

The Herald - Democrat

Charles J. Arnold, Proprietor
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POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENT

FOR CONGRESS—Jacob E. Craven of Hendricks County announces his candidacy for the Democratic nomination as representative to Congress from the Fifth Congressional district, 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 Representative in Congress, Primaries, May 4, 1920.

FOR PROSECUTING ATTORNEY—Fay S. Hamilton announces his candidacy for prosecuting attorney of Putnam county, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary election.

FOR TREASURER—Otto G. Webb of Marion township announces that he is a candidate for treasurer of Putnam county, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary election.

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. Eitle-jorge 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 the Democratic nomination for sheriff of Putnam county, subject to the decision of the Primary election, May 4, 1920.

FOR SHERIFF—Will Gidewell, of Warren township, announces that he is a candidate for sheriff of Putnam county, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary, May 4, 1920.

FOR SHERIFF OF PUTNAM COUNTY—Sure vote for Jesse M. Hamrick, at the Democratic primary, May 4, 1920. Your vote appreciated.

FOR SHERIFF—Of Putnam county, E. S. (Lige) Wallace of Greencastle announces his candidacy for sheriff of Putnam county, subject to the decision of the primary election, May 4, 1920.

FOR SHERIFF—Harkins L. Jackson 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 district, Reese R. Buis of Marion township announces his candidacy for commissioner of the Second district, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary election, May 4, 1920.

FOR COMMISSIONER—Third district, David J. Skelton of Washington township announces his candidacy for commissioner of the Third district, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary election, May 4, 1920.

FOR COMMISSIONER OF THIRD DISTRICT

J. J. Hendrix of Washington township announces his candidacy for commissioner of Putnam county from the Third district, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary election.

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 commissioner for the Third District, subject to the decision of the Democratic 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 county 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 ambition?

SHOVER'S STOCK REMEDY COMPANY IN A NEW HOME

The Shover's Stock Remedy Company, which manufactures Shover's Farm Stock Remedy, and which company is a strictly a home company—Robert Dills, Albert Carmichael, Arthur Hurst, Fred Lancaster and Charley Smith being the stock holders—is established in a new home, having recently rented the room on North Jackson street, formerly occupied 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 AUTOMOBILE

An 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 Saturday were 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 arrested Saturday, Joseph Nichthauser, 50 years old a Brooklyn haberdasher today committed suicide at his home by shooting himself in the head according to the police. Nichthauser was out on \$2,500 bail. He is alleged to have 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 of

SCOTT'S EMULSION

When 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 superior 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 predecessors in precocity whom she herself might almost envy, London Answers 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 perfect Latin scholar; three years later he published a work on rhetoric, and at seventeen he was appointed governor 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. Pascal wrote treatises on acoustics at twelve and at sixteen he published his treatise on conic sections, which Descartes 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 practically mastered the language at seven and a year later was acting as schoolmaster to his younger brothers and sisters; while, to give but one other example, John Ruskin actually produced a manuscript work in three volumes before he reached his seventh birthday.

MAN OF SUPREME TALENTS

George Du Maurier, Whose "Trilby" Is Immortal, Celebrated as Master of Three Arts.

George Du Maurier was singularly talented. He could have made a lasting 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 idyllically 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. Besides the light and graceful cartoons for Punch he exhibited water color sketches.

Late in life he began writing novels. "Peter Ibbotson" 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 success.

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 is 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 tremendous success. On a Saturday afternoon, 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 trains 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 improvised 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.

By MILDRED WHITE.

(Copyright, 1920, Western Newspaper Union.)

"It's a ridiculous world"—the girl addressed the dog at her feet. "Here we are dying of loneliness, Billy, and the nicest, friendliest looking man living just down the road. Yet we dare not speak to him, or be to us, because we have not been introduced. In this wild world he 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 bringing me to this place, where he could rest his overwrought nerves, I now appear to be the only nerve irritant, so he hides himself away among the pines, responding only to my dinner bell."

The dog, who had listened, his loving, humid eyes searching the girl's face, came to rest his head in sympathy 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 comprehension—close to the man's chair stood a crutch. He was lame, then—a cripple. Her heart beat faster as he 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 expecting an important communication. You will pardon, I hope," he finished, "my boldness."

"I shall be very glad to accommodate 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 businesslike mail upon the recliner in the wicker chair her eyes were shining 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 hastened 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 introduce 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 'commune only with nature.' And as for 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 your 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 copse 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.

(Copyright, 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"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, 'sensible' thing like that, instead of having the time of my young life these few weeks with the crowd out 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 coaxing note in her voice Betty won her way as usual, and the subject to all appearances was forgotten.

"Well, how about it, Lou?"

Trying to make his voice nonchalant, and putting a "don't care" expression on his face, Bob asked the question which meant so much more to him than he would admit, as he met his cousin on his return from work, just as she was leaving the house.

"Oh, Bob, I'm so sorry, but I can't say anything to her. I told her about the extra money that you were saving, and all that; but—oh, Bobby, dear, she's right when you think of it."

Then, noting the hurt look which her cousin was vainly trying to conceal, Lou considerably ignored it, and with a few conventional remarks passed on.

That evening as she was whirling in the arms of her partner, who was the best dancer on the floor, and enjoying the fact that she was the center of admiration from all sides, the thought suddenly struck her that all of this gaiety was surface deep.

