

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 Shockney 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 time 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	1	.557
Allison 90	6	4	2	.666
Peterson 70	9	6	3	.666
B. France 70	9	6	3	.666
Studabaker 70	8	5	3	.625
P. E. France 100	7	4	3	.571
Mangold 70	8	3	5	.375
Elzey 90	8	2	6	.250
Bobo 90	9	2	7	.222
DeVoss 90	9	2	7	.222

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.	Lost.	Pct.	
Klondykes	6	5	1	.750
Post Office	3	1	2	.333
K. of C.	3	0	3	.000
Elks	0	0	0	.000

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	165	142	—163
Gay	130	143	161	—145
Lachot	139	112	100	—117
Brake	182	119	120	—140
J. Peterson	185	183	137	—168

Klondykes.				
Crabill	204	252	115	—190
Russell	134	120	146	—133
Garard	144	149	154	—149
Johns	102	110	128	—113
T. Peterson	162	204	169	—178

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 Camp.

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 beaux 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 at 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—what's that, John? Mr. Smith—Herbert Spencer's "Biology." Let me read you an extract—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."—Loudon 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 ruinous 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' parley." 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 top 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 spunk 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 weepeth; 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 expand 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.—Thomas Carlyle.

THE MONEY QUESTION.

An Inquisitive Youngster and an Ingenious Father.

"Papa," began Gunston junior, "when the government of the United States began to coin gold and silver money it was necessary to buy the gold and silver, wasn't it?"

"Yes, my son," replied Gunston senior rather cautiously.

"Of course, papa," resumed the youngster, "you'll be able to tell me where the government got the money to buy the gold and silver?"

"That's right," chuckled Gunston junior gleefully, and a great joy filled his being as he thought of his all important side struggling with the simple question.

"Why, sonny, the government simply issued dollar bills and bought gold and silver with them. Anything else?"

"Yes," said Gunston junior. "Where did the government get money to buy paper for the dollar bills?"—Harper's Weekly.

THE HORSE WON.

Beat the First Locomotive on the B. and O. Road.

The first locomotive on the Baltimore and Ohio had sails attached. So did the cars. These sails were hoisted when the wind was in the right direction so as to help the locomotive.

The rivalry between the railroads using locomotives and those using horses was very bitter. In August, 1830, an actual trial of speed was held between a horse and one of the pioneer locomotives, which did not result in favor of the locomotive. The race was on the Baltimore and Ohio, the locomotive being one built by Peter Cooper, who also acted as engineer.

The horse, a gallant gray, was in the habit of pulling a car on a track parallel to that used by the locomotive. At first the gray had the better of the race, but when he was a quarter of a mile ahead Mr. Cooper succeeded in getting up enough steam to pass the horse, amid terrific applause.

At that moment a band slipped from a pulley, and, though Mr. Cooper lacerated his hands trying to replace it, the engine stopped and the horse passed it and came in the winner.—Van Norden Magazine.

They Don't Like Funerals.

"If you want to know just how sensitive some Washington folks are, listen to the reasons some of our tenants give for canceling their leases," said a realty agent. "Here are the complaints from five families who want to move because they live on 'funeral streets.' A lot of people, it seems, are sensitive about that. There are certain streets in town—those near churches where many funerals are held and those leading to the various cemeteries—which are usually traveled by funeral parties. Houses in those streets are becoming a poor investment. There is more moving from those houses than from any others we have anything to do with, and generally the movers give as the reason for their dissatisfaction the fact that the sight of so many hearses gets on their nerves."—Washington Star.

The Saragossans.

It is said that the queer, composite race of people that dwell upon the waterlogged bulks of the Saragossa sea, in the mid-Atlantic, have a pretty theory about death. They believe that those to whom the messenger comes when the sun is shining brightly are transported straight away to a heaven of warm fresh water only four feet in depth, in which they may wade and disport themselves to all eternity. On the other hand, those who receive the call of death in hours of darkness must needs endure a probationary period before they can enter into the future life. The Saragossans are in addition firm believers in premonitions, omens and foreordinations.

Instincts of a Woman.

A little girl who had for some time wanted a dog was taken very ill. One day when much better she told her mother of her desire and begged her to ask her grandpa to buy her one. The mother answered that grandpa did not like dogs and probably would not be willing to buy one. Then, seeing the little invalid look sadly disappointed, she said, "Well, wait till you get well, my dear, then we will see."

"Oh, no," answered the child, whose few years had taught her some wisdom. "The more sick I am the more likely he will be to buy it for me."—Exchange.

Hoarding.

Hoarding is not only an economic mistake, but an economic crime as well. It is, in fact, a survival of the evil days of maladministration. It comes down to us from the time when nearly all governments were conquerors which considered themselves entitled to plunder their subjects. Thus hoarding is founded upon distrust of the government.—Statesman, Calcutta.

Reverse Action.

The Elder Matron—You shouldn't mind the baby crying a little. It strengthens his lungs. The Younger Matron—Oh, no doubt, but it weakens his father's religion so!—Indianapolis Journal.

If you would not have affliction visit you twice, listen at once to what it teaches.—Rogers.

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100 ACRES OF GOOD WALNUT LAND 100

Black sandy soil, with new farm buildings modern in every way, well fenced, in good locality of Adams county. This is a model stock farm and a bargain for any one who wants a farm of this kind. Enquire at this office

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Homan, the C. Mortonist

Peel & Francis, Comedy Sketch Artists,

Mitchell & Browning, Song and Dance Artists,

Illustrated Songs;

Kinnodrome,

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American Woman in German Eyes.

American girls, whether born or merely brought up in America, evidence the same independence of judgment and the same complete self reliance. It is hard to say whether this is the result of the education in the public schools and colleges or in their freedom from that condition of legal and social subservency to which the gentler sex is doomed in older countries.—Max von Brandt in Berlin Deutsche Revue.

Quite a "Character."

Here is a "character" given to a servant on leaving her last situation: "The bearer has been in my house a year, less eleven months. During this time she has shown herself diligent at the house door, frugal in work, mindful of herself, prompt in excuses and honest when everything was out of the way."—London Tit-Bits.

Awed Into Humility.

Man for man, if not woman for woman, the humility and terror of Americans in the presence of English people of their own class or above it is, with whatever care disguised, a pathetic thing.—London Outlook.

But Hard to Tell.

"What is the real, essential difference between mushrooms and toadstools?"

"Exactly the difference between a feast and a funeral."—Baltimore American.

A blithe heart makes a blooming visage.—Irish Proverb.

THE CRYSTAL THEATRE

OPEN TONIGHT

MOTION PICTURES.

First film—"The Red Spectre."

Second film—"On the Grass." "Daily Life of a French Sailor."

ILLUSTRATED SONG.

"The Fatal Rose of Red."

SCHMUCK & MILLER

THE PICTORIUM

TONIGHT

Bird Nesting.

Chinese Mistake.

Crime in the Mountain.

Indiana Rubber Man.

SONG.

"Montana."

J. B. STONEBURNER, Prop.

LOST—A big black and white shepherd dog. Reward for his return or information as to whereabouts. Fred D. Bell.

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