

The Daily Democrat

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J. H. HELLER, Manager.

Governor Marshall will deliver a toast at the banquet of the Democratic editors at Bloomington this evening. It is safe to say that he will say some things that will cause the pencil pushers to sit up and notice things. He always does and he also always says the right thing at the right time.

A movement is on foot in G. A. R. circles to dispense with memorial addresses in decorating the graves of the soldiers of 1861-'65. In lieu there of it is proposed to have read, from year to year, the immortal speech of President Lincoln at Gettysburg. One of the reasons assigned in favor of the proposed change is that some of the speakers have wandered too far from the subject in which the veterans feel really interested.—South Bend Times.

The Inter-State Medical Journal raises the very pertinent question as to whether our school course is not unwisely attempting to force a cultural education upon brains totally unfitted for it. We make poor doctors, lawyers and preachers out of material that would furnish excellent farmers and mechanics. The trouble is that ambition is stimulated in the wrong direction. A farmer or a carpenter needs education as much as does a lawyer or a doctor, but along different lines. Let the school work be adopted to the future life work.

A class of one hundred and forty-six bright, happy young men and women, perhaps not just that exactly, but very near it, were launched into the arena today, when that number received diplomas at the hands of County Superintendent Ogiliver, which shows that they have made the necessary grades that graduate them into the high schools. This is a very important day for them, for this concludes the work of the elementary education, this is the foundation upon which they must educate themselves in a business way, professional or otherwise. If they have builded well, they will succeed, if not they will pass into every day, commonplace ruts and remain there. Young man, young woman, which is it to be? Time will tell.

CHARGES AGAINST PATENT MEDICINES.

Most of the charges against patent medicines as a class have no foundation in fact and are manifestly unfair and unjust.

There are a large number of standard remedies like Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound used in thousands of American homes which have saved hundreds of dollars to families who could not afford to consult a physician, and they have answered the purpose equally as well.

Democrat Want Ads. Pay

SAY YOU

Why Don't You Smoke

The Cubatonic?

Atlantic King?

Havana Midget?

—MADE BY—

Lose & Thomas

who live right here at home.

A Twenty-four Hour Romance.

[Copyright, 1908, by T. C. McClure.]

It is only the solemn truth to write that Miss Sarah Bingham was thirty-seven years old and unmarried and that she had romance in her soul, but it would be ungentlemanly to add that she was in the matrimonial market and had been ever since she arrived at the age of twenty. She had simply waited. She could afford to wait and persisted in giving her age as twenty-five right along and making herself believe that time was standing still on her account.

Miss Sarah was feeling in this serene and optimistic mood when she was invited by friends to be their guest at a summer hotel on the banks of a lake. They didn't consult her romance as much as their own interest. They had two children and a dog, and they figured on making the old maid work for her board and lodgings. She fell into the trap, but not to her detriment. One of the male guests of the hotel, who might not have noticed her in any other walk, saw her as nurse and dog guardian and made advances. This guest was darkly supposed to be an actor—an actor who played great parts and made a great success of his job, but who was there incog, and wished to remain so. The other guests were respecting this wish, but following him about with bated breath.

Actors sometimes get queer notions into their heads, and Mr. Melnotte got one into his. It was that Miss Sarah would make the greatest Juliet he ever saw on the stage. She had the form, the voice, the eyes, the nose, the chin and the toes. All that was lacking were cash and a manager and the removal of just one tiny doubt—a doubt no larger than the head of a brass pin. Did she have the necessary romance? If she did, then all was well; if she didn't, then alas! It has been stated that Miss Sarah did have romance and doted on it, but the next thing was to prove it to the actor. She took two days to cogitate and then went ahead. The hotel was surrounded by woods on three sides. One morning Miss Sarah left the whimpering dog and the howling children behind and started for the green wold and was soon lost to sight. She would be missed, searched for, found and be talked of as romantic.

Miss Sarah was missed. The idea was that she had been drowned. More than half the guests turned out to drag the bottom of the lake. The actor was not one of them. Coincidentally with the alarm he had been told by a fat woman that Miss Sarah hadn't a dollar to her name.

