

WEATHER REPORT.
Partly cloudy tonight with
snow flurries north portion;
Tuesday fair.

Greencastle Herald.

VOL. 2, NO. 247.

GREENCASTLE, INDIANA. MONDAY, JAN. 13, 1908.

PRICE ONE CENT

WRONG BOARDING HOUSE

Drunken Stranger Mistakes Residence of F. A. Arnold for Indianapolis Boarding Place and Gets Sore Head.

WENT HIS WAY SADDER, WISER

Sunday night about ten o'clock, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Arnold had an exciting experience at their home on east Seminary street. Mrs. Arnold was in the kitchen putting things to rights for the night, when she heard some one trying the back door. She asked what was wanted and met the reply that some one "wanted in." She ran into the dining room where Mr. Arnold happened to be and he went at once to the scene of action. By this time the stranger, for such he proved, had found a door that was not locked for the night and pushed into the room. On Mr. Arnold's inquiry as to what he wanted he replied in a threatening manner that he wanted in. Mr. Arnold waited for no more but acted promptly and landed on the stranger's head with the nearest weapon.

THE GENTS'
Dry Cleaning and
Pressing Shop
OVER JONES' DRUG STORE
Stone & Grogan
Phone 305 PROPS.

Tonight! Tonight! The Days.

Our Clearance Sale

Has been a wonderful success thus far.

The past week has been very gratifying to us in the volume of sales.

The fact that General Clearance sales of this sort are not common with us and that people realized that we meant it when we said

Whether advertised or not

Whatever you choose,
You buy cheaper now,

The sale of cloaks for little folks, school girls and women, at half price,—while meaning a big monetary loss to us—

Is enabling us to clean up the stock and is giving you absolutely the best cloaks you ever were offered for the prices.

All over the store
Stocks are yet too large—
And we shall continue to make such decidedly reduced prices that whatever you choose

You'll buy for less now.

ALLEN BROS.

Tonight! Tonight! The Days.

which happened to be a broom handle. By this time the house was roused and other members of the family appeared upon the scene. The stranger was completely cowed by the blow, however, and told in a drunken drawl that he thought he was in a boarding house.

He did not seem inclined to make further trouble, and was allowed to depart, after a ineffectual effort to get the police.

The man was well dressed, and declared he was a representative of the Khan Tailoring Co. He seemed to think he was in Indianapolis, the heavy load of bad whisky he was carrying making a little matter of forty miles a trifling mistake.

TRACTION CAR CRIPPLED DOG
"Fido" Belonging to T. J. Kennedy, the Milk Man, Gets One of Its Legs Cut Off Sunday Morning—Animal Is Killed by Sheriff Maze.

Yesterday morning, while following its master, T. J. Kennedy, the milk man, down east Seminary street, "Fido," the milk man's faithful dog was struck by an Interurban car. One of the animal's fore legs was cut off.

Mr. Kennedy took the dog into his wagon and started for Sheriff Maze's residence, where he would have the sheriff kill the suffering dog. "Fido," however, objected to riding and jumped out of the wagon. It followed its master to the Sheriff's residence, running on its three remaining legs. When Mr. Kennedy arrived at the jail Mr. Maze was called and taking a revolver killed the suffering dog.

Tonight! Tonight! The Days.

DEATH OF WILLIAM DIMLER

Prominent Wool Buyer and Farmer Passes Away at the Dr. Fletcher Sanitarium in Indianapolis after an Illness of Several Months—Autopsy This Afternoon.

HEART DISEASE IMMEDIATE CAUSE

The death of William Dimler, 54 years old, who lived a mile and a half north of Fillmore, occurred at near 4:30 o'clock Sunday afternoon in the Dr. Fletcher Sanitarium in Indianapolis, where he had been for about two months. Heart disease was the immediate cause of his death. He leaves a widow but no children.

The body was brought to his home on the Interurban car at 9 o'clock this morning. The funeral services will be Tuesday afternoon at 1 o'clock at the Christian church in Fillmore. The services will be conducted by the Rev. E. B. Scofield of Indianapolis.

Mr. Dimler was perhaps one of the best known farmers in Putnam county. He was a buyer of wool and each year purchased a large amount of the Putnam county wool. In this way he gained a large acquaintance with the farmers and people of Putnam county.

A few months ago he was taken critically ill with nervous prostration. He gradually grew worse and his mind became affected. About two months ago he was taken to the Indianapolis sanitarium. An autopsy will be held at the home this afternoon. Dr. Bert O'Brien of New Winchester will have charge. He will be assisted by Dr. Zaring of this city and Dr. Miller of Coatsville.

DR. J. P. D. JOHN MAKES A HIT

J. P. D. John, formerly president of DePauw University and now a lecturer, drew comparisons between whims and opinions and convictions, and in so doing won applause from more than 1,500 men in English's Opera House at the regular weekly meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association. Mere whims and opinions were branded as matters with short lives, but convictions are destined, he declared, to survive all the fires with which they come in contact and will live for ages.

"It was a whim when the Jews called for the crucifixion of Christ," said he, "but when the Savior turned His face toward Calvary and died for man His was a conviction. It was a whim when the head of John the Baptist was called for and brought on a platter, but it is far better for one to lose his head and save his conscience than it is to lose his head and save his conscience."

Dr. John went back into Biblical and ancient history to a considerable extent and brought out in his talk that since the beginning of time whims and convictions had played an important part in many of the world's greatest historical events.

"I would rather be outwardly wrong if I thought I was inwardly right, than to be outwardly right if I thought I was inwardly wrong. I would rather aim at a tiger and shoot a human being than I would aim at a human being and strike a vicious animal," were the words which the speaker used in describing the contrast between a whim and a conviction.

By actual count there were 1,521 men in the opera house who came to hear the educator and lecturer deliver his address. At the conclusion he made an appeal to have the proper conviction if they wanted the company of God.

Special music was furnished at the meeting by the Kiler String Quartet, Miss Olive Kiler and Mrs. Lena Jackson, violins, and Earl P. Parks and Edwin O. Iglesias viola and cello, respectively.

