

Sister Mary, the Malicious Spinster

By CLARA DELAFIELD
(©, 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

"ROLF, Sister Mary's coming to spend two weeks with us. Now, listen, Rolf. Won't you try, during those two weeks, to treat me a little better than you do, so that she won't suspect there's anything wrong between us?"

"Yes, if you'll try to stop snapping and snarling at me while she's here."

"I've never snapped in my life, but a man like you is enough to try the patience of a saint."

Rolf sighed. After eighteen months of marriage he had decided that it was not all it was cracked up to be. Jennie and he had had some happy times together, but they had had a great many more unhappy ones. In fact, they had reached the point where they had spoken of a separation. And between a separation and a divorce there is only a thread.

And Sister Mary! Rolf had seen her during his courtship—a shriveled, malicious spinster with a sharp tongue. She was said to be kind, Rolf had never found any evidence of kindness in her. Wherefore he concluded that he was in for a rough time.

Sister Mary duly arrived, looking more shrewish than ever. Immediately the sisters seemed to be in tacit alliance against him. He was conscious of some conspiracy. He hardened himself. He didn't care. Let them do what they liked.

For three or four days little happened. On the fifth Sister Mary and Rolf stayed at home, while Jennie went to church. Then Sister Mary unbosomed herself.

"Rolf, I've changed my opinions of you," she said. "I'm sorry for you. When you married Jennie I pitied her. I thought you weren't the sort of man she needed for a husband. But now— heavens, how that girl's changed! Don't you see that she treats you like a dog, Rolf?"

Rolf was exuberant. "Oh, well, of course she has a temper," he said.

"A fiend's temper! Her true nature's coming out. A slatternly housewife, a scolding, a—"

"Hold on!" said Rolf, raising his hand. "After all, she's my wife, you know."

"You poor man, there's no reason why she should remain your wife a day longer. You're young, and you're unsuited to each other. Why don't you cut the knot and get your freedom? Yes, I mean just that. That woman's about the most impossible person I've ever known."

"Oh, it isn't as bad as all that," answered Rolf, angrily. "And if you feel that way about my wife, Mary, there's no reason why you should have to stay and bear with her, you know."

Sister Mary snorted and walked out of the room. Rolf fumed for a long time. Somehow Mary's attack on her sister—perhaps the disloyalty of it—made him feel better toward Jennie than for a long time past.

Next day he noticed a certain coolness on the part of the sisters toward each other, but he was quite unprepared for the terrific outburst that greeted his ears the following morning as he stepped out of the bathroom.

"Go!" cried Sister Mary's voice. "I wouldn't stay here another day if I was paid to, Jennie! I've had just about all I can stand between the two of you!"

Rolf dressed hastily and descended, to see Sister Mary packing her suitcase in the hall. He tried to make peace.

"What's the trouble?" he asked. "Neither would tell him. Sister Mary relented a little, regretted that her visit hadn't proved a success and let Rolf call her a taxi."

"What is it, darling?" he asked, putting his arm around her.

"Oh, Rolf, that wicked woman was trying from the very beginning to bring about a separation between us, abusing you until flesh and blood could stand it no longer. Then I told her what I thought of her."

"Why—why, Jennie, pet, she tried the same game with me."

Suddenly suspicion leaped into his brain. "Jennie, do you suppose she—she?"

"Oh, Rolf, do you think she—she's really kind, you know? Do you suppose she saw, and—?"

Leaning back in the taxi Sister Mary was smiling. "I never knew it to fail," she said to herself. "God bless 'em!"

A Cycle of Life

When Mary was born they gave her a perambulator. Then she grew up a bit and they gave her a velocipede.

When she got a little older they gave her a pony and cart.

When she was in grammar school they gave her a bicycle.

While she was in college the folks gave her a silver.

At her wedding they donated an air plane.

Now she's starting in again with a perambulator.—Amherst Lord left.

Must Make God

"I guess I made a bad bet," admitted the press agent to Dimple Cimple, the movie queen.

"How so?" inquired the handy interlocutor, or place-up.

"I told her domestic stuff was good publicity and insisted that she take a pie."

"What's wrong with that?"

"Now I gotta eat the pie."

