

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 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.



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"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 trifl. 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 swagging 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 Mona Lisa.

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:

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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 en-

couraging 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 for-

ture 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