Dr. Frederick E. Taylor, pastor of the First Baptist church, will address the meeting next Sunday on "The Real Story of Jonah."—Indianapolis Star.

Miss Edith Kinney will be at the Opera House nightly as a feature of the big vaudeville bill arranged by Manager Blake for this week. No advance in price.

Tonight! Tonight! The Days.

Two Day s Fun IN ONE NIGHT

Meharry Hall Monday, Jan. 13

CHAS. ZEIS IS CHAIRMAN

Republican Central Committee Met at the Fire Department This Morning and Choose the Local Grocer to Lead the Fight for them in Putnam.

WILL RESIGN FROM THE COUNCIL

At a meeting of the Republican County Central Committee in the Mayor's office in the Fire Department this morning, Charley Zeis, the grocer, was elected to fill the office of the County Chairman to succeed Thad Peck. There were two candidates. George Hanna received one vote and Sol Sudraski three. Mr. Zeis received 16 votes. In all twenty members of the central committee were present.

Soon after his election was announced Mr. Zeis announced that he would resign his office of Councilman from the Second ward at the meeting of the common council tomorrow night. Several men are mentioned as his probable successor as councilman. Some of the more prominent who are mentioned are Racer Blithes, H. C. Allen, Andrew Hanna and Dick Crouch. The filling of the vacancy will be in the hands of the council.

HYDROPHOBIA AT BLOOMINGTON

Large Number of Dogs in University Town Are Found Afflicted with the Rabies and Bite Several Persons.

The havoc played by the Homer White dog a week ago when it became suddenly mad and bit all the dogs in the neighborhood, bore dire fruit this morning—the seventh day after—when the small terror of Theodore Gentry, 424 south Washington street, developed hydrophobia and was shot only after it had bitten 12 year old Charlie Nizley and killed 16 hens belonging to Charlie Campbell says the Bloomington Telephone. The dog developed rabies during the night and at day break had entered the Campbell hen house, slaughtering the 16 hens and was running around outside with all the dreadful symptoms of hydrophobia. Every one gave the creature a wide birth except young Nizley who was on the road up town when the dog made for him, sunk his teeth into the left hand until the blood spurted out. A call was sent for police and James Browning of the day force hurried to the place. When he attempted to shoot the dog, it made a lunge for him and he fired just in time to ward off an attack. The Gentry dog will be taken to Dr. Alberger at the University where it will be examined thoroughly. The Nizley boy is under medical care and may not develop rabies. Since this is just the right time for rabies to develop in the number of dogs and children bitten by the White dog everyone is on the alert. The police have killed several dogs and have taken several more to the University to remain under Dr. Alberger's care until the danger period is passed. This morning Chief Ed. Johns and Policeman Browning made the rounds in a wagon and either killed or spirited away to a place of safety several dogs of suspicious actions.

DEPAUW GIRL GOT MONEY

Much Scandal Connected with an Attempt to Break the Will of a Late Clinton, Ill. Millionaire—Some of the Letters in Court.

MYSTERIOUS HELENA IN CASE

Clinton, Ill. 11. Lawyers in the Snell will contest case spent the entire day going over letters received by the eccentric millionaire from infatuated women, who wrote him suggestive and obscene letters in return for his checks and gifts of diamonds.

Many of these letters will be suppressed outright, as they were written by girls now happily married, and their publication would upset all Central States.

Some of the most sensational of letters are from the preacher's wife. They are highly suggestive, some of them the limit of obscenity.

Quite as sensational are perhaps 15 letters from the preacher himself in which it is made clear that Snell would be welcome at any time he cared to amuse himself in the preacher's home, with the small proviso that he send along an occasional check.

Rev. Blank, a letter written on January 7, 1906, to Colonial Shell, said:

"I very much hope you can help us make the first payment on our house in May. You can come and stay with us as long as you please, and it is no one's business at Clinton. Please write Helena a nice, good letter as soon as you can. She will be very lonesome for awhile. You would not get very gloomy if she could be with you for awhile. Please write to her. Come and visit us awhile as soon as you can and we will do all we can to make you have a good time. "H"

Another letter written February 10, of that year, gives a reliable indication of the character of the clergyman's correspondence when he wrote as follows:

"February 10, '06.—Now I want to thank you for sending Helena that money. It enabled her to pay her doctor and buy some things she needed so much. She and Mrs. H. will do all they can to make you happy, and bye and bye we will have a home where you can have a good time.

"Now, my good and best friend, can you send me a check for \$1,000? If you can assist me that much, I can make the first payment with what you have sent Mrs. H. I sent your letter that came last night to Mrs. H. without opening it. She gets it all O. K. She has gone to Greencastle, Ind., where Helena is."

The other letters are said to be of similar tenor but highly suggestive. They will undoubtedly create a sensation if read in Court.

In an interview to-day Mrs. Hannah Snell, the daughter-in-law of the millionaire, and the mother of Thornton Snell, the trustee, at whose home in Bloomington he spent the last years of his life, said that it was impossible for her to keep white servant girls or maids in the house because of Colonel Snell's disposition. All of the servants at the Snell home in Bloomington were negro girls.

Mrs. Snell also admitted that the Colonel frequently told her that there are mighty few women in the world who could not be purchased if the price was made high enough.

TALKS POLITICS FROM PULPIT

Dr. J. S. Hoagland of the College Avenue Church Tells Congregation That He Is for David Hostetter, the Democratic Nominee for Representative.

Before delivering his regular sermon at the College Avenue M. E. church Sunday morning, Dr. John S. Hoagland, the pastor, surprised many of his congregation when he took a few minutes for political talk, publicly declaring himself in favor of David Hostetter, who on Friday was nominated by the Democrats of Putnam county for representative.

"Some of my Republican friends may be surprised, but it will do them no good, for I am a strong supporter of Mr. Hostetter," said the pastor. "The candidate is a temperance worker and I believe the Democrats

of Putnam county did well when they nominated him."

