

DECATUR DAILY DEMOCRAT

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Here's another week. We can make it count for much or little, depending on the effort we make.

Earl Carroll may have some luxuries in the Atlanta prison, not allotted to the prisoner of less means but its safe to predict he will not have any champagne baths.

How's the coal supply holding out? Looks like by some arrangement or other we firemen will have to continue on the job the year around and without any overtime pay. So far there hasn't even been a good chance to clean the basement.

Wonder why the committee of the Decatur Industrial Association, whose business is to land new industries don't hold a few meetings and get busy on securing a factory or two. Other towns are doing it and there is no sufficient reason why we should not, except that we don't work at it hard enough.

It is said that the supporters of Albert Stump, democratic nominee for United States senator, will make a great effort to organize the young men of Indiana and if they succeed in that they have done the greatest thing for their party in years, victory which would thus be assured, being only an incident.

The supreme court of California has granted a divorce decree to a San Francisco gent whose one and only complaint was that his wife continually irritated him by "driving from the rear seat." Now there's a precedent for those down-trodden men of Indiana who feel they are abused. When the wife scolds about your driving just yell back "remember California."

July 2nd and 3rd are to be road days in Adams county and a program of interest and importance will be arranged by Charles Magley, county road superintendent, assisted by members of the various business organizations over the county. A Purdue road man will make a complete survey of the roads of the county and will address those interested in this subject.

Business slow, Mr. Merchant? Advertise. There is only one way to help yourself and that's to buy the goods the people want and tell them you have it. The Daily Democrat with a circulation of nearly 3,500 reaches 12,000 to 15,000 people daily. At the cost of a few dollars you can send a message post free to all these people. If you can't get results that way there is something wrong and if you look for it you will find it. Start in now and notice the improvement in your business.

When they argued the farm relief measure in the senate the other day, the foxey Senator Jim Watson, of Indiana, supposed friend of the farmer, but known friend to those eastern interests which do not want any such legislation, was not among those present. Investigation proved that he was enjoying a day or two at Atlantic City. After his all over he will be back in this state telling every one how he "fit and died" for the farmers, but they are watching him this year and he will have to get on his feet before the session adjourns.

Secretary Mellon in his recommendations for postoffice buildings under

Solution to Cross-Word Puzzle

FOOD WREATH
BEAR TREND O
HEAR PROATS MU
EAR PARTS HAS
AT FAITH MATE
R P C N S L A I E
SPORTS HIRERS
AWAY TIERS K
TREY FUNNY PA
OER PINTS KIT
AS HOLES MINE
S MOLES PANE
TRIPOD HARD

the law recently enacted eliminates every Indiana city, including Decatur. Only those cities which were recommended prior to the war will get new buildings, excepting Pittsburg, where Mr. Mellon lives and Des Moines, where Senator Cummins, also a member of the selection committee, resides. It may be perfectly alright but it sounds funny. However we are not surprised for we believe that this city will not get in on the proposals until a greater effort and more interest is manifested here.

This is the big election day in Iowa and the voters will decide between Senator Cummins of the old guard and Smith Brookhart of the radicals. A very peculiar thing about the campaign just closed is the fact that the name of President Coolidge was avoided. Never in history has the popularity of a president faded so rapidly as has that of Mr. Coolidge and while Mr. Cummins is an admirer, he has been frightened by the recent elections and to save himself has not referred to his chief. Results will be watched by scores of political writers and prognosticators.

The Indiana Farm Bureau, convinced that Earl Crawford who recently retired from the highway commission is honest to the core and that he is innocent of the charges on which he was indicted and will be tried next month, will raise a fund for his defense. James K. Mason is in charge of the work and Judge Eichhorn, of Bluffton, has been employed to assist in the defense. While we are in sympathy with Mr. Crawford and think he is being persecuted along with others who hope to discredit the commission and thus throw it in the hands of politicians to the great detriment of the people, we cannot see why it is necessary to make such a general campaign for funds or what can be done with the money when it is raised.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY

From the Daily Democrat File
Twenty Years Ago This Day

June 7—Judge R. K. Erwin nominated judge of the supreme court on first ballot.

Decatur ball team defeats Frankfort, 1 to 6, Hey pitching his first game here and allowing but six hits. H. A. Fristoe sells Model billiard hall to W. H. Ledsey, of Huntington. Big force of men are laying pipe for the Standard Oil Company through north part of town. Photographer Moser took their picture today.

Miss Alma Cooken receives highest examination grade in county.

Mrs. William Luther, of Bunchville, Indiana, is visiting at the J. C. Sutton home.

Mike O'Connor, former ball player here, sent to insane asylum at Austin, Texas.

Miss Frances Merryman attended commencement exercises at Van Wert.

