

The Greencastle Herald

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F. C. TILDEN C. J. ARNOLD

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REAPING THE WHIRLWIND.

The riot conditions in Muncie, in the west and in several sections of the east make two or three facts plain and worthy of consideration. We are reaping the whirlwind of which the seeds were sown last summer in the uncured utterance of labor leaders and agitators through the labor organs. When the Haywood trial was going on, it will be remembered that the labor papers indulged in the rankest anarchical statements. Debbs even stated that if Haywood was convicted the laborers of the country would rise and take the government out of the hands of the aristocrats, as he called those in power. From a hundred other men in a half hundred other papers were published like declarations.

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ANNOUNCEMENT CARDS

For Trustee of Marion Township—

Guy D. Jackson announces that he is a candidate for trustee of Marion township, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary.

For Commissioner Second District—

George E. Raines, of Marion township, wishes to announce to the Democratic voters of Putnam county that he is a candidate for nomination for the office of commissioner from the second district.

For County Surveyor—

Alec Lane announces that he is a candidate for the office of County Surveyor, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary.

For Sheriff—

Edward H. Eiteljorg, of Clinton township, wishes to announce to the voters of Putnam county that he is a candidate for the nomination for Sheriff, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary.

For Sheriff—

F. M. Stroube, of Washington township, announces that he is a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary.

For Road Supervisor—

Ray L. Craver, of Floyd Township, announces himself a candidate for Supervisor of the southwest district of Floyd township.

For Representative—

Daniel C. Brackney, of Warren township, announces that he is a candidate for representative, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary.

For Coroner—

Edmund B. Lynch, of Greencastle township, announces that he is a candidate for the nomination for Coroner of Putnam County. He asks the support of the Democrats in the coming primary.

For Sheriff—

Theodore Boes is a candidate for nomination to the Office of Sheriff of Putnam county at the coming Democratic primary.

For Commissioner, Third District—

W. M. Moser, of Jefferson township, wishes to announce that he is a candidate for commissioner of Putnam county from the Third District.

For Commissioner, Third District—

I am a candidate for commissioner of the Third District, subject to the Democratic Primary. Alcaney Farmer.

For Treasurer—

Henry H. Runyan, of Jefferson Township, wishes to announce his candidacy for the nomination for Treasurer of Putnam County, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary.

tions. From a thousand agitators upon the stump came stronger utterances. None of the speakers were silenced. None of the papers were censored. Political ambitions not yet satisfied have made cowards of those who should guard the public safety. Now we are reaping the results of this talk and this inaction. All over the country thousands of foreigners, not many years here, with old-world hatred of government ingrained, have been fired to opposition to our own government by these papers and these addresses. Every where men, and foreigners, but of brutal instincts, have learned that a crowd gives liberty to brutalism, and that punishment seldom follows. And so we have the riot, the blood, the fire, the dangerous streets, the suspended business of the present time. It is time we took notice of these things, lest the present whirlwind become a cyclone and mobs rule the land.

A Costly Autograph.

At a charitable sale in Paris once Baron Rothschild stopped at a stall conducted by Gyp, and the fair litterateur addressed him with the usual request to buy something. "What am I to buy?" said the baron. "You have nothing at all suitable for me. But I have an idea. I should like to have your autograph. Sell me that." Taking a sheet of paper, the lady wrote upon it, "Received from Baron Rothschild the sum of 1,000 francs for the benefit of charity. Gyp." Baron Rothschild read it, thanked her and, handing her a note for the amount named, went away delighted with the lady's ingenuity.

The Daughter Balked.

"I thought," said old Groucherly, "that I could save money by refusing to give my consent to my daughter's marriage with young Huggins, but it's no go." "What's the trouble?" queried the friend of the family. "She declines to elope," explained the old man, with a large, open faced sigh.—Chicago News.

Walter Campbell, of Floyd township, announces that he has withdrawn his candidacy for the office of Trustee of Floyd township. We are sorry to make this announcement, but do so at Mr. Campbell's request.

BRILLIANT BAIT.

Gaudy Lures by Which Salmon and Trout Are Fooled.

No one except a fisherman or a fly dresser has the faintest conception of the enormous variety of materials used in the manufacture of flies, especially salmon flies.

Trout flies are made to resemble various real insects, but salmon flies have no likeness to anything that inhabits earth, air or water, and to this day no one knows why the king of fish is fool enough to snatch at the gaudy lures which are cast across the pools above his head.

Take such a well known salmon fly as the "silver doctor." The feathers of five different birds are used to build it—namely, those of the Indian crow, the blue jay, the pheasant, the turkey and the pintail duck. Silver wire, yellow floss silk, sky blue hackle and scarlet wool are also necessary for the tying of this fly.

