

COMING TO DECATUR

Murray Hotel, April 29
FOR ONE DAY ONLY
Hours 9 A. M. to 6 P. M.

International Doctors Specialist
Brings the knowledge of a Great
Medical Organization and
Their Experience in the Successful
Treatment of
COMPLICATED CHRONIC
CONDITIONS

Expert Services Free of Charge:—

The International Doctors is an organization of experienced, registered physicians, for the treatment of stubborn, chronic diseases.

The International Doctors, experienced Specialists, treat, without SURGICAL OPERATIONS, OR HYPODERMIC INJECTIONS, diseases of the Blood, Skin, and the Internal Organs. Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lung Trouble, Old Ulcers, Tape-worm, Syphilis, Asthma, Chronic Constipation, Epilepsy, High Blood Pressure, Bed Wetting and other morbid affections of the body.

Thirty-five years' experience and the complete records of thousands of cases successfully treated prove that the methods of the International Doctors are very dependable.

The Physicians of the International Doctors have at their command the knowledge and resources of the whole organization.

Many people keep on suffering from ailments that might be greatly improved, because they cannot afford to go to high-priced Specialists away from home.

Many communities have not a sufficient number of patients suffering from diseases mentioned to support local hospitals for needed special treatments in complicated cases.

The International Doctors have solved this problem, and their highly trained Specialists travel from town to town to meet the sick. They instruct patients, recommend a course of treatment, and teach ailing men and women how to take care of themselves at home.

To those having ailments of long standing, whatever the trouble may be, and notwithstanding the poor results of former treatments, come and talk it over; it's FREE OF CHARGE. Ladies are requested to come escorted.

(Laboratories Milwaukee, Wisconsin)

OBITUARY

James C. son of Jacob and Phoebe Harmon, was born in VanWert county, Ohio, April 28, 1871. He departed this life in Adams county, Indiana, Tuesday evening, April 20, 1926, age 54 years, 11 months and 20 days. His first marriage was to Neva Johnson. To this union three children were born, two daughter having passed away, the one daughter who survives is, Mrs. Elsie Death, of Bobo, Ind. There is also one step-son. After the death of his first wife he was married to Jennie Spangler, who departed this life in 1906. He leaves to mourn his departure, one brother, one daughter and three grandchildren, as well as other relatives and friends.

"Sometime, when all life's lessons have been learned,
And suns and stars forever more have set,
And we shall see how all God's plans are right,
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,
Will flash before us out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans are right."

Funeral services were conducted Friday morning from the United Brethren church of Bobo. The funeral services being preached by Rev. L. G. Murray. After which the body was placed to rest in the cemetery near the church.

Ladies free at G. E. Harmony Boys dance, Masonic hall, Saturday night, 8:30. 9613x

END BUNION
PAIN FOREVER

No Need to Suffer Another Day Those Agonizing Torturing Pains.

There is one simple yet inexpensive way to reduce inflamed, swollen toe joints and get them down to normal and that is to apply Moone's Emerald Oil night and morning and people who suffer from such enlargements would be wise to reduce them before they reach a more or less chronic stage.

Ask Smith, Yager & Falk or any first class druggist for an original two-ounce bottle of Moone's Emerald Oil (full strength) and refuse to accept anything in its place. It is such a highly concentrated preparation that two ounces lasts a long time and further more if this wonderful discovery does not give you complete satisfaction you can have your money refunded.

Special note: People who want to reduce swollen or varicose veins should get a bottle of Emerald Oil at once. Applied night and morning as directed they will quickly notice an improvement which will continue until the veins and bunches are reduced to normal.

Chicago Rushing All Preparations For Great Eucharistic Congress

Chicago, April 24.—(United Press).—Committees are busily canvassing the city to make a success of the transformation of Chicago into the church center of the world on June 29 to 24. During that time more than 1,000,000 persons, members of both the clergy and the lay field, will be here to attend the Eucharistic Congress of the World.

Every hotel in the city will be taxed to its capacity. It is expected these will take care of 250,000 of the delegates. Every room in the city available for renting purposes is being registered. All hotels and restaurants, as well as home owners, are being cautioned to have sufficient food on hand to care for this immense crowd.

It will be Chicago's biggest event since the World Fair in 1893, and it is the chief interest of the Roman Catholic world this year.