The pastor has been taking an active part in the bitter temperance fight which had been waged in Putnam county and he is especially pleased over the election. Dr. Hoagland last September was elected as the head of the delegation to represent his conference at the Baltimore general conference next May and is one of the most prominent Methodist ministers in this part of the state.

DEPAUW DEFEATED BY HANOVER

Methodists Are No Match for the Presbyterians in Fast Game of Basket Ball Played Saturday Night at Hanover—Score 21 to 16.

In a fierce and exciting game played at Hanover, Saturday afternoon, the Hanover basket ball team defeated the DePauw quintet by a score of 21 to 16. The two teams were pretty evenly matched and the game was full of interest from start to finish.

In individual work the Hanover team showed up well, but it was in team play that they excelled their opponents. Fisher, Montgomery and Archer did the best work for the locals, while DePauw's best point getters were Sheets, Bachelder and Pruitt. Lineup and summary: DePauw (16) Position Hanover (21) Sheets Forward Vots Ell Forward Montgomery Pruitt, Bachelder Center Archer Grady, Hodges Guard Fisher Hollopeter Guard Campbell Goals—Hanover, 5; DePauw, 3. Referee—Brown of Greencastle. Umpire—Nagel of Hanover.

Elias Day.

MARRIAGE LICENSES

Virgil Blue and Bettie M. Lyon Day.

Harry Vaw, the funniest of all black face comedians, promises to evoke laughter and applause from all in attendance.

The Days Tonight!

New Circulating Library

Containing the latest books of Fiction and all new books of Fiction as they are issued.

I want your membership.

S. C. Sayers
Phone 388

At the Opera House all this week, connection with Motion Pictures and Illustrated Songs.

HORSESHOEING

S. W. ERWIN'S SHOP

Plain Shoes-\$1.00 Toed Shoes-\$1.20

We have a good man to help. Call and see us.

Best of Service for all who Patronize Us.

Shop Located Opposite Dan Kelley's Coal yards.

The People's Transfer Co.

Solicits your patronage on the basis of prompt service and courteous treatment. Will get you to your train on time. Phone 149. Leave orders at Palace Restaurant.

Will Alspaugh

The obligation will be on our part.

WE ARE READY

To insure your property in the City or Country against fire, lightning and cyclone. We represent some of the oldest and strongest Companies in America. We are also in the real-estate business and if you will list your property with us at a reasonable price, we will try and find you a buyer for it. If you want to buy a home in town or a farm in the country, we will furnish you a part of the money to pay for it, provided you make the purchase through our agency. We will make your bond which will relieve the embarrassment of asking your friends to sign for you. Come in and see us.

The Central Trust Company

The Greencastle Herald

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F. C. TILDEN C. J. ARNOLD

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WITHOUT GOVERNMENT.

Idaho is a state without government. To be sure there are legislators, a governor, and other men that in other states would constitute a government. But in Idaho they do not. They are actionless. They are powerless. They have no method of enforcing the law. The state is in the grasp of reckless labor unions, and the men elected by these unions have rendered government powerless by leaving the state without a militia force. As a result, when riot walks red and terrible through the mining districts, the governor and the executive staff have no power to preserve order. The state is almost always in a state bordering on anarchy. Twice have federal troops been called in. Now President Roosevelt, seemingly to curry favor with the Western Federation of Miners, has refused to send federal troops on the call of the governor, or to let them stay at his request. Roosevelt asks that the legislature call for the troops. This the labor controlled legislators refuse to do. Thus the law is left powerless. In more civilized sections labor, or that, which sometimes poses as labor, has attempted to defy law and to violate the ideals of civilization. In Chicago they have been successful in this attempt. It is time that the men in labor organizations should free themselves from the brutes that seem to control the organizations, and should bring labor to a footing of civilized warfare, not leave it a barbarian struggle. It is time the west was freed from the control of either the Federation or the mine owner. It is time anarchy, every where in America, is put down with an iron hand.

The Martinsville Reporter is sure that Fairbanks will be the nominee of the Republican party next spring. As Democrats we hope that the prediction is true. Campaigning with an ice will be cold work for Republicans, and even the burning of much money will not start heat.

It is worthy of note, too, that the Democrats of Putnam county seem to be able to run their affairs without the aid of Republicans or Terre Haute and Indianapolis experts.



If you are a business man, did you ever think of the field of opportunity that advertising opens to you? There is almost no limit to the possibilities of your business if you study how to turn trade into your store. If you are not getting your share of the business of your community there's a reason. People go where they are attracted—where they know what they can get and how much it is sold for. If you make direct statements in your advertising see to it that you are able to fulfill every promise you make. You will add to your business reputation and hold your customers. It will not cost as much to run your ad in this paper as you think. It is the persistent advertiser who gets there. Have something in the paper every issue, no matter how small. We will be pleased to quote you our advertising rates, particularly on the year's business.

"Well, in 1839 I gave sixteen concerts at Vienna, and then Rheezaek was the great violin collector. I saw at his house this violin for the first time. I went just wild over it. 'Will you sell it?' I asked. 'Yes,' was the reply, 'for one-quarter of all Vienna.' Now, Rheezaek was really as poor as a church mouse. Though he had no end of money put out in the most valuable instruments, he never sold any of them unless forced by hunger. I invited Rheezaek to my concerts. I wanted to buy the violin so much that I made him some tempting offers. One day he said to me, 'See here, Ole Bull, if I do sell the violin you shall have the preference at 4,000 ducats.' 'Agreed!' I cried, though I knew it was a big sum.

"That violin came strolling, or playing, rather, through my brain for some years. It was in 1841. I was in Leipzig giving concerts. Liszt was there,

and so also was Mendelssohn. One day we were all dining together. We were having a splendid time. During the dinner came an immense letter with an official document. Said Mendelssohn: 'Use no ceremony. Open your letter.' What an awful seal! cried Liszt. 'With your permission,' said I, and I opened the letter. It was from Rheezaek's son, for the collector was dead. His father had said that the violin should be offered to me at the price he had mentioned. I told Liszt and Mendelssohn about the price. 'You man from Norway, you are crazy,' said Liszt. 'Unheard of extravagance, which only a dillidier is capable of!' exclaimed Mendelssohn. 'Have you ever played on it?' I asked. 'Never,' I answered, 'for it cannot be played on at all just now.'

