

SOCIETY.

MRS. VAUGHN HILYARD HONORED WITH SHOWER
Mrs. Riley Chrisman entertained with a miscellaneous shower of party appointments at her home Friday evening, honoring Mrs. Vaughn Hilyard, who was formerly Miss Margaret Kitson.

The entertaining rooms were prettily decorated with bouquets of all flowers, and in one corner of the room a cupboard was arranged and over the cupboard was an umbrella of pink from which streamers. Mrs. Hilyard occupied a chair which was tied with a large pink bow, and she received a number of beautiful and useful shower gifts.

Games were played during the evening and Mrs. M. E. Hower and Mrs. Giles Porter received the high score prizes which they in turn presented to the honored guest.

Those present were the Mesdames Vaughn Hilyard, H. F. Kildes, Giles Porter, C. L. Walters, P. D. Johnson, Frank Carroll, Ed. M. E. Hower, L. C. Annen, E. W. Johnson and Ben DeVor, and Miss Fern Passwater of this city and Mrs. William J. Mooney of Chicago.

LOCAL LODGES HAVE PIG ROAST

Approximately sixty members of the Odd Fellows and Rebekah lodges met in the I. O. O. F. Hall here Friday evening and enjoyed a pig roast. The supper was served in the dining room at six-thirty o'clock, after which several games of bunco, pinochle and euchre were played.

Several out of town guests were present at the affair. The committee in charge of the affair included Amos Yoder, Floyd Acker, D. L. Drum, Minnie Teeple, Zora Acker and Jessie Fry.

The regular stated meeting of the Eastern Stars will be held Tuesday night at seven-thirty o'clock in the Masonic Hall. Initiation service will be held.

The Catholic Ladies of Columbia will hold the regular monthly meeting Tuesday night at seven-thirty o'clock in the K. of C. Hall.

The Mt. Tabor Ladies Aid Society will meet Thursday evening at seven-thirty o'clock with Mrs. Cloyce Rauch. Every member is urged to attend.

The members of the Corinthian of the First Christian Sunday School will be entertained at the home of Mrs. Dorphus Drum, 410 Marx street, Monday evening at seven-thirty o'clock.

The Tuesday Afternoon Club will meet with Mrs. Albert Mutschler Monday afternoon at two o'clock.

AMISH COUPLE ELOPE TO KENTUCKY
Miss Mary Schwartz, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John P. Schwartz of south of Geneva and Benjamin Eicher, son of Jacob Eicher have returned to Berne from Kentucky where they were married.

The young Amish couple eloped

CLUB CALENDAR

Society Deadline, 11 A. M.
Miss Mary Macy
Phones 1000-1001

Saturday
M. E. Kings Herald Society, Mrs. C. K. Champlin, 1:30 p. m.
Christian Church dinner, postponed.

Monday
Christian Corinthian class, Mrs. Dorphus Drum, 7:30 p. m.
Tuesday Afternoon Club, Mrs. Albert Mutschler, 2 p. m.
Phi Delta Kappa, 8:00 p. m.
Young Matrons Club, Mrs. Frank Crist, 7:30 p. m.
Woman's Club meeting, Literature department in charge, Decatur Library Auditorium, 7:30 p. m. prompt.

Research Club, Mrs. Daniel Sprang, 2:30 p. m.

Tuesday
Zion Reformed G. M. G., Mrs. J. H. Graber, 7:30 p. m.
Catholic Ladies of Columbia, K. of C. Hall, 7:30 p. m.
Adams County Choral Society, Monroe Hatchery, 7:30 p. m.
American Legion Auxiliary installation, Decatur Country Club, 6:30 p. m.

M. E. Ladies Aid mince meat sale.

Tri Kappa business meeting, Mrs. Paul Sauer, 8 p. m.

Psi Iota Xi business meeting, Zwick Furniture Store, 7:30 p. m.

Wednesday
Beulah Chapel Ladies Aid Society, Mrs. August Schlickman, all day.

Zion Reformed Phoebe Bible class, Mrs. Tillman Gerber, 7:30 p. m.