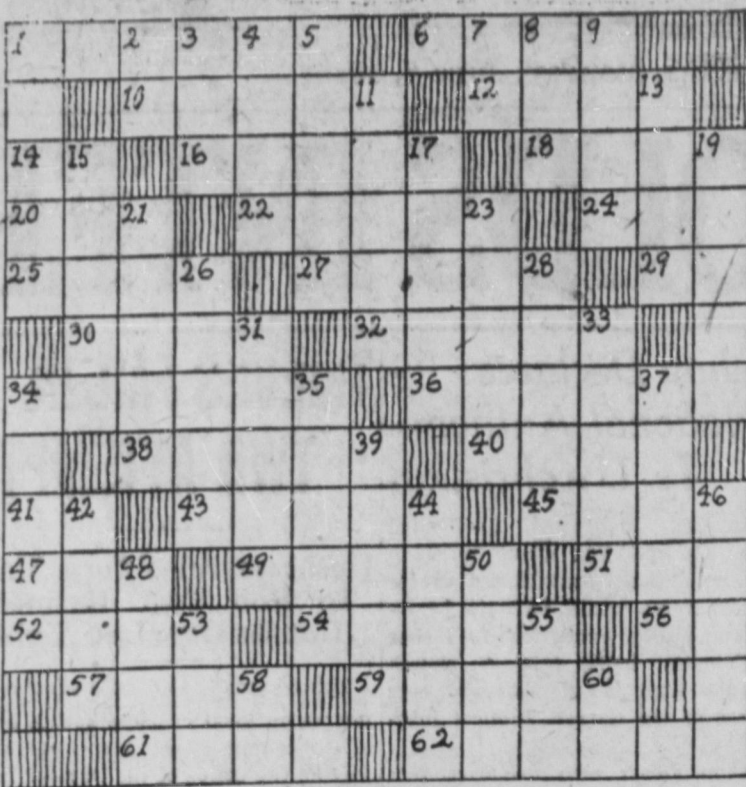
Samuel Gulick Dies At Malago, Washington

An item from a Malago, Washington, newspaper tells of the death of Samuel Gulick, 78, former resident of St. Marys township, Adams county, which occurred in Malago on May 25. Mr. Gulick was a brother of Mrs. William Teeple, residing on the Indiana-Ohio state line east of this city, and Wilson Gulick, of near Pleasant Mills. Don Teeple, sexton of the Decatur cemetery was a nephew of the deceased. Following is the item from the Malago newspaper:

"Funeral services for Samuel Gulick, age 78, who died here Tuesday, will be held Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock from the Johns and Jones chapel. Burial in Wanchess cemetery.

"Mr. Gulick leaves his widow, Mrs. Emma Gulick; two sons, Sam and E. W. Gulick of Malago and five daughters.

DAILY DEMOCRAT CROSS-WORD PUZZLE



(© 1926, Western Newspaper Union.)

Horizontal.
1—To forgive
6—A store
10—Helped
12—Ritcher
14—Highway (abbr.)
15—Ability
16—Spike
20—Small bed
22—To make merry
24—Watering place
25—To injure
27—Native of Italy's capital
29—Printing measure
30—Pace
32—More exact
34—Cloves
36—Indian wigwags
38—Canvas shelters
40—To fly
41—Preposition
43—Place where two pieces of cloth are joined (pl.)
45—Lively
47—Wooden tub
49—Journeys
53—To give forth
54—Killed
56—Physician (abbr.)
57—God of love
59—Terminated
61—Visual organs
62—Needleworkers

51—Ocean

Vertical.
1—Verandah
2—Sun god
3—To immerse
4—Small
5—Of more recent origin
7—That man
8—To possess
9—Vegetables
11—County of England
13—Mature
15—Mixture of water and flour
17—To send in
19—Young sheep
21—Characteristic
23—Shoe strings
26—Prongs of a fork
28—Roman historian
31—Doctrine
33—Harvest
34—To push
35—Heavenly bodies
37—Made a mistake
39—To grin
42—Renown
44—Three feet (pl.)
46—To become fatigued
48—Edge of a surface
50—Plaything
53—Point of compass
56—Prefix meaning "down"

Solution will appear in next issue.



MY AUNT'S BONNET

They say life's simple, but I don't know. And scattered the children, left and right, Who can tell where a word will go. A stranger grabbed the horse's head, Or how many hopes will rise and fall With the weakest brick in the cellar wall. But stumbled and fractured his own head, O, how many hopes will rise and fall instead. As the result of one careless deed? After the bonnet a small boy ran, Why my old Aunt's bonnet caused more dismay. The deacon's daughter married the chap, Than a thousand suns could shine away. Who rescued her from the swaying trap. She wore it high through her top-knot pinned. And she lived to regret it later on. A perfect kite for a heavy wind. In all that town there abided none. But the hat would stick though a gale might blow. Whose life wasn't changed on that dreadful day. If she found the place were the pins should go. When my old Aunt's bonnet was blown away. One Sunday morning she dressed in haste. Some were crippled, and some went mad. She'd be late for church. Now the tale begins. Some turned saintly, and some turned bad. She didn't take care with those bonnet pins. Birth, and marriage and death and pain. Oh, the wind it howled, and the wind it blew. Were all swept down in that bonnet's train. And away from her head that bonnet flew! Wives quarreled with husbands; I can't relate. It swirled up straight to select its course. The endless tricks which were played by fate. First brushing the ears of the deacon's horse. There are folk today who had not been born. With a leap he scampered away in fright. Had my aunt stayed home on that Sunday morn.

