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THE JASPER COUNTY DEMOCRAT

F. E. BABCOCK, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

OFFICIAL DEMOCRATIC PAPER OF JASPER COUNTY

Long Distance Telephones
Office 315 Residence 311

Entered as Second-Class Mail Matter June 8, 1908, at the postoffice at Rensselaer, Indiana, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Published Wednesday and Saturday.
Wednesday Issue 4 pages; Saturday Issue 8 pages.

—ADVERTISING RATES—

DISPLAY 12½ inch
READERS [per line first insertion] 10c
READERS [per line add. insertions] 2c
WANT ADS—One cent per word, each insertion; minimum, 25c. Special price if run one or more months. Cash must accompany order unless advertiser has an open account.

CARDS OF THANKS—Not to exceed ten lines, 50c. Cash with order.

ACCOUNTS—All due and payable the first of the month following publication, except Want Ads, and Cards of Thanks, which are cash with the order for same.

NO ADVERTISEMENT ACCEPTED FOR FIRST PAGE.

The Democrat was established in April, 1898, and has a large circulation in both Jasper and surrounding counties. It is all home print, standard width, 13 cms; 6-column quarto, and is published twice-a-week, Wednesday's and Saturday's, reaching all parts of county on rural routes on day of publication.

A network of rural mail routes covers practically every section of Jasper county, which is the second largest county in Indiana in area, and is a splendid stock and agricultural county. RENSSELAER, its county seat, is located 73 miles southeast of Chicago, on the Monon, and 14 passenger trains arrive and depart from this station each day.

Rensselaer has a population of 2,500; its principal business streets are lighted with boulevard lights, and we have more miles of paved and macadam streets and cement sidewalks than any city of like size in the state.

It has four large brick school buildings, five churches, two newspapers, a fine municipal water, light and power plant, flouring mill, three modern garages, three lumber yards, five coal yards, and practically all lines of other business are represented here. The county has over 200 miles of improved macadam roads, and a network of stone roads extend out from Rensselaer in every direction. We are on the direct automobile route between Chicago and Indianapolis and many thousands of tourists pass through our city during the touring season.

WEDNESDAY, M'CH 10, 1915

NIBLACK SEEKING GOVERNOR'S SEAT

Representative of Knox, Gibson and Vanderburg Counties Declares He Will Be Democratic Candidate for Nomination.

Indianapolis, March 8.—Representative Mason J. Niblack of Knox, Gibson and Vanderburg counties, declared yesterday that he would be a candidate for the democratic nomination for governor of Indiana next year.

The possibility of his entrance into the gubernatorial race became known some time ago when letters from friends, booming him for the nomination, gained publicity at the state house, and his admission yesterday that he would like to have the place was not unexpected.

Mr. Niblack comes from a part of

Indiana that has not contributed a governor since Alvin P. Hovey, a republican, who came from Posey county. The last democrat to be elected from the southwestern part of Indiana was "Blue Jeans" Williams, a resident of Niblack's home city, Vincennes. On the question of geographical distribution Niblack's friends felt that he is entitled to consideration.

As a party man he has been active for more than thirty years. He comes of distinguished democratic stock, his father having been a conspicuous democrat of southern Indiana for more than thirty years. After serving as a circuit judge in the southwestern counties the elder Niblack was elected continuously for eight terms to congress as the representative of the First district, which then included Knox county, and thereafter for twelve years he was on the supreme bench of the state.

Mason J. Niblack was speaker of the Indiana House of Representatives in the sessions of 1889 and 1891, and in 1892 was a candidate for the democratic nomination for governor, with what appeared to be a clear field until the entrance, two days before the convention, of Claude Matthews, who was nominated and elected.

Mr. Niblack has been recognized throughout the present session as one of the most forceful members on the majority side. He is the first democrat to make an avowal of candidacy, although it has been generally understood that W. H. O'Brien of Lawrenceburg, former state chairman and former auditor of state, will be an active candidate.

