

The Greencastle Herald

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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 icicle 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.



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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 picturesque Lago di Garda, was born the man who fashioned the first violin. His real name was Garpar Bertolotti, but he was and is commonly known as Gaspar da Salo, after his native city, which caused a marble bust of this most distinguished of its sons 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, Virchi and Montichiari.

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 dungenous, happy or unhappy, wise or unwise, married or single. That he made viols, 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 Duifpruggear was the inventor of the violin. The story ran that this Gaspar Duifpruggear was born in the Tyrol in 1469, that he established himself at Lutter, 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 backs of some of his violins.

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

It is now settled that these violins were fraudulent, made by some skillful French luther, possibly Vuillaume. Moreover, it is now known that Duifpruggear 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 Duifpruggear ever made a violin is a picture by Pierre Worliot, dated 1562, now in the National library at Paris. This picture is a portrait of Duifpruggear 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 falls far short of proving that the Italian Gaspar was anticipated by the man from Bavaria.

But what weighs almost conclusively against Duifpruggear'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, 1600, 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 Rhehazek 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, Rhehazek 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 Rhehazek 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 a seal, an official document. Said Mendelssohn: 'Use no ceremony. Open your letter.' 'With your permission,' said I, and I opened the letter. It was from Rhehazek'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 dither is capable of!' exclaimed Mendelssohn. 'Have you ever played on it? Have you ever tried it?' they both inquired. '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, Rhehazek told me that in 1809, when Innsbruck was taken by the French, the soldiers sacked the town. This violin had been placed in the Innsbruck museum by Cardinal Aldobrandi at the close of the sixteenth century. A French soldier looted it and sold it to Rhehazek 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 Montagus 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 nigh 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 Bibliotheque 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 I, 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; he wassail and the swaggering upspring reels; And as he drains his draught of Rhenish down The kettle-drum 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, is't; And to the manner born, it is a custom. More honored in the breach than the observance.

—Housekeeper.

The Mushroom Farm.

By J. LUDLUM LEE.

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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 fad."

"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 unfamiliar-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 replenish 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 tie 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 getting ready for the man to fix the roof, an' I opened the barrel of tar, an' I 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 lying 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 cried, but not for long. She soon dried the tears on her old apron and vented her bitter anger on the head of Joseph. He stood for a moment listening, then turned and went out, muttering: "I thought it was a lady, but I might of knowed diggin' in the dirt never made a lady yet." And Joseph was a thing of the past.

Florence sat upon the stone wall to think it over. Eight dollars for the tar of yesterday, \$12 for the fertilizer of today. Ideas were not always practical, and ideals did not materialize as they might. Right as she would against them, the tears would come again. The sound of wheels on the road near at hand roused Florence. She turned to see the express wagon from the general store about to deliver the barrel of tar. She jumped down from the fence and hurried to the gate which led to the old stable.

"Why, Mr. Rivers, what are you doing? Driving the express wagon?" she exclaimed as she recognized in the driver one of Goshen's leading young men.

"Hello, Flo!" he cried as he tied the old horse to the gatepost. "It's me, all right. Just loading around for a few days finishing up a business trip. Dad said you ordered this tar from the store, and I said I'd deliver it and kill two birds with one throw. I was coming up to see the wonderful mush-

rooms anyway before I left. Call your man to help me unload the barrel, will you?"

"Oh, Dick—Mr. Rivers, I mean. I haven't any man, nor any boy, nor any mushrooms. Yes, I've been crying," she added, as he glanced sharply at the somewhat wet cheeks. "You see," she went on, "I've had bad luck with my farming."

They wandered instinctively toward the wall. Dick took out his pipe and began to light it.

"Didn't your idea work out?" he said, with fine impersonal interest.

"Not very well," she admitted. "The idea is all right, but skilled labor is hard to get, and after all I'm only a woman."

"What about the ideals?" suggested Dick as he puffed away. "Seems to me you told me that you had ideals as well as ideas."

"Oh, I still have them—in my mind, of course, but they are so hard to find in real life."

Dick crossed his legs and hugged the uppermost knee. He was not looking at Florence, but straight ahead, across the fields which lay before them. It was one of those beautiful winter days which apparently had nothing but warmth of sun and breadth of blue sky to offer.

"It's just a year ago today," he mused aloud, yet as if talking to himself. "A year ago today. A man in love and a girl with ideals. Couldn't make it go. Such a team couldn't pull together in harness. Twelve months finds the man still in love and the girl clinging to her ideals. Hopeless case, eh, don't you think?"

"Oh, I don't know!" sighed Flo. "Not so hopeless as raising mushrooms, for instance."

Dick's knee slipped through his grip, and he stood beside the girl.

"What do you mean, Flo?" he demanded. "Can you forego the ideal and take me after all?" and he stretched forth both hands.

"Will you take me, Dick?" she said as her two hands met his.

"Take you, darling?" and he drew her close within his arms. "But you said 'No.'"

"But I didn't mean it," she whispered as she nestled close to his neck.

"Didn't mean it?" he cried, looking down at the radiant face. "Well, but you said it, and how was I to know? You told me you had ideas of your own and an ideal besides, so I got out to give the other fellow a decent chance."

"Men are such stupid creatures," she assured him. "I didn't think you'd take 'no' for an answer, and my ideas were to be happy in a home with you, and you, Dick—oh, you old dear—you are my ideal!"

The strains of the wedding march sung in several different keys by untrained voices reached them, and they were confronted with the girls, who, having failed in their mission the day before, had returned to meet with better results.

On the wedding day among the presents arrived a barrel of tar labeled "Stick to it." Dick suspected his paternal parent, while Florence has always attributed it to Malachi. It stands in the yard of "Mushroom Farm," the title of their country place, so called because Dick asserts that his hopes sprang up in a night.

One Way to Get Food.

Four young fellows left Kimberley to try their luck at diamond digging near Christiansburg, South Africa, but were very unfortunate. All but their last shilling having been spent in buying mealie meal, ways and means had to be found to replenish the larder. After considerable discussion and wonder as to where their next food was coming from, a bright idea struck one of them, who, stalking out of the tent, said, "All right, mates, leave it to me." Proceeding to the camp store, he asked for a small bottle of diamond acid, in which the digger cleans his diamonds of impurities before selling them.

"Yes," said the owner, "but surely you want some stores?"

"Well, I do," said the starving one, "but I intended sending you an order perhaps tomorrow."

"Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today," was the shopkeeper's response. "Make your order out and pay when you come up to sell your diamonds."

The miner acquiesced, and there was great rejoicing in those poor beggars' tent when the wagon delivered that order. It is evident that the storekeeper thought the party had found some diamonds, or what use could have been the acid! After this luck changed, and the account was paid, the storekeeper joining heartily in the laugh at how he had been done for the time being.—London Scraps.

The New Footman.

Fun seems all the funnier when coming from the Quakers, because it is unlooked for and in contrast with their usual sobriety. For instance, what could be funnier than the method used by Nicholas Wain, a gifted minister of the Friends who lived in Philadelphia during the eighteenth century, to mortify the carnal pride of his wife? The story is as follows:

The wife of Nicholas Wain was an only daughter, and for those days possessed a very large inheritance. She thought it would be suitable to her wealth and station to have a footman behind her carriage. This wish being frequently expressed, her husband at last promised to comply with it. Accordingly the next time the carriage was ordered for the purpose of making a stylish call she was gratified to see a footman mounted. When she arrived at her place of designation the door of the carriage was opened and the steps let down in a very obsequious manner by the new footman, and great was her surprise and confusion to recognize in him her own husband.

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