

Rail Hostess Duties Unusual



Norma Schlautman

Playing nursemaid

Amusing youngsters

Following the example of airlines, major railroad companies have introduced hostesses on many of their main runs. One of the 45 young ladies employed by Union Pacific to attend to needs and requests of passengers is pretty, blonde Norma Schlautman. Her duties are varied and her experiences unusual. She averages a proposal a day from lonesome males. She is called to play nursemaid to babies, companion to youngsters, nurse to old folks and counselor to passengers of all ages and types. One elderly woman even offered to adopt her! Hostesses find that one of the principal desires of passengers is for companionship, so they are often pressed into service as confidantes and conversationalists.

Test Your Knowledge

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

1. In what year was the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor unveiled?
2. What is the full name of the King of England?
3. Has Adolf Hitler ever visited the United States?
4. Who wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin"?
5. What is the English translation of "E Pluribus Unum"?
6. In which South American country is the city of Lima?
7. Is catgut made from the intestines of cats?
8. Where is the University of New Mexico?
9. What is the meaning of the word "mise en scene"?
10. In which of Tennyson's poems is the line: "He makes no friends who never makes a foe"?

Michigan Peaches Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday mornings.—Bell's Grocery.

PUBLIC SALE

COMPLETE CLOSING OUT SALE

79 Acre Farm, Livestock, Implements, Feed, and Household Goods. In order to settle estate the undersigned will sell at Public Auction without reserve, the following described real estate and personal property on the premises 2 miles Southeast of Decatur, Indiana, on Road No. 527.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1937

Commencing at 10:00 A. M.

Real Estate will sell at 1:00 P. M.

FARM—79 Acres all under cultivation except 20 acres in pasture; an ideal stock and grain farm, good modern 7 room house, basement, furnace, toilet and bath, automatic water pumps, electricity to all buildings; Barn 34x50 with hip roof and shed adjoining 18x34; Good Hog House and Crib; Granary; Poultry House; 2 Car Garage; Well House; Drove Well; 50 Barrel Cistern; Shade Trees, shrubbery, fruit. This is a beautiful farm home. May be inspected at any time before sale.

TERMS—\$1000 cash day of sale, balance cash in 60 days, possession of buildings immediately, of fields when crops are harvested. Sold free of encumbrance.

6-HEAD OF HORSES & MULES—6

Extra good span of Bay Horses 9 & 10 yrs. old, wt. 2700, good workers and extra good pullers; Gray Mare 6 yrs. old, wt. 1500, sound, well broke; Black Horse 6 yrs. old, wt. 1500, sound, well broke; Sorrel Mare 2 yrs. old, will make a good one; Gray Mare 12 yrs. old, wt. 1200.

10-HEAD OF CATTLE—10

Holstein 5 yr. old, calf by side; Holstein 5 yr. old milking good flow; Brindle 8 yr. old be fresh in Nov.; Jersey 7 yr. old milking good flow; White Cow be fresh in Nov.; Durham 6 yr. old be fresh in Nov.; Jersey 8 yrs. old; Brindle Heifer 2 yr. old be fresh in Feb.; Guernsey Bull 20 months old.

SHEEP—8 Good Breeding Ewes.

FEED—2 Ton Timothy Hay; Mow of good rye straw.

IMPLEMENTS

J-Deere Binder; Hay Loader; Wagon; 4 row beet plow; mower good line spreader; Case Riding Plow; P & O Walking Plow; Spring Tooth & Spike Tooth Harrow; Gang Plow; Beet Lifter; Double Set of Harness; Land Roller; Corn Cutter on wheels; Double Disc; 1/4 HP Electric Motor; Dodge Engine with Pulley; Blacksmith Forge; Gasoline Pump; Electric Fence.

HOUSEHOLD GOODS—All of our Household Goods: beds, tables, chairs, rugs, cook stove, heating stove, 2 oil stoves, Crosley Electric Refrigerator; Maytag Elec. Washer; and many articles too numerous to mention; DeLaval No. 12 Cream Separator.

Wm. ENGLE and Heirs, Owners

Roy Johnson, Auctioneer, Trust Co. Bldg., Decatur, Ind. W. A. Lower, Clerk.

COURT HOUSE

Real Estate Transfers

Noah A. Bixler, et ux to Doris Nelson, parts of inlots 461-462 in Decatur for \$1.00.

Doris Nelson to Elnora H. Bixler parts of inlots 461-462 in Decatur for \$1.00.

