

The Herald - Democrat

Charlie J. Arnold.....Proprietor

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POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENT

FOR CONGRESS—Jacob E. Cravins
of Hendricks County announces his
candidacy for the Democratic nomi-
nation as representative to Congress
from the Fifth Congressional dis-
trict, subject to the decision of the
Democratic primary election.FOR REPRESENTATIVE—W. E.
Gill, of Cloverdale, announces to
the Democratic voters of Putnam
county, that he is a candidate for
the nomination for representative of
Putnam county.CHARLES S. BATT of Vigo County
Democratic candidate for Representa-
tive in Congress. Primaries, May 4,
1920.FOR PROSECUTING ATTORNEY—
Fay S. Hamilton announces his can-
didacy for prosecuting attorney of
Putnam county, subject to the de-
cision of the Democratic primary elec-
tion.FOR TREASURER—Otto G. Webb
of Marion township announces that
he is a candidate for treasurer of
Putnam county, subject to the de-
cision of the Democratic primary elec-
tion.FOR SHERIFF—Fred Lancaster of
Madison township, has announced
his candidacy for sheriff of Putnam
county, subject to the decision of the
Democratic primary election, May 4,
1920.FOR SHERIFF—Edward H. Eit-
torge announces to the Democratic
voters that he is a candidate for the
nomination of sheriff of Putnam
county, subject to the decision of the
primary election, May 4.FOR SHERIFF—Allen Eggers, of
Jackson township, announces that he
is a candidate for sheriff of Putnam
county, subject to the decision of the
primary election, May 4, 1920.FOR SHERIFF—Will Gidewen, of
Warren township, announces that he
is a candidate for sheriff of Putnam
county, subject to the decision of the
Democratic primary election, May 4,
1920.FOR SHERIFF OF PUTNAM COUN-
TY—Sure vote for Jesse M. Ham-
mond, at the Democratic primary, May
4, 1920. Your vote appreciated.FOR SHERIFF—Of Putnam coun-
ty, E. S. (Lige) Wallace of Green-
caste announces his candidacy for
sheriff of Putnam county, subject to
the decision of the primary election,
May 4, 1920.FOR SHERIFF—Harklus L. Jack-
son of Greencastle, formerly of
Marion township, announces that he
is a candidate for sheriff of Putnam
county, subject to the decision of the
Democratic primary election, May 4.FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER
For commissioner of Second dis-
trict, Reese R. Buis of Marion town-
ship announces his candidacy for
commissioner of the Second district,
subject to the decision of the Demo-
cratic primary election, May 4, 1920.FOR COMMISSIONER—Third dis-
trict, David J. Skelton of Washington
township announces his candidacy for
commissioner of the Third district,
subject to the decision of the Demo-
cratic primary election, May 4, 1920.FOR COMMISSIONER
OF THIRD DISTRICTJ. J. Hendrix of Washington town-
ship announces his candidacy for
commissioner of Putnam county from
the Third district, subject to the de-
cision of the Democratic primary elec-
tion.FOR COMMISSIONER—O. A. Day
of Marion township, announces to the
Democratic voters of Putnam county
his candidacy for commissioner of the
Second district, subject to the
decision of the Democratic primary
election, May 4, 1920.FOR COMMISSIONER—L. M.
Chamberlain, of Cloverdale township,
announces his candidacy for commis-
sioner for the Third District, sub-
ject to the decision of the Demo-
cratic primary, May 4, 1920.

