

OLDEST SALOON IN NATION NOW HAS NO TENANT

By Wm. E. Neely,
UP Staff Correspondent
New Orleans, Sept. 22.—(UPI)—At the corner of Bourbon and Bienville street, in the historic Vieux Carré of New Orleans, stands America's oldest saloon, weatherworn and awaiting conversion into a cabaret, antique shop or a grocery store.

The two-story brick building is known as the "Old Absinthe House" and has reached the age of 145 years.

Surrounded by numerous antique shops, studios, cabarets and other small shops such as compose most of the business efforts of the old French quarter, the Old Absinthe House remained true to tradition until the 18th Amendment shuttered its doors—so far as the sale of its renowned product was concerned.

Several times since the advent of the Volstead amendment the old place blossomed forth in an effort to regain its once famous reputation, but each time it has failed dismally. The last effort resulted in an unannounced call of a squadron of Uncle Sam's dry sleuths and the place soon was made the victim of a padlock. It recently was released after a year's subservience to the padlock but since then no one has been found to reopen the doors of the ancient landmark.

The old building has remained in one family since it was acquired shortly after its construction. The heirs of Francisco Juncadella, a Spaniard, retain title to the saloon.

In the confines of the Old Absinthe House, where thousands of notable have journeyed to view the ancient settings and to sign the yellowing register kept for visitors, are still to be found practically all the early period fixtures, including old paintings and old absinthe drippers.

Within the walls of this brick and concrete building many challenges to duels for minor infringements or insults were made and likewise many accepted, the principals, with seconds arranged, repairing to the famous dueling grounds of City Park and rapier.

While the ancient building is still owned by the Spanish heirs of the Juncadella family, the Vieux Carré Association, formed for the purpose of perpetuating and caring for the historic old French district has charge of the structure.

**FLORIDA HURRICANE
VIVIDLY DESCRIBED**
BY RUTH B. HIATT

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE)
hoped the worst was over. Pitch black night came on. Then rain and wind from the south.

Imagine a thousand horses racing, speeding wildly and madly on with the earth shaking beneath. The greatness and speed of a hurricane can never be described or explained—it must be felt. The horror of waiting, waiting, for the minute the ceiling should drop or the roof fly off—garage doors banging, sudden crashes of buildings going down and everywhere complete darkness enveloping us and swallowing us up.

Sleep From Nervous Exhaustion
After a thousand nights spent in that one night until one o'clock, when the speed of the wind slackened, the storm abated and we came out of the trance, almost too numb to think or act.

We slept from nervous exhaustion, and in the morning, rain and wind, desolation and despair.

The lovely waving palm trees lying on the ground, bushes, shrubs, trees torn from their places—riddled awnings, which on Sunday morning were so bright and colorful, our yard covered with roofing, garage doors and broken trees—all these greeted us—and we had come through with a few broken screens and our garage roof off.

People In Nervous State
Then we went in the car to find our friends in terrible distress. Metal's entire roof blew off, in bathing suits they were working frantically—and I'll never forget how people in such a nervous state will busy themselves on a needless task. Virginia Sage was mending a light shade, their house a complete wreck. Mr. Stoneman sawing a banana tree. Mrs. Heiman arranging a bouquet of artificial flowers, my neighbor carrying a baby picture of her husband. Dr. Heiman's house with the roof off, the furniture soaked. Mr. Schroeder, on the corner, with the roof off.

They left after putting the piano against the door and seeing it blown to the middle of the room. Gossard's left their home after the garage apartment behind them blew into the back of their house. Various people have told us how the wind picked them up and carried them along.

Then we drove slowly down toward town. The Presbyterian church was flat on the ground, telephone poles, light poles, giant trees were down in the street.

Town Under Martial Law
One building after another smashed in. I don't believe there's a plate glass window in this town. Clematis, Datura and Olive streets in the business section are complete

On Vacation



ENDS HIS FIFTH YEAR AS PASTOR

Monroe, Sept. 22.—(Special)—The Rev. M. C. Oliver, former Monroe young man, has just completed his fifth year as pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church at Mt. Morris, Michigan. He is a son of Thomas Oliver, of Monroe, and a brother of Grover Oliver, Monroe postmaster. A picture of Rev. Oliver and the following story concerning his ministry at Mt. Morris, appeared in a recent issue of the Mt. Morris newspaper:

The Rev. M. C. Oliver is this week closing his fifth year as pastor of the Mt. Morris M. E. church—five years of earnest labor and astounding results. Mr. Oliver came to our village in the fall of 1923, a total stranger. His interest in everything pertaining to the welfare of the village and his broad vision concerning the young people of today is responsible for his being able to number as his friends, every man, woman and child in the community.

Outstanding in the accomplishments of the past five years, is the new parsonage built at the cost of \$7,500.00. This building erected with comfort, convenience and beauty in mind, is

National Guardsmen Patrol Amid Ruins



With hundreds dead and thousands homeless at West Palm Beach, national guardsmen have arrived to help restore order. They are seen in this telephoto patrolling the street and guarding the ruins.

second to none of its kind in the county. The church has been remodeled to give more room and real community service. A new heating plant was installed at a cost of \$1,549, and \$600 was spent in putting the roof in proper shape; enlarging and improving the basement meant an expenditure of \$1,000, while the church proper, was beautifully redecorated at a cost of \$1,260. The grounds around the church and parsonage have been made very attractive with shrub-

bery and flowers and, with the thought of the young people ever in mind, two very fine tennis courts have been developed in the rear of the church property.

While this work of material nature has been progressing, the spiritual has in no way been neglected. The church membership has been more than doubled and the Sunday school attendance shows a remarkable increase. Statistics show the record attendance 150 compared with 200

against 300 of today and the average attendance, 150 compared with 200 at the present time.

Rev. Oliver has made 4,681 calls, an average of more than three calls a day, 365 days per year for five years. He has preached 726 sermons; conducted 128 funerals; performed 108 marriages; baptized 116 persons and received 255 members into the church.

Get the Habit—Trade at Home, It Pays

SEEK AIR MAIL FOR FORT WAYNE

Fort Wayne, Sept. 22.—Suggested schedules for air mail service from Fort Wayne linking up with the trans-continental service were announced yesterday by J. B. Willes, manager and industrial commissioner of the chamber. The committee in charge of the movement consists of Paul C. Guild, Fred C. Wolf, Harry W. Baals, Robert R. Bartel and J. B. Willes.

It has been suggested to have a mail plane leave Fort Wayne every evening at 7:30 o'clock connecting with the plane for the east at Toledo, O. Thus, a letter leaving here at 7:30 o'clock in the evening would reach the field at New York at 4:45 o'clock the next morning and the post office at 6:15 o'clock. The same letter could reach Philadelphia at 5:35 o'clock in the morning or Boston at 7:50 o'clock.

The return from Toledo could be made at 4:30 o'clock the next morning, arriving here at 5:30 o'clock. This plane could bring mail from the west bound plane from Boston and New York, saving 12 hours on the service.

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