There is hardly any brilliantly plumaged bird known whose feathers are not in demand for fly tying. Jungle fowl, blue chattering, scarlet ibis, bustard, swan, macaw, peacock, mallard, Indian roller, teal, wood duck, grouse, eagle and falcon are only a few of those whose feathers are stored away in the drawers of any fishing tackle manufacturer.

You will also find gold and silver wire, gold and silver tinsel, silk of every color under the sun, chenille of many different hues, worsted, mohair and fur of a number of different animals.

There is an artificial gray goat used for trout fishing which is made partly of mouse whiskers and is in consequence one of the most expensive trout flies which you can purchase.

Gaudy flies for salmon fishing are no new invention. Writing two and a half centuries ago, Richard Franck says:

"Remember always to carry your dubbing bag about with you, wherein ought to be silk of all sorts, thread, thrums, moccado ends and curls of all sizes and varieties of color, diversified of gold and silver, with dogs' and bears' hair, besides twisted fine threads of gold and silver, with feathers from"—And he goes on with a long list of birds of brilliant plumage.

But even for the noble salmon there are many other baits used besides the fly. The most deadly is without doubt salmon roe, the use of which is prohibited in almost every part of the civilized world. The "gardener's fancy"—in other words, the common loach-worm—is a first class salmon bait, and so is prawn boiled to a delicate pink hue. On most good rivers these baits are of course illegal.

Some believe in anointing their baits with various strong smelling oils or unguents. The above mentioned Richard Franck did so. He advocates putting the worms into a liguam vitae box which has first been anointed with "the chymical oil of bays, sulphur, Barbados tar, ivy or cornu cervi." Poor worm! One wonders how long they survived in such a horrible mixture.

Trout will take a very wide variety of bait. A grasshopper is most killing, and so is a blue bottle set on a small hook and used with a blow line.

The roach fisher knows the virtue of boiled wheat. The softened grains are taken with eagerness by these fish, while perch will go vigorously for a clump of flour and water dough. A perch has been taken by an angler who had run short of bait with the eye of a previous capture stuck upon the point of a hook.

Thames fishermen will tell you the virtues of cheese paste as a bait for chub, and these rather shy fish can also be taken with a very ripe cherry in which a hook is artfully concealed.

Almost all fish have cannibal propensities, so that the young of their own species prove an irresistible bait for the older and larger members. This is especially true of trout, and many an angler has known of cases where a small fish hooked has been seized before it could be brought to land by a larger one of the same variety.—Fly.

Deaf Elephants.

Solitary elephants, not necessarily "rogues," may be met with in all jungle country frequented by elephants, declares Harry Storey, the author of "Hunting and Shooting in Ceylon." A "solitary," he says, is rather fond of taking up his residence in the neighborhood of a village and helping itself contentedly to the villagers' produce.

Elephants in Ceylon have in general acquired a contempt for the presence of the ordinary villager and will walk through a fence as soon as look at it and help themselves to growing crops in spite of the watchers' presence, shouts or even firing of guns. A good deal of this indifference is due to the fact that there are many deaf elephants to be found all over the country, more than people imagine, and such animals are quite indifferent to any amount of noise. Let an elephant, however, once become aware that he is being hunted, and he becomes as wary and alert as possible.

I once heard of an elephant that was making havoc among the cattlemen in the great swamp of Divulau and had been "proclaimed" for destruction. I made a forced march by night in faint moonlight, in course of which I walked slap into an elephant in a dark, swampy hollow, and I don't know which of us was the more startled, I or the elephant. Anyhow he made record time for the jungle, and I sat down to let my nerves recover a bit. Undoubtedly that was a deaf elephant.

Quite Popular.

Mrs. A.—And are your neighbors fond of you? Mrs. B.—Very. Just think, when I told them we wanted to move, but couldn't afford to, they offered to pay all our moving expenses.—London Sketch.

Hart's Genius.

By COLIN S. COLLINS.

Copyright, 1907, by M. M. Cunningham.

Hart stirred uneasily as the tones floated out, now round and full, now the merest whisper of divine melody. No mere amateur it was who tenderly bowed the violin. Hart had heard the best of those who had come to America on tour, and he knew that this was the playing of a master.

Even as a child Morris Hart had been strangely moved by music, and now his soul thrilled as the almost human notes pierced the air. For a time he could not locate the player, but at last he caught a glimpse of a girl as lovely as the music she made.

She stood at the window of a squalid tenement that faced the building in which Hart had his office and, all unconscious of the notice she attracted, played on and on. The same airs she played over and over again, but the trial balance waited while Hart drank in the melody. At last, with a sigh, she laid down the instrument and, carefully putting it away, busied herself with the preparation of her simple meal.

Hart turned again to the trial balance which the bookkeeper had laid upon his desk, but he could not banish from his thoughts the fair musician and the picture she made framed in the opening in the rough brick of the rear wall.