"I never was happier than when I felt sure that the prize was mine. Originally the bridge was of boxwood, with two fishes carved on it—that was the zodiacal sign of my birthday, February—which was a good sign. Oh, the good times that violin and I have had! As to its history, Rheezaek told me that in 1809, when Innspurk was taken by the French, the soldiers sacked the town. This violin had been placed in the Innspurk museum by Cardinal Aldobrandi at the close of the sixteenth century. A French soldier looted it and sold it to Rheezaek for a trifle. This is the same violin that I played on when I first came to the United States in the Park theater. That was Evacuation day, 1843. I went to the Astor House and made a joke—I am quite capable of doing such things. It was the day when John Bull went out and Ole Bull came in. I remember that the very first concert one of my strings broke, and I had to work out my piece on the three strings, and it was supposed I did it on purpose."

This violin is now the property of the city of Bergen, Norway. Ole Bull's birthplace, which has honored his memory with a magnificent monument—Kansas City Star.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

It Was Gambled Into Existence by the Lottery Route.

The British museum, famed all over the world, was born of a lottery. It was in 1753 that the trustees of Sir Hans Sloane offered to the nation for £20,000 the wonderful collection of coins, manuscripts, printed books and natural history curiosities.

As an additional inducement to the state to provide house room it was pointed out that the Harleian collections of manuscripts could still be secured for the nation on payment of £10,000 and that the collection of Sir Robert Cotton, although nominally the property of the nation, was so carelessly housed that a large part had already been destroyed by fire.

The government refused to find the cash, but declared its readiness, after the true British sporting manner, to allow the public to gamble the British museum into existence.

A lottery was therefore authorized of 100,000 three pound tickets, £200,000 to be distributed as prizes and the balance to go toward the purchase of the Sloane collection.

The scheme proved successful, although the manager of the lottery fell into disgrace and was fined £1,000 for taking an illegal premium.

In this sordid fashion was the British museum planted and watered in the palace of the Montagu in Bloomsbury.

Its first days were far from prosperous.

An income of £900 only was available from the great gamble.

Two bequests brought the total up to £2,448,

leaving, after payment of the few salaries, about £100 to make fresh purchases.

But the need for the expenditure in this direction was rendered less necessary by the rapidity with which fresh collections of enormous value poured into Montagu House.

The great tree has, in fact, grown so rapidly as well to baffle the art of the gardeners to find light and air and room for the spreading branches.

The reading room, which in the old building could accommodate only five readers, can now seat nearly 500.

Reckoning the miles of shelving devoted to books, the museum is easily the largest in the world.

By cunning arrangements forty-one miles of shelf room have been found for the forest of books that now minister to the enlightenment of the universe.

The Bibliothèque Nationale, in Paris, the largest in the world, can boast of only thirty-one.

—London Chronicle.

To the Manner Born.

Whether the word be "manner" or "manor," in the often used quotation, is a question frequently asked. That "to the manner born" is correct is evident from the context of the phrase, which occurs in "Hamlet," act 1, scene 4. While Hamlet and his friends, Horatio and Marcellus, are waiting on the platform outside of the palace for the possible appearance of the ghost of the dead king the noise of a flourish of trumpets and the roar of a cannon are heard. In explanation of this Hamlet says:

The king doth wake tonight and takes his rouse.

Keep wassail and the swaggering up-spring reels;

And as he drains his draught of Rhenish down

The kettledrum and trumpet thus Bray out

The triumph of his pledge.

This allusion is to an actual practice at banquets among the ancient Saxons and Danes of proclaiming with a salute each time that the king drained his goblet. Therefore, to the question "Is it a custom?" Hamlet replies:

"Aye, marry, though I am native here,

And to the manner born, it is a custom

More honored in the breach than the ob-

servance.

—Housekeeper.

FATHER OF THE VIOLIN

Gaspar da Salo, Who Fashioned the First Instrument.

THE PRIZE OLE BULL DREW.

How a Gaspar da Salo Masterpiece Was Secured by a Vienna Collector and How It Passed Into the Hands of the Gifted Man From Norway.

In the year of our Lord 1524 in the little Lombard town of Salo, on the picturesquely Lago di Garda, was born the man who fashioned the first violin. His real name was Gaspar Bertolotti, but he was and is commonly known as Gaspar da Salo, after his native city, which caused a marble bust of him to be executed by the Italian sculptor Zanelli and placed in the stairway of its city hall.

Of his youth and apprenticeship we know nothing. No doubt he learned the art of viol and lute making at Brescia, where he came in touch with master luthiers like Zanetto, Virchli and Montichiaro.

At all events, we first hear of him as established at Brescia as a viol and violin maker. Time has smoothed away all knowledge of the real man, whether he was industrious or idle, generous or dangerous, happy or unhappy, wise or unwise, married or single. That he made violins, tenors, basses and violins we know. That his violins are the first authentic specimens of the violin maker's art in existence or of which there is authentic record is also certain. So his title to the distinction of being the first violin maker can hardly be questioned.

However, about the year 1812 a claim was put forward that a certain Gaspar Duffprugger was the inventor of the violin. The story ran that this Gaspar Duffprugger was born in the Tyrol in 1469, that he established himself at Lutier, in Bologna (famous for its sausages), that in 1515 he was summoned to Paris by Francis I, and appointed "royal instrument maker" and that he was the friend and intimate of Leonardo da Vinci, who painted the violin.

Soon after this account of Duffprugger and his violins was published three violins which were alleged to be the genuine work of Duffprugger made their appearance, with labels dated 1510 to 1518.

