

ADDRESS TO G. A. R. AND W. R. C.

Delivered at Entertainment Given at Sam Henry Post, April 22, 1908.

I must first express to you, my appreciation of this hour of my life. When asked to make a talk to the Grand Army, my answer was "Sure, tickled to death," and it was sincere, for I am never more at home or more in my glory than in this hall, your post home, and in your company. I count each of you a friend, a very dear friend—yes even more than that, for to you and to the W. R. C. there is a tie to me that holds firm. It is not only that one which the colors of this old flag make up—it though, is precious to me—nor is it the tie that is made of the blue suit and brass button and you know the very sight of a blue suit with those brass buttons shining on the front is so very precious to me, and they will attract my attention more than anything which meets me on our streets or can be worn by any passerby.

But, dear comrades, between you and me there is a tie that binds and that tie is this: My father was a soldier; my brother was a soldier, and my dear mother, gone on before us, loved her soldiers and shared and taught me that love. One of her dearest wishes for me to carry out was that "I should take her place and finish her work in the W. R. C. with the G. A. R., so that you would not forget her and that her work might go on. A tie like this on, will last, and last forever—for it is built of love, duty and honor. And while at Kokomo, several soldiers with whom I made friends and who could not remember my name, called me "The Soldier Girl." I felt that I could carry a gun, oh two of them for that matter and march all day to any old tune just so it had soldier time to it. If you have never heard me say it, your wives have heard me, those who belong to our W. R. C., that I am more proud of my heritage as a soldier's daughter than I would have been had my father given me a legacy or money and not the other, and I mean it, for any man who is the father of a daughter of my age and was not a soldier in the civil war ought to have been—he ain't made of the good, solid kind that we like to grow from. You don't know how good we feel when we can say, "My father was a soldier."

Very well do I remember when you were more in number and the work of our post and corps was in greater demand. We had to work harder, but oh! we enjoyed it. It was my delight as a little child to help and some very pleasant childhood memories take me back to the hall over Schafer's harness store where we filled so many stockings on Xmas and carried them out to others, poorer children, where you gave dinners, and where I spoke little pieces just as my own little ones do now. Do you know I have been raised in this work, for I have been a member fifteen years next month, coming in the next meetings after I reached the age limit, and with my mother as the conductor. In this time I have witnessed so much sadness and withal some of the happiest time of my life.

In a talk I heard at Knightstown by a comrade to the orphans, he said: It made him happy to stand in their presence, for in looking in their faces, he could honestly assure his mind and heart that his fallen comrades had been well remembered and well loved, for with the help given by our state, we took up their work of caring and educating their children. In these bright faces of little children, the life of dead soldier is moving on.

The G. A. R. is the most honored body of men of the United States. Such great loved men as Grant, McKinley, Lincoln and so many other heroes that our nation honored and mourn as a nation, was but a "comrade" to you. Oh! that word implies so much.

Last year at Kokomo the days were glad ones for our Indiana boys, and you could have witnessed interesting meetings. Many who had not met before in years looked into each other's faces and clasped each other's hands. Some met who had not seen each other since they were mustered out of the service more than forty years. All of these meetings were interesting, but some of them were so touching with pathos, that I can scarce recall them save through a mist of tears.

I say this: "Comradery" is a grand and holy bond which only you can enjoy. Along side of the G. A. R. comes their auxiliary, the W. R. C. next to the grandest organization in this United States, and is made up of the dearest women of our country. They go side by side and hand in hand.

My heart throbs at the beat of the drum and yet comes with a pang of sadness, which only seems to make it more sacred and more to be remembered. It is my ambition that

this year will be our best. I mean that your life—that of the G. A. R. and our life of W. R. C. will be most pleasant and beneficial and that you will help us to make it so. And believe us always ready and anxious to help and do for you. We appreciate your kind words and we feel that we are following in steps alongside of the most noble and brave men. Your life has been one of love and sacrifice, one of war and hardships and now, while it lasts, may it be one of peace and happiness—would that I could help to make it more so than it is.

