

DECATUR DAILY DEMOCRAT

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And a lot of people have the idea that the government should pay the balance on the articles they bought on time-payment plan several years ago.

We confess we don't understand why congress fights for weeks to pass a beer bill that it is conceded will be vetoed by the president and can't be passed over his head.

The sense of humor and smile of President-elect Roosevelt may take him a long way in the White House, one scribe says. Well, President Hoover once said this country needs a good smile so Mr. Roosevelt may be the solution.

Only a few more weeks in which to take advantage of our special offer for subscriptions by mail. So much news coming through these days that you can't afford to miss a single days issue. Don't put off renewing.

Senator Watson is opposed to permitting Democrats to join the Columbia Club in Indianapolis because he does not want the club contaminated, but he might remember that the Democrats will have the last word when it comes to affiliating.

Those who are delinquent in their taxes can by paying their spring installment pay the back dues in ten semi-annual installments, covering five years, if a bill which has already passed the house is approved by the senate. That will help many to save their properties.

The bill providing for a new state highway department and an entirely different plan of operation, passed the senate yesterday but with six votes against it and the measure is now in the house where it will likewise be approved. It is estimated the new regulations will save the state \$500,000 annually which in this age of economy is no mean item.

Frank Strouse, assistant to the general manager of the Pennsylvania railroad will give the principal address at the Chamber of Commerce meeting next Monday evening. Tickets are now on sale for the annual banquet and their cost but fifty cents. Don't miss this. It's the start of a revival that will bring Decatur back to the good times of the good old days.

The railroads are in distress. That's not new but it is somewhat new that they now publicly admit it. In the old days when stocks were soaring that would have been dangerous but now no one cares.



You can borrow up to \$300 from us in any of these ways:
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2. Phone—Telephone applications will receive prompt attention.
3. Tear out ad, write your name and address across it, and mail it to us.
You will find our service prompt, courteous, confidential, helpful and economical.

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what the quotation is and if the country needs the main lines, the Laguardia-McKeon bill will have to be hurried through. They are not bluffing and most people realize that now.

For some reason fewer bills are being introduced in the 1933 session of the General Assembly and we have an idea its because the word has gone out that little time will be devoted to any thing except those measures designed to be helpful. Usually by this time there are five hundred bills in the hopper, but only about one-third that number have so far been offered. It's a good sign.

Ogden Mills may be a smart fellow. He has that reputation and we don't doubt it, but there is probably no one in the whole Hoover crowd of officials who will be any happier to see March 4th roll around so he can lay down his burdens. Just now he is refunding \$250,000,000 worth of Liberty Loan bonds by issuing five-year certificates to bear about 2 1/2% interest and that will just take care of the needs during February. Its time something was done and Mr. Roosevelt is going to tackle the job with faith and confidence—and he'll do it.

As it has been since a civilized world undertook government, we hear objections to every form of tax offered and there is much merit to the objections, but we seem to overlook the fact that there must be some kind of taxes if we are to progress and be governed. Its absolutely the right and wise thing to reduce expenditures and to abolish any unnecessary offices and the expenses pertinent thereto, but when we go beyond that we are only making the ultimate recovery of this county, state and nation, the more difficult. When we stop building we put men out of work, when we discharge men we stop their buying power, when we think only of how cheaply we can live, we give aid to the depression. Times will improve when we see the other side of this question and when we start recouping from the fright of the past three years and not a moment before. Better earn money and pay a little tax than have no income on a reduced levy. It's something to think about.

Household Scrapbook

By—
ROBERTA LEE

Furniture Scratches

Book-ends, cigarette boxes and similar articles will not scratch the furniture on which they are placed if blotting paper is pasted on the undersides of these articles.

A Moth Preventive

All boxes, trunks, and chests that are used to hold winter wraps will be moth proof if they are lined with newspapers.

Baking Pans

The brown stains on baking dishes can be cleaned by using a strong solution of borax and water. Soak them in it over night.

COURT HOUSE

Real Estate Transfers
Melvin A. Clem et ux to the Peoples Loan and Trust Company, 80 acres in Union township for \$100.
Decatur Home Builders to Luzern Uhrick, Inlet 76 in Decatur for \$225.

If it is something new and springy you want in dresses we have it for you. E. F. Cass Store.

"Pul-eese! Gentlemen—"



Test Your Knowledge

Can you answer seven of these test questions? Turn to page Four for the answers.

1. What does pantheon mean?
2. Who is the Emperor of India?
3. In which country is the Yser Canal?
4. Who wrote "Oliver Twist"?
5. Name the French fort that was on the present site of Pittsburgh?
6. What is the name for one thousand million?
7. Can a natural born American citizen be deported?
8. What is the derivation of the word "Boer"?
9. In which state is the city of Pasadena?