THINGS UNUSUAL

By T. T. MAXEY

THE OLD FAIRBANKS HOUSE

There is hardly a section that does not have its "old house." Most of them, however, take their hats off to the old Fairbanks (formerly Fayerbanks) house, which stands in a cluster of stately trees in the little city of Dedham, Mass. With the exception of certain adobe, stone or shell houses in California and Florida, this probably is the oldest house still standing in the United States.

This relic of days gone by was built in 1636. It is perhaps the best example of Old English frame cottage construction to be found in America, was lived in up to about twenty years ago by eight generations of the Fairbanks family, retains its primitive simplicity, quaintness and picturesque quality and is now filled with heirlooms of the Fairbanks family.

Like many old-time structures, the main portion is flanked on two sides by wings and the pitch roof of the middle section extends very near to the ground in the rear. The front side contains eight windows and no two of them are alike. As if to have an individuality all its own, a time-honored practice was departed from in that neither the front door nor the chimney are in the exact center of the house. Curiously, also, the doorways are exceptionally low—persons of ordinary height having to bend slightly on entering.

Some of the rooms never have been plastered and the beams and rafters show overhead. Over the fireplace in the quaint little parlor swings a wooden crane from which kettles were suspended over the fire for cooking purposes. In the days before kerosene, grease lamps hung in this crane furnished such light as was available when there was no fire in the fireplace.

Other relics of bygone days include: Molds for making candles, spinning wheel, foot warmers, Dutch ovens, an ox saddle, small diamond-shaped window glass, made to be set between lead strips, putty being unknown.

All in all, this old place portrays in vivid fashion the home life of the early New Englanders. It has attracted visitors from practically every state and more than twenty foreign countries.

The descendants of the family have banded themselves into an organization to the end that this historic spot may be preserved.

THINGS UNUSUAL

By T. T. MAXEY

CHICAGO'S NEW UNION STATION

When the old Union depot in Chicago was opened in the '50's wise men regarded it as a "white elephant" and criticized the railroads for building it so big. If those sages could return and view the new one, to be opened soon, expressing utility and service in the highest terms, they would be struck dumb with amazement. This project covers 35-13 acres and the ground is valued at \$1,000,000 per acre.

To make room for it, scores of buildings had to be wrecked; 14 viaducts, having a total length of more than two miles, were rebuilt; one street was elevated several feet and widened 25 feet for about one mile, and a tremendous amount of excavating was necessary—approximately 100,000,000 pounds of steel alone being used in this work.

The depot proper will be 320 by 370 feet and extends 29 stories above ground—the upper portion to be used as a giant office building. The waiting room will be 100 feet wide, 270 feet long, and 114 feet high—with facilities for the use of travelers arranged easy of access. The portion containing the waiting, dining, ticketing, checking, and other public conveniences, and the train shed, outwardly appear to be separate buildings, but will be connected underground by the largest concourse in this country—all located on the level of the platform which will serve the passenger tracks, or 19 feet below the surrounding streets.

Trains will be dispatched from both ends of the train shed. Five roads—the Burlington route, Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne & Chicago, Pittsburgh, Chicago, Cincinnati & St. Louis (the two latter combined forming the Pennsylvania system), Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, and the Chicago & Alton—will use this station.

The longest platform will be 1,500 feet; the longest track will accommodate 10 cars and locomotive. The train shed will have a capacity of 250 passenger cars and 20 locomotives.

About 250 trains—an average of one every 5½ minutes, day and night, will enter or leave it, and a maximum of 200,000 passengers can be accommodated daily, in this—one of the greatest depots in all the world.

An American Millionaire's Daughter

By JUDY BLAIR
(©, 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

MILICENT LANE looked out from the door of her little Devonshire cottage at the sound of a huntsman's horn in the distance.

She had rented it for the summer to paint, and none of the villagers knew that the American lady who had come to live among them was the daughter of Cyrus Lane, the millionaire. Millicent had been having the time of her life that summer in the quiet surroundings of the north Devonshire coast.

The horn sounded again. Upon the comb opposite she saw the hunting party streaming toward her, the hounds a patch of white against the purple heather. Then suddenly the stag came into sight.

A great wild beast with twelve points to its horns, its mouth open, snorting with terror, it drove toward her. Millicent sprang aside just in time. The stag broke through the doorway into the living room. There it stopped, motionless, at bay.

Next minute the hounds were round the house, filling the air with their furious baying. A huntsman rode up. "Your stag's inside my house," panted Millicent, "so you can call your dogs off."