She was fair with the fairness of the north, but her eyes were the lustrous black of the Latins, and in her face was an odd mixture of the cold repression of the north born with the passion of the sunnier south. Even in the poor dress she wore she did not lose her queenly stateliness of bearing, and the collarless, shabby waist betrayed the round fullness of the neck and the dazzling whiteness of her shoulders.

For a man who had hitherto accounted women things of little importance the girl of the violin occupied much of Hart's attention that afternoon, and in the evening she absorbed his thoughts to the exclusion of all else.

Hart was early at his office in the morning. He had passed an almost sleepless night and had come to the office in the hope of finding forgetfulness of the girl in the absorption of work. He gathered up the mail from the floor in front of the letter drop and mechanically busied himself in opening the envelopes.

But scarcely had he begun when from across the yards came the sound of the violin. Today she stood slightly more in the shadow, and he could barely discern her face, though his memory needed no refreshing, and he could see her as plainly as he had the day before, when she had stood just in front of the window. Over and over again she played the same airs. The head clerk came in for the mail, and Hart waved him away. It was not until the violin was put away and the girl sat at the window with some sewing that Hart could give his attention to his affairs.

Late in the afternoon the violin was taken up again, and once more Hart stopped work that he might drink in to the full the sweet strains that seemed to gain an added beauty from their environment.

For a week or so Hart enjoyed the daily concert; then there came a day when the windows were closed and the violin did not sound. In some way Hart worried through the day, but when evening fell, instead of going direct to his club, as was his custom, he hunted up the little house on the back street. It was with difficulty that he located the apartment, but at last he found the right one and made eager inquiry of the slatternly woman who announced herself as the janitress.

They were gone, she told him, the little old professor and his daughter. She did not know where they had gone. They were annoying the other tenants with their everlasting playing and had been asked to move on that account.

"Great heavens!" gasped Hart. "You would probably turn out Paderewski himself."

"We don't take them Hungarians," explained the janitress. "The little Dutch professor was bad enough. Devil another man as him comes in here."

Hart turned away, heartsick and discouraged. Now that the girl was gone he felt that he had let pass out of his life the one woman who would have made him happy. All the evening he moped at the club, and in the days that came the employees at the office asked each other anxiously if the depression in stocks had impaired the capital of the business. Only business worries could account to them for Hart's irritability.

Then came a night when one of his associates at the club insisted upon carrying him off to a vaudeville house. "There's a musical act on that you will like. You can't afford to miss it," he urged, and Hart went for company's sake, though he detested the musical offerings of vaudeville.

The seats were easy, smoking was permitted, and Hart found himself comfortably bored until the next to the last number was announced.

"This is great; something new," explained his companion, and Hart regarded curiously the black void of the stage.

Nothing could be seen save the black curtains with which the stage was hung. The music was playing a weirdly fantastic introduction. A flash of blinding light ran across the front of the stage, sending to the flies a cloud

of smoke, which cleared to disclose a woman garbed in white.

Hart started forward in his seat, then fell back again. It was the girl of across the way. Now a changing robe of white fell in graceful folds from her shoulders, and her masses of golden hair were left unbound. She looked out at the audience with inscrutable eyes and raised the violin to her chin.

She played the same selections that he had heard in his office, and when at last the curtain fell and a whirl announced the commencement of the motion pictures Hart sought out the manager, whom he knew slightly.

"No mashing there," declared the manager, with a laugh, when Hart begged for an introduction. "Her father is with her all the time."

"I want to meet them both," explained Hart. "The playing is wonderful. I have never heard the like."

Something in his earnestness carried his point, and presently he was behind the scenes shaking hands with a bent and withered little man who nervously paced the stage while he waited for his daughter. Hart was introduced as an interviewer, and at his suggestion the party, including the manager, adjourned to a restaurant, where they could chat in greater freedom.

To his surprise, the girl (he now knew her to be Mona Muntz) seemed to avoid talk of music, turning helplessly to her father as Hart repeatedly brought the conversation around to that topic. A girl who could play so beautifully should be able to talk well upon her beloved art.

The supper was but the first of many. Hart could make himself very entertaining when he so wished, and the old man seemed to find in him a kindred spirit.

The end of their engagement was drawing near before Hart found the courage to speak of his love. Mona grew white as he told her how her music had enslaved his heart, and Herman Muntz, walking behind, hurried up as she turned gaspingly to call him. For a moment he listened; then he turned to Hart.

"Is it that you love her or her music?" he demanded.

"Both," was the prompt response. "It was the music that first attracted me."

"And without the music?"

"Without it?" Hart was puzzled.

"We had to do it," explained the old man. "I could not make much eaching, and me, old and worn, they would not have on the concert stage. So I conceived the idea that in vaudeville a beautiful girl would be accepted where I would be turned away. Very well! It is I who play, not Mona. She does but imitate my bowing, while I, behind a screen, make the music. You saw her practice—how to bow so they would not know. She is tone deaf. She cannot play a note."