For Congress



Jacob E. Craven

Of Hendricks County

Born and reared on my father's
farm in Hendricks County, I have
had many years of experience, both
as employee and employer of farm
labor.I was for a few years a teacher
in the Public Schools of my coun-
try and now for sixteen years I have
been a government clerk in the post
office department.I was candidate for the Congressional
nomination two years ago and I still
have the desire to attain this high office. Will
you not help me to realize my am-
bition?SHOVER'S STOCK REMEDY
COMPANY IN A NEW HOMEThe Shover's Stock Remedy Com-
pany, which manufactures Shover's
Farm Stock Remedy, and
which company is a strictly a home
company—Robert Dills, Albert Car-
michael, Arthur Hurst, Fred Lancas-
ter and Charley Smith being the stock
holders—is established in a new home,
having recently rented the room on
North Jackson street, formerly occ-
UPIED by the Randel blacksmith shop.New Machinery for mixing the
stock food has been installed and the
plant is capable of turning out from
10 to 15 tons of the stock food each
day.FIND OVERCOAT WHICH WAS
IN STOLEN FORD AUTOMOBILEAn overcoat, a woman's cloak and
a woman's scarf, which were in the
Ford car, owned by Ezra Brown, who
lives near Cloverdale, which was stolen
from the square last Saturdaywere found in a field, just over the
fence from the road, near Roachdale,
during the week. Mr. Brown offered
reward of \$25 for the arrest of the
thief, and \$25 for the return of the
car.

HELD FOR PROFITEERING

HABERDASHER KILLS SELF

New York, April 11 Awaiting trial
on a charge of violating the Lever act
by profiteering, for which he was ar-
rested Saturday, Joseph Nichthauser,
50 years old a Brooklyn haberdasher
today committed suicide at his home
by shooting himself in the head ac-
cording to the police.Nichthauser was out on \$2,500 bail.
He is alleged to averaged profit of
63 per cent on articles sold in his
store.

"The Fisherman"

is the "Mark of Supremacy"
which for nearly five decades
has marked the fame ofSCOTT'S
EMULSIONWhen you need a tonic to help
put you on your feet again
you will want Scott's that is
known around the globe—the
highest known type of
purity and goodness in food
or medicine. Look for "The
Fisherman." Buy Scott's!The Norwegian cod-liver oil used
in Scott's Emulsion is super-refined
in our own American Laboratories.
Its purity and quality is unsurpassed.
Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield, N.J. 19-35

WON FAME EARLY IN LIFE

Precocious Youths Have Given to the
World Many Works That Are
Classed as Remarkable.Mlle. Germaine Sablin, the French
girl of ten summers, who wrote a novel
of which the critics declared "Victor
Hugo might be proud," had many pre-
decessors in precocity whom she her-
self might almost envy, London Au-
sawers states.Torquato Tasso was famous through-
out Italy before he was nine years old,
an accomplished Greek and Latin
scholar and the author of clever and
polished verses. At eight Louis de
Bourbon, prince of Conde, was a per-
fect Latin scholar; three years later
he published a work on rhetoric, and
at seventeen he was appointed gov-
ernor of Burgundy. Fenelon displayed
so much precocity that he won fame
as a preacher of rare eloquence when
he was but fifteen years of age. Pas-
cal wrote treatises on acoustics at
twelve and at sixteen he published his
treatise on comic sections, which Des-
cartes refused to believe was not the
work of a great master.Of more recent and familiar feats
of precocity it may be sufficient to
mention that John Stuart Mill was
studying Greek at three, had practical-
ly mastered the language at seven and
a year later was acting as schoolmas-
ter to his younger brothers and sis-
ters; while, to give but one other ex-
ample, John Ruskin actually produced
a manuscript work in three volumes
before he reached his seventh birth-
day.