It is now settled that these violins were fraudulent, made by some skillful French luthier, possibly Vuillaume. Moreover, it is now known that Duffprugger was a German, born in Bavaria in 1514, and that his real name was Tieffenbrucker. He was never in Italy, and the story of his relations with Francis I and Leonardo da Vinci is a fabrication. It is now established that he settled in Lyons, France, about 1550 and died there about 1570 or 1571. The only evidence which in any wise supports or gives color to the claim that Duffprugger ever made a violin is a picture by Pierre Woriot, dated 1562, now in the National Library at Paris. This picture is a portrait of Duffprugger at the age of forty-eight, in which he is represented with a long, flowing beard standing behind a pile of stringed instruments, among which appear two rude violins. Gaspar da Salo was making violins at Brescia at this time, 1562, so the picture fails far short of proving that the Italian Gaspar was anticipated by the man from Bologna.

But what weighs almost conclusively against Duffprugger's claim is the fact that the art of violin making in France does not claim him as its ancestor, for the first French violin makers of whom we have authentic record and of whose work we possess genuine specimens learned their art in Italy and copied from Brescian and Cremonese models.

On the other hand, from the seed planted by Gaspar da Salo a great tree has grown, and to him the world of music owes an incalculable debt of gratitude.

Gaspar da Salo died at Brescia April 14, 1609, and was buried in the old church of San Giuseppe.

Unfortunately Da Salo's violins have become exceedingly rare. Perhaps not more than a dozen are in existence.

The general characteristics of his instruments are large pattern, large f holes, protruding corners and a dark brown varnish. The tone is full and even. Among them perhaps the finest, and at any rate the best known, is the one known as the "treasury violin," the head of which was sculptured by Benvenuto Cellini. The last owner of this violin was the celebrated Norwegian violinist, Ole Bull. How it came into his possession may best be told in his own words:

"Well, in 1839 I gave sixteen concerts at Vienna, and then Rheezaek was the great violin collector.

I saw at his house this violin for the first time. I went just wild over it. 'Will you sell it?' I asked. 'Yes,' was the reply, 'for one-quarter of all Vienna.'

Now, Rheezaek was really as poor as a church mouse. Though he had no end of money put out in the most valuable instruments, he never sold any of them unless forced by hunger. I invited Rheezaek to my concerts.

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if I do sell the violin you shall have the preference at 4,000 ducats.'

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rather, through my brain for some years.

It was in 1841. I was in Leipzig giving concerts. Liszt was there,

The Mushroom Farm.

By J. LUDLUM LEE.

Copyright, 1907, by P. C. Eastman.

The girls were holding an indignation meeting. Clara Carruthers was curled up on the window ledge. Myrtle Reed had stretched herself comfortably on the lounge. Mary Sands was perched on the side of a table swinging her feet, while two or three other girls were comfortably seated in armchairs. Myrtle Reed was reading the Goshen Leader, the principal local paper.

"Girls, it ought to be stopped. Here she is advertising for a man to fix the roof of that old stable. Yesterday she wanted a man to fix the furnace, and the day before it was a boy she wanted to water the mushroom beds. Her family are poor enough without encouraging Florence Weiss in any more of her foolish fads. Why doesn't she marry, as the rest of us have done?"

"That's what I asked Jack the other night," chimed in Mary Sands. "But she says she hates the men and wants to raise mushrooms and make a fortune of her own. Her grandmother left her \$200, you know, and that is what she invested in the mushroom farm."

"Let's go down in a body and apply for the job," suggested Clara. "It is a glorious day, and the walk will do us good."

In the meantime Florence Weiss was unlocking the door of the old stable. Dressed in a short walking skirt and scarlet sweater, with an old tam-o'-shanter on her golden hair, she made a picture most unfarmer-like. Her blue eyes sparkled with anticipation as she entered the cellar of the stable to view her precious mushrooms. Florence had ideas and ideals, and she meant to live up to both. If the family expected her to marry just to replete their purse they would be sadly disappointed. Women were born for nobler things, she argued, and she would go forth and make money with her own hands and brains and not the herself to any man.

She knelt down by the side of one of the beds and with a spoon cut off a tiny mushroom sprung up overnight. She examined the spawn in another bed, felt the temperature of a third and then went to the door to call Malachi, the boy whom she employed to do chores.

"Malachi, Malachi!" she called out, but Malachi did not appear, so she went out to look for him. Behind the stable on the side hill she found him covered with tar and beating a fire.

"Malachi, what is all this?" she demanded.

"Yes, ma'am—you see, ma'am—O Lord, miss, I've set fire to the tar," he wailed. "You see, miss, I was gettin' ready for the man to fix the roof, an' I opened the barrel of tar, an' it wouldn't run, so I thought, you see, ma'am, I thought I'd melt it—yes, ma'am."

"Well, Malachi, you're an idiot, that's what you are, and I never want to see your face again. You've melted it all right, and I'll have to buy more tar at \$8 a barrel."

Malachi was discharged, and the man who applied to put on a new roof was installed in his place.

"Clean up the place," said Florence when asked what he should do until more tar arrived for the roof.

Florence started for town and so missed the call that the girls paid.

She was back the next morning, however, to see her new man started on his work.

"Get some of that fertilizer, Joseph, and bring it to me. This bed is in very poor condition and will never yield anything unless we work on it."

Joseph stared in blank amazement. "Fertilizer, ma'am," he said. "Is it that pile of rotten stuff that was lyin' out yonder what you're speakin' of?"

"Yes, yes," answered Florence. "Right there at the side door."

"Well, I'm after dumpin' it in the brook, ma'am," he announced.

"You told me to clean up the place, and I done it, ma'am, to the best of my ability."

And he straightened up his somewhat bent shoulders as if to emphasize his brilliant stroke of work.

It was too much added to the loss of

the barrel of tar, and Florence sat

down on the damp cellar floor and

E. B. LYNCH

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Funeral Director

GREENCASTLE, IND.

12 and 14 North Jackson St.