And tonight let me ask you, if you are looking forward to that one grand reunion, where you will have answered your Great Commander, and His bugle call, where your marching has ceased and your feet will never be weary—with that readiness and assurance in your heart (and if it is not, I pray you will "obey orders" and your captain will lead you to victory) your remaining days ought to be the best and most peaceful of all men.

Slowly they come, with beat of drum, The flag with its scar above Shoulder to shoulder they come in view

Side by side, in the dear old blue. A soldier, a soldiers, your life you have given,

A soldier, a soldier, your life you Heaven,

On earth, your sufferings were terrible to bear,

Up there! all joy all glory, not even a tear.

Some time ago we mentioned the

fact that a branch of the American

Woman's League was being organized

in this city and that among other

things which they expect to do for

Decatur is to erect a waiting or ladies' club house in this city, where

women who are shopping and be-

come tired may go for a rest, where

clubs and committees may meet, where

ladies from the country may come

when in town and feel welcome. At

that time there were but five mem-

bers here, and they expected to build

a \$1,200 home. Now the list has grown

to twelve and the ladies hope to erect

a \$2,000 club. Among the original mem-

bers of this association are Mrs.

James N. Fristoe and Mrs. Charles

Deer. They have already started

well upon their work, it being a duty

that each member take subscriptions

for various papers published by the

E. G. Lewis company of St. Louis,

amounting to \$52.00. When the

twelve have done that the building

will be started. The organization is

a most wonderful one, and is headed

by Mr. Lewis, a millionaire news-

paper man, and the mayor of University

City, near St. Louis, where the na-

tional homes are to be built. Others

interested are L. V. Stephens, ex-

governor of Missouri; Lewis Terbetta,

T. F. Meyer, August Schaferly, H. L.

Kramer, W. F. Carter, James Coyle,

Edward Dickerson and others, all

bankers and men of wealth and prom-

inence. They will provide beside

giving local club rooms, a home for the

aged, orphange, a great postal

library, colleges, national exchange

markets, and a hundred other bene-

fits. It is a most wonderful plan

and only the gigantic proportions

make it seem impossible. The ladies

here report good success. They

have thoroughly investigated and are

able to explain any point on which

any person who cares to join or aid

them may be in doubt. The organi-

zation is being built up by taking

subscriptions for the Woman's Na-

tional Daily, the Women's Magazine,

The Woman's Farm Journal and the

Journal of Agriculture.

STATE SENATOR PARKS IS DEAD

Well Known Over State—Author of Old Cigarette Law.

Plymouth, Ind., April 24.—(Special to Daily Democrat)—Senator John W. Parks, a member of the sixty-second, sixty-third and sixty-fourth sessions of the Indiana general assembly, and author of the prohibitory cigarette law which was repealed at the recent session, died here today of fatty degeneration of the heart. He was well known over the state, a republican and a successful lawyer. He graduated from the Michigan university in 1875. He was born May 25, 1852.

Sunday morning T. R. Moore re-

ceived a letter from his daughter say-

ing that the operation performed on

his son, Charles, at Phoenix, Arizona,

was a success. The operation was

made in order to remove the pres-

sure of the skull from the brain. On

delivering mail to his patrons in the

country last fall the afflicted man,

who was riding a motor cycle, was

overthrown by a dog, resulting in the

fracture. On account of the pres-

sure the mind of Mr. Moore became

affected. From the report in the let-

ter, the relatives have reason to hope

for the best. The many friends here

will be very glad to hear of his re-

covery.

Decatur will probably have a team in the Northern Indiana Baseball league, at least that is the appearance of affairs at present. Mayor C. O. France and W. H. Fledderjohann of the Fort Wayne & Springfield company were at Wabash Sunday to attend a meeting of the men behind the league, and they report that much enthusiasm was displayed. There were present Mr. Hill of Kokomo, Mr. James of Huntington, Mayor Sweenee of Marion, Mr. Cummings, representing Bluffton and Hartford City, and Mr. Fledderjohann represented Decatur. Reports from the managers

showed that all the towns had ar-

ranged for the financial part of the

business excepting Hartford City and

Decatur, and if Mr. Fledderjohann

agrees to put a team in the field as

now seems probable, there will be

no trouble in raising any amount of

money necessary. The association

will meet at Marion on Thursday

of this week to complete their ar-

rangements, and to elect permanent

officers. The fans here are delighted

over the prospects of a team and will

boost all they can for the success

of same. The league season is to

open May 15th, and if this city goes

in there can be no time lost in se-

curing players, as it is rather late

now to begin. It will be a trolley

league, and those interested believe

that with such a compact circuit as

arranged with these six cities, the

league will live and prosper. Mr.