(Copyright 1925 Edgar A. Guest)

NOTICE TO PUBLIC

Persons using the sand pit north of Decatur as a swimming pool must wear suits. The company does not object to the use of the pit by bathers, but those who go in swimming must wear suits and conform to laws of ordinary decency. Violators will be prosecuted.

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Judith of Blue Lake Ranch

By Jackson Gregory

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Tommy Burkitt, staring back across the broken miles of mountain, canyon, and forest, his eyes frowning, was muttering:

"Look at that, Bud. What do you make of it?"

For a little Lee did not answer. He and Tommy and Hampton, standing among the rocks, turned their eyes together toward the hills rimming in the northern side of Blue Lake ranch.

"I make out," said Lee slowly, "that Trevors means business and that Carson has got his work cut out for him this morning, Tommy."

For the thing which had caught the boy's eyes was a blaze on the ridge, its flames leaping and licking at the thinning darkness, its smoke a black smudge on the horizon, staining the

low of the dawn. And farther along he same ridge was a second blaze, smaller with distance, but growing as it licked at the dry brush. Still farther

third. "If that fire ever gets a good start," muttered Lee heavily, "it's going to sweep the ranch. God knows where it will stop. And just how Carson is going to fight fire with one hand and old his stock with the other, I don't know."

But even then he turned his eyes away from the ranch, sweeping the jagged jumble of mountains about him. Judith was gone. Judith needed him and he did not dare try to estimate the soreness of her need. What did it matter that Carson and Tripp and the rest had their problems to see back there? There was only one thing in all of the wide world that mattered. And he did not even know where she was, north, south, east, or west! Somewhere in these mountains, no doubt. But where, when a man might ride a hundred miles this way or that and have no sign if he passed within calling distance of her?

In his heart Bud Lee prayed, as he had prayed last night, asking God that he might come to Judith. And it seemed to him, standing close to God on the rocky heights, that his prayer had been heard and answered. For, far off to the east, still farther in the solitude of the mountains, rising from a rugged peak, a thin line of smoke rose into the paling sky.

It might be that Judith was there, it might be that she was scores of miles from the beckoning smoke. But Lee had asked a sign and there, like a slender finger pointing to the brightening sky, was a sign.

He stooped swiftly for rifle and rope and packet of bacon. "Where you goin', Bud?" asked Tommy. "To Judith," answered Bud Lee gently.

For in his heart was that faith which is born of love.

CHAPTER XIV

The Tools Which Trevors Used

To Judith life had changed from a pleasant game in the sunshine to a hideous nightmare. In a few dragging hours she had come to know incredulity, anxiety, misery, dejection, black hopelessness, and icy terror. She had come to look through a man's eyes at that first lay in his heart, to feel for the first time in her fearless life that the fortune was slipping out of her bosom, that the strength was melting in her.

She lay on a rude bed of fir-branches, an utter, impenetrable blackness like a palpable weight on her eyeballs. When it was silent about her, and for the most part silence reigned with the oppressive gloom, she yearned so for a little sound that she moved her foot along the rock floor under her or snapped a dry twig between her fingers or even listened eagerly for the coming of the terrible woman who was her jailer.

Gropingly, again and again she went over in her thoughts the long journey here, seeking fruitlessly to know whether she had come north, south, or east from the ranch-house. It was one of these three directions, for there were no such mountains as these to the west, no such monster cliffs, no deep cavern reaching into the bowels of the earth. The sense that, even were she freed, she had no slightest idea where she was, which way she must go, stunned her.

"Will I go mad after a while?" she wondered miserably. "Am I already going mad? Oh, God, have mercy on me!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Young Hero Ends Life

Lapel, Ind., June 7.—(United Press) —Worry over ill health was given today as the cause of the suicide of

Frederick Tull, 21-year-old holder of a Carnegie hero medal. Tull shot himself while sitting in his auto parked on the bank of White river near the spot where he rescued two women from drowning several years ago.

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The three largest stockholders in the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) are the Rockefeller Foundation, the Employees, and the General Education Board.

In other words, the three most important stock holding influences in the Company are: a philanthropic organization to promote the welfare of the people, a huge working force of 15,325 employees, and an organization to advance education in all its phases.

All the people of our country are benefited indirectly by the work of the General Education Board, which has for its purpose "the promotion of education within the United States of America without distinction of race, sex, or creed."

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That these profits and dividends endure is due to skillful management, keen foresight and persevering effort on the part of this splendid organization of 29,000 employees, who believe in the age-old principle of fairness, justice and equity to all.

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