

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 uncurbed 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 Coroner—

Dr. R. J. Gillespie, of Greencastle township, wishes to announce to the voters of Putnam county that he is a candidate for Coroner subject to the decision of the Democratic primary.

For Sheriff—

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

For Representative—

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. Alcany 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 has 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, bastard swan, macaw, peacock, mallard, Indian roller, teal, wood duck, grouse, eagle and dorcine are only a few of those whose feathers are stowed 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 gnat 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 cruels of all sizes and varieties of color, diversified and stained wool, with dogs' and bears' hair, besides twisted fine threads of gold and silver, with feathers from"—And 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 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 ungents. The above mentioned Richard Franck did so. He advocates putting the worms into a *Lignum Vitae* box which has first been anointed with "the chymical oil of bay, sulphur, Barbados tar, Ivy or cornu cervi." Poor worms! 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 rough 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 specially 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 its 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 Diuvala and had been "proclaimed" for destruction. I made a forced march by night in faint moonlight, in course of which I walked right 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.

For Representative—

Fred Todd, of Floyd township, announces that he is a candidate for Trustee of the township, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary.

For Representative—

David B. Hostetter, of Franklin township, will be a candidate for Representative of Putnam county, subject to decision of Democratic primary election.

For Representative—

James W. Figg, of Floyd township, wishes to announce that he is a candidate for assessor subject to the decision of the Democratic primary. London Scraps.

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 Scraps.

Hart's Genius.

By COLIN S. COLLINS.

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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 (now known to be Mona Munth) 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 Munth, 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 is 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 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 beautifull 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 scurifuly said. "Why, they ain't nothing 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 Tiffs.

Salt.

In connection with the name salt a curious fact is to be noted. Salt was generally regarded as a compound resulting from the union of hydrochloric (or, as it 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 salts 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 gazed curiously into the black void of 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.

"Short—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.

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 tiles a cloud

OPERA HOUSE

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