LOOSEN UP.

Do you want to see a wave of prosperity strike this community and push everything along in front of it?

Then open your wallet and loosen up!

Don't content yourself with telling the other fellow to do it, but do it yourself.

Imagination plays a mighty big part in our scheme of life, and to a very large extent we have been afflicted in late months with an aggravated case of imaginitis.

Some one got out in the street and yelled "hard times," and immediately the cry was taken up and handed from lip to lip until it really began to assume a semblance of truth.

An then everybody commenced to tighten the strings to their purses; pennies and dollars were herded and withdrawn from circulation; buying lagged, and apprehension stalked abroad.

People imagined we were in the midst of hard times.

The fact that the community held just as much money as ever before was entirely overlooked.

The fact that exports, with the possible exception of cotton in southern states, was as heavy as before was also forgotten.

Money continued to come into the community from outside sources, but it was promptly hidden away instead of being placed in circulation through the usual business channels.

Pessimists barked on every corner,

calamity howlers were in their element, and even sane men commenced to worry.

And all because some fellow opened his mouth and yelled "hard times."

But let's put an end to the farce. Let's do our spring buying early—let's do much of it now—let's pull our money out of its hiding places and put it to work where it will be of use to ourselves and to the community. And let's buy our goods from those who have borne the brunt of the so-called hard times—from people we know and whom we know we can trust.

Let's trot out Old Man Prosperity and give him the front seat, and then let's all go to work and keep him there.

Imagination has been worked to a frazzle.

Now let's have a dose of common sense, and the imaginary malady will soon cease to exist. Let's loosen up.

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

Willing hands find plenty to do—and do it.

A good remedy for that tired feeling is "more work."

England and Germany appear to be making it a "war to the stomach."

Let us hope there will be no war zone established around the advent of spring.

Judging from the activities of the allies, the world is to be treated to a new exhibition of the Turkey trot.

Work brings cash, cash creates happiness, and happiness just makes us feel bully all over. Let's everybody work!

Some people are born tightwads, but few are so stingy as to continually read their home paper without paying for it.

The merchant who never advertises has been likened to the farmer who looks for a crop where no seed has been sown.

If the kaiser gets short of cash he might use his submarines in fishing for the millions of pirate gold at the bottom of the sea.

David Lloyd-George has just delivered himself of a very stale joke. He declares the United States is unprepared for war or for self defense.

Manufacturers are known the world over by the labels on their goods, the wide awake merchants are known by their ads in the local paper.

Young man, if you ever grow up to be president you may learn something of the trials and perplexities of our own Woodrow in these halcyon days of neutrality.

A noted foreign diplomat says that if international law is finally kicked in the discard the United States will be responsible. Of course! Uncle Sam ought to have his trousers kicked for minding his own business.

It must make the shade of Montgomery Ward smile to see some business man in a small country town walk into the local printing office and tell the editor he can get his work done in some other city for half what the local man can afford to do his work and ask him if he will meet the prices. Some of these fellows take their printing elsewhere because they don't like the color of the editor's hair or his politics but all of them are knocking their home town. Knocking the one institution that stands up for the town everywhere and at all times and spends time and money to get trade. Trade is what makes any town and when any business man takes his printing away he never sees the money again, nor does any one else in the community. If building up the home industries of our own country is good business why isn't building up the industries of our home town good business?—Brook Reporter.

Hazing Case is Transferred.

Lafayette, Ind., March 5.—The Purdue University hazing case, in which Mabel Rogers is plaintiff and Miss Mary Clark of Clarks Hill and six other former Purdue coeds are defendants, will be tried in Crawfordsville. Judge H. H. Vinton of the Tippecanoe County Superior Court today granted a change of venue to Montgomery county on the plaintiff's petition. The attorneys for the plaintiff and defense agreed on Crawfordsville. Judge Jere West will occupy the bench. Miss Rogers filed her suit for \$7,000 damages last April and it is alleged that she was roughly handled by the defendants because she would not follow their wishes. Representatives Wm. R. Wood of the Tenth District is attorney for the defense.

