

DECATUR DAILY DEMOCRAT

Published Every Evening Except Sunday by THE DECATUR DEMOCRAT CO.

Entered at the Decatur, Ind., Post Office as Second Class Matter.

J. H. Heller, Pres. and Gen. Mgr.
A. R. Holthouse Sec'y & Bus. Mgr.
Dick D. Heller, Vice-President

Subscription Rates:
Single copies \$.02
One week, by carrier .10
One year, by carrier 5.00
One month, by mail .35
Three months, by mail 1.00
Six months, by mail 1.75
One year, by mail 3.00
One year, at office 3.00
Prices quoted are within first and second zones. Elsewhere \$3.50 one year.

Advertising Rates made known on Application.
National Adver. Representative
SCHEERER, Inc.,
35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago
415 Lexington Avenue, New York

Charter Member of The Indiana League of Home Datties.

ROOSEVELT AND A NEW DAY COMING

Breaking what was supposed to be a convention deadlock, Franklin D. Roosevelt, governor of New York, was nominated on the fourth ballot as the Democratic candidate for President.

Entering the convention with nearly a two-thirds majority, Roosevelt loomed as the candidate to be named by the Chicago delegates. With his election as governor of the Empire state four years ago and again in 1930, the New York executive was groomed and probably destined to be the Democratic standard bearer in a year when the trend is towards the party of Jefferson and unmistakably against the Hoover administration and Republican party.

Roosevelt's nomination in a year of depression and general dissatisfaction with existing conditions is almost tantamount to election. With the Democratic sweep throughout the nation two years ago, forecast of the revolt in the minds of the American people was unequivocally registered.

Running on one of the most courageous and truly American platforms ever adopted by the Democrats, the swing of sentiment to put Governor Roosevelt in the White House will not be abated. Indications early today are that Speaker John Garner of the House of Representatives will be Roosevelt's running mate and the team will present democracy's cause to the nation.

Unfair criticism that Governor Roosevelt was not a great man was hurled by opponents and quickly seized by an unfriendly Republican press, in what we hope was a friendly political contest to defeat him. But who is a great man these days?

He lays no claim to being a super-man, but on the other hand is very much human. The country is glad that because it has had nearly four sorrowful years as a result of having a so-called great engineer in the executive's chair.

The nation wants a man who is wholesome, sincere, loyal, and with qualifications for being the chief executive such as Roosevelt possesses. Educated for a public career, trained in politics, New York endorsed his first term as governor with the largest majority ever given a Democrat candidate when he



No messy rubbing in... No long drawn out treatments. From the first instant you use it, a new beauty is yours. A soft... Alluring... Ivory toned complexion that reflects Beauty and Dignity. Begin to-day.

ORIENTAL CREAM
GOURAUD
White, Flesh and
Rochel Shades
Send 10¢ for TRIAL SIZE
F. T. Hopkins & Son, New York

sought re-election two years ago. Who has a finer record as a state legislator, assistant secretary of the navy during the war and as state executive than Franklin D. Roosevelt? As President, he will serve with honor, ably and with an imbored sympathy for a people sorely in need of his inherent leadership and understanding.

Now that the convention is over, there should be just one thought, one distinct purpose of the rank and file of Democracy—that of making the victory complete next fall and bringing about a new day for the millions with the election of Roosevelt.

Why we shudder to our soles to think of the mere possibility of four years more of Hoover.

The experience Lieutenant-Governor Lehman of New York had in not being recognized at the door to the private offices of the Roosevelt forces in Chicago, reminds us of the story Mary Roberts Rinehart told in a monthly magazine, the incident occurring during the Coolidge administration. The novelist upon reaching her apartment in Washington was notified that the Vice-President was trying to reach her by phone. She hurriedly picked up the receiver and informed the operator she wanted the Vice-President's residence and was aghast when the operator said, "Name please." The story then goes something like this: "I said the Vice-President's residence, Mr. Dawes," to which the inquiry "Initials please" came humming over the wire. "Why, Charles G. Dawes," replied the writer and after giving his street and telephone number the connection was made.