One woman asserted her belief that the missing female had eloped with a tin peddler that had been seen driving past the hotel at an early morning hour, and in her excitement another woman said that any young lady that would leave a dog and two children to weep and wail by themselves should be severely dealt with on her return, dead or alive. These opinions were expressed to the actor for the purpose of drawing him out, but he refused to be drawn. He had just sat down to a mint julep with two straws in it, and why worry?

Miss Sarah had entered the wood with her heart aflame with romance. She hustled her way along for half a mile and then halted for the actor to arrive at the head of a rescuing party. He didn't arrive. She waited for an hour and then started to walk back. Her feelings were hurt, and she lost the points of the compass and became lost for good. When she discovered this fact she called and screamed, but only the chipmunks and the woodpeckers answered. She ran this way and stumbled over roots. She ran that way and went splashing into a creek. There was romance in the greenwood, but it was farther on. All that long, long day Miss Sarah was lost in the depths.

It was almost sundown when her good genius finally guided her to a clearing with a log cabin in the midst of it. Seated at the door of the cabin was a middle aged man in homespun. He rose up and addressed her as "marm" and wanted to know all about it. When he had been told he declared that it was the romanticist thing he had ever heard of. In her wanderings she had walked seven miles. She had escaped bears and "Injuns" and wildcats, and if she wasn't what they called a heroine then he didn't know a turnip from a "tater bug."

Miss Sarah was tired, and she rested. She was hungry, and he fed her on pudding and milk. She wanted to get back to the hotel and enjoy her triumph, and he yoked up his oxen to the lumber wagon and drove her there through the moonlight. The guests saw her coming and got ready to receive her. There was icy frigidity. There was a general attitude of doubt and suspicion. There were sneers at romance. When the humiliated and embarrassed maiden looked at the actor in an appealing way he turned his head aside and made it very plain that she would never prance around behind the footlights with his connivance. The farmer had waited for the heroines, and he saw that there were none coming to her. He saw her crushed instead, and he stepped forward and touched her on the arm and said:

"Say, gal, they don't 'pear to appreciate heroines here. Come and be my heroine. I'll drive over ag'in tomorrow for your answer."

And he did, and he got it, and then the guests were all jealous because a romantic young lady had struck a good thing instead of drowning herself in the lake or starving to death in the wood.

M. QUAD.

SOCIETY COLUMN

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Artman Entertained in Honor of Mr. and Mrs. Lee

A DINNER PARTY

Given by Mrs. G. T. Burke—The Ladies' Mite Society to Meet

The Ladies' Mite Society will meet at the home of Mrs. F. H. Nichols on north Tenth street Friday afternoon.

Mrs. G. T. Burke gave a dinner party Wednesday noon, and a very pleasant afternoon was spent. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Lee and children, Ruth and Paul, and Rev. F. H. Vernor.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Artman entertained a number of the Christian church members in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Lee, who leave in a few days for Michigan, where they will reside in the future. This farewell gathering, following the prayer meeting services was a very pleasant one. Mrs. Lee will go to Fort Wayne today on her way to Michigan.

The big dance given last night at the K. C. hall was one of the most enjoyable ever given. Every member of the K. C. lodge and their families were invited, numbering two hundred and fifty people. The bride and groom led the grand march. Refreshments were served in abundance, and a most happy time was spent. The best wishes of the community are extended to Mr. and Mrs. Hackman.

Mrs. Eli Sprunger entertained a number of relatives and friends from out of the city at dinner today. The afternoon was spent very pleasantly.

The Missionary Society of the Christian church was entertained by Mrs. G. T. Burke this afternoon most pleasantly. Mrs. Harvey Lee who leaves for Michigan in a day or two was present and the minister, Rev. Vernor.

The Historical Club will have a business meeting to make arrangements for next year Friday evening. The meeting will be held with Mrs. R. B. Allison on Adams street. Every member is requested to be present.