10. Who was the Spanish conqueror of Peru?

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY

From the Daily Democrat File

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Miller are visiting in Warsaw with the former's parents.
Mr. and Mrs. F. V. Mills called to Cincinnati by death of Miss Mary Reynolds.
Reception given to Rev. Ball and family by Baptist congregation.
50 take first teachers' examination of year held at Central.
Mrs. Annie J. Lichtensteiger is visiting in Fort Wayne.



By HARRISON CARROLL.

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HOLLYWOOD.—Hollywood continues to shatter the old tradition that a woman can't have babies and a career.

Take the latest case—Helen Twelvetrees.

She has a 3-months-old son, yet she has just signed a contract with Paramount and will go right from the Chevalier picture into "Police Surgeon," opposite Ricardo Cortez.

In doing this, Helen isn't sacrificing any of her obligations as Mrs. Jack

Woody. That is another side of her life. Like Norma Shearer, Gloria Swanson, Joan Bennett and dozens of other Hollywood mothers, she finds time for work as well as for home life.

True, the film mother has more money to hire nurses, cooks, house servants. But her problem is essentially the same as the ordinary woman. And, in countless cases, she is solving it satisfactorily.

Kate Smith wires from Kansas City that she doesn't know whether to be insulted or not.

Walking along the train platform, she heard the engineer remark, "Well, we finally got her over the mountain, but it took two engines to do it."

HOLLYWOOD PARADE:

Strange are the ways of coincidence. The expensive delivery truck that took flowers to Jack Pickford's funeral once was a passenger automobile belonging to him and Marilyn Miller.

Recent storms off the California coast have brought plenty of grief to the local liquorati. Mother ships have had to put out to sea and small boats have been lost. Some Hollywood bootleggers are talking higher prices.

Despite those rumors that Josef von Sternberg and Marlene Dietrich are not so friendly as of yore, the two ran up a \$250 long distance telephone conversation the other evening.

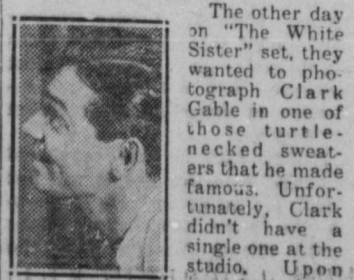
Largest pet of the M. G. M. lot is Helen Hayes.

200-pound St. Bernard. Smallest is Jean Harlow's four-pound Pomeranian. Movie stars have to

combat the wildest rumors. The other day Jean was in a beauty parlor when she heard a voice in the next booth: "I know Jean Harlow wears a wig because my sister makes them for her." Poking her head around the corner, Jean said: "I'm so glad to meet the sister of my wig-maker and will you tell her I just came in and had the darned thing washed."

Come March and Nancy Carroll will be going to Europe. She'll be through with her Paramount contract. Harry Barris and Loyce Whiteman are back in town. And, incidentally, thanks to Harry Halper of Chicago for reminding me that Barris is another celebrity who went to the East Denver High School. You figure out why it happened, but a Carmel theatre advertised "Congress Dances" as a story of Washington night-life. Rather funny, the trick Paramount is playing on those alligators. They wanted 20 of them for "Murder in the Zoo," but it seems that alligators sleep from October to April. Undaunted, the studio has been raising the temperature of the water in their tank at the rate of a quarter of a degree an hour. When it reaches 75, the alligators will think it's spring, and will act for the camera. Ronald Colman has four or five days added scenes to make on "The Masquerader." He won't know until the picture is finished just what his future plans are to be.

The other day on "The White Sister" set, they wanted to photograph Clark Gable in one of those turtle-necked sweaters that he made famous. Unfortunately, Clark didn't have a single one at the studio. Upon inquiry, however, it developed that every other man in the company had one in his dressing room. You people back East will be seeing Cliff Edwards on a five weeks' personal appearance tour. He's leaving his bride, Nancy Dover, at home.



Clark Gable

That Ralph Morgan's ancestor, Commander Hancock, piloted the first steamship from Albany to New York?

DID YOU KNOW—

That Ralph Morgan's ancestor, Commander Hancock, piloted the first steamship from Albany to New York?

The People's Voice

This column for the use of our readers who wish to make suggestions for the general good or discuss questions of interest. Please sign your name to show authenticity. It will not be used if you prefer that it not be.