Gordon Selfridge, merchant prince of London, after a visit to this country believes he sees indications of America adopting a dictator form of government. He may be correct in his pronouncement, but it may not mean any more than if we said that the Prince of Wales would never become king of England. Governments do change and the American system of blowing off the exhaust in an election seems to sober us up every four years.

President Hoover has signed the economy bill, designed to save about \$150,000,000 in government expenditures during the next year. With a budget of four billion dollars it seems that the saving is small enough, figured down to a little more than three per cent.

Congress is getting ready to adjourn and it will be a good thing when a recess is taken. Both sides will have the summer and fall months to cool off and things might work out satisfactorily without the aid of more legislation.

The good old summertime reaches its height with Fourth of July, leaving two full months to enjoy the pleasures and care-free advantages of the period devoted to vacations, fishing, swimming and outdoor life.

Business will cease Monday in observance of the Fourth of July. There will not be any mail delivery and the local stores and offices will close, employers and employees taking the day to celebrate the nation's birthday.

They might split up these conventions in two sessions, one week for nominating speeches and fanfare, adjourn to a later date and then ballot.

The things that count are honesty and a reputation for square dealing.

Now for the big fireworks on the Fourth.

American Awarded Medal
Paris (UP)—Miss Viola Rodgers, the only American to enter plants or flowers in the annual exposition of the Societe Nationale d'Horticulture de France at the Cours la Reine recently held here, was awarded the gold medal for her calceolarias. Miss Rodgers was successful in cultivating these delicate flowers in her chateau in Lardy, about fifty miles south of Paris.

Human Side of Democratic Standard-Bearer

Franklin D. Roosevelt is an All-around Sportsman. Was a Mariner at 14, Swims Daily, is a Football Fan and a Good Marksman. President Cleveland's Wish Recalled.



When Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt of New York, whom the Democratic Party has chosen to bear its banner in the coming Presidential battle, was five years old his father took him to the White House to visit his old friend, President Cleveland. It is said that on that occasion, President Cleveland, beset with problems similar to those of today, placed his hand on little Franklin's head and said: "I'm going to make a strange wish for you, little man. It is that you'll never be President of the United States." Only the ballot box can tell whether that wish is to be realized. But in the event of Roosevelt's election, he will enter the White House with a certain amount of regret, for his new office would not afford him the time he wants to devote to his beloved sports. Since he was a small boy, Roosevelt has had a passion for yachting and swimming. At 14 he sailed a tiny boat from New York to Halifax, no mean feat even now for a seasoned sailor. He swims daily in the pool at the Executive Mansion in Albany and his home in Warm Springs, Ga., is close to the mineral pools in order that he can take a plunge when he feels like it. Roosevelt never went to public school. He had a private tutor who prepared him for entrance to Harvard, whence he was graduated in 1905. He is also a graduate of Columbia Law School. He made his bow in politics in 1910, when he was elected to New York State Senate, from which he retired in 1913 to become Assistant Secretary of the Navy. He was elected Governor of New York in 1928 and his success in that capacity contributed largely to his victory in the recent convention.

Albany N. Y. The larger a man looms in the public eye, the more prone does the public become to regard him as not altogether human. We build legends and myths around the personalities of our big men until very little of their true history, their virtues and frailties, likes and dislikes is left.

Hence a few words about Franklin D. Roosevelt, to whom the Democratic Party has entrusted the task of bearing its standard to victory or defeat, next November, before his admirers and opponents have built up the inevitable walls of legends that hide the real man.

Franklin D. Roosevelt was born to the illustrious name of January 20, 1882 at the Roosevelt home in Hyde Park, N. Y. The D. is for Delano, his mother's maiden name. The year he came into the world his fifth cousin the great "T. R." was elected for the first time a member of the New York State Assembly.

