

## Miss America at White House



Miss America of 1940, Frances Burke of Philadelphia, calls at the White House during a visit to Washington and is shown with President Roosevelt's secretary, Marvin McIntyre.

## HOOSIERS TAKE TO HIGHWAYS AS COLOR SHOW REACHES PEAK



With Indiana's scenic beauty adjudged to be at its peak at the present time, each weekend finds the ten thousand miles of hoosier highways crowded with an increasing number of "color tourists." With attractive fall scenery to be found along every road in the state, Indiana—unlike other states—has now made a practice of designating specific highways as "color routes."

Although the southern part of Indiana with its rugged landscape and tree-covered hills attracts a majority of the fall motorists, it is not the only section of the state which takes on new beauty during the autumn months. Northern Indiana, with its prairie-line expanses and its hundreds of lakes has a charm of its own for the autumn motorist who chooses to include fishing as a part of his outing. Other motor

ists are able to see much to attract their attention along highways which wind through the rich agricultural areas of central Indiana.

The state parks, with their extensive picnic areas and unusual scenic settings, are the goal of thousands of motorists at this season of the year, while others prefer to "keep on the move," stopping occasionally at one of the roadside parks to admire a particularly beautiful view, or to rest before continuing the tour.

An important factor in the enjoyment of Indiana's scenic beauty during the fall months is the completion of construction work on the highway system, eliminating detours and providing improved modern roads over which the motorist may travel. A portion of the State Highway Commission's construction and improvement work has been

completed already, while other projects now in progress, will be completed during the coming weeks and these sections of improved highways open to traffic.

Some construction and improvement work will be in progress

throughout the late-fall and winter months, necessitating a minimum number of detours, but with the network of improved roads which Indiana possesses, detours are rarely a serious inconvenience, especially to the color tourist, who

often encounters unexpected scenery by turning off of the more heavily travelled thoroughfares.

One may not reach the level of his ideals, but he will reach a higher level because he has ideals.

## The GLASS SLIPPER" by MIGNON G. EBERHART

## CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE

There were only a cook and butler on the premises; Guy was not yet at home from the office. The door leading to the dining room was not locked either. From that point on the coast was ridiculously clear. Through Guy's dining room and through the hall and out the front door, and there was no policeman in sight, and the corner of the house shielded her from her own street.

Into the hurrying groups of pedestrians. Take the first taxi you see—there was one, cruising. She got into it.

Now for the Evanston elevated. She told the driver to go to the nearest station.

She never knew what station he took her to; but they arrived at a lighted corner with the el thundering and clattering overhead, and she paid him and joined the flow of people surging up those long steep stairs. Struggled with those nearest her to board the first train that clattered, lighted and noisy, out of the night, and jerked to a stop before her and said in bright letters "Evanston and North Shore Local."

Soon she'd be with Andy—safe.

Rain slashed the windows.

It was still raining when she got out at the Anchor Street station. She looked around and found, as Andy had predicted she would find somewhere near, a small, desolate-looking little drugstore. She went in. Sat at a table and ordered hot cocoa, and the shining white table reminded her of that other night, so short time ago, when she'd sat in the bright din of another drugstore. With Andy.

When would he come?

Time passed and she finished the hot cocoa. Time passed and she heard newspapers hawked on the street outside and her own name, but wouldn't buy one and read it.

Time passed and she didn't once think of the letter in her pocket.

It was nearly eight o'clock when Andy finally came. Came hurriedly, his coat collar turned up about his face, with barely a word of greeting, taking her swiftly out of the shabby but lighted little drugstore, down the street into the shadow of the stark elevated pillars where his car waited. Only it wasn't his car. It was one Rue had never seen—but it wasn't a new car.

It was old and battered and even in the dim light looked as if it wouldn't run for more than a mile or two. It might have come out of a junk heap.

Andy was holding the door open.

"Get in," he said. As she did so a curiously irrelevant thought came to her mind. She wondered what Andy had done with the knife she'd given him. It was irrelevant and she dismissed it.

Andy got in the car beside her.

The street stretched emptily ahead of them like a long tunnel, starkly outlined by the el columns which were shadow and substance intermixed, dotted bleakly at intervals with wavering, rain-blurred street lights. She had no idea where she was. They turned and turned again, and she was completely at a loss. Even the guiding elevated columns were gone.

Andy said nothing; he was hunched forward peering into the rain ahead, trying to see through the wavering, dimly lit lake.

She could see only his white, strained-looking profile.

"How—far is it?" she asked above the wheezy rattle of the engine.

"H'm?" Andy came out of his abstraction with a jerk, said: "Oh— you mean to Mrs. Black's. Not far. We'll go the back way, and come in

again on Dempster Road. It's safer that way." He glanced at her once, smiled briefly as if to reassure her and went back to his anxious scrutiny of the road ahead.

Not far. She drew a long, weary breath, and settled her chin down into the collar of her coat and felt in her pocket for cigarettes. Perhaps her fingers actually touched the letter that was there.

She had cigarettes but no

match.

And Andy handed her a small advertising folder of matches, and when she had lighted her cigarette she returned the pack of matches to him. There can scarcely be a smaller or a more inconsequential act.

