

DECATUR DAILY DEMOCRAT

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DIVORCE LAWS ARE NEEDED NOW:

"The crucial objection" to political activities for women has always been, the Cedar Rapids Gazette reminds us, the theoretical danger to "the traditions of home life." Now "women are planning to do something for the protection of the home and the stabilizing of our social life that men alone never would do," and if they succeed "they will justify their right to the ballot." The plan referred to is the movement sponsored by the General Federation of Women's Clubs for uniform marriage and divorce laws throughout the 48 states, by means of a constitutional amendment if necessary, by which both marriage and divorce will be "made more difficult." With the general purpose of the club women and, on the whole, with their program, editors are in hearty sympathy, although there is a divergence of opinion as to the best way to accomplish that purpose.

That such legislation as is proposed "would mark decided advance in the welfare of society," the Green Bay Press Gazette is certain, and it agrees with the St. Paul Dispatch that "that great organization of women could not undertake a better work within the scope of its purposes, and is entitled to the most respectful consideration by the national and state legislative bodies," for the end toward which it is working "is greatly to be desired."

The need for uniformity in laws regulating both marriage and divorce, "is apparent," says the Albany News, for while such legislation has always been the province of the states themselves they have, as the Jackson Citizen Patriot puts it, "functioned badly." The result, the Muncie Star notes, is that "at present we have almost as many codes as there are states," and these codes, the Kansas City Times adds, "are about as far apart" as can be imagined, "the variations running all the way from South Carolina, which grants divorce on no grounds; to Nevada, which grants it on practically any cause the human mind can

conceive."
"Laws regulating marriage and divorce should be uniform throughout the United States," declares the Grand Rapids Herald, "because conditions with which they deal are practically uniform." As the Philadelphia Public Ledger expresses it, "there is no essential difference in human nature or in personal character between the inhabitants of the seaboard or the inland reaches of America to justify so many different sets of warring regulations with regard to marriage and divorce."

The Boston Transcript is one of the strongest republican papers in the country. Read what they say about the present national administration:

"The party in power has neglected its opportunities, faltered in the face of grave and pressing problems, played fast and loose with the veterans of the great war, goose-stepped before organized hands of noisy minorities, honey-fugled the pacifists, enacted a tariff bill that, as we have repeatedly said is 'a disgrace to the republican party and a menace to the nation'; insulted the intelligence and inflamed the passion of the electorate in many parts of the country by appointments to office that are indefensible on any score—for an example, E. Mont Reilly as governor of Porto Rico, and a whole tribe of political swindlers south of the Mason and Dixon line. Nothing but good should come from the wiggling the people have given the party in power. It was not only deserved but timely. If the warning it involves is heeded during the next two years, the republicans may win in 1924. If it is not, the party deserves nothing short of country-wide defeat."

President Harding made his address to congress yesterday, urging a ship subsidy and telling them that "A ship subsidy is good business." It is for the fellows who will benefit but how about the people who must pay seventy-five millions a year for a decade? We believe the people are tired to death of always voting some thing to some one else on the theory that if they prosper the country will. Have they ever voted any fortunes to you?

Tomorrow belongs to the Yeomen. Let our visitors know it. We believe the campaign made in this community to locate the home has been the most appealing of any in the United States and that the men who will finally decide the location for the home are deeply impressed. Let's carry on and let nothing remain undone to show these men what we have and just why we feel this is the ideal place for the school.

Illinois Millionaire Begins Prison Term

Joliet, Ill., Nov. 22—William Bross Lloyd, a "scab of his class" entered prison here during the night to serve a two to five year sentence for violation of the Illinois espionage act. Lloyd, member of one of the wealthiest mid-west families, a Harvard graduate and a communist, blamed wealthy associates for his imprisonment.

"They didn't like it because I spoke what I thought," Lloyd declared. "I opposed most of the things for which they stood. I was a scab of my class."

The millionaire surrendered voluntarily at the prison gates at midnight. An automobile which took him from Chicago with Mrs. Lloyd and a group of friends in a farewell party, circled the gloomy walls of the prison several times to give Lloyd a chance to survey his future home. It then pulled up at the main gate and Lloyd was taken into custody by the warden.

Lloyd was given a bath on the state and assigned to a detention cell, temporarily. Today he was measured for a suit of prison garb and assigned to teach in the prison school.