Many Children Are Sickly.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for children break up colds in 24 hours, relieve feverishness, headache, stomach troubles, teething disorders, and destroy worms. At all druggists, 25c. Sample mailed free. Address, Allen S. Olmstead, Le Roy, N. Y.—Adv't.

A MUSICIAN BY ACCIDENT

Strange Story of a Member of the French Commune.

Signor Caracalli, the great cornet player, retired when he had years of artistic and pecuniary success before him. Sitting with him one day in a cafe in Paris I asked him how he came to give up his profession at so early an age.

"Because I hated it," he replied. "Hated it? Were you not born to it?"

"I suppose I was, though when a boy I heard no music and whatever ability I have lay dormant. It was brought out suddenly and under great stress."

I saw there was a story connected with the matter, and, after much pressure on my part, he reluctantly consented to tell it.

I'm not an Italian. I'm a Frenchman, and my real name is Henrotin. Just before the downfall of Napoleon III. I went to Paris from my father's farm on the Givanne river and was solicited to join the commune. Being young and a countryman I believed anything any one told me and consented, thinking France to be on the eve of a new era of prosperity and happiness for all her people alike. We had everything our own way, but unfortunately we had no way for a time. Soon we were prisoners of the regular troops. They proposed to first imprison us, then take us out in droves and shoot us. I was expecting to go out, stand with my face to the wall with the rest and be shot, when a fellow prisoner told me that the French army was short of musicians and one of our number had been pardoned and enlisted to play the trombone.

A drowning man will catch at a straw, and, securing a bit of paper, I wrote on it that I was an accomplished musician and would like to enlist as such in the army. The paper I gave to the officer who had us in charge. The next morning a roll was called of those who were to be shot, my name among them. But after calling the sergeant paused, blinked his stupid eyes at the paper, then said:

"No, Jacques Henrotin, you are to go to be examined for the band being reorganized for the — infantry."

Well, this was like relieving a man from being shot to strangle him later on. I had no knowledge of music and did not know one instrument from another. I could only think of some plan for delay. Our prison was cold, and that night I poured water over my clothes and sat in them in order to catch cold. Fortunately I succeeded, and the next day when I was marched to the bandmaster of the — infantry I was coughing and sneezing, my windpipe being pretty nearly stopped.

"What instrument do you play?" inquired the bandmaster.

I had purposely made inquiry about instruments and replied that I played the cornet. Whereupon the band master called for a cornet and told me to play something.

"Great heavens!" I exclaimed. "Do you expect a man to use his lungs while they are not even fitted for breathing?"

"Take him back and cross his name off the list of applicants."

"Give me time, a month, a week, and I promise you that I will make music such as you have never heard before."

"Very well, I'll give you a week."

"I have caught cold in prison. Can't you have me put where I may recover and where I can practice a little? I've not played for some time."

"H'm, let me see! I might put you with the band."

He directed the corporal to take me to the quarters of the band and have me locked in a room by myself. He also gave orders that I was to be provided with a cornet. This was done. I succeeded in inducing the man who brought the cornet to give me instructions. He was surprised at my ability to learn, but in a week I could not hope to pass an examination, so I purposely slammed the door on my fingers and when called before the bandmaster showed him the mutilated hand. He was sorry he had not sent me back to be shot, but now he was in for it he thought it best to give me more time. He allowed me a month.

My fingers were not crushed as badly as I claimed, and I did not cease my lessons. All day I practiced for my life. I hoped that the executions would cease and I would be lost sight of, but every day a number of communists were shot. A week before the end of the month I learned to play a tune which my instructor told me was a great favorite with the bandmaster. When I was called upon to show my proficiency I played this air, and it was like a pleading wail for my life. The bandmaster was astonished, and when I saw he was about to ask me to play another piece I feigned to faint. As soon as I came to myself I was enlisted as cornet player and sent to the hospital. The bandmaster was in dread of losing me.