The ancient man, horrified by hearing his hounds called dogs, fell back. By now the rest of the party had ridden up.

"You call those dogs off!" said Millicent, standing with her back to the door. "That poor beast's not going to be killed."

She knew who the master was, Cyril Fordyce, the second son of Lord Chailston, who now leaped angrily from his horse.

"Nonsense!" he shouted. "We've had a three hours' run. Open that door!"

"You dare to try to open that door?" said Millicent. "Or lay a finger on me and see what happens!"

"She's the American lady," whispered one of the whippers-in.

It was a stormy scene, but arguments and expostulations alike proved fruitless. Chagrined, almost beside themselves, the hunting party withdrew. As soon as they had descended the comb Millicent opened the door.

Instantly the huge form leaped out, knocking her over, and planting two sharp hoofs in her chest—and in a few moments the stag had vanished down the comb, sighted and hotly followed by the hunting party.

It was only when they had run it down and secured the trophies that they returned, to find Millicent lying unconscious in front of her door.

Fordyce leaped from his horse and lifted the unconscious girl across his saddle. Mounting behind her, he turned toward his father's place.

And thus, five days later, Millicent came back to consciousness in Fordyce Court, in a small guest chamber.

It was a small one because the larger guest rooms were uninhabitable, through want of repair. In fact, when two weeks later, Millicent was able to descend the stairs, she discovered that Lord Chailston was one of the new poor.

He occupied only a small part of the medieval mansion, and his principal occupation was thinking out ways of dodging the income tax.

During Millicent's illness Fordyce had succeeded in establishing a friendship on firm foundations—in fact, that first evening when they were together downstairs he showed her unmistakably how he felt about it. And Millicent—well, if it was the glamour of her surroundings that at first attracted her, she was finding Fordyce a very presentable young man.

Before she left he put it to her frankly.

"Did you know I feel about it," he said. "He's been urging me to go to your country and try to get a millionaire bride, but—well, I'd rather have you without a penny, darling."

"What makes you think I haven't a penny, Jack?" asked Millicent.

"Oh, well, I mean comparatively," he answered. "Will you?"

Millicent considered—or pretended to consider it. "I suppose it will be all right," she murmured. "You're sure you won't mind ruining the chances of a wealthy bride?"

"Not a bit. You see, that's really my elder brother's job, and—what are you laughing about, Millicent?"

"My secret," Millicent smiled. "No, I won't tell you now—I want to enjoy it till tomorrow."

The Real Nimrod

Before the amateur Nimrod left for the station his wife called him upon the carpet for a few parting words of admonition.

"Now, John, you say you are going on a shooting trip."

"Yes."

"I have no objection to that. But don't spend all your time playing cards. You are going out to shoot, so shoot."

"All right, my dear. If we can't do any better, we'll shoot craps."

Breaking It Gently

For days little Phyllis was warned that Mrs. Blang was coming on a visit and that she must not say anything about her being fat.

She came. Phyllis studied her for a while and then remarked, encouragingly: "You're not nearly so stout as I thought you'd be!"

Court House

Complaint On Note

A complaint on a note in which judgment for \$150 is demanded, was filed in the circuit court today by The Mossman-Yarnelle company against George Brown. Attorney James T. Merryman represents the plaintiff.

Suit On Note

A complaint on a note was filed in the circuit court today by Cyrus G. Brown against Charles S. Mumma et al, demanding judgment for \$90. Attorney Dore B. Erwin represents the plaintiff.

Inventories Filed

An inventory and appraisal of the personal property and the real estate in the case of Frank Heiman vs. the Alfa Products company, have been filed by the receiver. The court approved the inventories and appraisements.

Appraiser Filed Report

The appraiser's report has been filed in the estate of Herman Reiter. The court set September 1 as the date for the hearing on the report.

Marriage Licenses

Clarkson M. Lantis, preacher, Marikie, age 60 to Rose Zurcher, Berne, route 4, age 34.

EXPERT EXPLAINS FRANKS MURDER

Noted Surgeon Says Leopold And Loeb Are Insane; Resemble Thaw

(U. P. Staff Correspondent)

Chicago, June 2.—"Nathan Leopold and Richard Loeb are the victims of society's 'conspiracy of silence'—they are not responsible for the crime they have committed and should neither be hanged nor imprisoned," Dr. Max Thorek, surgeon and psychiatrist of international reputation, declared today.

