

## THE DAILY DEMOCRAT.

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J. H. HELLER, Manager.

CROMER  
IN COMMAND

Even the doubting Thomas will have to admit that George W. Cromer is a mighty lively political corpse. The district meeting at Winchester was ruled entirely by his influence, and a district chairman was named that is first a Cromer machine manipulator and then a republican. The organization is strictly a Cromer machine, and the rules governing the nomination of a republican candidate for congress will have to be such as Mr. Cromer desires, and the candidate will have to measure up to the special liking of the ex-congressman and who can do that so well as Mr. Cromer himself? The Bluffton News, anti-Cromer, predicts a congressional primary with Cromer as a strong candidate. The Anderson Bulletin, anti-Cromer, admits the strength of Mr. Cromer, and says that he had completely under his control the Winchester convention. The Portland Commercial-Review, anti-Cromer, heads their account of the district meeting "Cromer in Control." Thus it will be seen that first blood came easily for the many times congressman. Following the Winchester meeting comes the announcement of Editor E. C. Toner's withdrawal from the congressional race, the wise Anderson editor evidently seeing the handwriting on the wall.

The Winchester convention is reported as being painfully unenthusiastic. The only spark of life came when Hon. Theodore Shockley lambasted everybody present, and scored those responsible for the omission of endorsing President Roosevelt and Governor Hanly. He said that the dove of peace evidently wore horns and had several butcher knives concealed up its sleeve.

Judge Robert S. Taylor, of this city, is never wanting in courage to speak his mind upon a question of public interest. In his too infrequent political speeches he has had a fashion of discussing with the most impressive candor such issues as from time to have been uppermost in the public mind and the attitude of the republican party toward such issues. The same blunt candor marks Judge Taylor's latest contribution to political opinion. A leader of Indiana republicans, he goes the full length to declare that Indiana's favorite son and somewhat declared choice of republican presidential candidates is not the man for the party. Fairbanks, Foraker and Cannon, he says, should not be thought of as successors to Roosevelt. The election of any one of these, he asserts, would be to undo all that Roosevelt has contrived to have done. Roosevelt is out of the question, declares Judge Taylor, but the man to lead the republican party must be like Roosevelt. Judge Taylor expresses himself with a gravity so profound that his views must make a decided impression. A query that naturally arises upon this great lawyer and thinker's declarations is, How many thinking, patriotic men are there in the republican party in Indiana who at heart agree with him? Doubtless the number is large. Some of them may take courage from Judge Taylor's example to let themselves be heard from.—Fort Wayne Sentinel.

It is claimed that George Cromer will be in control of the Eighth congressional district convention and could nominate himself if he chooses to. And George would surely do so if he thought the people would not rise up again and smite him another mighty blow. And he will, in all probability, stand for another knock-

out rather than surrender his organization.—Anderson Bulletin.

In the big factory cities they are opening free soup houses or free lodging places and calling the m'Public Barracks." But a lemon by any other name tastes just the same.—Rochester Sentinel.

## ANOTHER CONTEST

Bart France Exchanges Places With His Uncle Frank E. France

## IN BILLIARD GAME

The Fight for Second Place Continues to be Interesting Scramble

### STANDING.

	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
O. France	100	7	6	.857
Allison	90	6	4	.666
Peterson	70	9	6	.666
B. France	70	9	6	.666
Studabaker	70	8	5	.625
F. E. France	100	7	4	.571
Mangold	70	8	3	.533
Elzey	90	8	2	.556
Bobo	90	9	2	.722
DeVoss	90	9	2	.722

Only one game was played in the DeWitt smoke house billiard tournament yesterday and as a result F. E. France, who has been considered a very dangerous contestant for first place, lost his third game and was thus crowded back into fourth place.

Mr. France suffered defeat at the hands of Bart France, who put up an excellent contest and proved unbeatable. The score being 70 to 86. The contest is getting down to the fine point where every one seems anxious to win, and puts forth his best effort and as a result all of the games are close and exciting. From all present indications it looks as if O. France should win the coveted prize, but as a game of billiards is any one's until the last shot is made, he may yet suffer defeat that will cause his downfall. A large crowd saw the game yesterday and applauded the many brilliant shots.