William Bracht, et ux to Rose M. Schurmer, one acre of land in Preble township for \$1.00.

Rose M. Schurmer to William Bracht, et ux, one acre of land in Preble township for \$1.00.

Marriage Licenses

Charles Ivan Beeching, 18, Fort Wayne filling station attendant to Elizabeth Sanford, 17, waitress. James Stemen, 21, Van Wert, Ohio laborer to Esther Wynadt, 19.

Decatur Youth Is Among New Students

Bloomington, Ind., Aug. 30.—Robert Franz of Decatur is included in the list of 339 new students who have been granted admission cards to Indiana University since the 1st of 1938 students was announced.

Aug. 1. The total number of admissions granted so far this year is 1427 which compares with 1324 of the same time last year. One hundred and forty-four of the new students will be upperclassmen and the others will be freshmen.

British Girls Dream Alike

London (U.P.)—A class of 36 girls was asked to write an essay on what they would like to be doing in ten years' time. All but three gave the same reply. They said they would like to be married and have a baby. Some of them said they would prefer twins.

"THE CAPTIVE BRIDE"

by BARRETT WILLOUGHBY

CHAPTER LI

Denny finished her packing about midnight.

A few minutes later Rio knocked on her door, calling softly, "Are you still up?"

Denny was in no mood to see the woman now, or ever. But when the tapping persisted, she finally admitted her.

"Mercy, Denny! Don't look at me like that. I won't keep you up long." Her quick eyes took in the array of suitcases in the middle of the sitting-room floor. "So you're really going?"

Denny nodded curtly, watching the other for signs of elation.

After hesitating a moment, Rio looked at her steadily. "Tell me something," she blurted. "What was on your mind tonight when you spoke of this situation resolving itself happily for all concerned?"

Denny grew warm with resentment. "Why—nothing in particular. Stocks and such things go up again sometimes, don't they?"

"Don't stall, my dear. You can't get away with it, with the eyes you've got. They're too expressive. . . . You've got some quaint idea about Revelry and me—haven't you?"

"Really, Mrs. Carew," Denny began indignantly, "your intrusion into my private affairs is—"

"I know. It's the limit," agreed Rio promptly. "But since you're leaving in the morning, this is my last chance to set some things straight between us. I'm butting in now because—well, because I like you, Denny. I wouldn't bother if I believed you to be the little snob you appear to be sometimes. But underneath I know you're a regular person, and—"

"I don't care what you think of me!" Denny interrupted angrily. "Furthermore, your relations with Captain Bourne don't concern me in the least. But don't imagine that either of you are deceiving me. I had, by accident, a most illuminating glimpse of you two together in the living room one night—when you thought every one else had gone up to bed."

"U-m-m-m! So that's what the matter! Well, if you saw that little scene, you saw your husband administering the meanest slap in the face any man can give a woman's pride—and making me like it."

Denny bit her lip to keep back a contemptuous, disbelieving retort; but her face must have betrayed her feeling; for Rio continued:

"So I'm not lying. If you had seen the end of our interview you would know I'm not. I don't deny I've grown fond of Rev. He's a real man."

"Now, I didn't sneak downstairs that night you mention, as you're perhaps thinking. When you and Rev took the Commander to the door to say good night, I went out into the kitchen for a bite of lunch. And when you came back, I didn't listen to you, either, because I had a book with me and was reading as I ate. But at the end you raised your voice, so that I couldn't help hearing you tell Rev you intended getting rid of him as soon as you could. When you went upstairs I came into the living room and Rev seemed—well, sort of down. I don't know whether you think so or not, but he's rather a knock-out when it comes to looks. I—I had sort of a brain storm that night, and let him know how I felt about him."

"If you've finished, get out of my room!" ordered Denny, in cold fury. "I haven't finished. Rev wanted my friendship, that was all."

Denny laughed, a scornful, skeptical laugh.

"Go ahead," said Rio. "That's exactly the way I would have greeted such a statement a year ago. But not now. I've learned a few things this winter. Anyway, that's what Revelry Bourne chose to take from me. And he has it—my enduring friendship and my unqualified respect."

She hesitated a moment, as if trying to make up her mind to speak further. Then she walked slowly to the door. "Good night."

"Good by," retorted Denny emphatically.

At half-past four in the morning, Denny stood on the upper deck of the *Maid*, awaiting the start downriver.