"These boys are insane. They are in the same class with Harry Thaw and Oscar Wilde. To hang them or send them to the penitentiary would be barbarous. They should be confined, of course, but as patients and not prisoners."

Dr. Thorek expressed great interest in the case of the two young intellectuals, who "just for the fun of it," they said, killed 14 year old Robert Franks, hid the body under a railroad culvert on the outskirts of Chicago, and devised an elaborate alibi to cover their crime. In an interview with the United Press, Dr. Thorek explained from a medical and scientific standpoint what he believed actually prompted the murder.

"I have studied this case carefully because it is in line with some professional work I have been doing," he said.

"Ransom Theory Eliminated"

"In the first place, we can eliminate the ransom theory because both boys are sons of millionaires. They did not need money. That fact convinced me that the murder was committed in a fit of insanity. The particular form of insanity is what interests us."

Dr. Thorek insisted there is nothing new in the case from the medical or psychological standpoint. He scouted the theory that the murder was committed "for the fun of it," or was inspired by exaggerated ego.

"It would be possible, of course, for two boys in a fit of irresponsible daredevilry to kidnap someone, lead officers on a wild chase, and after a few weeks produce the victim."

"But the element of murder must be considered. No mere craving for adventure can account for this."

Last Moral Balance

"It is my opinion that these two boys, both super-intellecuals, petted and pampered, given all the money they wanted and without proper restraint, lost their moral balance. Despite their mental precocity, they became what some people call morose."

Conspiracy Of Silence

It was at this point that Dr. Thorek launched into an attack upon what he called a "conspiracy of silence."

"Every physician," he said, "knows how common perversion is. There are thousands of sexual perverts here in Chicago. They are more common in intellectual and socially prominent circles than in any other. We simply don't say anything about it. We have a conspiracy of silence."

"What we should be doing instead of raising a cry for punishment after an incident occurs is to prevent abnormality, which is a disease and can ordinarily be checked. Parents should be educated to the dangers

and should take their children into their confidence.

"We can do this only when we quit trying to fool ourselves into thinking certain evils do not exist or if they do exist, have no right to be mentioned in polite society."

Big Features Of RADIO Programs Today

KSD, St. Louis, (546 M) 8:15 p. m. (C S T)—Broadcast of the municipal opera "The Firefly" from Forest Park.

WJZ, New York (455 M) 6:30 p. m. (E S T)—"Songs of the Sea," by staff Captain Jones of the Berengaria, bartone.

WDAF, Kansas City and WHB, Kansas City (411 M) 12:40 p. m. to midnight (C S T)—Concerts by Shrine bands from Brooklyn, San Francisco, Cincinnati, Davenport, Rockford, Waco, etc.

WOS, Jefferson City, (440.9 M) 8:30 p. m. (C S T)—Missouri state prison band.

KGO, Oakland, (312 M) 8 p. m. (P. C S T.)—KGO's education courses.

Democrats Prepare For State Convention

Indianapolis, June 2.—The Ku Klux Klan the primary law and the two large field of candidates for the governorship were causing plenty of concern among Indiana democratic leaders today who had hoped for machine like performance of the state convention here.

The platform was the main problem before leaders present at a conference held at Senator Ralston's home. The conference was attended by Tom Taggart, Frederick Van Noy's keynote orator and Walter Chambers, of New-castle state chairman.

Five planks have been submitted to the platform framers on the primary law some demanding its repeal and others asking its modification. Activities around state headquarters were noticeable as candidates for state office opened their headquarters.

MARKETS-STOCKS

Daily Report Of Local And Foreign Markets

CHICAGO GRAIN REVIEW
(U. P. Staff Correspondent)

Chicago, June 2.—Grains opened with an easier undertone on the board of trade today.

Wheat traders were slow to get started. Lower outside markets and a few scattered rains brought about some light selling but this had little effect on prices.

Lower cables and heavier world shipments created easier feeling in corn.

Outs were practically unchanged. Nothing was done in provisions.