The man who now carries the hopes of the Democratic Party never went to public school, but he had a private tutor who prepared him for entrance to Harvard University from which he was graduated in 1905. He is also a graduate of Columbia Law School, as well as having studied abroad in Germany and Switzerland.

There is a story told that when

Franklin D. was five years old his father took him to the White House to visit his old friend, President Grover Cleveland. It seems that the job of being President was as difficult in those days as it is at present, for President Cleveland is said to have laid his hand on little Franklin's head and said: I'm making a strange wish for you, little man. A wish no one else would be likely to make. I hope you'll never be President of the United States.

Whether or not the wish will ever be realized only the ballot boxes can tell, next November. Governor Roosevelt has had a love for sea since his extreme youth. When only 14 he sailed a tiny boat from New York to Halifax unwittingly staying in a stock of experience that was to stand him in good stead when he later became Assistant Secretary of the Navy in the Cabinet of the late President Wilson.

Franklin D. was admitted to the New York bar in 1907 and made his first bow in politics in 1910, when he was elected to the State Senate from which he retired in 1913 to become Assistant Secretary of the navy. In 1920 Roosevelt was the Democratic nominee for the Vice-Presidency as running mate to Governor James Cox of Ohio, but the fates were against him on that occasion.

During the last Presidential campaign, Roosevelt bulked large in the public eye by reason of his spirited fight for Alfred E. Smith, for whom he coined the campaign title "The Happy Warrior." Ironically Smith was the man who did everything in his power to block Roosevelt's nomination.

The Democratic standard-bearer became Governor of New York in 1929 and his success in that capacity contributed largely to his victory in the recent convention.

In private life the Democratic nominee is a very easy man to get along with. He has a keen sense of humor and is found of practical jokes. An enthusiastic swimmer, he goes into the swimming pool at the Executive Mansion in Albany at least once a day. His favorite vacation spot is Warm Springs, Ga., where he has a home near the famous mineral springs.

Roosevelt married his Anna Eleanor Roosevelt on St. Patrick's Day, 1905. She is his fifth cousin as well as his wife. T. R. her uncle, gave her away and remarked that he was glad the name was being kept in the family.

The Roosevelts have five children, James, Anna, Elliot, Franklin D. Jr., and John A. all of whom were active in support of their dad in the recent pre-convention contest.

For Citizenship Development Program of American Legion

By GOVERNOR ALBERT C. RITCHIE

A well regulated and disciplined citizen soldiery was the most cherished administrative measure of George Washington as President. It was the most important of the recommendations to the Continental Congress which he was requested to make at the close of the War for Independence. Washington believed the Nation's hope of securing future tranquility, dignity and respectability rested upon a National Defense rooted and grounded in the citizenry of the country. He was thinking of a defensive plan, a plan which would guard our Nation against the calamities of war brought to us by an aggressor. In the light of his experience he placed his reliance in no uncertain terms, upon the citizen soldier as the "palladium of our security."

George Washington was a believer in the principle that every citizen who enjoys the protection of a free government owes a proportion of what he has to that government and should give his personal service when necessary in its defense. It is with regret that I find history records the fact that the Congress failed to enact the laws necessary to bring into being this defensive plan conceived by Washington and his advisors.

For more than a hundred years we floundered like a ship without a rudder, without military policy of any kind. The Washington plan was actually lost in the archives of the Congressional Library, where it remained for a century, covered with dust, until finally brought to light and made the basis of our National Defense System.