## WITH THE BOWLERS

Klondykes Take Two More Games and Get Off With a Good Lead

## CRABILL'S BIG SCORE

Rolled One Game of 252 and Made Average of Hundred and Ninety

	STANDING.
Played.	Won.
Klondykes	6
Post Office	3
K. of C.	3
Elks	0

The fight for the city championship in bowling is on in earnest at the Klondyke alleys and the four teams that are in the fight are all confident of winning the prize that is offered. The Klondykes and Post Office teams took up the fight last night the former winning two out of the three games played, thus leaving them at the head of the last. Crabill was the bright and shining light on the Klondyke team, he having a grand average of 190 when the series closed while J. Peterson rolled the most consistent game for the Post Office team. The league is bound to cause considerable amusement as all four teams are evenly matched and will play to the finish. The results of last night's play were as follows:

### Post Office.

Shafer	180	166	142	163
Gay	130	143	161	145
Lachot	139	112	100	117
Brake	182	119	120	140
J. Peterson	185	183	137	163
	816	723	660	

Klondykes.

The Elks and K. of C. teams will play on next Thursday evening.

## THE MEXICAN BORDER

How Both Sides of the Line Are Watched and Guarded.

## UNCLE SAM'S BRAVE RIDERS.

The Work That Is Performed by These Well Mounted, Well Armed and Courageous Patrols—The Mexican Rurales and Their Methods.

If business or recreation should take you down to that long line which forms the boundary between the United States and Mexico, you may by chance meet a well mounted rider, armed with rifle and pistols, pacing observantly along some bypath or canyon. He is one of the United States boundary riders appointed by the treasury department to patrol the border on the lookout for smugglers, cattle runners and other persons whose presence on the American side is generally undesirable.

For this position the man selected must possess courage, judgment and no little physical endurance, for his duties may call him forth at all hours and seasons, and he may be responsible for a stretch of border land many miles in length.

For example, between San Diego, on the Pacific coast of California, and Yuma, in Arizona, there is but one boundary rider to patrol a line of over 150 miles, and this is in part over a sparsely settled mountainous region and partly through the waste of the Colorado desert.

As opposite him, on the other side of the line, the Mexican government maintains from fifteen to twenty rurales for the same work, it is a good illustration of the trust reposed in a single American citizen by his government. It is probable there is no other man in the United States whom it would be harder to find at a given moment than the boundary rider of the San Diego-Yuma district.

He may be down on the Colorado desert, watching near some water holes for a venturesome band of cattle runners, or in some canyon of the mountains on the lookout for a wagon load of prohibited immigrant Chinamen; but, wherever he is, one may be fairly sure it is not where the transgressor of the customs laws expect him to be.

That he must possess both judgment and courage the following incident, which took place during the career of the former boundary rider in this district, will aptly illustrate:

For some time a band of cattle runners had been working successfully back and forth over the line in spite of the boundary rider's vigilance. They seemed to be able to divine his movements, so that while he was watching a trail through the mountains they were rushing a bunch of cattle over the desert.

But at last he managed to surprise the band and, rifle in hand, drove two of them into Campo.

Then, however, arose the question as to the method of taking them down to the coast. He hired a double seated vehicle, the only one in the place.

But at once another question presented itself. How was he to seat his prisoners, for either they must be placed together on the front or the back seat or separated, both seemingly a hazardous choice?

He finally decided to separate them, and so, with one on the front seat with him and the other behind, he started for the coast.

The two cattle runners managed to communicate with each other by signs and at a rough part of the road made the boundary rider, in turn, their prisoner. Needless to say, they then made the best of their opportunity to escape over the border, but as they fell into the hands of the unsympathetic rurales they would have been better off if they had submitted to the law of their own country.

This brings one of the somewhat different methods pursued by the Mexican government in guarding their side of the border. From a cursory inspection of the line one might suppose that the Mexican side is not guarded at all.

You may cross the line ten times at different places and never set eyes on a rural, but it is well known that you have done so nevertheless, and on the eleventh excursion you are likely to find yourself surrounded by a picturesque group, who will carry you off to jail if your explanation is not satisfactory.

As a rule, the rurales patrol back and forth in detachments at a distance of from ten to fifteen miles from the actual border. Many a headlong dash for the American side has been made by perfectly law abiding citizens, with the rurales at their heels, because they have been heedless in obtaining a permission to cross the border.

True, an American citizen may cross the border at will, as far as he himself is concerned, but as he is almost certain to carry some article liable to duty it is upon that charge that he may be arrested.—Michael White in *Youth's Companion*.

### Rural Claims.

Through the influence of the daily press cities and their needs have come to absorb such an amount of daily attention that the importance of the country and its inhabitants to the welfare of the nation is largely overlooked; hence the call to do everything that can be done to enlarge, to refine, to purify and to strengthen the life of our country people. And one means to this end which has not hitherto been used as much as it might have been is the cultivation in the school and in the home of the habit of reading good books.—Bishop of Hereford in *Nineteenth Century*.