Thursday
Eastern Star stated meeting, Masonic Hall, 7:30 p. m.

Mt. Tabor Ladies Aid Society, Mrs. Cloyce Rauch, 7:30 p. m.

last week and Adams County and Berne officers were asked to assist in locating them. Mr. and Mrs. Eicher will make their home at the Jacob Eicher home, southeast of Berne.

The Phoebe Bible class of the Zion Reformed Sunday School will meet Wednesday evening at seven-thirty o'clock with Mrs. Tillman Gerber.

MRS. CURTIS ENGLE SURPRISED AT PARTY

A group of friends and relatives pleasantly surprised Mrs. Curtis Engle at her home Thursday evening, the occasion being her birthday anniversary. She was presented with a number of birthday gifts.

A pot-luck supper was served and games, dancing and music was enjoyed. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. George Webb, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Niblick and son Charles, Mr. and Mrs. Perry Ogg and children, Mary, Lucille, Dorothy, Giles and grandson, Perry Bruce, and Sylvester Schroeder of Fort Wayne; Mr. and Mrs. Joe Gaskill, Mr. and Mrs. George Ogg, Mr. and Mrs. Noah Blowers and children Carson, Mary Ann, Clara and Wanda, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Barnett and

children Jay, Junior and Alice, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Schroeder, Mr. and Mrs. Otto Kirchner, Elizabeth Melhs, Dorcas Hoagland, Dick Johnson of Decatur, Eva Engle, Curtis Engle and the honored guest, Mrs. Engle.

ENTERTAINS LADIES AID

Mrs. C. O. McKean entertained the members of the Zion Ladies Aid Society at her home Thursday. Quilting for Mrs. Weller was enjoyed during the day and at the noon hour a dinner was served to the fourteen members present.

Devotional services were led by the president, Mrs. Will Yager. The meeting next month will be held with Mrs. William Sautbine.

The Ladies Aid Society of the Beulah Chapel will hold an all-day meeting Wednesday with Mrs. August Schlickman.

The Girls Missionary Guild of the Zion Reformed Church will meet at the home of Mrs. J. H. Graber Tuesday night at seven-thirty o'clock.

Sunken Ship's Anchor Found

Hannibal, Mo., (UP)—An anchor, found by fishermen in the Mississippi River here recently, is believed to belong to the sunken river steamer Flying Eagle, which went down near here in 1903 with three men aboard.

Tablets to Mark Portage

Superior, Wis.—(UP)—The route of the historic Brule River-Lake St. Croix portage, first trod by Duluth, the French explorer, in 1690, will be marked with 11 bronze tablets

in the Superior ever to be caught on the Menominee River, is being exhibited by Emil Kossow as evidence of his skill. The fish was captured after a 35-minute battle.

Muskalunge Caught in River
Menominee, Mich.—(UP)—A 40-

Welcome for Legion Head



On the eve of the opening of the American Legion convention in Chicago, the customary presentation of the keys to the city is made by Mayor Edward J. Kelly to Lewis Johnson, national commander. In center is Fred L. Boissy, Legion official.

be marked with 11 bronze tablets in the Superior ever to be caught on the Menominee River, is being exhibited by Emil Kossow as evidence of his skill. The fish was captured after a 35-minute battle.

Muskalunge Caught in River
Menominee, Mich.—(UP)—A 40-

PROPOSAL OF GOVERNORS IS FLATLY DENIED

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE)
farmers' crops.

Schmedeman issued an executive order after new outbreaks in the state resulted in the dynamiting of two creameries and half a dozen pitched battles between strikers and deputies.

The order, addressed to all law enforcement officers, read:

"Every law enforcement officer shall keep the highways open at all costs, shall suppress violence and property destruction with all the powers granted by the law. I call upon the entire citizenship, including the farmers who understand the situation and who still have faith in American institutions and our government to support to the limit our local and state authorities."

The proclamation was made public shortly after the mass meeting. Milo Reno, president of the Farmers Holiday Association, told the meeting that the farm strike would be pushed in mid-west states until farmers' demands were satisfied.