The pure air held the night smell of trees and earth and running water. Between two distant mountains the sun was rising, filling the sky with clear, celestial rose. She felt a queer hurt because this, her last Stikine dawn, was so beautiful on the green hills; on the slope of the village where the log houses glimmered yellow and blue and white among the birches. She lifted her face for a last, long look at River House, high on its terrace, its log walls flushed with sunrise.

Today, she remembered, that home Larry Keith had built meant pass into the possession of Jack Page.

At the thought, her eyes quickly sought the river, sweeping in silver glory down past Lonewater Point and, without realizing what her instinctive action connoted, she whispered, "Be with us today. Help us keep our own."

On the river bank every soul in the village had gathered—a sober crowd clustered for the most part above the *Maid*. There was concern in every adult face—concern lest Jack Page win the coming race and become the lord of Tarnigan and the Stikine.

Harp, who was making the trip, came up beside her, saying something which she did not catch at first. Then the mention of Stebbins' name snapped her into attention. "What did you say, Harp?"

"I believe we scared him off before he had a chance to come aboard, Miss Denny. It was the darkest part of the night and the mist was thick as soup on the water. The chief notices something dim like a log drifting close to the stern of the *Maid*. As he sang out, calling Shan's attention to it, the thing suddenly came to life—a dugout canoe with a man in it, paddling hell-for-leather downstream. The fog was too thick to see his face and the canoe was out of sight in a minute; but Shan thought the fellow looked like Stebbins."

"Oh, Harp, could it have been that creature?"

"Well, it's possible. He might have moved quiet enough to drift down under cover of the mist until he was under the stern, and then sneaked aboard without being seen. But we've examined everything from feed pipes to spray nozzles, and they're all in first-class shape; so—"

Four quick whistles punctured the air upstream. The *Maid* instantly shrank an answer. "They're ready," said Harp, glancing nervously into the wheelhouse.

Bourne was inside, giving last-minute instructions to his engineer. On the dock the Hudson's Bay storekeeper, starter for the race, was experimentally holding aloft a small Canadian flag, and at the same time bending over to sight along a stringpiece to the middle of the river, where the boats would line up for the send-off. An Indian with a double-barreled shotgun pointing upward stood in readiness to fire the signal.

The *Maid* began to vibrate to the turn over of her engines. Denny turned to wave once more to Honeyjo, and saw the *Taku Wind*, dazzling white in the early sun, coming downstream under power. Harp commented, "Page is trying to get the advantage by coming to the starting line under way; but the skipper will spike that. See—"

Bourne was clear of the dock; but instead of waiting at a standstill for the *Taku Wind* to draw abreast to the wharf, he headed up-river, swung in a circle, and came down again alongside Page's craft with his boat moving at the same rate of speed as his rival's. With some thirty feet between them, their blunt bows, in perfect alignment, reached the starter's line of vision.

The flag swept downward. Cheers; howls of Indian dogs; the deafening roar of suddenly widened exhausts mingled and echoed against the hill.

The *Stikine Maid* and the *Taku Wind* shot forward side by side. And once again Denny's heart leaped to the wild, exhilarating swoop of a ship on swift water.

As the two boats swept down round Lonewater Bend, Bourne cut the inside corner and brought the *Maid* into the straightaway below, nearly half a boat-length ahead of the *Taku Wind*.

Harp and Shan exchanged brow-liftings of delight.

Another twenty minutes and Harp, after sighting past the door jamb, executed a fancy step in the middle of the pilothouse. "We've got him, skipper!" he chortled. "We're slowly pulling ahead, even on the straightaway."

"Page can do a lot better than this," Bourne spoke without taking his eyes from the boiling channel ahead. "He's loafing. Waiting for something. I'd like to know what it is."

Denny thought his voice sounded as if he were worried. Yet everything was going well aboard the *Maid*. Her smoothly running engines carried her so swiftly downstream that the terraced banks flowed backward in a soft, green blur. And at the end of forty minutes she was two boat-lengths ahead of the *Taku Wind* and widening the gap with every turn of her screws. Denny was thinking, with a sense of disappointment, that this race, after all, was not nearly so exciting as the night ride down-river, when she saw Bourne suddenly stiffen. He inclined an ear toward the rhythmic symphony that beat up from the heart of his ship.

"Doesn't sound so good," he said to Shan.

Another five minutes and even Denny's untrained ear detected a different note in the roaring from the engines—a thumping, metallic note. Bourne's hand darted toward the speaking tube that connected the pilothouse with the engine room just as the tube's whistle shrilled for attention.