### His Concession.

Miss Sallie Miller, the acknowledged belle of the town, had fewer beans than were her due. This was owing to her father's peculiar aversion to all young men who called on his daughter. He had a disconcerting way of taking possession of the porch and snubbing her callers while they were waiting for her to come down.

One evening Newton Brown, a bashful young swain, came a trifle too early for Miss Sallie. Mr. Miller and Newton's father were close friends, but the boy had grown so rapidly that the old gentleman did not recognize little Newt Brown in this tall, gawky youth. "It looks as if it might rain," the young fellow ventured timidly.

"Tain't a goin' to rain," was the gruff response.

For about a quarter of an hour they sat in silence. Finally the old man's curiosity got the better of him.

"Who are you, anyway?" he growled.

"Newton Brown, sir." "What? Not old Jake Brown's son?" "Yes, sir." "Well, well," said Mr. Miller more kindly; "it may rain; it may rain."—Everybody's Magazine.

### A Lesson In Honesty.

There is a restaurant in Broad street in which nearly a thousand persons eat during the noon hour. Each person eats what he pleases and when he goes to the cashier's desk announces the amount of his indebtedness. The proprietors figure that to trust to the honesty of their patrons is a saving of precious Wall street minutes and, besides, is good business. Once in awhile keen eyed employees capture a cheat. One of these, a youth, was "caught with the goods on" a few days ago and taken to the office of the proprietors. Given the choice of being arrested or going into the kitchen and washing dishes, the young man nearly collapsed of shame and fright. He begged not to be arrested and reluctantly agreed to wash dishes. For an hour or so the culprit struggled with a pile of dishes in a tub of steaming water. Then he was told he might depart. Now he brings his lunch from home.—New York Press.

### What English Means.

Mrs. Smith—What are you reading John? Mr. Smith—I am reading Herbert Spencer's "Principles of Biology." Mrs. Smith—Why—what's that, John? Mr. Smith—Herbert Spencer's "Biology." Let me read you an extract from his definition of life. Listen: "It consists of the definite combinations of heterogeneous changes, but simultaneous and successive, in combination with external coexistences and sequences."

Why, John, what in the world is the man talking about?"

"I am astonished at you, Jane. Why, this is the work of the great English scientist."

"Yes, I know, but what is he writing about?"

"He is defining life, I told you. What did you suppose he was writing about?"

"Good gracious! I thought he was trying to get a patent on a clothes horse."—London Tit-Bits.

### When Religion Called.

In his book "Work In Great Cities" the bishop of London writes: "You have often not only to learn, but to practice, what may be described as the foot and door trick. It is ruination to the boot and sometimes hurts the toe, but it consists in rapidly, but quickly, passing the foot in the moment the door is opened in order to secure, at any rate, a few minutes' parity."

As to what may happen he writes: "After long hesitation it will be opened by a little girl about half a foot, and then you will hear a distant voice from the wash tub in the rear, 'Well, Sally, who is it?' Then Sally will answer at the door of her voice, 'Please, mother, it's religion.' You will require all your presence of mind to cope with that."

The time came, however, when every door was thrown wide open to welcome "our bishop."—London Christian Globe.

### Why the Sun Sets.

Little Jack asked his mother one night why the sun set so often. She told him that it might rise in the morning. This seemed a useless reason, and Jack hunted for another. At last he said:

"Oh, I know, mother. The sun sets so that she can hatch all the days."—Washington Star.

### Came With a Shock.

Harold (after the fateful question had been put and answered)—Did I surprise you, dear? Maud—Surprise me? You paralyzed me! I gave up the idea two years ago of your ever having sprung enough to propose.—Chicago Tribune.

### No Deceit.

Mother—Jack, when I gave you and Ella each an orange, you both promised not to eat them until after dinner. Is it possible you have deceived me? Little Jack—No, ma'am. I ate Ella's and she ate mine.—Chicago News.

### Women in Japan.

A Japanese saying runs: "Woman is an unmanageable creature; flatter her, she is elated; thrash her, she weeps; kill her, her spirit haunts you."

We would suggest that the best remedy is to love her.—Japan Times.

### Carlyle's Creed.

Man is born to expend every particle of strength that God Almighty has given him in doing the work he finds he is fit for, to stand it out to the best breath of life and do his best.