Aged Building Still Stands

Janesville, Wis.—(UP)—The building in which Tom Lappin opened Janesville's first store in 1840 still stands here and is used as a home in the residential section. Lappin cut down the trees and shaved the timbers for the building himself.

Get the Habit — Trade at Home

LOCALS.

A. R. Holthouse and C. E. Holthouse were business visitors in Fort Wayne last night.

Many are watching with interest the test of a rug in front of Schaffer's store. The rug is to be left there ten days, then cleaned and sold at auction. The idea is to show what wear the rug will stand, it being claimed that this will be equal to ten years of ordinary wear in a home.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Quinn of Chicago were here today to attend the funeral services for Richard D. Myers.

Miles Roop, an inspector for the state highway commission, working near Brookville, Indiana, spent the week-end with his family here.

A letter received this morning from Miss Townsend, secretary to C. L. Ayres of Detroit, says he has not been so well the past few days but was slightly better again yesterday. He has been a patient in a Detroit hospital the past six weeks, following an operation for kidney trouble.

George Krick and Dan Tyndall attended to business in Fort Wayne last evening.

Dr. and Mrs. P. L. Ferry and daughter of Akron, Ohio, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Peterson.

Mrs. Dorothy Dugan Goodrich and daughter Nancy of Indianapolis are spending the week-end in this

city with Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Dugan.

Plans are under way for the resuming of the Elk's Dances to be staged during the winter months. A committee meeting will be held Monday evening at 7:30 o'clock at the Elks Home at which time plans for the entire season will be made.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Gulick and daughter Miss Mary, Hubert Ehrsam and Mrs. A. C. Spangler and daughter Gloria Mae attended the corn husking contest west of Bluffton Wednesday.

Miss Mary Gulick is visiting with relatives and friends in Vendocia and Van Wert, Ohio.

Grant Pyle and W. L. Kiger of Bluffton attended the funeral services for Richard D. Myers here this morning.

Mrs. George Flanders will entertain the members of her dinner bridge club tonight.

Mrs. Ward Hunter and daughter of Indianapolis motored here yesterday for a visit with John S. Snow, who is critically ill.

Mrs. C. B. Smith of Detroit arrived here this afternoon for a visit with relatives.

Tickets for the Armistice Day—Service club banquet will go on sale next Monday, N. R. Holthouse general chairman announced today. The tickets are 60 cents each.

Paul H. Graham has returned from a business trip to Chicago.

"THAT'S MY BOY!"

By FRANCIS WALLACE, Author of "Huddle"



Mom thought as she looked at her dejected boy: Everybody seemed to have forgotten Tommy... It's the way of the world.

CHAPTER FIFTY-THREE

It was funny how people had their ups and downs in even a town like Athens. Now they were picking on Tommy. But they wouldn't make an Uncle Louie out of him; Mom felt that in her bones.

He was trying to get something. He had always tried. Mom knew that it was always on his mind, that he was studying things, trying to understand, just as she was, about Thorndyke and the millionaires and all. Mom never really said anything to him about it because it was kind of a touchy subject, even between a mother and her son, with Tommy being so great and then, all of a sudden, everybody seemed to have forgotten him. It was the way of the world.

Of course, all the millionaires he talked to said it was the depression; and times were getting hard. There was no doubt about that! Pop was only getting three or four days a week at the factory and Pete said you could tell how things were because people who used to drive up and say, fill up the tank, were now buying only three or four gallons, sometimes only one gallon—and Pete said you'd be surprised at some of them but he would never mention any names; and Mom thought that was the reason Pete was doing pretty good with both his stations because he minded his own business and couldn't do enough for people, like wiping off windshields and all that and being polite and friendly.

And to make it worse, Mom had an idea Tom had put most of his money in the stock market and it was going down and so was his money. Every day he'd listen on the radio for the stock reports and always read the paper in the eve ning; and Pop said it was all a put-up job by the money'd people to run the poor people out of business; and when all the little people were squeezed out the big ones would buy up everything and then prices would go up and business would get good again. And he was glad Tom didn't get mixed up with all the crooks in Wall Street or he'd get like the rest of them, trying to get everything in his own hands and squeezing out the poor people. Pop said if it kept up the poor would be a revolution in this country like in Russia—only he said Russia; and Mom thought it was kind of funny because Tommy didn't correct him.

