr. Colfax, who loved and pitied the Chief Executive, said to him: "Mr. Lincoln, you are worn out; bring Tad and go with me to my home for Christmas, where you can rest a day or two."

The reply was characteristic of the man. The President shook his head. "No, Mr. Colfax; I can't take holidays. I have not the time, and my heart is too heavy. If I could I'd gladly change places with the soldiers who sleep on the ground to-day." Only the day before Mr. Lincoln and his beloved son Tad had visited the camp across the Potomac, where the soldier boys were suffering with cold and hunger and many were ill. The scene made a deep impression on the child, and inflicted another wound on the tender heart of the Liberator, which was already scarified by the sufferings of others. On that Christ-

mas morning of 1863 Tad was wild with excitement. From every state in the North nearly there had come to the White House some remembrance for Tad, till there was a cart-load of books, games and mechanical contrivances. It was nearly midnight when Tad at last tore himself from his treasures and sought his father in his private office, where, wan-eyed and weary with the fearful load he was carrying, sat Mr. Lincoln alone. The table beside him was piled full of books and maps. He had pushed them aside, and sought in the darkening coals dying to white ashes in the grates a solution of the problems that were weighing him to earth.

Like a small whirlwind Tad rushed in and flung himself into his father's arms. "Papa-day," he said coaxingly, as he slipped his arms fondlingly around his father's neck, "Papa-day, don't you remember how mighty lonesome and homesick the soldiers looked the other day when we were out at the camp? They haven't got any papa-day nor mamma like I have to hug 'em up, and nobody sends 'em pictures or turkeys or books or candy or anything. Papa, mayn't I take them part of mine?" and he finished with a hug. Son of his father, was little Tad. The President held the little fellow close to his heart for a moment, and then said:

"Yes, Tad, send them what you like. Ask mother to give you a lot of things, and get Daniel to box them up for you."

Midnight though it was, Tad roused the household and had that box—a big one, too, packed full of things to eat and drink and wear, besides books, before he laid his own restless head on his pillow. The next morning the box, marked by the President's orders "From Tad Lincoln," left the White House for the Virginia shore, and Tad Lincoln, the President's son, trudged down Pennsylvania Avenue beside it, the happiest boy in all Washington that day. Some of the boys who were in the camp so "mighty lonesome and homesick" are living yet and love to tell the story.

Christmas of 1864 rolled around, and Tad didn't wait to ask permission; he simply ordered a big box filled, and his authority to do so was not questioned. That day his Christmas cheer went to one of the Military Hospitals.

If your children are subject to attacks of croup, watch for the first symptom, hoarseness. Give Chamberlain's Cough Remedy as soon as the child becomes hoarse and the attack may be warded off. For sale by all dealers.—Adv.

THAT REMINDS US—

That the boy or girl who got skates for Christmas will be no friend of the weather man if this keeps on.

That the merchants of Dwight report a larger business than ever before, and they credit some of it to this paper.

That the recent request or order that each publisher furnish all kinds of information, brought out some funny things. Here's what an editor down in Pennsylvania said: "It is not required by the act of congress, but we do not mind telling the Postmaster General that we also own a lawn mower, and have a limited amount of stock in two different telephone companies. A dog locally known as Nigger takes us around sometimes, but we disclaim all ownership or responsibility for him. Said dog sleeps on the mat by our front door when he don't sleep somewhere else. He comes to our house when we have chicken for dinner, and he climbs up and licks our hands and face when he wants a favor. At other times he don't know us. Said dog is a pretty good politician. We don't know what he is running for, but the last we saw of him he was running from a chunk of wood which we threw at him because he played tag with our undershirt hanging on the clothesline. We are a Taft man and we wear false teeth. We used to go to Sunday school. If there is any further information that the Postmaster General wants in regard to us or the Canton Sentinel, he is respectfully referred to the police."

That the following automobile rules for pedestrians is pretty good:

1. Pedestrians crossing boulevards at night shall wear a white light in front and a red light in the rear.
2. Pedestrians, before turning to the right or the left, must give three short blasts on a horn at least three inches in diameter.
3. Pedestrians must, when an inexperienced automobile driver is made nervous by a pedestrian, hide behind a tree until the automobile has passed.
4. Pedestrians shall not carry in their pockets any sharp substances liable to cut automobile tires.
5. Pedestrians shall not, in dodging automobiles, run more than twenty miles an hour.
6. Pedestrians will not be permitted to emit cigarette smoke on any boulevard in a manner offensive to passengers of gasoline automobiles.
7. Pedestrians must register at the beginning of each year and pay a license fee of \$5.00 for the privilege of living. Numbered license tags will

then be issued to them. No rebate will be allowed if they do not live through the entire year.

8. Pedestrians, before license tags will be issued to them, must demonstrate before an examining board their skill in dodging, leaping, crawling, and extracting themselves from machinery.

9. Pedestrians not wearing numbered license tags will be held responsible for all damages done to automobiles or their occupants by collisions.

10. Pedestrians living at the end of the year, and not permanently disabled by an automobile, should celebrate their good luck.

MAKE A NOISE.

A hen is not supposed to have much common sense or tact. Yet every time she lays an egg she cackles forth the fact.

A rooster hasn't got a lot of intellect to show. But, none-the-less, most roosters have enough good sense to crow.

The mule, the despised of beasts. Has a persistent way, of letting people know he's around by his insistent bray.

The busy little bees they buzz. Bulls bellow and cows moo. And the watch dogs bark and ganders quack. While the doves and pigeons coo.

The peacock spreads his tail and squawks. Of intellect to show.

And even serpents know enough to hiss before they sting.

But man, the greatest masterpiece That nature could devise, Will often stop and hesitate Before he'll advertise.—Stolen.

THE STEADY SUBSCRIBER.

How dear to my heart is the steady subscriber,

Who pays in advance without skipping a year,

Who lays down his money and offers it gladly,

And casts round the office a halo of cheer;

Who never says "Stop it, I cannot afford it!"

Or, "Getting more papers each day than I read."

But always says "Send it; the whole outfit likes it—"

In fact, we regard it a business need."

How welcome is he when he steps in the sanctum,

How he makes "our eye" throb, how he makes "our eye" dance;

We outwardly thank him—we inwardly bless him—

The steady subscriber who pays in advance.

—A. May Robinson.

Persons troubled with partial paralysis are often very much benefited by massaging the affected parts thoroughly when applying Chamberlain's Liniment. This liniment also relieves rheumatic pains. For sale by all dealers.—Adv.

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We make a specialty of the investment of funds in carefully selected mortgage loans on farm and city property. In no section of the United States are there richer farming lands or are values more rapidly increasing than in this section.

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