Soon after that they got tired of shooting communists. I served my enlistment with the band, though I played but one air that made people weep—the air I played on my examination. My whole reputation as a musician was made on that one air. I played it for ten years, and every time I did so I renewed the feelings with which I played for my life. It made for me half a million francs. I will never play it again.

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RENSSELAER, INDIANA.

TRUSTEES' CARD.

JORDAN TOWNSHIP

The undersigned trustees of Jordan Township attend to official business at his residence on the first and third Wednesdays of each month. Persons having business with me will please govern themselves accordingly. Postoffice address—Rensselaer, Indiana.

JOHN KOLHOFF, Trustee.

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Legal Blanks

The Democrat keeps on hand a number of legal blank forms, such as are endorsed by prominent attorneys of Rensselaer, including the following:

Contracts for Sale of Real Estate.

Warranty and Quit Claim Deeds.

Cash and Grain Rent Farm Leases.

City Property Leases.

Notices (cardboard) for posting for Road Supervisor Elections.

Chattel Mortgages.

Release of Mortgage.

Assignment of Mortgage.

Real Estate Mortgages, long or short form.

Special price on quantities of 100 or more made up of different blanks. Price mailed postpaid to any address (cash with order) for any of the above, two for 50c, or 25c per dozen (except long form Mortgages and Grain Rent Farm Leases, which are 50c per doz. or 5c each.)

Get your sale bills printed at The Democrat office. No charge made for running the entire list of property in the paper, where we print the bills.

MONON ROUTE

CHICAGO, INDIANAPOLIS & LOUISVILLE RY

RENSSELAER TIME TABLE In Effect January 3, 1915.

NORTH BOUND

No. 4 Louisville to Chicago.... 5:01 a.m.

No. 26 Cin. and Ind. to Chicago 4:23 a.m.

No. 40 Lafayette to Chicago.... 7:30 a.m.

No. 32 Cin. and Ind. to Chicago 10:45 a.m.

No. 28 Cin. and Ind. to Chicago 3:15 p.m.

No. 6 Louisville to Chicago.... 3:44 p.m.

No. 30 Cin. and Ind. to Chicago 7:06 p.m.

SOUTH BOUND

No. 5 Chicago to Louisville.... 11:05 a.m.

No. 37 Chicago to Ind. and Cin. 11:20 a.m.

No. 23 Chicago to Ind. and Cin. 2:01 p.m.

No. 29 Chicago to Lafayette.... 6:12 p.m.

No. 31 Chicago to Ind. and Cin. 7:41 p.m.

No. 3 Chicago to Louisville.... 11:10 p.m.

No. 35 Chicago to Ind. and Cin. 12:15 a.m.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

CITY OFFICERS

Mayor.....Charles G. Spitzer

Clerk.....Charles Morlan

Treasurer.....Charles M. Sands

Attorney.....Moses Leopold

Marshal.....W. R. Shesler

Civil Engineer.....W. F. Osborne

Fire Chief.....J. J. Montgomery

Fire Warden.....J. J. Montgomery

Councilmen

1st Ward.....Ray Wood

2nd Ward.....Frank Tobias

3rd Ward.....Frank Kings

At Large.....Rex Warner, F. Kresler

JUDICIAL

Circuit Judge.....Charles W. Hanley

Prosecuting Attorney.....Reuben Hess

Terms of Court—Second Monday in February, April, September and November. Four week terms.

COUNTY OFFICERS

Clerk.....Judson H. Perkins

Sheriff.....B. D. McCollly

Auditor.....J. P. Hammond

Treasurer.....A. A. Felt

Recorder.....G. L. King

Surveyor.....M. B. Price