"Take the call, Harp," he said. The foreman pressed the contrivance to his ear. The clangor of laboring machinery came faintly through with the unintelligible sound of the engineer's voice. When it ceased, Harp gripped the tube against his side and turned a stricken face to Bourne. Under stress of some tremendous emotion, he reverted to his army training.

"Sir," he rasped in the clipped accents of the parade ground, "the chief reports emery dust in one of the force-feed oils of the star-board engine. Bearings hot. Babbit almost ready to run. He'll have to shut down that unit in five minutes."

The ridge of Bourne's jaw went pale. "So that's what Jack was waiting for!" he said. "Shan! Take the wheel!"

Catching the speaking tube from Harp, he called into it, "Felix! How's the port engine? . . . Okay, eh? Good. Cut both units in less than half speed. I'll ring again in a few minutes. Then give me every turn you've got—for just half a minute."

The roar of the engines died. Speed fell from the *Maid* like a dropped cloak. Bourne slammed the tube on its hook and stepping out of the pilothouse to the left wing of the bridge, stood there looking back at the *Taku Wind*, now rapidly overtaking him.

As the boat drew near, Page swung her in close and thrust his dark head from the window, grinning. "What's wrong, Rev? Got kelp in your wheel?" His jocular about-robe above the panting of his exhausts.

Bourne threw out both arms; then jabbed his thumbs downward to indicate his trouble below.

Page nodded comprehendingly. "Too bad, old sport! You need good engines in a race!" He turned back to his steering. Stebbins lounged out from behind him and leaned in the pilothouse door. As the *Taku Wind* forged past, he bared all his gold teeth in a smile.

(To be continued)

Copyright by Barrett Willoughby. Distributed by King Features Syndicate, Inc.

Classified, Business Cards, Notices

One Time—Minimum charge of 25c for 20 words or less. Over 20 words, 1/4c per word. Two Times—Minimum charge of 40c for 20 words or less. Over 20 words 2c per word for the two times. Three Times—Minimum charge of 50c for 20 words or less. Over 20 words 2 1/2c per word for the three times. Cards of Thanks . . . 35c. Obituaries and verses . . . \$1.00.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—50 barred rock, 50 New Hampshire Red pullets. 25c lb. Rudolph Koehnman, Monroeville, route two, 1 1/2 mile north of Hoagland. 203 3t-x

FOR SALE—Walnut dining suite, walnut bedroom suite, electric washer, porcelain tub, two dressers, book case, desk, chest of drawers, heating stoves with new fire pots. Frank Young, 110 Jefferson St. 205-3t

FOR SALE—Used Fordson tractor in good condition. Also 4-wheel trailer. Rudolph Weiland, phone 845-R. 205-3t-x

FOR SALE—Registered pure bred Chester White male hog, 18 mo. old. Double immune. Call 1049. 205t-x

FOR SALE—Pickles, 1/2 mile north on 224. Paul York, phone 7875. 205-3t-x

FOR SALE—Kalamazoo Stoves. Ranges and Furnaces. Factory prices and terms. 18 months to pay. Sprague Furniture Co., 152 S. 2nd St. Phone 199. 205t-3

FOR SALE—4 used Kerosene Ranges; 3 gasoline stoves; 4-hole laundry stove; coal range; used Washers. Decatur Hatchery. 204t-3

FOR SALE—Used merchandise. 4 used pianos, in good condition; 13-piece used living room suite, good condition; 1 kitchen cabinet, fair condition; 2 mattresses, fair condition. No reasonable offer will be refused. Sprague Furniture Co., 152 S. Second St. Phone 199. 305-3t

FOR SALE—Two wheel trailer in A-1 condition. H. E. Rupert, Monroe, Indiana. 204-k3t-x

National CHRYSLER USED CAR SALE WEEK

Aug. 30

RECENT TRADE-INS

1936 PLYMOUTH COACH
1935 PLYMOUTH 4-door (Trunk)
1934 CHEVROLET 4-door
1932 PONTIAC COUPE
Many other Good Used Cars
Authorized Chrysler and Plymouth Dealer

P. L. Macklin & Co.
Madison St. Decatur

SPRAGUE OFFERS

9x12 Axminster Rugs \$20.00 up
11.3x12 Axminster Rugs \$30.00 up
9x12 Wilton Rugs \$48.50 up
Kitchen Cabinets \$17.50 up
Breakfast Sets \$15.00 up

We carry a complete line of Hoosier Kitchen Furniture. Liberal trade in allowance for your old furniture or rugs.