Chicago will be able to handle the immense crowd, backers of the unique convention said today. While railroad facilities will be taxed, there are sufficient carriers operating into the city to care for the delegates. Railroads from the east probably will have the biggest task in handling the immense delegations coming from abroad.

The arrangements committee announces that there will be little confusion. A room will be designated to each delegate. On the card handed to the delegate will be the address, instructions on how to reach the lodging place, and the price of the room. This will prevent there being a milling mob in the railroad stations, without rooms. While Chicago proper is preparing for the task of being host to a million, Mundelein, Ill., is watching a fevered bit of activity.

Workmen there are preparing the grounds of the St. Mary of the Lake Seminary for the influx of delegates. Carpenters, cement workers, bricklayers and landscape gardeners are rushing improvements and promise the immense project will be ready by May 1.

The improvement project there entails a cost of \$300,000. Included in the work are five arched bridges across the lake; a new \$100,000 boat house; rolling, trimming and smoothing of the grassy approaches and completion of several tiers of stairways leading down from the Edward Hines memorial chapel.

The stairways will connect with the miles of winding paved roads which will be the path of the great delegations when they attend the last mass of the congress at the memorial chapel.

Although plans are incomplete it is planned to have altars along the roads at which benediction will be given.

Homeless In London Now Less Numerous Than Before The War

London, April 24.—(United Press).—The annual census of homeless persons in London this year recorded only 100, of which twenty-four were women. This novel census has been taken every year since 1903, when the homeless numbered 1797. The census is taken by police and County Council officials during a certain night, and is a helpful index for relief measures.

The grim shadows of the Embankment still draw most of the homeless. On the night of the census most of the seats along the right bank of the river from Blackfriars Bridge to Westminster Bridge were occupied by desolate men and women. Here the police do not disturb them, and the famous district likewise continues to attract writers seeking material on the sadder sides of life, dreamers and philosophers.

During the later years of the war, the Embankment began to lose its picturesque character, but instead of passing it has in recent years revived, and after midnight the shadows now carry much the same story that the Embankment has told for many generations.

Streams In Texas In Flooded Condition

Dallas, Texas, April 24.—(United Press).—Flood conditions existed today in virtually all streams converging in gulf southeastern Texas as the result of torrential rains in the center section of the state during the week.

Warnings broadcast by the weather bureau at Houston advised that lower south Texas streams would probably reach their crests today or Saturday. Many streams were out of banks and damaging lowland crops.

Early flood warnings allowed escape of residents in the threatened sections and the removal of property and livestock.

Eight persons have died from drowning or lightning in the storm or near-bursts reported in some sections during the last few days.

Judith of BLUE LAKE RANCH

By JACKSON GREGORY

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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

Synopsis

CHAPTER I.—Bud Lee, horse foreman of the Blue Lake ranch, convinced Bayne Trevors, manager, is deliberately wrecking the property owned by Judith Sanford, a young woman, her cousin, Pollock Hampton, and Timothy Gray, decides to throw up his job. Judith arrives and announces she has bought Gray's share in the ranch and will run it. She discharges Trevors.

CHAPTER II.—The men on the ranch dislike taking orders from a girl, but by subduing a vicious horse and proving her thorough knowledge of ranch life, Judith wins the best of them over. Lee decides to stay.

Two men held the Prince. At Judith's command they shortened the reins and then blinded him with a bag danna handkerchief. Then, moving with incredible swiftness, she was in the saddle, the reins firmly gripped. The Prince, a sudden trembling, lunged through him, stood with his feet planted. The girl leaned forward and whipped the blind from his rimmed eyes.

"There's a good boy!" said Judith coolly. "Buck a little for the lady, Prince!"

Slowly the great muscles of Prince's leg and shoulder and



Bucking as Only a Devil-Hearted Horse Knows How.

corded. The trembling passed; he was like a horse carved in bluish granite. He shook his head a little. Judith, her hand tightening upon the reins, held his head well up, the severe bit thrusting the attempt to get his nose down between his forelegs.

Then suddenly, without warning, the horse whirled, leaping far out to the left, striking with hard hoofs bunched, gathering himself as he landed, swerving with the quickness of light, plunging again to the right. And again he stood still. Judith, sitting securely on his rebellious back, laughed. Her laughter, cool and unafraid, sent a strange little thrill through Bud Lee—who, with fear in his heart, was watching her.