East Buffalo Livestock Market
Hogs—Receipts 6400, shipments 2, 650 yesterday; receipts 9500, shipments 6840 today; official to New York Saturday, 5700. Hogs closing steady; tops \$8; bulk \$7.50; heavies \$7.50; mediums \$7.50; few \$8; light weights \$7.50; light lights \$7.50; pigs 6.75@7; packing sows roughs, \$7.50; cattle 21.25 slow, steady to 25 lower; steers 11.00 lbs. down \$8.50@10.75; steers 11.00 lbs. down \$6@10; bunch fancy yearlings \$11.25; heifers \$5.50@8.50; sows \$2@7.25; bulls \$4@6.25; sheep 5.00; best clipped lambs \$14@14.25; value \$12 down; best spring lambs \$16@17; best acid wethers, \$8.50@9.25; best ewes \$5@7; as to weight; calves 2800; tops \$11; culls, \$9 down.

Fort Wayne Livestock Market
Hogs—130 lbs. and down \$6.50@7; 130 to 150 lbs. \$7@7.30; 150 to 190 lbs. \$7.30; 190 lbs. and up \$7.30; roughs \$5.50@6; stags \$5@4.

Lambs—\$13@15.
Cattle—\$9 down.

Toledo Livestock Market
Hogs—Receipts 1100; market, steady to 5c lower; heavies \$7.50@7.75; mod uns. \$7.60@7.65; Yorkers, \$7.60@7.65; good pigs \$6.25@6.50.

LOCAL GRAIN MARKET

(Corrected June 2)

No. 1 Wheat, bushel, 88c
Yellow Ear Corn, per 100, 95c
White Corn, 90c
Oats, per bushel, 42c
Midd Corn, 85c
Rye, per bushel, 65c
Barley, per bushel, 48c

DECATUR PRODUCE MARKET

(Corrected June 2)

Heavy Hens, 15c
Leghorns, 13c
Old Roosters, 8c
Ducks, 11c
Geese, 10c
Eggs, per dozen, 29c

All poultry purchased must be free from feed.

LOCAL GROCER'S EGG MARKET

Eggs, per dozen, 26c

BUTTERPAT AT STATION

Butterfat, 34c

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, NOTICES, BUSINESS CARDS

CLASSIFIED ADS

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—One semi-modern, five-room residence, 104 Oak street. Phone 780. 12616

FOR SALE—Pair of good springs for iron bed. Call 950. 13013

FOR SALE—Late cabbage, celery and mango plants. L. T. Brokaw, telephone 984. 13113x

BABY CHICK PRICES REDUCED—Leading varieties light breeds, 9c; heavy breeds, 11c. Can fill orders promptly on Wednesdays and Thursdays of each week. O. V. Dilling, R. No. 2, Decatur, Craigville phone. 2½ miles south, 4½ miles west of Decatur. 13113x

FOR SALE—Baby chicks at reduced prices. Barred Rocks, Rhode Island Reds, Wyandotte and Leghorns, 9c & 11c. Also can handle custom hatching. Phone 615 or 1630 W. Monroe st. Mrs. J. F. Stonerok. 13116x

FOR SALE—Mixed Shepherd and Rat Terrier male pups. Inquire of Mart Selking, Preble phone No. 14 or 20. 13213x

FOR SALE—2 Axminster rugs, one 9x12, one 9x11. Call at 445 Mercer Ave. Phone 805. 13213x

FOR SALE—3 ton of Alfalfa hay. Fred Schurger, phone 878 or 104. 13213x

FOR SALE—20 barrels of Spring wheat flour, \$6.50 a barrel; \$3.25 for half barrel. Julius Haugh, 666. 13213x

FOR RENT

LOST—Spare tire and rim, somewhere between Van Wert and Decatur. Finder please return to Butler & Kern garage. 13212x

WANTED

WANTED—Boys to distribute samples. See Kellogg & Co. clock Tuesday morning, Everett-Hite Co. 1x
WANTED—Dinner and supper, for two young men, in private home, close in. Call phone 1000, Turner. 13213x

Rev. Lantis Marries Rose Zurcher At Berne

Berne, Ind., June 2.—(Special to Daily Democrat)—A wedding ceremony, performed in the presence of the congregation of the Reformed church, took place Sunday morning following the eleven o'clock services, the pastor, Rev. C. W. H. Sauerwein, performing the double ring ceremony which united the lives of Rev. Clark Lantis, of Marikie, and Miss Rose Karcher, of near Berne.