HE WENT INSANE

J. Carlton Guy is Imprisoned in Athens, Ohio, Asylum

PITIFUL CONDITION

The Play Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde is the Cause

Guy Mercer, known over the country as J. Carlton Guy, and one of the proprietors of the Guy Stock company which has often visited Decatur, is an inmate of the Athens Insane asylum at the present time, where he languishes with memory blank and an exceedingly feeble mind. Mr. Mercer has been known over the country as one of the most clever young actors on the stage, and from his pen many deep and interesting plays have found inception. Mr. Guy wrote the play "The Cry Baby" which showed in this city some time ago and this piece made a hit over the country. Of late he had been playing that weird role of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, and became so infatuated therewith that his mind became affected and his commitment to the asylum followed. While now imprisoned, every afternoon at three o'clock he goes through the play, and by those who have watched him he is said to have done it cleverly. Mr. Mercer certainly had a great future before him as an actor and it is to be deplored that he has suffered such a sad plight. He is well known by Decatur people all of whom will regret to hear of his misfortune.

DEATH IS CERTAIN

(Continued from page 1.)
cians state that it will be but a question of a short time until death will come.

Emotional Miss Tully.

[Copyright, 1908, by American Press Association.]

I met Miss Tully in a boarding house. She was supposed to earn her own living, but no one in the house knew her occupation. She usually went out about 9 o'clock in the morning and remained most of the day, but there was nothing regular either about her going or her staying. Sometimes she would remain in the house for several days at a time, and sometimes when she went out in the morning would return before noon and not go out again.

There was a good deal about Miss Tully that interested me. She was never for a long period in the same mood. One day she would be merry as a cricket, the next in the depths of despair. Then she would be subject to fits of anger, when no one cared to approach her. Any sensible person may judge from this that Miss Tully was not likely to make a good wife, but I have noticed in young men a disposition to neglect the girls who are especially fitted to make homes comfortable for those who are so constituted as to make a husband's life a burden. At any rate, I became fascinated with Miss Tully's moods. At our first meeting there was a girlish gladness about her that was simply delicious. A few days later she met me with an imperious look on her face that well nigh froze the marrow in my bones. The next week my pity was excited by a melancholy that was no less becoming than her sprightliness or her regal dignity.

It was not long before I was madly in love. But, realizing the folly of making a life partner of a girl who was not only changeable as the wind, but whom I knew nothing about—indeed, whose mode of support was a mystery—I fought against my passion. All to no purpose. I was caught in a mesh and unable to extricate myself.

One evening Miss Tully and I were sitting in the drawing room—the boarders, seeing my infatuation, had by this time come to give up the apartment to us—side by side on a sofa. It was in the spring of the year, and Miss Tully was like the season, light hearted, exuberant in spirits and it seemed to me, willing to listen to love's young dream. Little by little I turned my words upon that dream, which by this time had enthralled me. Miss Tully saw my drift and seemed to yield to a pleased languor, listening eagerly to what I said. I poured into her ear all a lover could say, leading up to a proposal, when she stopped me and said ecstatically:

"Say it all again."
I confess I was puzzled—indeed, a trifle put out. To repeat my glowing words was not to my mind. Fortunately my embarrassment was relieved by a maid entering with a note for Miss Tully. She opened and read it. From that moment she was changed. Her light heartedness disappeared and with it her apparent interest in what I had been saying to her. Smarting under this sudden indifference, I left her.

The next evening at dinner I noticed that Miss Tully appeared to have something on her mind of an exasperating nature. Her teeth were set, and her eyes were filled with flashes, coming at long intervals, like heat lightning on a summer night. After dinner I was going up to my room when she passed me in the hall, gave me a glance I did not understand and went into the drawing room. I followed. We were alone there, and, turning on me like a fury, she began to accuse me of some unexpressed crime, working herself into a very demon. In vain I begged her to tell me what I had done. Without heeding me she talked on, or, rather, stormed on, till at last, seeing no prospect of an end to what was like a storm swaying to the east, to the west, anywhere, everywhere in accordance with its unbridled passion, I left the room.