Telephones 89 and 108

WILLIAMS & DUNCAN

Sanitary Plumbing
Hot Water, Steam and Gas Fitting,
Electric Wiring and Fixtures

ALL WORK GUARANTEED

Phone 650, No. 10 N. Indiana St.

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We are located on Ben Lucans old lumber yard grounds where we will handle all kinds of COAL.

(Near Vandalia Station)

We are ready to make you prices on Block, Anthracite, Nut, Slack or any kind or quality

We are in business to sell you any kind of Coal that you may desire and we can guarantee you the prices.

Give us a call or let us know your wants.

F. B. Hillis Coal Co.

OSCAR WILLIAMS, Manager
F. B. HILLIS F. SHOPTAUGH

INTERURBAN TIME TABLE.

Lvs Greencastle	Lvs Indianapolis
6:00 am	6:00 am
7:00 am	7:00 am
8:00 am	8:00 am
9:00 am	9:00 am
10:00 am	10:00 am
11:00 am	11:00 am
12:00 m	12:00 m
1:00 pm	1:00 pm
2:00 pm	2:00 pm
3:00 pm	3:00 pm
4:00 pm	4:00 pm
5:00 pm	5:00 pm
6:00 pm	6:00 pm
7:00 pm	7:00 pm
8:00 pm	8:00 pm
9:00 pm	9:00 pm
11:00 pm	11:30 pm

RUPERT BARTLEY, Agent.

MONON ROUTE.

Time Card in effect July 22, 1908
North Bound South Bound
1:23 pm 2:13 pm
2:32 am 8:23 am
12:33 pm 2:20 pm
5:52 pm 5:20 pm
All trains run daily. J. A. MICHAEL, Agent.

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COME EARLY

While our line of Holiday Gift Books, Children's Books, Miscellaneous Books, and Booklets is complete.

We are prepared to please you.

J. K. LANGDON & CO.

Alicia's
Platonics.

By BEATRICE BENNETT.

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Deep down in her own heart every woman has a pet theory. It may have been exploded a number of times to her apparent satisfaction, but secretly and with feminine inconsistency she clings to it.

Alicia had such a theory, but she did not keep it buried in so inaccessible a dungeon as the bottom of her heart. Indeed, she wore it on her sleeve. It was her favorite theme of discourse, and the more it was disproved the more persistently did she revive it and champion it.

And it must be admitted that Alicia's men friends at least took particular delight in discussing her theories with her and promptly proceeding to disprove them, to that young woman's outward disgust and secret satisfaction. Her hobby was platonics—specifically, platonic love.

"It has been proved to me conclusively," argued Alicia, with delightful confidence, as flanked on one side by the amiable person of Richard Corrigan and on the other by her squatly little dachshund Pretzel she strolled toward the great stone garden seat near the sandal.

"Yes," her companion replied in doubtful acquiescence, "to you. But how about the other fellow? Was he convinced?"

"Dick, how silly! Who ever heard of platonic love that wasn't platonic on both sides? How little you know of the subject!" scoffed Alicia with a mirthful little laugh.

"And yet I have known you—how long is it?"

"Seven months," promptly.

"And you ride your hobbyhorse at least every other time I see you," he said not without marked intent.

Alicia assumed a wholly unsuccessful air of hauteur. "Oh, I beg your pardon. I'm very sorry I've bored you. I shall avoid the topic in future," she said distantly.

"Not at all, my dear Alicia. I assure you it rather amuses me," argued Corrigan, observing her aggrieved attitude with little discourtesy to himself. "In fact, I don't know when any one subject has kept me interested for so long a time."

"Indeed!" The comment was pregnant with feeling.

It was the first time Alicia's self-styled philosophy had been so derided, and it nettled her.

"I should be apt to accept that as a compliment," ventured Corrigan. He had been watching her pull a crimson rambler to pieces and scatter it over her tiny white shoes.

Apparently she had not heard.

"I say, Alicia," he persisted.

"When you are ready to open a subject that may be of more interest than any I am able to suggest I shall be glad to talk to you," she said icily.

Corrigan smiled broadly, but surreptitiously. Had Alicia seen him thus amused he would have been left with only the crimson ramblers for companions.

"But, upon my word, Alicia, I am interested," he said earnestly. "I've never been so absorbed in a study in my life. Why, my dear girl, if it weren't for my—my belief in platonic love I might never have known you so well."

Alicia confronted him with a half smile that, even in its semicompletion, was most attractive.

"That's the Irish in you, Dick! You always manage to say something that will make the worst case of 'mad' turn to 'joy,'" she said, removing her big droopy hat and dangling it by the strings. "That's one reason why I love to be friends with you."

"Then it is true that God is good to the Irish," he laughed, and, subtle as it was, Alicia conformed the compliment and beamed good nature on him again.

"You see, Dick," she began as if she were commencing a fairy story to an incredulous child, "it is so—well, it is such a tremendous comfort to be just friends with a man."

"Yes," said Dick readily, "I'm friends with several."

"Silly! I mean for a girl. She can go about with him, ask him to do this and that for her and feel that she is not putting herself under obligation—if she's only friends with him, whereas, if he's in love with her, he expects her to marry him and—and it just spoils everything!"

"I'm jolly glad I'm not sentimental," said Corrigan with a purpose if without veracity. "You'd have banished me long ago."

"You can have sentiment without being sentimental," she hastened to explain. And for some reason or other a flush stained her cheeks, and her eyes drooped.

"It's just as clear as—as mud," Corrigan laughed in spite of his efforts to be serious.

Alicia's eyes flashed.

"See here, Dick Corrigan, I believe you are making fun of me. Deep down in my own heart I know from your own actions and your whole attitude toward me that you agree with me, but just to amuse yourself you make fun of me. I'm sure you like me," she went on, "just as I like you, or you wouldn't seek me out and want to be with me day after day, as you do, and that—that very fact proves to me that you are in sympathy with my own attitude. We are friends, and you know it," she declared challengingly. Then she rose abruptly from the stone seat and walked over to the balustrade with her back toward him. "Come, Pretzel," she said imperatively, "as if

canning her dog from a contaminating influence.