Tom didn't seem to bother much about their manners any more and Pop was taking advantage of it. He began to talk loud again and take his shoes off and go around in his socks without his slippers. Sometimes Tom would just look at him and the first thing Pop would be sneaking over and putting on the slippers; but pretending all the time he wasn't. But Mom didn't take advantage like that. Good manners were good manners; and Mom wasn't going back to poor ones once she knew better. She wasn't that kind and neither was Tommy.

He still kept himself spick-and-span and to look at him nobody would ever know he still wasn't sitting on top of the world, like the picture of him in the paper the year he was All-American. Those times seemed pretty far back, now, although they were not much more than a year. Mom never looked at the sport pages now. They never said anything about Tommy except once when it said he was going to coach some place but Tommy corrected that and said he was not going in for coaching. Then another time it said he had been offered five thousand dollars to

play pro football with the New York Giants the next season; but Tommy said he had other plans.

That was the first time Pop began to get mad. He said a job was a job and that was a lot of money for a young fellow and, as long as Tom wasn't doing anything else, he might as well take it until something better came along. Tom tried to explain to him, in a nice way, Mom thought, that it was a lot of money but there was no future in it and this time he was going to get started in something that had some future in it. And Pop shook his head and couldn't figure it out.

"I'm thinking five years ahead, Pop," Tommy said, "and where I'll be at the end of that time, even if it does cost me something at the beginning. Pro football is only for a little while each year but enough to interrupt other jobs. Coaching is all right in one way but you never know where you're at and the way football is run there are a lot of things a coach has to do and say I wouldn't like."

It was funny, Mom thought, that whole thing. In the first place Tommy called him Pop instead of Father; and then Tommy was the one who was trying to talk some sense into Pop instead of the other way round. Mom didn't understand all of it but she had confidence in Tommy the way he talked and looked, real patient and serious. Pop had always been rattle-brained and quick-tempered even though he did have a good heart and was always a hard worker. Tom took that studying about things from Mom. She was that way and she was glad Tommy was. They would have been a lot better off if Pop had listened to Mom on some thing instead of making big speeches.

The people around town were funny at first; they didn't know what to think, that was plain. With Tommy at home it seemed like he wasn't doing anything; but then he always looked neat and had so much dignity nobody could say anything; they were afraid; but Mom could see them edging around, getting more inquisitive and ready to start talking. They were already beginning to talk

particularly the ones at Butcher Brown's. It had got so Mom didn't want to go in there with the gossip anymore; they were always after information and all that and hoping for the worst that could happen. Particularly Mrs. Farrell, who was always talking about her Joie at the factory and how good he was getting along.

"He's got a salaried job," she told Mrs. Johnson while Mom was listening, "and he don't have to take half-time like the factory men."

That was a slur at Tommy and Pop, too, Mom knew. But she didn't say anything; they were just trying to start things.

"And he didn't play football, neither," Mrs. Johnson said. Mom couldn't stand that; so she said, "It takes a real man to play football or work in the factory. Any little two-by-four can work in the office or sell insurance."

Mrs. Farrell was almost jumping up and down. "If he's such a real man I'd think he could do something else than live off his hard-working father and brother," she said.

CHAPTER FIFTY-FOUR

Mom got more worried as time went on. People around town began to say this and that, and the ones that carried it all to Mom were only too glad to do it, she thought, just to see what she would say and carry it back. But when it got into March and Tommy was still home they started to come right out in the open and talk more plainly. It got so that Mom felt everybody was looking at her everytime she went down the street; that the same ones who used to stop her and ask about how great Tommy was, these same ones were only waiting their chance to put a dig in against him. Mrs. Johnson came and told Mom that somebody had said at a dance that Tommy had got an A.B. degree from college all right—All-American Bum.