Since the days of Valley Forge a century and a half have passed,

but the principles involved in the question of the defense of the Nation remain the same. History has recorded throughout these years our distressing unpreparedness, with the resulting loss in men and material, all of which is translated into increased public debt and burdensome taxes. In 1920, following the experiences of the World War, the National Congress enacted the present National Defense Act, having for its main purpose the proper defense of the Nation and the consequent development of a citizen army. In this legislation, for the first time in the history of our country, the Congress took cognizance of Washington's military plan for defense. In my judgment the present National Defense Act is one of the most constructive pieces of legislation ever placed upon the statute books. There is provided a small Regular Army, necessary for the training of the citizen soldiers and for garrisoning our overseas possessions, but the main reliance in a great emergency is placed where it should be, upon the citizens of the nation.

The National Guard, the Organized Reserves, the Officers Reserve Corps, the Reserve Officers Training Corps and the Civilian Military Training Camps are so placed in the scheme of national defense that they all fit uniquely into the plan, each in its proper sphere, in such a manner as to produce, if intelligently and properly administered, that trained and equipped first line of defense upon which the nation can rely in any emergency. There is nothing militaristic about this set-up. In fact, it is non-militaristic, because it rests upon the citizens themselves.

Some there are in this land, well-meaning perhaps but misguided—who would abolish important features of the prescribed training, but in the light of developments today in the East and elsewhere, our Nation can with safety do little less than is being done.

Wholeheartedly I favor peace and believe in economy, but I think it folly to permit ourselves to be misled by those who, under the guise of economy, would eliminate any part of our present small, carefully thought out defense training plan.

The Regular Army, the National Guard, the Officers Reserve Corps, the R. O. T. C. and the C. M. T. C. have each a definite place and should be adequately supported. It is with keen appreciation that I note the interest of The American Legion in this subject, and I am glad also to enlist in the cause of proper and adequate National Defense.

selves.

Some there are in this land, well-meaning perhaps but misguided—who would abolish important features of the prescribed training, but in the light of developments today in the East and elsewhere, our Nation can with safety do little less than is being done.

Wholeheartedly I favor peace and believe in economy, but I think it folly to permit ourselves to be misled by those who, under the guise of economy, would eliminate any part of our present small, carefully thought out defense training plan.

The Regular Army, the National Guard, the Officers Reserve Corps, the R. O. T. C. and the C. M. T. C. have each a definite place and should be adequately supported. It is with keen appreciation that I note the interest of The American Legion in this subject, and I am glad also to enlist in the cause of proper and adequate National Defense.

Household Scrapbook

By ROBERTA LEE

Oil Stain
To remove oil stains from carpets, cover the spot with paste made of fuller's earth and water and let it remain for 24 hours. Scrub with benzine if the oil is from streets.

A Convenience
If a pencil is tied to the telephone, many steps will be avoided. Tie it securely or it will disappear just like the others have done.

Boiled Fowl
A pinch of baking soda added to the boiled fowl will make it more tender.

Mrs. Ellen Hocker of Berne visited in this city Thursday with Mrs. Perry Johnson.

Answers To Test Questions

Below are the Answers to the Test Questions Printed on Page Two.

1. Europe and Africa.
2. Jeanette Rankin of Montana.
3. Springfield, Illinois.
4. In Montana.
5. Ottawa.
6. Nile.
7. Princeton, N. J.
8. Coffee.
9. France.
10. Reichstag.

MONROE NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Rayl and grandson Frank Rayl of Monroe and Mrs. Rayl's father, Noah Hunt and Charley Hewitt of near Pleasant Mills visited relatives in Tip-ton, Indiana for a few days. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Foster spent Thursday in Port Wayne. Miss Katy Diggs of Port Wayne visited Mr. and Mrs. Jim A. Hendricks and son McGee on Wednesday evening.

Mrs. C. E. Bahner and son Paul and Max and daughter Ruth and Lois Hoffman spent Wednesday in Port Wayne. Mrs. Jennie Rainier of Decatur visited her daughter Mrs. Forest Andrews on Wednesday. Max Allen Trith of "Port Wayne" visited his grandmother Mrs. Evelyn Slater. Mrs. A. D. Crist and daughter of Winchester is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. Forest Andrews. George Smith of Fremont, Ohio visited his parents Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Smith on Tuesday.