Corrigan began to whistle very softly to himself while the small Dutch dog eyed him acquisitively.

"Alicia," said Corrigan's deep voice fondly from the depths of the great stone seat. He had not moved. And right here it might be observed that Alicia always selected picturesque settings for her discourses. The old garden, shady and secluded, breathing romance and the fragrance of roses, was ideal—for platonics.

"Alicia," repeated Dick when his first effort gained no response.

With studied reluctance she turned her head.

"I'd like to ask a few questions," he said, still somewhat indifferently.

"I'll be glad to answer them."

The frigidity of her tones moved Corrigan almost to the point of turning up his coat collar, but his better judgment prevailed.

"This old guy, Plato"—he was beginning as he walked toward her.

"Dick!"

Her glance and tone froze the words.

"I'm sorry," he said contritely. "But, Alicia, I wonder if he ever knew the most beautiful woman in the world? I wonder if he could have been with her almost daily for seven months? And yet, no, how could he? He lived B. C."

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"THE POSE OF POWER."

A Doctor Says It Can Only Be Obtained by Carrying the Body Right.

The human body is a machine—a machine in some respects not unlike a watch. If you bend the watch slightly you displace its parts (its organs), if you please, and then the watch will not go right.

The same is true of man. In his body every organ has its place. If his body is bent some or all of his vital organs are displaced. They cannot perform their work, and the man, like the watch, is out of order.

How many of us are like that? Well, in an examination covering several thousand people I found less than one in a hundred who was right. Ninety-nine people out of a hundred have displaced organs.

I may add that I have never found disease in any organ that was habitual carried in its normal place. The organ always becomes displaced before it becomes diseased.

And what is the cause of this universal displacement? In a word, the cause is a bad method of holding the body in standing, in sitting, walking about and lying down. The trunk is merely a flexible, hollow cylinder inside of which the organs are supported, each in its place. When, however, the body is bent and collapsed, as in most people, the organs drop out of their places and are crowded against each other. They are then unable to do their work, and thus they become diseased.

Every case of chronic indigestion which I have ever examined has had a stomach that was hanging from two to five inches lower than its right position—a condition known to medical men as gastropathy.

And the rare man who holds his body upright in standing, walking or sitting, such a man is always a man of power. Cromwell was a man of this type. So were Napoleon, Washington and Bismarck.

And how shall I restore my organs to proper position?" asks one of the men.

By so developing the body that it is at all times erect, uplifted and expanded, this will draw each organ into the position in which it can do its best work. A glance at the pictures of the men I have mentioned will show you what I mean.

As to practical methods, take the following exercise for five minutes four or five times a day:

Place the feet together, arms at sides, head back, chest up and forward, abdomen in, knees back, weight on balls of feet—"the position of a soldier."

"Listen," he said softly. "Couldn't you be platonic friends with every one else but me, Alicia?"

She did not reply, but one by one the petals of her rose tumbled down her frock.

"Couldn't you?" His big voice was vibrant with emotion.

"I—I might," she admitted, "but first let me tell you I like you better than all the rest. I like you better than I could a mere friend. I—I just hoped and hoped you wouldn't agree with me, Dick."

"It's with Plato I disagree."

Gambling in Metal.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL HAPPENINGS

What Greencastle People and Their Friends Are Doing

Elias Day.

Mrs. Phillips still continues very sick.

Mrs. James Truitt is entertaining a party of friends.

Miss Glenn Simison, of Romney, is visiting in town.

Conrad Gautier spent Sunday at his former home in Jennings county, Ind.

Dr. and Mrs. Stephenson entertained a small party of friends on Saturday night.

The Days Tonight!

Mrs. Kenneth Harris, of Cloverdale, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. N. W. Holland, of Morton.

Miss Verne Stoner and Miss Theo Ranney have returned from Brazil, where they visited Miss Sherley over Sunday.

Dr. J. P. D. John spoke at the "Big Meeting" yesterday at Indianapolis. His subject was "Fire-Proof Conviction."

Mrs. Clyda Townsend and Mrs. Emma Thicksten, of Indianapolis, visited Miss Halle Browning near Fillmore over Sunday.

Dr. J. S. Hoagland begins a series of special meetings in Danville tonight. He will return home each morning during the week.

Tonight! Tonight! The Days.

Bee Hive Rebecca Lodge will meet tonight at 8 o'clock. There will be work and installation of officers. Refreshments will be served.

Mrs. Wm. McFarland is quite ill with grippe.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Arnold were in Indianapolis today.

The Days Tonight!

Mr. Roy Evans, of Putnamville, will resume his school work.

Miss Pearl Brown, of Bainbridge, is attending High School here.

Miss Florence Scobee, of Putnamville, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Henry Arnold.

Hazlett Vansant, of Indianapolis, was here to spend Sunday with relatives and friends.

Dr. Dick and Dr. George, of Indianapolis, were here yesterday the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Wright.

The Days Tonight!

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Sinclair, of near Cloverdale, were here today on their way to Fort Wayne, where they will visit friends.

George Knauer went to Lafayette today where he will attend, this week, the Farmers' Short Course at the Purdue University.

The building now occupied by the Model Steam Laundry on Washington street has been purchased by C. W. McWheathy, proprietor of the Home Steam Laundry. Mr. McWheathy will move his laundry into the building as soon as it is vacated by Mr. Graham.

The Days Tonight!

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Prof. Barnes entertained friends Saturday night.

Miss Mira Parks has entered college for this term.

Attorney Chas. McGaughey, of Roachdale, was in town today on business.

Tonight! Tonight! The Days.

Billy Harris, of Indianapolis, was here to spend Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Harris.

Miss Hallie Hamrick is back at her place in Vermillion's after being away for several weeks on account of illness.

The miserable condition of the Greencastle walks was never more apparent than during the wet weather of the past few days. Often times the water was deeper on the walks than in the gutters. It has not been uncommon to see pedestrians taking the middle of the muddy streets in preference to the walks, where the walks are the old brick ones.