Mom knew who it was had said it; like as not Mrs. Johnson's own daughter who was jealous of Tommy because he wouldn't have anything to do with her—Mom had seen her making eyes at him again. So, although Mom was mad as a hornet inside she pretended to just smile and said: "Well, Mis' Johnson, the one that said it is probably Mom himself too good to lay down in the gutter with her; because the one that said it is probably the kind that would lay down in the gutter with anybody that came along because she probably didn't have any raising in the first place."

Mrs. Johnson looked funny at Mom and her face took on a black look; but just the same she didn't come to Mom with any more tales with her long face, the hypocrite.

Mom guessed Tommy must feel the same way she did around town because he got to staying around the house more and wrote letters. All he seemed to be doing was write letters in the morning and then watch for the mailman all day. Almost every day he got one letter, the same kind; and Mom happened to see the handwriting one day when it was delivered and before she could decide what was familiar about it, John said: "Tom and Dorothy must be pretty thick again."

"Yes," said Mom, "it looks like it."

"Tell him to marry the girl and make it easy on the mail carriers," John said. "He don't seem to get many answers from all them letters for jobs, does he?"

"He's just taking his time," Mom said, smiling.

"Tell him not to pay any attention to the knockers in this town," John said. Then he left, hitching his pack up on his arm and the black dog that muddled up the porches following him. His name was Hector and John called him Heck for short.

Somewhat Mom was happy that Dorothy was writing to Tom. It showed she wasn't like the rest in the town—even her father, who never said a word now about giving Tom a job in the factory when he needed it so bad. Of course Mom didn't really want Tom to work in the factory. She had even had some words with Pop about this because right away Pop said she thought her dude son was too good for the factory and it was her fault he had gone and wasted his time in college and football and if he had listened to Pop in the beginning he would have his trade learned by now. And Mom got mad and said, what would he have if he had his trade learned he'd be working half-time

and waiting on the factory to go on and off, and it would be that way all his life. Then Pop got mad and said he guessed he never was good enough for her, being just a workingman; and Mom said she didn't mean that at all; but that he shouldn't be bothering Tommy about going to work in the factory with all his education; and that she'd rather starve than have all the knockers in town have the laugh on their boy for the rest of their lives.

But Pop stayed mad and Mom had to go off and cry and it was funny to be mad at Pop. He went out after supper and stayed a long while. Meals were unhappy times now. Uncle Louie came around whenever he could and sat down to eat, claiming that Cousin Emmy didn't feed him half enough and that a bird couldn't live on what she put on the table. Then he always looked to see if Tom was around and when he saw that he was he was mad; and Mom knew he was watching and hoping Tom would leave just so he would get his room back; and it was too much like waiting for a sick person to die so he could get the money; that was bad enough but Uncle Louie even had the nerve to give Tom black looks as if to ask him why he wasn't working instead of loafing around. And when Cousin Emmy came around she always looked at Tom as if she thought anybody must be out of their heads to give up such a good job in Hollywood.

With Tommy quiet and kind of ashamed and Pop ready to say something and Uncle Louie always having something nasty on the edge of his tongue, Mom was proud of Pete. He was pretty busy at his two places but he was nice to Tom and always pretended that nothing had happened and that Tom was still as great as ever. Sometimes Mom thought Pete had more sense than any of them. The older he grew the more he reminded her of her grandfather.

When Pop got back from downtown that night he had his hat down on one eye and marched right up to bed without saying a word. Mom wasn't mad any longer and she wanted to say something but Pop was in bed when she went upstairs and asleep; and Mom could hardly sleep all night because it was a long time since she and Pop had been really mad. The next morning they talked, sort of strange and short to each other while he was getting ready to go to work. Both of them were kind of ashamed of themselves and didn't know how to say it. Mom didn't even ask him where he got the bruise on his face, partly because he was trying to hide it.

But she soon found out. The other neighbor ladies came in Butcher Brown's right after Mom and she could see they had something on their minds and she wondered what it was this time.

Mrs. Flannigan did the talking: "I hear your man had some trouble last night, Mis' Randolph."