Editor Daily Democrat:

Please allow me space in your Peoples Voice Column to offer my reply to the comment published in your Saturday Democrat entitled, "Truth is Stranger Than Fiction." To make the matter short and plain it is all fiction and no truth. In the first place Mr. Noll has back-bited of his own to contend with without wishing any more on him. And now about the Mrs. J. and son, it would appear to the reader that this Mrs. J. was a poor widow and had a dependent son. This Mrs. J. is the wife of Mr. J. and I have always considered them personal friends. This Mr. J. has always had a job offered him when there were any and he will have to admit it. Mr. and Mrs. J. have resided on their own farm for twenty-three or four years, and have never needed any public aid. Mrs. J. did ask for the job of cleaning the school house and so did others. It is the custom everywhere that the janitor cleans the school house and had been employed to do same before Mrs. J. spoke for it. And about the son of Mrs. J., here is the true story: This son is a married man having lived in Fort Wayne, I do not know how many years. He is

a mechanic and a plumber by profession. He, like a good many has found it hard to get work. He is the son in question. He asked for the janitor job at the school house, and not a job to drive a bus. Now mind you a \$35-a-month job. It wouldn't have been no time until a raise of wages would be demanded, as the janitor must put in from 11 to 13 hours a day in winter weather. Why should a janitor be fired when he is a day laborer, without any just reason, just to satisfy the man behind this scheme? Furthermore, Mr. reader, you will remember the brazen falsehood you read about the extra bus driver. When a bus driver has to have a driver to take his place for a day, he hires his own substitute and pays him out of his own pocket. I have never hired a substitute driver, neither have I paid anyone outside of the regular driver. I told Mrs. J. that if I hired one for any kind of a job, there were a dozen others to get sore because they could not all have a job too. I have employed the men depending on public aid wherever possible and they will tell you the same. The man in the background is the instigator of this infamous falsehood. Drawing the Mrs. J. into the columns of the paper, purported to be written by a Mrs. X. Y. Z. to satisfy his revengeful desire through the writings of a woman as a shield. Ask Mr. Noll who drives his school busses or who cleans the school houses in his township. There has been dirty underhanded work carried to the advisory members with orders not to tell. If any taxpayer or any one else has any grievance to report, or thinks he has any just complaint he will be a gentleman

to go direct to the man he is causing it. The last paragraph in the article in that Mrs. J. story says that J. said she was told her boy was not capable of driving a bus. I cordially invite Mrs. J. to come and tell me where there is one speck of truth in that statement. I am serious about the whole matter and will be pleased to talk it over with Mrs. J. and also the Mrs. X. Y. Z. and find out who concocted misleading slanderous misstatements.

I do not put the entire blame on Mrs. J. for the false statements made. Some one else has made their surplus cargo of mud in order to make it worth while. I give you pardon for having to make you so often, but if you felt making the statements you are not blame me for defending myself. It is indeed regrettable anyone to make such false statements and put them in print in order to please someone else.

This Mrs. X. Y. Z., says that greater than fiction. Well she strayed an awful ways from path if that could be her name and see how many thanks you receive from the one you accommodated with your statements.

X. Y. Z.'s Neighbor.

Paul Sauers made a business to Linn Grove.

OWN CHILDREN THIS WOMAN NERVOUS

Mrs. Lillian Payne was so down her own children made nervous. Vinol (iron tonic) her sleep and eat and nervous is gone. Tastes delicious. Drug Company.



SYNOPSIS

Sam Perkins, Dr. Montague Threadgold's bottle boy, meets his employer's latest assistant, Dr. John Wolfe on the latter's arrival at little Navestock in a wet winter dusk. Sam notes mentally that the new doctor's luggage is very light as he conducts the stranger to the Threadgold house, where he meets Dr. Threadgold—chubby, sleek, and "the most affable of men." Conducted to his top-story room, Wolfe swiftly recalls his seven years of work and study—how he earned his way by boxing exhibitions as a country fair "bruiser," as a tavern singer, and as a railroad laborer. And now, after all, Wolfe is almost penniless. At dinner, Wolfe impresses Dr. Threadgold's wife as a hungry, "raw hawk of a man... silent and sulky." She is talking on medical training and mentions Sir Joshua Kermody, senior physician at Guy's Hospital, as an ideal instructor. The meal is interrupted when Sir George Griggs, profane from pain, arrives with his shoulder hurt after being thrown from his hunter. The blustery baronet is infuriated over Dr. Threadgold's dilatory diagnosis. Wolfe shows skill in stripping the coat off the hunt victim who turns to the young doctor and asks Wolfe to attend to him.

CHAPTER FIVE

"Look here—just take this on. I don't want to be fooled about any longer."

Wolfe glanced at Threadgold. The little man's face looked pink and suffused. His eyes were big behind his glasses.

"If you care to let my assistant examine you, Sir George—"

"Yes, I do."