"Look out for him now!" he called warningly.

In truth, the Prince had not yet begun. He plunged toward the corral, his purpose plain, the one desire in his heart to crush his rider against the high fence. But Judith's spurs answered him, and the bit, savage in his jaws, brought him about, whirling, sidling, striking, bucking as only a strong, fearless, devil-hearted horse knows how to buck. He doubled up under her; he rose and fell in a quick series of short jumps which tore and jerked at her body, which strove to tear her knees away from his sides and break the grip of her hand on the reins. But it seemed to the men watching that the girl knew before the horse which way he would jump, that she knew how to sway her body with his so that she and he were not separate beings but just one, moving together in some mad devil's dance.

"Can she ride!" whispered Bud Lee. "I want to know!"

Again the maddened Prince reared and again she brought him to earth. Again he resumed the terribly tearing series of short, sharp bucks. And still her hair tumbling, blown about her shoulders, she rode him.

Suddenly, with a quick, concerted action of spur, whip and rein, Judith swung the Prince about so that he was headed for the open valley, running toward the west, giving him his head only a little, driving him.

He broke into a thundering run, shortening as, with mane and tail flying, he dashed through the men who fell away from his furious rush. And as he ran, Judith spurred him so that his only thought lay in running away from the menace upon his back.

Three minutes later she rode back to the bunk-house and slipped from the saddle. Bud Lee, going to her, had his hat in his hand.

"Now, Ward," she said quickly, her breathing hurried, her cheeks red, "what do you say?"

"I said I'd stick if you rode him," muttered Ward. "And—"

"And," cried the girl with quick passion, "I'll tell you something. You're a great big lumbering coward! Stick with me!" She laughed again, a new laugh, ringing with her scorn. "Here's your outlaw; I've gentled him a bit. You ride him!"

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"Here's your outlaw; I've gentled him a bit. You ride him!"

His fellows laughed at Ward; for the field foreman was no horseman and the timorous way in which he had brought out this snapping, vicious animal had testified to the fact. He drew back now, muttering.

"Ride him!" cried Judith, her voice stinging him. "Ride him or get off the ranch! Which is it?"

Ward Hannon, glad of the opening, answered surlily: "Aw! think I want to take orders off'n a woman? You're right, I'll get off'n the ranch!"

"That's two down," said Judith. "Now, take this horse back to the stable; I'm going up to the office. You men come there in five minutes. If you want to stay, are worth your salt, you can. Or I'll give you your time. It's up to you: it's a free country. But—"

But—she said it slowly, confronting them—"If you all throw me down and leave me short-handed without giving me time to take on another set of men, you are a pretty low-lived bunch!"

Then, without turning, she went swiftly to the ranch-house. Old Man Carson wiped the sweat from his forehead.

"I remember hearing about Luke Sanford's girl," he said slyly. "This is her, all right."

"Old Man" Carson—so called through lack of courtesy and because of the sprinkling of gray through his black hair, a man of perhaps forty-five—filled an unthinkably disreputable pipe with his own conception of "real tobacco" and chuckled so that the second match was required before he was ready to say his say.

"You just listen to me, you boys!" he said. "None of you fellows ever saw old Luke Sanford?"

"I'd been working here close to two weeks when he got killed," Bud said as Carson's twinkling eyes went from face to face. "I got my job straight from him, not Trevors."

"That's so," said Carson. "Well, Bud knows the sort Luke Sanford was. He was dead and buried when I came to the Blue Lake, but I'd saw him twice and I'd heard of him more times than that. Quiet man that 'tended to his own business and didn't say so all-fired much 'less he was stirred up. And then—"

And then—? He whistled his meaning. "A fighter. All he ever got to he fought for. He bucked Western Lumber for a dozen years, first and last. And, by cripes, he nailed their d-d hides on his stable-door, too!"