Mom's heart sank. Pop had a temper when he got started; it was her fault; she had made him mad. Mom wouldn't give them the satisfaction of knowing she didn't know; so she said: "Just what did you hear, Mis' Flannigan?"

Mrs. Flannigan hesitated; they all knew Mom had a sharp tongue in her head when she wanted to use it. "Well, I heard that Jake Morgan passed some remark down at the garage about your Tom and

that your man hit him and they had a big fight."

Mom bit her lip. It was bad enough before but now it would be all over town. While they were watching her, John the mailman, came in. "Hey, Mis' Randolph," he said, "when's that old man of yours going to fight Dempsey?"

"Why?" said Mom.

John laughed. "Jake Morgan looks like a freight train hit him. It was about time somebody knocked him off—your old man could run for mayor today."

Mom said, carefully, "Maybe some other people will hold on to their tongues better now and keep them out of other people's business."

There was a silence. John looked at the other neighbor ladies and laughed right in their faces and walked out, with his dog Hector, trailing along. Hector never came in the grocery store because Albert had given him a scratching once and Butcher Brown never got tired talking about it.

That night at supper was funny. Pop came home from work and he was swaggering a little and Mom knew he felt pretty important because people had been talking to him all day at the factory about how good a fighter he was. But he still had his hat down over that eye when he came in and she just said hello and pretended nothing had happened.

At the table they had hardly sat down when Uncle Louie came in and Mom had to set another plate. Tom looked at Pop and said: "Thanks Pop—only you shouldn't have paid any attention to the bust-off."

"Well," Pop said, "there ain't nobody going to make any remarks about any of my family and get away with it."

Pete got to kidding him. "What did you hit him with, Pop—the right or the left?"

"Both," Pop said. "I gave him the left hook, then I feinted him, then I gave him the right—just the way Dempsey did to Tooney when he knocked him out in Chicago."

"Tunney won that one," Uncle Louie said.

Pop sneezed. "He was knocked out in the seventh round—but the referee give it to him." Pop was a great Dempsey man.

"Just the same Tunney won the fight," Uncle Louie insisted. "Where did you get that bump on your face?"

"That's nothing," said Pop. "It was an accident. We started rassing when he got up the third time and his sleeve tore where I had hold of it and he happened to graze my face. Then I finished him the same way Joe Gans used to."

"How was that, Pop?" Pete asked.

Pop demonstrated. "I showed him the left, see—then I gave him the right."

He looked over, sneaky-like, to see how Mom was taking it. She shook her head and smiled at him. "Your mate is getting cold," she said.

Pop smiled at her and she knew their mad spell was over. "Anyhow," said Pop, "I guess nobody in town is going to get fresh with the men of this family for awhile."

"Sure," said Uncle Louie. "The four of us could clean up the town if we wanted to."

Pop whistled and shook his head.

FIFTH AVENUE FASHIONS

By ELLEN WORTH

Paris Puts Starch In Your Wings

Lace is the darling of Paris. And starched lace is quite the most flatteringly feminine fashion in a season of flattering feminine fashions. Here it is used for crisp angel-wings which sweep up from the shoulders to frame the face in airy frills that guarantee plenty of cut-ins from the stag line.

The gown is black velvet, of course, and clever seaming molds it in the new sheathlike silhouette which sets off the grace of youth and the charming elegance of maturity with equal success. Feminine accents are introduced where accents are important—at the neckline in a captivating hint of drapery—at the back in a novel girle.

It's a sleek, luxurious-looking little dress, but it is very inexpensive when you make it yourself. Even if you are a beginner, don't hesitate to choose good material. You can't make a mistake.

Pattern No. 5389 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 bust.



No. 5389 Size..... Price for Pattern 15 Cents.

name..... street address.....

city..... state.....

Our New Fashion Book is out! Send for it—put check here and enclose 10 cents extra for book.

Address orders to New York Pattern Bureau the Decatur Daily Democrat, Suite 110, 220 East 42nd St., New York City. (Editor's note—do not mail orders to Decatur, Indiana.)