The next morning I made an effort to escape from this mad creature. I took an early train. For a week I remained away, then, professing to myself to feel confident of my ability to resist the fascination, returned to the house and Miss Tully.

At our first meeting I saw upon her face the most engaging sadness. She gave me a reproachful look, which I took to express pain that I had kept away from her. I longed to take her in my arms; but, with a muffled moan, she went up to her room.

I saw nothing of her for a week. Then she was plain Miss Tully, neither happy nor miserable nor angry. She gave me a smile, put out her hand to me and, intimating that she had something to say to me, led the way into the drawing room.

"I owe you an explanation," she said, "and I am going to reveal to you that which no one else in this house knows. I am an artist's model. I never pose, however, except in proper clothing and only for artists who wish to catch an expression of some one of the passions. They have found me very versatile in this respect, and I have been successful. The secret of my success is that I can at any time work myself into any required mood, and this gives the artist the expression which comes from the model really feeling what is expressed. Indeed, it can be expressed in no other way. When you began to talk to me the other evening I was preparing myself to sit for a bride. While you were talking I received a note that the artist would instead work on a picture representing a tragedy. On your return I was to pose for Mary Magdalene."

I won Miss Tully for my wife, but I have never quite forgiven her for utilizing my loveliness professionally.

BEVERLY WORTHINGTON.

BEVRIDGE POPULAR

Receives Many Letters Commending Him on His Action

IN TARIFF FIGHT

President Taft May Take Part but Has Allowed Revision to Drift too Far

Washington, June 10.—The effort of Senator Aldrich to read Senator Beveridge out of the Republican party because the Indiana senator refuses to indorse the extortionate schedules of the Aldrich bill, has attracted national attention, as is shown by a flood of letters beginning to come to Senator Beveridge's office advising him to stand by his guns and continue the fight he is waging in behalf of the people. The reports of the fierce duel of words between Aldrich and Beveridge, published in Tuesday morning's papers, aroused the progressive element of the Republican party throughout the country. The feeling is so pronounced against the manipulation of the Rhode Island leader that many Republicans are taking occasion to write Senator Beveridge and tell him that he was correct in assuming that he would be safe in going with Senator Aldrich before the country on the question as to which is the better Republican. The time that has elapsed since Aldrich's performance has not been long enough for letters from the west to reach here, but there is no uncertain trend of comment in the letters already received. A Cleveland (O.) man writes Senator Beveridge a most approving letter and urges him to continue in the good fight against Senator Aldrich. "You'll get his goat yet," he adds, as a final word of encouragement. The writer of a letter from Canton, O., says he is "nothing but a humble reporter on a humble paper," but that he sympathizes with the people as against the plutocrats, and wants to thank Senator Beveridge for his fight.

In the senate today Senator La Follette exposed what purported to be a plot of the wool trust to build a back fire under him and Senator Beveridge. He read a letter which he had received from a Wisconsin man, whose name he withheld, stating that the trust had sent \$50 to another Wisconsin man, who was to spend it in sending fifty telegrams to Senator La Follette, urging that he vote for the woolen schedule of the Aldrich bill. The telegrams were to be signed by Wisconsin woolen men, manufacturers and others. The letter stated that the trust had arranged to have Senator Beveridge bombarded in the same way.

Washington, June 10.—Stories fitly contradicting each other are in circulation in Washington as to what President Taft will and will not do to the tariff bill. The Aldrich program already has demonstrated that it can hardly miss fire. Not once has the Rhode Island senator been defeated on the floor, and the most important features of the tariff bill have been so framed that the president himself, with all his power, could not force a change in them, unless under the spur of a veto. Senators probably state the exact situation when they say the president will show decided interest in the bill when it reaches conference, and that the president's wishes will be respected by the conferees. This means, of course, that the president will insist on the deduction on many articles. The serious phase of the situation, from the standpoint of the revisionists, is that the president has let the tariff revision drift too far to be able to do very much.