"Well, I heard tell about this same Luke Sanford ten years ago and more—about him and his little girl. From what folks said I guess there never was a man wanted a boy-baby worse'n Luke Sanford before Judith came. And I guess there never was a man put more stock in his own flesh and blood than Luke did in her as soon as he got used to her being a she. I don't know just exactly how old she was ten years ago, women folks being so d-n tricky in the looks of their ages, but I'd say she was eight or nine or ten or eleven years old. Anyhow, Luke had took her in hand already. Why, that girl's rid real horses since she was the size of a pair of boots. Luke took her everywhere he went, up in the mountains, over the Big ridge, down valley-ways, into town when he went off on his yearly. And they say Luke wasn't no poky rider, either. You've rode his string, Bud? What are those for horses, huh?"

"I'm a little particular when it comes to a saddle-horse," Bud admitted. "But I never asked any better than old Sanford's string."

"You hear him!" said Carson. "Well, that Judy girl has rid horses like them for a dozen years, I guess, and he spoke with slow thoughtfulness, 'that she's a real chip off'n the old block. It's my guess number two that she ain't just shooting off her face promisingly when she says there's something crooked in the deal Trevors has been handling her. And, third bet, there's most likely going to be seven kinds of h-l popping around this end of the woods for a spell."

"What are you doing about it, Carson?" asked the man whose unusually vacuous expression gave him the name of Poker Face. "Stick on the job or quit?"

"Me?" Carson sought a match, and when he had found it, held it long in his grimy fingers, staring at it thoughtfully. "Me stay an' let a she-

girl boss me? Well, it ain't the play a man might look to me to make, an' I ain't saying it's the trick I'd do every day in the week. But here there's some things to get a man scratching his head; she's a winner, all right, an' I'm the first man to up an' say so. She's got the sand an' she's got the savvy. Take 'em together an' they make what you call gumption. I might go trailing my luck some other where, if I did the first fool thing that popped into my nut. But playing fair, I'm going to stick an' do my d—nestest to see Luke Sanford's girl put up her scrap. Yes, sir."

"What did she want to fire Trevors for?" asked Benny, the cook.

Carson, looking at him contemptuously, spoke in contemptuous answer about the stem of his pipe. "Any man on the job can answer you that, Cooke. It's been open an' shut the last month Trevors is either crazy or crooked. I said, didn't I, Western Lumber's itching to get its devil-fish legs wropped around Blue Lake timber? They've busted more than one rancher up in the mountains. Trevors is in with 'em. Any man on the ranch that don't know that, don't want to know it!" He removed his pipe at last, and his look upon Benny was full of meaning.

Benny growled an answer but did not take up the quarrel. He knew Carson well enough to know that there was no man living readier for a fight or abler to conduct his own part of it.

"Que hay, Bud?" called a voice, and old Joe, his face shining with his joy—Bud was certain that Judith had actually kissed the leathery cheek and wondered how she could do it!—came down the knoll. "La senorita wants you!"

"Haw!" gurgled Bandy O'Neil facetiously. "It's your manly beauty, Bud! You ol' son-of-a-gun of a lady-killer!"

Bud Lee swung about upon his heel to glare at Bandy. But suddenly conscious of a flush creeping up hotly under his tan, he turned his back and strode away to the house. His face was flaming when he entered the office.

"What do you want with me?" he said shortly, angered at Bandy, Judith Sanford and himself.

"Bow, wow!" retorted Judith, looking up from Trevors' table. "On your high horse, are you? All right, stay there. What I want is some information. How long have you been on the Blue Lake pay roll?"

"A little over six months," he answered colorlessly.

"Over six months?" A quick look of interest came into her eyes. "Trevors hired you? Or dad?"

"Your father."

"Then"—and a sudden, swift smile came for the first time that morning into the girl's eyes—"you're square! Thank God for one man to be sure of."

She had risen with a quick impetuosity and put out her hand. Lee took it into his own, and felt it shut hard, like a man's.

"Just how do you know I'm square?" she asked slowly.

"Dad was human," she replied softly. "He made some mistakes. But he never made a mistake in a horse foreman yet. He has said to me a dozen times: 'Judy, watch the way a man treats his horse if you want to size him up! And never put your horses into the care of a man who isn't white, clean through.' Dad knew, Bud Lee!"

Lee made no answer. For a little, Judith, back at the long table and looking strangely small in the big, bare room before this massive piece of furniture, stared into vacancy with reminiscent eyes. Then, with a little shrug of her shoulders, she turned again to the tall foreman.

"Why did you tell Trevors this morning that you were going to quit work?" she asked with abrupt directness.