"How silly it is," she thought, "to see all of these people working so hard, just twirling around so senselessly."

"What can be the matter with me, I wonder?" she asked herself. "I'm actually dying for the dance to come to an end. Well, I'll have a good time later on," she promised herself.

After the dance came supper in a well-known, fashionable hotel.

The thought of another night spent as this one must have been too much for poor Betty, and she thought she would scream if she remained in this artificial, noisy place one minute longer. To her companion's surprise, just as the waiter approached the table with a familiar greeting, she leaned across and whispered: "Jack, I want to go home this very minute."

"Well, for heaven's sake, Betty—"

you? You don't really mean that you want to go home? Will wonders never cease?"

Then, seeing that she was really in earnest, he added:

"Come on, then, Bettikins, let's go. You're 'boss' with me tonight, you know, sweetie."

"Jack, please don't start that."

"The tired, wistful little note in her voice appealed to the boy, and he refrained from further comment and led her to a little door so as to avoid the curious glances which Betty would surely meet if she left so early."

When Betty reached home she was tired.

With a little laugh at the absurdity of the thought (for Betty would not admit, even to herself, that she missed a certain person) she turned on the light before her mirror and stood staring at the pretty face.

The next morning Betty could not rise, and at noon she awoke to hear a deep, heavy voice ringing in her ears.

"Rest is what she will have to have."

Without opening her eyes Betty listened, and as the voice of her mother entered the conversation and receded down the hall two tears stole out from her closed lids and Betty was crying as if her heart would break.

A week later a puzzled doctor frowned over a case. Betty was no better. She took no interest in anything. The little notes of sympathy, the flowers, candy and books only received a passing glance.

"There is something on her mind," was his final conclusion, and he let the room to seek her mother, and an hour later the friendly doctor came to the room a wiser man.

"How are you going to be, the roses back to these cheeks, little Betty, but there's nothing you want? Never mind; your mother and I have agreed to let you have just one visitor today. Do you think that would cheer you up? Come now, Betty, whom do you want to see?"

Before Betty had a chance to reply the telephone on the stand by her side started her with a sharp, impatient ring. With a questioning look at the doctor, who tried his best to frown, she lifted the receiver and sent a weak little "hello" over the phone. With relief the doctor watched her brightening face, but the only part of the conversation that he heard was just one brief little sentence, but he was satisfied.

As he left the house he was almost knocked over by an impetuous youth who was leaping up the steps, three at a time. He knew that from now on Betty would be on the high road to recovery, for he had recognized their mutual friend, Bob. He smiled as he remembered the tone of her voice as Betty had said over the telephone just the one little sentence which had been her entire part of the conversation:

"Oh, please do."

BAPTIST CHURCH QUOTAS IN FINANCIAL CAMPAIGN

Quotas of the Indiana Baptist churches in the Northern Indiana Baptist Convention, that will participate in a financial drive April 25th to May 1st, have been announced by Dr. Carlos M. Dinsmore of Indianapolis, general superintendent of the Indiana Baptist Convention.

The church quotas for Putnam County follows:—
New Mayssville \$2.14
Bethel \$3.81
Big Walnut \$4.40
Greencastle \$2.50

The front wheel was torn off a Ford touring car driven by Walter Evans, a rural mail carrier when his machine collided with a Ford Roadster driven by Robert Quinton of Limesdale at the corner of Walnut and Jackson streets at near three o'clock Sunday afternoon. Evans was driving east on Walnut street and Quinton was going south on Jackson street when the accident occurred.

The view of both drivers was obstructed by Dr. Gillespie's office until they were on each other and it was too late to avoid the collision. A left front wheel was torn completely off the Evans machine and the crank, fenders, lights and radiator were badly damaged on the Quinton machine. Fortunately no one was injured, although Dr. Gilbert Sallist of Cloverdale who was riding in the Evans machine was badly shaken up.

Otto Webb, Putnam County treasurer, who has been ill at his home on East Washington street for several days of the influenza, is unimproved. Henry Runyan, ex-treasurer, is taking Mr. Webb's place during his illness.

Mrs. Catherine Price, who has been spending the winter with her son in Marion, has returned to her home in this city.

OVER-ACIDITY

of the stomach has upset many a night's rest. If your stomach is acid, disturbed, dissolve two or three

KI-MOIDS

on the tongue before retiring and enjoy refreshing sleep. The purity and goodness of Ki-moids guaranteed by

SCOTT & BOWNE

MAKERS OF SCOTT'S EMULSION

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed by the judge of the Circuit Court of Putnam County, State of Indiana, administrator of the estate of Archibald Allen, late of Putnam County, Indiana, deceased.

Said estate is supposed to be solvent.

Dated this 30 day of March, 1920.

JAMES T. ALLEN, Administrator.

CORWIN & GILLEN, Attys.

3 T W, Apr. 2-9-16.

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed by the judge of the Court of Putnam County, State of Indiana, Executor of the estate of Jackson Boyd, late of Putnam County, Indiana, deceased.

Said estate is supposed to be solvent.

Dated this 26th day of March, 1920.

THE CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY of Greencastle, Indiana, Executor.

JAMES AND ALLEE, Attys.

3 T W Apr 2-9-16.

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