MAN OF SUPREME TALENTS

George Du Maurier, Whose "Trilby"
Is Immortal, Celebrated as Mas-
ter of Three Arts.George Du Maurier was singularly
talented. He could have made a last-
ing reputation as an artist, a writer
or a caricaturist—he stands immortal
as a master of all three arts. He was
born March 6, 1834, and died in 1896.He was the son of a naturalized
Englishman—a man who had left
France to escape the reign of terror.
He himself was born in Paris and much
of his early youth was passed there.
His life was ideally happy. His
"gay and jovial" father brought him
up in a charming home; his pretty
wife was an object of adoration to
him; his success was certain from the
start.Intending first to be a chemist, he
soon found that his real vocation was
art, so he went to the Latin quarter
in Paris and later to Holland to study.
In London he joined the staff of Punch,
a connection he kept for 36 years. Be-
sides the light and graceful cartoons
for Punch he exhibited water color
sketches.Late in life he began writing novels,
"Peter Ibbetson" and "Trilby" were
especially well received. "Trilby" was
dramatized and produced in 1895, a
year before Du Maurier's death, by Sir
Herbert Beerbohm Tree. Lately it
has been revived with immense suc-
cess.Like his pictures, his writings were
graceful, humorous, too fanciful to be
true, yet written with an air of great
truth.

Squirrel Will Put Up Fight.

When surprised in the woods, the
behavior of the fox squirrel is quite
different from that of the gray species.
As a rule the former will put forth his
best endeavor to reach some hollow
in a tree, and into this he quickly
scrambles to avoid his enemy, says the
American Forestry Magazine of
Washington. One may often see
them stretched out on a limb as flat
as possible, and they will, thinking
themselves unperceived, remain a long
time in that position as quiet as a mouse.If cornered and there's no
hole handy for him to get into, and
the limb he is on is too small to hide
him, he will begin barking at the
hunter or his dog in the most defiant
manner possible. It is said that a fox
squirrel can beat off a small dog, and
will put up a hard fight if one attacks
him.

A Wholesale Rat Cure.

An interesting experiment in dealing
with rats infesting the workings at a
Welsh colliery has proved a tremen-
dous success. On a Saturday after-
noon, after the miners had left work,
and the horses had been removed, a
large stock of sulphur was placed at
the bottom of the main shaft and lit.
The fan was kept going at quarter
speed, and the rats scurried as far as
they could go to the upcast shaft,
where they congregated. The next
afternoon to get the workings clear
of the fumes the fan was set going at
full speed, and when the men descended
the pit thousands of dead rats were
found at the bottom of the upcast
shaft. Four trams were filled with
them.

Trying to Appear Dignified.

When I was a girl of eighteen I was
chosen to be Goddess of Liberty at a
Fourth of July celebration in a small
town. As is usual on such occasions,
the whole countryside turned out to
celebrate, and there was a great crowd
to see the goddess mount her improv-
ised throne. As I crossed the lawn
trying to appear dignified before the
crowd I stepped in a gopher hole that
had become overgrown with grass and
turned a complete somersault, losing
my crown and becoming unbecomingly
tangled up in my long robes. My
maids of honor picked me up, but it
is needless to say I heard little of the
address that followed.—Exchange.

R. F. D.

R. F. D.

By MILDRED WHITE.

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"It's a ridiculous world"—the girl
addressed the dog at her feet. "Here
we are dying of loneliness. Billy, and
the nice, friendliest looking man
living just down the road. Yet we
dare not speak to him or let to us,
because we have not been introduced.
In this wild world is likely to appear
I ask you, to introduce us? A girl is
mighty hard up for conversation.
Billy, when she has to exercise her
own voice talking to a dog. Otherwise
I should not be certain but that
I had turned dumb. After father
brought me to this place, where he
could rest his overwrought nerves, I
now appear to be the only nerve irrit-
ant, so he hides himself away among
the pines, responding only to my din-
ing bell."The dog, who had listened, his lo-
ving, humid eyes searching the girl's
face, came to rest his head in sym-
pathy against her shoulder and her
laugh rang out like the joyous carol
of a bird. "It isn't that I want to
marry the nice man, you understand,
or to have him make love to me,
Billy. It's just that his log veranda
looks so inviting, with its chairs and
magazines and the victrola in the corner.
Our own magazines are either
delayed or gone astray, and I've read
the last ones to shreds."Now let us put the saddle on Lassie,
and be off to our one amusement—the
exciting quest for mail at the distant
post office.Billy, recognizing one single word,
became at once excitedly alert, and the
girl changed her chatter to a merry
whistle as she saddled the slim pony
and went picking her way down the
narrow path through the growth.
"Who is she?" the man asked of old
Annie, who came in to do his chores.
Old Annie didn't know."A summer stranger," she thought,
"probably."The "summer stranger," advancing,
wondered impatiently why in the
world the nice man lay always lazily
in his long wicker chair. Why didn't
he move and stir about, as one of his
athletic build might be expected to
do? Then her face clouded in quick
concupition—close to the man's chair
stood a crutch. He was lame, then—
a cripple. Her heart beat faster as
she sat up and called to her. He was
asking some favor, and if in remorse
for her unkind criticism there was
anything that she could do—She
reined in Lassie promptly and flashed
at the man an entrancing smile.