COURT HOUSE

Marriage License
Newell Neuhauser, Berne, milk tester to Fay Opliger, Berne. James Gilbert, Decatur, laborer, to Emma Bloemer, Preble.

Real Estate Transfers
M. R. E. churches, in lot 391, Berne Cemetery to David Neuhauser for \$50.00.
Richard D. Myers et ux, in lot 253 Decatur to Wm. H. Zwick et al for \$5,000.00.

"MURDER of the NIGHT CLUB LAD"

THE NEW THATCHER COLT DETECTIVE MYSTERY BY ANTHONY ABBOT

Copyright, 1931, by CONVIC-FRIEDE INC. Distributed by KING FEATURES SYNDICATE, INC.

SYNOPSIS

Following the receipt of a death threat, Lola Carewe, known as "The Night Club Lady", is mysteriously slain in her penthouse apartment at 3 a. m. New Year's. Dr. Hugh Baldwin reports death due to heart failure. The only clue to the murderer is a medical laboratory specimen box found outside Lola's window. Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt attaches importance to the young man whose photograph is found in Lola's room, and whose identity Lola has refused to reveal beyond his first name, "Basil". At the mention of "Basil", Mrs. Carewe, Lola's mother, becomes hysterical. It is known that Lola quarreled with Guy Everett and Vincent Rowland, a lawyer, over investments. Eunice, the maid, confesses she was employed by Everett to report the goings on in the apartment. The mystery deepens with the finding of the body of Christine Quires, Lola's guest. Christine had been killed before Lola and her body hidden until an opportune moment arrived for the murderer to place it, soaking wet, in Lola's room. The findings are similar to those in Lola's case except that Christine's neck was bruised after death. Everett, Christine's last escort, claims he left her at the apartment elevator at midnight New Year's Eve, and then went for a ride on the Motor Parkway, alone, arriving home after 3 a. m. Mrs. Carewe informs Colt that Christine lived with a brother, Edgar, in Rochester, and was to receive her inheritance shortly. The Commissioner telephones the Rochester police to get Edward on the phone and watch him while the news is broken to him.

"As soon as ready, send the vacuum cleaner bags and all the clothes of the two girls to the apartment of Morningside Heights. The men need not wait there."

"Right!"

Colt turned away. His dark brows were concentrated in an unaccustomed frown. I saw that some facet of this double riddle had assumed immense importance in his eyes. Perhaps it was only guesswork, but I had a hunch that the chief was still preoccupied with the problem of those strange markings on the neck of Christine Quires. With an abstracted air, he crossed the living-room and passed down the corridor to the foyer and the front door. Dougherty was about to follow but I motioned to him to remain. Together we stood by the fireplace, smoking cigarettes.

"What is he looking for?" rumbled Dougherty out of the corner of his mouth, after five minutes of silence.

"The murderer!" I grinned.

At that moment, Colt reappeared in the doorway. His clothing was wet, his black hair tousled. He had been out on the terrace. His eyes were set in an intent gaze that was almost somnambulistic in its complete concentration. Never had I seen the chief so deeply immersed in a problem. With slow, plodding steps he traversed the living-room—and then, suddenly, I realized what it was he was doing.

He was retracing his own itinerary, just as we had followed Lola Carewe hours ago on a tour through the rooms of the apartment.

What was the purpose of this steady retracing of old steps? I watched, fascinated—I had not seen Thatcher Colt in this strange mood before. The personal challenge, perhaps the very impertinence of these murders, had brought him to a high pitch of determined effort.

To the kitchen he went, and from there through room after room. We did not follow him, but we could hear him, poking about in closets, and opening boxes and trunks, even lifting windows and trying doors.

Finally he came back to us, having completed the circuit and re-examined all the rooms. As he entered the drawing-room, I saw him thrust some large object into the left pocket of his trousers. It made a noticeable bulge.