MODERN MARINE MARVEL

New D. & C. Line Steamer City of Cleveland Now in Regular Service.

"Modern Marine Marvel" by what better phrase can you characterize a steamer that has 500 staterooms, washed air ventilation, passenger elevator, convention hall, and a Venetian garden.

The new D. & C. steamer has all these features and then some. This boat cost \$1,250,000, is 444 feet long, is seven decks high and has 8,000 horse-power engines.

Write for pamphlet, containing detailed description of the new boat. Send two cent stamp to
D. & C. NAVIGATION CO.
Passenger Dept., Detroit, Mich.

The Citizens' Telephone company wants several operators. Inquire of the manager or chief operator. 138-3t

Democrat Want Ads. Pay

OBITUARY.

Henry Rudolph Kruezmann was born in Linen, Prussia, Germany, on the 16th of April, 1836. On the 22nd of April he was presented to the Lord the true life giver, through the act of holy baptism. He then as he grew up, received religious instructions, so that by the act of confirmation he publicly confessed his faith in the Redeemer, Jesus Christ. In his early youth he heard of the riches of America, and of the vast stretches of farm lands still unoccupied. Gradually as he saw so many of his countrymen leave for the land of promise, the desire to come to that promising country also grew up in his breast and impelled him to take up the emigrants staff in 1862. He settled in Preble township, Adams county, Indiana. On May 3, 1866, he was united in marriage with Maria Elizabeth Fruechte, and together, they labored for many years, clearing their land and supporting their family. Their union was blessed with nine children, all of them still living. His noble wife, who joyed and sorrowed at his side for 28 years, was taken from him by the grim reaper death Oct. 21, 1894. He felt the loss of his blessed wife until his own decease, June 2, at about 9:30 in the morning. His children, grandchildren, relatives and many friends remain to mourn his departure. He reached the goodly old age of 73 years, 1 mo., 16 days.

THE ROOT JUICE SENSATION CONTINUES.

As So Many People are Praising It.

Wonderful things are happening here these days. The new medicine, Root Juice, is certainly doing great good for many of this locality. People are calling from every direction to report much improvement, after using the great remedy a short while. Many come from the country to get some of the remedy, and those who have used a bottle or so are very enthusiastic in praise of it. A Strait said: "I came after some of that wonderful Root Juice because my neighbor, Mrs. Ben Goodwin, has been taking it, and she, after taking six bottles of Root Juice, looks ten years younger. The great improvement is very noticeable to all of her friends." Lorenzo Staley said: "My wife suffered a long time with stomach, liver and kidney troubles, rheumatism and pains and aches all over her body. She was very nervous and her general system was all run down. Her troubles were treated for months without relief. She had almost given up hope of ever being any better. When she started with Root Juice we had but little faith, but after taking three bottles of the juice, we could notice that she was improving. She has used just nine bottles of the medicine, and her pains and aches are all gone. She eats like a pig and digests everything she eats. She is now a well woman, thanks to Root Juice. We can't say too much in praise of it."

We are told that the Root Juice Medicine company, of Fort Wayne, Ind., freely give information to all that write for it. The Holthouse drug store is doing a rushing business with it.

MEETING OF FIRE DEPARTMENT

A special meeting of the fire department will be held at 7:30 o'clock this evening, and it is very important that every member be present. Please remember this and be there.

L. C. HELM, Chief.

Democrat Want Ads. Pay

Do You Want a Home?

For a short time only. A large modern house one square from the M. E. church\$2,500.00
New eight room modern house on Mercer avenue, inside railroad, very cheap.
Seven room house on Eighth street, one square off of Monroe an exceptionally good bargain\$900.00
Possession of these properties can be had at this time and they are offered very cheap if sold before rented. See

DAN ERWIN

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS

via the

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"The Lucky Way"

To TOLEDO, O., and MARION, IND.
and to many intermediate stations very low fares
In effect Sunday June 13, 1909 and continuing

EVERY SUNDAY

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Get further particulars from the Agent.