New York—"Carl Mays will pitch for the New York Yanks next year. I'll bet dough that he wins 25 games for us," Col. Huston, part owner of the Yanks said. Waivers were asked on Mays as a disciplinary measure. Huston said.

Jaw. Watson Says, "I'll Never Forget When Father's Hog Got Cholera." "One morning he found 20 hogs dead and several sick. He called in the Vet, who after dissecting a rat caught on the premises, decided that the rodents had conveyed germs. Since then I am never without RAT-SNAP. It's the surest, quickest rat destroyer I know." Three sizes, 35c, 65c, \$1.25. Sold and guaranteed by Holthouse Drug Co., Lee Hdw. Co., Schafer Hdw. Co., Callow & Kohne, W. W. Parks, Wilshire, Ohio.

The People's Voice

Editor Daily Democrat
Decatur, Indiana.
Dear John:—

The other day I met a republican. I wouldn't knowed he was a republican if he haddenda been sneakin thru an alley. This was the day after th election so just to rub it in I sez, "How'd the Lection turn out?" He sez, "We republicans are like the Perverbal Lazarus." "How's that?" I asked. "Got licked by dogs," he answered. I couldn't stand that so right then and there is where 'nother republican got beat by a democrat. But there won't be no bad feelings cause there blamin things on to Watson this time.

That campaign as awful hard on an editor I'll betcha. I been a wonderin what you was agoin to fill your paper with now that everything is over. You know as well as I do that we can't let the old paper sink cause we gotta use it to put Ralston over in 1924. Then too the Yellow Jackets need it for their official organ to spout off about kickin the pumpkin and nockin 'em stiff.

Just to show that I'm a willing geezer to help things along I wrote up a few things about my boyhood days. I think it will fill quite a space and if you use big type it will fill more, well known that without me tellin' how its done.

Now this story of mine is a story about me. I wrote it myself and I orter know. If you think you won't like it don't read it. Some of the subscribers will like my story. Others will call it punk. But so it is with all stories—all men—all women—all places. You can't please everybody, John. There is lots in this story that others wouldn't write and lots that I won't write again. Some will not like the story cause its personal. Others will like it for the same reason. Those who have written better stories will pity me. Those who have written worse ones, I pity!

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But to return to the story. Now hold your hat 'cause here goes:

How I Started In

Well! She just took my eye—both eyes, for that matter. Young, gushing, bashful, laughing, happy black eyes, red cheeks, cherry lips, black hair, pearly white teeth, voice like a warbler, step like a fawn, gait like a zephyr heart as warm as the noon-day sun! Took my eye—AY; she took my two eyes. Come to think of it she took my heart along with my optics. She—Heavens bless her animated photograph!—was just rising sixteen. Sweet? No name for it! I was older—I should be older, and I was. I was rising nineteen—hard on nineteen and a half.

We were neighbors. That is to say, our paternal relatives were neighbors, as the farms of our paternal relatives joined. My paternal relative was my uncle by birth, and I was his nephew; but the farms joined just the same as though nothing had happened. Her name was Sue. Her name was a sweet name to me. It flowed right into my heart. We met by chance—the usual way. I went to her house on an errand. Sue was there and so we met. I went for a pail of vinegar and she poured it out for me. When I got home my aunt said the vinegar wasn't good. I knew why—Sue had looked into its depth, and gave it sweetness!

Sue had a brother. He was older than either of us. Hank was his name and he worked the farm. But I liked Sue just the same and we often met in the orchard, when I went to steal fruit; and the old man—that is, her father—sent her to drive me out! Take care, old man! I am after the other fruit what you hain't dreamed of!

It took her a good while to drive me out. I was often chased by her—chased so far I had to go part way home with her! Then, we met on the hills, when after berries.

Lie still, fond heart;

You're dreamin' of her now!

Well! Time flew on, just as time always does. We both increased in years and I got to lovin' her more than a little. At least I wanted to visit her by moonshine. It was the fall of the season. I had cut corn all day with my paternal uncle. I was tired; but love said to corn-cutting fatigue, "Get thee hence," and it henced at once.

I enveloped myself in a boiled shirt with a linen collar. I put onto me a dickey belonging to my uncle. I had but few store-clothes of my own, as I was not wealthy in worldly dress and such! I put cinnamon essence on my hair. It smelt good—exceedingly good! I spit on my shoes and polished them with one end of an old clothes brush. What a polish. It makes me sweat now, to think how I rubbed those faithful cow-hide stogas! My shoes were strong if not graceful.