But of this object which he had concealed, Thatcher Colt made no mention at the moment. Instead he held out his right hand, on which lay a long, golden strand of hair—from the head of a woman.

"Does that mean anything to you?" he asked, his voice brittle, unnaturally calm. I saw that he had not looked in vain; he had made discoveries and he considered them important.

"It is a hair, the color of Christine's hair," declared Dougherty. "Where did you find it?"

"On the floor—in Lola's room."

"But how could you find a thing like this—a thin strand of hair?"

"Because I knew where to look," answered Colt grimly. "It was near a window."

"A terrace window?"

"No, Dougherty—one that opens on a straight drop of twenty-three stories to the street."

Dougherty ran a thick hand through his mop of red curls. His blue eyes, bedeviled, rolled unhappily.

"How, Thatcher?" he protested.

But Colt, having turned the strand of hair over to me, was already at the guest-room door, talking to Flynn. I found an envelope, put the hair in it, marked the envelope and put it in my pocket.

"Leave a good man in charge when you go back to Headquarters," the chief was telling Flynn. "I shall be at my home. If the Rochester call comes, switch it there. And keep me posted."

In silence, Dougherty and I followed Colt down the corridor toward the foyer. But midway in the passage, the Commissioner paused

and faced about.

"I had forgotten something," murmured "Something."

Returning to the living-room, he crossed to what had been the door of Lola Carewe and Dorothy Lox opened the door.

"On the dresser," the Commissioner, without a moment's hesitation, pointed to a young man, May I have a look within. "That's Lola's and I'm going to see if I can find his coffin."

"There's plenty of time," answered Colt. "Let's take a look."

There was no further delay. With the framed portrait hands, Colt went to a small table in the living-room. There, gloved hands, he pried apart in his hands, and backing and photograph.

It was the picture I wanted. Holding it up to the light, he studied the photograph, mark at the lower part of the mark mount.

"Marcel Grandon, alias D'lenn," he repeated, "remember that."

Deliberately he rearranged pieces into order and the framed picture into my hands. "You take charge of this," he instructed. "I'll tell you do with it later."

On the first landing, Colt said, "Tony," he said, "I'll take you down to Headquarters several things of the importance to this case. Let's go, for if my instructions are carried out, I believe we can solve this case in twenty-four hours."

"What are the things?" Dougherty, rubbing his eyes, curiosity.

From the breast pocket, evening coat, Colt drew a bulky object, wrapped in kief.

"Take this down to the Commissioner's office," he said, "while Dougherty eyes the bundle with pudgy eyes. 'Have its contents analyzed. You may show it to Dougherty—handle it carefully. I drew back the silk of the handkerchief. There in lay the hypodermic syringe, needle, just before Lola breathed her last!"

It was the syringe, the case had lifted from the table. Had Baldwin noticed? He had not forgotten such a potent accessory! Or had he just that, swept along in excitement?

The possibility that Dorothy had had a hand in the Lola or Christine seemed the point of absurdity. What opportunity had there been?

But I had no time then for speculation. From the pocket of his trousers, Colt drew a coil of brown leather strap with a buckle at the end—of strap used on trunks. I saw that the strap had recently been used.

"What's that for?" Dougherty, ogling the strap suspiciously.

"You will take this down to the 'Moolooler,' resumed Colt. 'Tell him I want it turned over for a laboratory analysis. Have that strand of hair analyzed as belonging to Christine.'"

"And the frame?" I prompted as at an old friend.

"You are to take the picture added," Mr. Gavin, the telephone manager in Headquarters. "I want that picture sent to the point, head of the Paris police tonight—by telephoto. Clear?"

"Clear, chief!"

"When you are through, join Dougherty and me at home!"

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

Copyright 1931, by CONVIC-FRIEDE INC. Distributed by KING FEATURES SYNDICATE, INC.