Hazlett Vansant, of Indianapolis, was here to spend Sunday with relatives and friends.

Dr. Dick and Dr. George, of Indianapolis, were here yesterday the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Wright.

The Days Tonight!

Earl Lane of the Model received a telegram from S. C. Prevo today stating that his son, Edgar Prevo, who was operated upon in the Evanston Hospital a few days ago, is much weaker. It is believed that the boy cannot live.

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The Days Tonight!

SUNDAY SERVICES.

Dr. J. S. Hoagland preached both sermons Sunday in the College Avenue church. The special music was directed by Prof. Kleinmid. He sang the morning offertory. The New Choral society sang in the evening. It is composed of twenty fine voices. Mr. Jay Carpenter gave a coronet solo at the evening service. The church was full at both services. Several joined the church. Prof. Gough taught Prof. Barnes' Sunday School class yesterday. Miss Burner directed the Epworth League service and Mr. VanArsdel led the Class Meeting. The W. H. M. Society was announced to meet with Mrs. J. H. Wilkinson on Wednesday at 2:30 p.m.

The Days Tonight!

OBITUARY.

Whereas, God in His infinite wisdom has taken from us our beloved brother, Albert L. Runk, and while we bow in humble submission to Him who doeth all things well; be it Resolved, that in his death our order has lost a faithful and worthy member, and his wife a devoted husband and be it further Resolved, that the members of Fillmore Rebecca Lodge No. 652 extend to the bereaved family our heartfelt sympathy in this, their great sorrow, and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family, a copy be placed on the minutes of this lodge and a copy mailed to the County paper for publication.

LILLIE WRIGHT,
LOUIE SINCLAIR,
EDITH BRIDGES,
Committee.

The Days Tonight!

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Isaac S. Peck, Trustee, to Joseph Grimes, Trustee deed to land in Madison township, \$550.

Bainbridge Cemetery Co., to Allen B. Louis, lot in cemetery, \$10.

Morton M. Marshall to Thos. F. Albin, pt. lots in Greencastle, \$1,100.

O. N. Chastain to John W. Sanders, lots in Roachdale, \$1,000.

W. A. Spencer to John Watts, land in Clinton township, \$1,825.

Isaac S. Peck to Alfred Runyan, land in Marion township, \$100.

James J. Hilton to Ella Gabreath, land in Jackson township, \$1,850.

A Touch of Vanity.

On Nov. 25—St. Catherine's day—French girls who have passed their twenty-fifth birthday and are unmarried wear a little cap made of fine muslin, the symbol of maidhood. As the day approaches the millinery shops show these caps in great quantities, and their manufacture by young girls is always accompanied by jokes at the expense of old maid; but, strange to relate, these caps, because they are becoming to all, are worn on St. Catherine's day by young girls as well as by old maid.

Where It Doesn't Apply.

"Slow and sure," remarked the man with the quotation habit, "is a good motto."

"But," protested the thoughtful thinker, "there is one thing that can never be slow and sure."

"What's that?" queried the quotation dispenser.

"A watch," replied the t. t.—Kansas City Independent.

A woman's love is a paradox. You can't keep it unless you return it—Philadelphia Record.

The Days Tonight!

KAPPA ALPHA THETA LUNCHEON

The Kappa Alpha Theta sorority will celebrate the thirty-eighth anniversary of its founding on January twenty-fifth. The three chapters in Indiana will hold a noon luncheon at the Claypool Hotel, Indianapolis in honor of the event. There will be twenty attend from the DePauw chapter besides a large number of alumnae. Numbers of women from all over the state will be in attendance in addition to active members. Covers will be laid for about two hundred.

* * * * *

DePAUW UNIVERSITY NOTES

* * * * *

The Days Tonight!

Miss Verna Stoner was in Brazil yesterday.

Dick Veesey visited at his home in Fort Wayne yesterday.

Miss Nancy Hadley spent Sunday at her home in Plainfield.

Miss May Lambert, of Anderson, has pledged Kappa Alpha Theta.

Dr. and Mrs. Stephenson entertained a few friends Saturday evening.

Mr. A. W. Gardner, of Reynolds, visited his son, Irvine Gardner Sunday.

Dr. and Mrs. Gobin are both confined to their home on account of illness.

Russel Crouch entertained a number of friends after "frat" Saturday evening.

Professor Barnes is distributing a fine lot of New York papers among his friends.

Mr. Ward Fisher, of the University of Illinois visited Phi Psi brothers yesterday.

Edward Lockwood returned last night from his home in Peru, where he spent a day.

Charles Fisher is confined to his room at the Deke house by an attack of the grippe.

Mr. A. D. Zimmerman, of Oxford College, is visiting Henry McLean at the Sigma Chi house.

Miss Pearl Fuller, who has been visiting Alpha Chi sisters, has returned to his home in Charleston, Illinois.

Mrs. Blanchard will entertain the faculty ladies Thursday afternoon at a thimble party. This is in honor of Mrs. Gough and Mrs. Seaman, the new members.

* * * * *

OUR WANT COLUMN

* * * * *

House For Rent—A seven room

house barn, a large garden, good

water and all kinds of fruit for

rent on Illinois street. Enquire at

612 Ill. street. It

Piano Tuning—D. B. Caughthran,

"The Piano Tuner," will be here

this week. Leave orders at J. F.

Hill's Music Store.

For Sale—Household and kitchen

furniture for sale at private sale

on Monday and Tuesday. J. T.

Woodall, 608 Illinois street.

Lost—Pocket book lost Saturday

afternoon—Contained \$10 bill,

telephone receipt with Frank

Hall signed. Lost between Sackett's

Grocery store and Sideron

Farm, north of town. Leave at

Herald office. Mrs. H. F. Hall,

Breck Chapel.

Boy Wanted—Boy wanted to learn

the printers trade. Apply at this

office.

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Easy lunch and quick

meal helps can be

found at our store

Dainty

Eatables

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