SPRAGUE FURNITURE CO.
152 S. Second St. Phone 192
"The Better Home Store"

WANTED

WANTED—Light and heavy hauling. Also have dump trucks. Phone 1135. Elmer Bailor. 203k3t-x

WANTED—Work for room and board by several high school girls. W. Guy Brown, principal Decatur high school. 203k3t

WANTED—Discing and plowing to do. George Ringger, Craigville phone. Bluffton route four. 203t-3x

WANTED—Loans on farms. Eastern money. Low rates. Very liberal terms. See me for abstracts of title. French Quinn. 152-m-wf

MISCELLANEOUS

STARTING one truck today for peaches and plums from Michigan. Watch this paper for ads from local stores. Fred Busche, Phone 975. 205-3t-x

NOTICE FARMERS—We have an economical oil for tractors and farm motors—grades 20-30-40-50 in handy 2-gal. cans, 98c. Runyon Gulf service. 205-2t

Fresh Potato Chips and assorted nuts daily at The Green Kettle. 170t-f

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Newly decorated office room. Inquire at Morris 5 & 10c store. 20t-4

LOST AND FOUND

LOST—Felt air cleaner off car Wednesday, east of Monroe. Reward. J. R. Gage. 105-3t

NOTICE

My residence and office is now located at 430 North Fifth Street. 105-t-f

Dr. C. V. Connell.

U. B. Conference To Open Wednesday

The 95th annual convention of the United Brethren church's St. Joseph conference will meet at Winona Lake Wednesday and conclude next Sunday with the reading of pastoral assignments. Dr. Benjamin Cain, conference superintendent, announced today.

The St. Joseph conference, one of three in Indiana, is composed of 88 charges and 148 local churches. It represents the entire part of Indiana north of and including Kokomo.

Wilmington, Del. (U.P.)—Edward H. Robinson, Colonial Heights, fulfilled a boyhood threat by tearing down his old school house. When Robinson was in the third grade he once told the teacher in a fit of boyish temper: "I'll tear this school down some day."

N. A. BIXLER

OPTOMETRIST

Eyes Examined - Glasses Fitted
Saturdays, 8:00 p. m.
Telephone 135.
HOURS
8:30 to 11:30 12:30 to 5:00

FOR SALE

AT PUBLIC AUCTION

1929 Ford (1 1/2) one and one-half ton truck, Motor No. AA-2016485, owned by K. E. Lambert, address unknown, to be sold for lien against the truck amounting to \$99.00 for repairs and storage. Sale to be held at Al D. Schmitt Motor Sales, 203 S. 1st St., Decatur, Ind., at 10 a. m. Tuesday, Aug. 31, 1937.

Al D. Schmitt Motor Sales, Lien Holder.

FURNITURE

MAKES THE

HOME . . .

Dress up the Home with New and Attractive Furniture.

We offer Quality as well as Price.

LIVING ROOM SUITES

newest styles,

\$44.50 up

BED ROOM SUITES

Vanity, Bed and Chest

\$35.50 up

ZWICK'S

MARKET REPORTS

DAILY REPORT OF LOCAL AND FOREIGN MARKETS

Brady's Market for Decatur, Berne, Craigville, Hoagland and Winchester. Closed at 12 Noon.

Corrected August 30

No commission and no yardage. Veals received every day.

| | |
|------------------|-------|
| 100 to 200 lbs. | 9.10 |
| 120 to 140 lbs. | 9.30 |
| 140 to 160 lbs. | 9.70 |
| 160 to 180 lbs. | 9.90 |
| 180 to 230 lbs. | 11.00 |
| 230 to 250 lbs. | 10.50 |
| 250 to 275 lbs. | 10.10 |
| 275 to 300 lbs. | 9.50 |
| 300 to 350 lbs. | 9.50 |
| 350 lbs., and up | 8.00 |

Roughs . . . 9.50
Stags . . . 8.00

Vealers . . . 11.25
Spring lambs . . . 1.50
Spring buck lambs . . . 1.50
Yearling lambs . . . 4.50

CHICAGO GRAIN CLOSE
Wheat . . . \$1.04
Corn974
Oats28 1/2

FORT WAYNE LIVESTOCK
Livestock:
Hogs, 10c higher; 2