"You asked me?" she questioned.

"I wonder," he asked—his voice was
pleasing—"If you are going down for
the mail? And if so, could I ask you
also to bring mine. I am—unable to
go by myself, you see, and am expect-
ing an important communication. You
will pardon, I hope," he finished, "my
boldness.""I shall be very glad to accommo-
date you," the girl answered matter-
of-factly.

"Your name?"

"Dalton," the man replied, "Donald
Dalton and thank you very much."Billy had a difficult time keeping up
with Lassie's heels after that. Some
of her rider's joyous spirit seemed to
have entered into the pony's being;
and when the girl later slipped from
Lassie's saddle before the log veranda
and bestowed a generous supply of
bushiness-like mail upon the reclining
wicker chair her eyes were shin-
ing and her cheeks aglow with the
promise of adventure."I am a civil engineer," the nice
man told her. "We are scouting
around here to try to put our railroad
through. I was so unfortunate in my
scouting as to break my leg. Every day since then has been forty-
eight hours long. You—" he smiled
apologetically, "have been my one interest.
I wondered about your being in
this desolate region, you see." He
hesitated to add, "and how you got
here.""The girl laughed as she cuddled
the cat in her arms. "I love to be a
mystery," she said. "It is so unusual
back home I'm so well known that I
am tiresome.""But you will tell me your name,"
Dalton begged, "and allow me to be-
siege you, and your family, perhaps,
down occasionally to break my
monotony.""I've only part of a family," the girl
replied, "and he is here just to
keep from being invited. Father
is determined to "communicate only with
nature." And as to my name," she
laughed back at him as she swung into
the saddle, "you may call me R. F. D.
Rural Free Delivery, you know. For
I'm going to bring you mail every
day until you are well."The moments that she stood each
day by his side were to Dalton the
happiest that he had ever known.
The girl, too, looked forward to them
in wondering joyous intensity. And
when at last the leaves had turned
from green to scarlet, the young
engineer made his way walking still
with difficulty to the cope above."It's unusual not to know the name
of the girl you are going to ask to be
your wife," he said. "But I think
I can wait to know your name. Little
R. F. D., better than I can wait to
know the answer to my question.""Well," the girl said, and she
laughed softly, "my initials will always
remain R. F. D. I hope, Mr. Donald
Dalton. I'm Rose, Forrest, now. So
that's the answer to your question."

OH, PLEASE DO

By RITA SULLIVAN.

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"No, Lou, I'm not going to make
up with him at all. I never had any
real good times like I'm having now.
Just think, if I hadn't broken my
engagement with him I'd be home just
reading or sewing or some stupid,
senseless thing like that; instead of
having the time of my young life
these few weeks with the crowd once
more. Once and for all, Louise, dear,
even if you are his cousin, I refuse
to hear anything about him. If Bob
really and truly ever loved me he
would be willing to give up that night
work and take me around more. Come
Lou, let's forget it."With a pretty little pout and a coax-
ing note in her voice Betty won her
way as usual, and the subject to all
appearances was forgotten.