All the aforesaid work I did in the kitchen. It was after seven o'clock in the evening. Gayly I sallied out of the wood shed door, and with beating hopes wended my way down to the rustic farm mansion wherein dwelt Sue.

It was a nice night—a very sweet, fragrant, moonly night. A big time to make love to a girl rising sixteen! My heart was like a volcano all the way there. I went by the house—didn't go in! Went down the road a few rods, and walked back by the gate. Saw her paternal relative sitting by the stove. Went past the gate again. Saw her other relative by the table darning. Went by the gate again—safely, so as not to awaken the dog, as he and I were not very familiar. Saw Sue at work by the stove, making cylindrical envelopes for sausage.

Went by again; fixed my hair, pulled down my lower end and pulled up the upper end of my shirt; turned, came back, and very carefully lifted the latch of the gate.

Not yet! I hesitated a little longer. No one offered to hurt me and the cinnamon stuff in my hair revived me. I went to the door. On it I knocked more than twenty knocks all at once.

"Deary me!" said the old lady.

"Some one at the door!" said the old man.

"And I at work on these—!" said Sue.

I waited a short, fleeting moment, and soon the old man came.

"Wy-hov-de-deu, Ed?"—(only that wasn't the name, then)—said he.

"Pretty well," said I.

"Did you knock?" said he.

"I did, indeed!" said I.

"I thought I heard you," said he.

"OOOOO OO!" said I.

Then the old lady said, "Come in!"

I then went in, and sat down. The old man—the sire of Sue—then continued his avocation, which was a newspaper.

Then the old lady, as she darned the stockings, conversed with me. She asked me how was my uncle—and my aunt—and me, myself—and the corn—and the apples—and the beef—cow—and the cider.

Then she took up to darn one of Sue's stockings. She ran her hand into the extreme toe-end of it. How I wished it was my hand she was rubbing into it but it wasn't!

Then Sue came into my presence,

and my heart went up again! Strange how that girl affected me, so! She took a seat and sat down. I said nothing—only, "Good evening, Sue!" and I kinder laughed a little. "Good evening!" said she, just as sweet!

Then the old man—her paternal—laid down his paper, leaned forward, and put one hand on each knee. Then he looked at me and Sue. Then he pulled off his boots, maintaining a severe silence meanwhile. Then he took off his stockings. Then he yawned, and said:

"Well, mother, guess I'll go to bed!" He then arose, went out on the door-step to see what kind of weather the morrow would bring forth, came in, and went to his couch!

Soon the maternal relative went to her retiracy, and we—that is, Sue and I—were left alone.

This was the moment! On one side of the stove sat she; on the other side sat I. We thus sat some time. Then she unhitched a little toward me and in talking I drew a little toward her until I rubbed my back against her chair, and I snuggled toward her! Pretty soon "snuggling" was played out, and we had reached each other and there we sat side by side.

We had not been so sweetly contagious to each other a bit more than two minutes by the old clock in the corner, when,

"Sue!" same in sharp tones from the bedroom in which was the parents.

"Yes, mother!" said the fair and fragile daughter.

A moment or two with our hands close together and our hearts beating in inward bliss.

"Sue! Remember that candles is candles!"

"Yest, mother!" said the daughter, and she blew out the light.

"Why, Sue! How can Ed see to get out?" came in wondering tones from the bedroom.

It was a hard job! We stumbled over the parental's boots and over a chair. At the door I had an accident. I was going to whisper something into Sue's ear and she accidentally turned her head and I whispered right into her pretty sweet mouth. Then she slapped me and I thought she was angry.

On the way home that night something said sparking wasn't what it was cracked up to be; and a lacerated, crushed and desponding heart indorsed the sentiment.

Sue wasn't as mad as she acted for a week later I received a little piece

of a shingle, on which was written in a neat hand, with red chalk:

"Sue would be glad to have you call, Sunday night."

As my parental uncle had no candles to spare, that I could take along, I didn't go; and she—poor

girl!—was left.

Thus, like a wicked candle, my wicked love was put out.

In witness thereof I set my hand and seal this 14th day of November in the year of Normalcy.

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