"Very well, sir, very well. I have nothing more to say."

Threadgold pivoted round on one check-patterned leg, strutted to the hearthrug, pulled the lapels of his coat forward, and stood with chest expanded.

In five minutes Wolfe had Sir George Griggs stretched upon the sofa. The surgeon had taken off his left boot and was sitting on the edge of the sofa with his heel in the baronet's armpit.

"I shall have to hurt you badly—'or about ten seconds, sir."

"Go on. I'm not a baby."

"Catch hold of Mr. Ruston's hand. Nothing like something to grip. Now, hold on."

There was a moment of writhing, of grim, clenched anguish as Wolfe pulled at the arm and worked at the dislocated shoulder.

"In. That's good."

"What—all over?"

"Yes."

The big man lay on the sofa and panted, while Mr. Ruston flapped his hand.

"I say, that was a twister!"

"Gee—you gave me a squeezing."

"Get me a 'peg,' someone; it's madda me feel pretty funny."

He was sweating. Dr. Threadgold turned and rang the bell.

"Head of the bone was out, was it?"

"Yes. If you can sit up in a minute, sir, I'll just see that everything is all right."

Sir George sat up readily enough while Wolfe manipulated the left arm very gently and made sure that the head of the bone was back in its normal position.

"Yes, that's all right, sir."

"Sykes, a glass of brandy and water."

"I shall have to hurt you badly for about ten seconds," said Dr. Wolfe as he grasped the dislocated shoulder of Sir George Griggs.

Dr. Threadgold lingered at the door.

"I say, sir, I am confoundedly obliged to you."

Wolfe smiled.

"Oh, that's all part of the campaign. I shall have to tie you up to keep that shoulder quiet. What about your forehead?"

"A little graveling, isn't it?"

"Yes, nothing serious. I'll wash it, and patch you up with a bit of plaster. By the way, though—"

He remembered suddenly that he was in Dr. Threadgold's consulting room, and that a hot and rather humiliated little man was fidgeting on the hearthrug.

"Dr. Threadgold will tell you what precautions you ought to take."

"Oh, all right," said the baronet, gulping brandy and water.

Half an hour later Mr. Ruston was driving Sir George Griggs homeward in his gig. It was still raining hard, and the wet streets of Navestock were deserted.

The big man had so far recovered himself that he was able to see the humour of much that had passed.

"What a confounded old woman! I always knew Threadgold was a duffer. I wouldn't have come within a mile of him only I knew Odgers of Hinkley was in London."

"Well, that's other chap—"

"Jove, that's the sort of man for me. Plenty of grip there. I can't stand these counter-bouncing little beasts like Threadgold. He's only fit to slobber people with treacle and water."

"Mrs. T. ought to run the practice."

"Sophia Puddson—don't, my dear chap, don't! That woman's face all ways acts on me like an emetic. You should hear old Johnson's parrot next door shouting 'Monte, Monte,' all day in summer. A man like Threadgold ought to be shot for marrying such a woman."

And the gig with its lamps flaring through the rain, rolled out of South Street into the wet night.

At Prospect House Wolfe sat on

the sofa in the consulting-room smoking a clay pipe. There had been a slight scene after Dr. Montague Threadgold had got upon his dignity and spoke with some heat.

"Mr. Wolfe, sir, I reproach myself with having allowed you to have with having rashness. A swab joint like that ought to be treated with the extreme caution."

Wolfe had a big heart and pettiness. He was rather sorry Dr. Threadgold.

"Well, sir, I felt convinced—"

"When you are a little older, Wolfe, you will not be convinced easily. Experience teaches a dose to be cautious."

Dr. Threadgold retired to drawing-room, where his wife was sitting before the fire. The tinkling of a piano came from the next house, and the mellow piping of a flute. The Misses Johnson and the Rev. Charles Chipperton of Jude's were playing old Johann's wine merchant, to sleep.

Mrs. Threadgold looked up at one of her expressionless smiles. You could ascribe any colour to Mrs. Threadgold's resplendent yellowish wool in her dress.

"Everything quite successful, Montague?"

"Most successful, my dear."

"A serious accident?"

"Dislocated shoulder. Mr. Wolfe and I reduced it."

Mrs. Threadgold looked gratified. "I thought the young man ought to profit by your experience, Montague, so I sent him after you."

"Exactly, my dear, exactly."

"Rather a raw young man, very ugly, but I have no doubt that you will polish him and improve his manners."

Dr. Threadgold poked the fire rather testily.

"Mr. Wolfe," he said, "seems to be a young man of some ability. But a little forward, a little inclined to be above himself. I shall have to modify that."

(To Be Continued)

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