"Because," he answered, and by now his flush had subsided and his grave good-humor had come back to him with his customary serenity. "I felt like moving on."

"Because," she insisted, "you knew that there was some dirty work afoot and did not care to be messed up in it?"

Now here, most positively, Bud Lee said within himself, was a person to reckon with. How did she know all that? What business did a kid like this have of knowing so blamed much?

"You've got your rope on the right pair of horns," he said after his brief pause.

"How did you know that Trevors was working the double-cross on this deal?" she demanded.

"I didn't know," he said stiffly. "I just guessed. The same as you. He was spending too much money; he was getting too little to show for it; he was selling too much stock too cheap."

"What's the matter with you?" cried the girl, surprising him with the heat of her words and the sudden darkening of her eyes. "Why do you insist on being so downright standoffish and stiff and aloof? What have I done to you that you can't be decent? Here I am only putting foot on my land and you make me feel like an intruder."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Dance Saturday night, Masonic hall, G. E. Harmony boys. Men 65c, ladies free.. 9613x

Historic Creek Ford On State Highway Is Eliminated This Week

Indianapolis, Ind., April 24.—(Special).—An historic ford in use more than 90 years was eliminated the first of this week with the opening of a new bridge at Dupont on State Road 26.

"This crossing," says John D. Williams, director of the state highway commission, "was in times of full rains and spring floods a source of constant annoyance to traffic because many times each year the little stream overflowing its banks, prohibited fording and blocked traffic for days. Records show that the road was blocked six times this year since January by high waters, each time ranging from one to four days. In late months the highway commission kept a truck at the ford to pull cars through when waters receded to a point the machines could cross in safety."

The commission's traffic bulletin points out that construction and paving has started in many parts of the state and from now until the coming winters forces a shut down, state roads designated for paving will be scenes of great activity. Maintenance forces are arranging detours around these projects, and every effort will be made to inconvenience traffic as little as possible while construction work is in progress.

Elwood.—Members of the Methodist Protestant church will celebrate Sunday the payment of the last of the indebtedness on the church parsonage.

A GOOD COMPLEXION— A Personal Blessing

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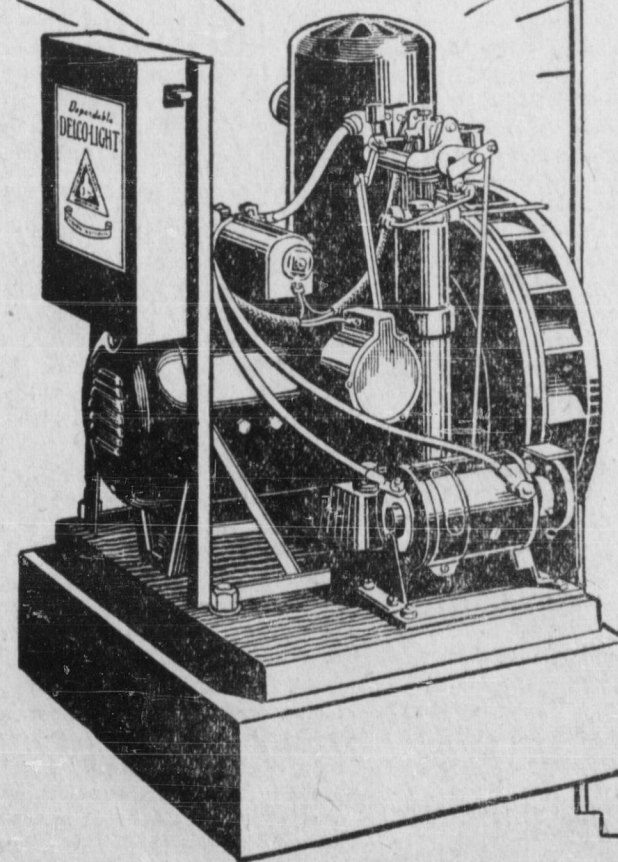
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The new automatic Delco-Light is priced at only \$275 f. o. b. Dayton, Ohio—and it is sold on the easy terms of the GMAC payment plan.

This new automatic plant completes the Delco-Light line. There are battery plants in several sizes—a self-cranking plant without storage batteries—and now the fully automatic plant at a surprisingly low price—a Delco-Light for every need and every purse.

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