Fledderjohann was not in the city to-

day, and it was impossible to learn

his intention or plans, but Mr. France

said he believed that Decatur would

be represented in the league.

Judge John M. Smith is not a be-
liever in spiritualism. No, Sir! But when a man receives a letter like that below from a deceased friend, concerning mutual friends unknown to the deliverer of the message, he is set to thinking and in the judge's own words, "There must be something in it." A few days ago a Portland business man, a spiritual, was at Indianapolis, and while there attended a seance. He was accosted by a phantom, a ghostly stranger, who called him by name and said that during life the two had met in this city. The spirit gave his name as Bayard Gray, at one time publisher of the Sun, and asked the man as to the health of Judge Smith. Knowing the judge to be a skeptic, the man asked Mr. Gray's spirit to indict a few lines of slate-writing to the non-believer and, by the regular method—a blank slate on a table—the phantom fingers produced the following, which was duly delivered to the judge:

"To my dear friend Judge Smith, of Portland, I send greeting from my spirit side of life. I am pleased to tell you, Judge, that Senator Brick, Cortez, Ewing, Ex-Judge Dick, Congressman Stevenson and Billy Staley of Frankfort are here.

Bayard Gray, Pierre Gray. All the men mentioned were friends of both the Grays and Judge Smith during life. Senator Brick lived at South Bend; Cortez, at Greensburg, and, like the others mentioned were prominent in democratic state politics. The man who delivered the message to the judge did not know any of the men except Bayard Gray.

The judge is not yet convinced, but the receipt of the slate letter has caused him more thought than did the county option repeal bill in the state legislature, which is consider-
able.—Portland Sun.

Campers who sought shelter in the Steele school house last night were disturbed by the officers who accom-
panied two of the men to jail, where they remained until this morning. A

new law which has but recently been placed on record and in force which makes it unlawful for any person or persons to camp on a public highway prompted the arrest of the men. Township Trustee Samuel Butler notified the sheriff of the violation, and he with Policeman Fisher went im-
mediately to the school house. The campers are men who sell rocking chairs, and who have been traveling for many years, following this vocation. They vigorously protested in-
nocence on the ground that they were unaware that such a law existed. Two of the men were not placed under arrest last evening, but were allowed to take charge of the wagons in which the chairs they sell were kept.

The men were arraigned before Squire Smith this morning at nine o'clock, where they plead guilty to the charge, asking leniency on account of their ignorance of the law. The squire assessed a fine of one dollar each with the trimmings, amounting in all to eighteen dollars, which was promptly paid by the younger of the defendants, and they went on their way rejoicing.

M. D. Yontz, of Indianapolis, was here today representing the W. B. Burford public printers and stationery supplies.

July seventeenth this year Decatur will take on a gala appearance, when about two thousand Woodmen assemble in the city to observe the annual convention of the camps of the dis-
trict and to observe it royally. The local camp has appointed its commit-
tees and heads of committees to ar-
range for the affair, and these men are already working hard in an ef-
fort to perfect plans which, if car-
ried out, will make the occasion the most memorable held in the city for many years. A reception committee

consisting of about sixty members, will take care of the visitors, and the beautiful Steele's park will be the scene of the rendition of one of the best programs ever enjoyed in Adams county. Head Counsel A. R. Talbot is expected to be present, and it is an absolute certainty that the special national lecturer, Mr. Whelan, will deliver the important address of the day. State Deputy J. D. Voltz, of Indianapolis, will also be on the pro-
gram. There are eighty-two camps under this jurisdiction, and it is ful-
ly expected that two thousand Wood-
men will invade the city on the above