"And to think," cried Hart as he reached out his hand for hers, "that I thought it was her music all the time. Now I know that it is she and not the music!"

Sharp Retorts.

A man who was offering gratuitous information at a country fair was disparaging the show of cattle.

"Call these here prize cattle?" he scornfully said. "Why, they ain't nothin' to what our folks raised. You may not think it, but my father raised the biggest calf of any man round our parts."

"I can very well believe it," observed a bystander, surveying him from head to foot.

It is not every one who enjoys a joke at his own expense. The judge who pointed with his cane and exclaimed, "There is a great rogue at the end of my cane," was intensely enraged when the man looked hard at him and asked coolly:

"At which end, your honor?"

"A friend of Curran's was bragging of his attachment to the jury system and said:

"With trial by jury I have lived and by the blessing of God with trial by jury I will die."

"Oh," said Curran in much amazement, "then you've made up your mind to be hanged, Dick?"—London Tit-Bits.

Salt.

In connection with the name salt a curious fact is to be noted. Salt was formerly regarded as a compound resulting from the union of hydrochloric (or, as it is used to be called, muriatic) acid and soda, and hence the generic term of salt was applied to all substances produced by the combination of a base with an acid.

Sir Humphry Davy, however, showed that during their action on each other both the acid and the alkali underwent decomposition and that, while water is formed by the union of the oxygen of the alkali and the hydrogen of the acid, the sodium of the former combines with the chlorine of the latter to form chloride of sodium, and this term is the scientific designation of salt, which, paradoxical as it may seem, is not a salt. At one time nearly the whole of the salt used as food and for industrial purposes was obtained from the sea, and in many countries where the climate is dry and warm and which have a convenient seaboard a great quantity of salt is still obtained.

The Man He Owed.

Short—I got behind with my rent this month. Could you let me have \$10?

Long—Got behind with your rent, eh? What is it owing to?

Short—Why, my landlord, of course.

—Chicago News.

The Future.

Teacher—What is the future of "I love," Lulu?

Chicago Child—"I divorce."—Bohemian.

OPERA HOUSE

One week of great pleasure, commencing Monday Night, January 6, 1908

Edward Doyle's Orpheum Stock Co., to be in Greencastle

This popular price show comes to us this season equipped with special scenery and high-priced vaudeville acts, which are equaled by few and excelled by none.

Everyone knows Doyle's Orpheum Stock Company—they are the favorites of Greencastle; and this season is larger and better equipped than ever. Satisfaction is guaranteed and if you are not pleased come to the box office at the end of the first act, get your money and retire.

On Monday night two ladies, or lady and gent, will be admitted on one paid 30 cent ticket.

Change of program and new plays each night.

Grand Matinee for children Saturday afternoon

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TOWNSHIP PRIMARIES.

The Democrats of the following townships will nominate candidates for township trustee and assessor on the same day that the county primary will be held, Jan. 10, 1908.

Jackson, Franklin, Clinton, Madison, Floyd, Marion, Washington, Cloverdale, Millcreek.

He Aimed Higher.

He kissed her hand. She withdrew it hastily and gazed reproachfully at him.

"I didn't think it of you," she said, almost tearfully. "I had always considered you a young man with ideals and"

"I—I am sorry if I have offended," he stammered. "I—"

"Well," she said bitterly, "I certainly expected you to aim higher."

So he took heart and made new resolutions and things.

A French Bull.

On seeing the gallantry of the Moors the commandant could not help clapping his hands and exclaiming, "Brahm!" as he advanced with his sabre in one hand and his revolver in the other. —Cor. Paris Matin.

General Smashup.

Mrs. Benham—It seems as if everything was broken when we moved. Benham—Shouldn't wonder. I know the moving broke me. —New York Press.

Try a Herald Want Ad.

Where Are Your Interests

Are they in this community?

Are they among the people with whom you associate?

Are they with the neighbors and friends with whom you do business?

If so you want to know what is happening in this community. You want to know the goings and comings of the people with whom you associate, the little news items of your neighbors and friends—now don't you?

That is what this paper gives you in every issue. It is printed for that purpose. It represents your interests and the interests of this town. Is your name on our subscription books? If not, you owe it to yourself to see that it is put there. To do so

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41, Jackson and Dagg

51, Madison and Liberty

61, Walnut and Madison

221, Engine House

32, Hanna and Crown

42, Bloomington and Anderson

52, Seminary and Arlington

62, Washington and Durham

72, Washington and Locust

213, Seminary and Locust

23, Howard and Crown

43, Main and Ohio

53, College Ave and Demotte Alley

63, Locust and Sycamore

1—2—1, Fire Out.