Yet it was in fact the last small link in a chain.

Neither of them spoke. They were leaving the straggling outskirts of town; she could see nothing of houses except now and then a light flickering off somewhere in the rainy darkness.

She said presently, idly, "Did you say Mrs. Black? I thought you called her Mrs. Brown..."

Andy said abruptly: "Huh? Oh.

Oh, I meant Mrs. Brown. . . . Gosh, it's hard to see." He hesitated at what appeared to be a crossroad, looked along the intersecting expanse of wet black pavement leading into nothingness so far as Rue could see, appeared to decide against it and went on.

Probably they were in the country now; Andy himself seemed a little uncertain.

"Where are we?" said Rue.

"I don't know exactly. That is, Morton Grove is over there somewhere. And Milwaukee ought to cross this road."

They passed a filling station which was lighted at the roadside, but the building itself was dark. Closed, thought Rue, and it added to the desolation of the spot.

And they'd gone only about a quarter of a mile farther on when the car ran out of gas.

It chugged, wheezed, made another effort to move and stopped dead still.

Andy tried the starter, tried it again, swore and said incredulously:

"We're out of gas. We can't be. I had it filled—it must have leaked."

He got out of the car and went around to the tank and returned. He stood at the door, his face looking ghostly white and like the face of a stranger in the faint light from the dash.

"We are out of gas," he said and stared at her.

"There was a filling station back there," said Rue. "It was closed, but perhaps—"

"Yes, Yes, I suppose I can break it." He stared at her again and said: "Yes, of course. I must have gas. I've got to have gas . . ."

It was rainy and dark, and they hadn't passed another car for a long time. She pulled her coat around her and said: "I'll go back with you."

He roused at that. He wouldn't have it; she'd get wet.

"I won't be long," he said. He looked at her again, eyes deeply shadowed and fixed, then he closed the door and disappeared into the murmurous darkness.

Rain slashed against the windows of the car.

It was very quiet except for the rain and very lonely. She could see no lights in any direction.

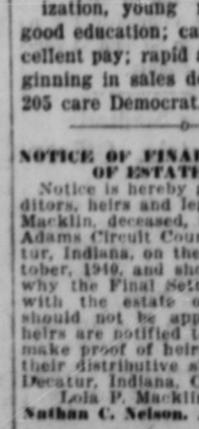
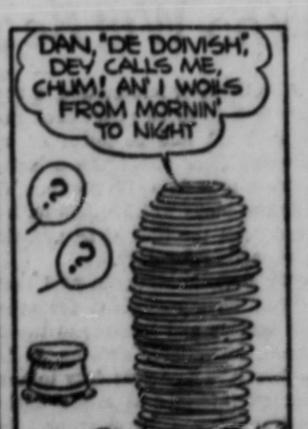
She settled herself to wait. It would take Andy, she supposed, about twenty minutes to walk back to the filling station, rouse someone, or, as he said, break into the place, get some gasoline and trudge back through the rain to the car.

She didn't pursue it further.

(To be continued)

Copyright by Mignon G. Eberhart; Distributed by King Features Syndicate, Inc.

## Now Showing—"HE'S THE TOPS!"



By Chic Young

## PHIMBLE THEATER

WELL, BLOW ME DOWN!

IS THERE A VETERINARIAN IN THE HOUSE?



PAGE TWO.

## WANT-ADS

## RATES

One Time—Minimum charge of 25¢ for 20 words or less. Over 20 words, 1/4¢ per word.

Two Times—Minimum charge of 40¢ for 20 words or less. Over 20 words 2¢ per word for the two times.

Three Times—Minimum charge of 50¢ for 20 words or less. Over 20 words 2 1/2¢ per word for the three times.

Card of Thanks \_\_\_\_\_ 35¢

Obituaries and verses \$1.00

Open rate—display advertising

35¢ per column inch.

## MISCELLANEOUS

MISCELLANEOUS—Prices reduced on fertilizer. Call us before buying. Telephone 25 or 586. Burk Elevator. 193-tf

NOTICE—Upholstering, refinishing and repair work of all kinds. We buy and sell good furniture. Decatur Upholstery Shop, South Second St., Phone 420. 229-301

DIRT FREE for hauling. Phone 1291. 212-121

FARM LOANS at 4% for 10 years. No expense to borrower. C. D. Lewton, Decatur, Ind. 2206tf

Roughs \_\_\_\_\_

Stags \_\_\_\_\_

Veals \_\_\_\_\_

Spring lambs \_\_\_\_\_

Spring buck lambs \_\_\_\_\_

Yearlings \_\_\_\_\_

WHOLESALE EGG AND POULTRY QUOTATIONS

Furnished by Meuz's Egg & Poultry Co., Decatur Phone 184

Corrected Oct. 12

Prices for first class offerings

Clean large white eggs \_\_\_\_\_

Brown or mixed eggs, large \_\_\_\_\_

White pullet eggs \_\_\_\_\_

Heavy hens, lb. \_\_\_\_\_

Leghorn hens, lb. \_\_\_\_\_

Leghorn broilers, any size \_\_\_\_\_

Heavy Springers, Barred or White Rockers, any size \_\_\_\_\_

Old Roosters, lb. \_\_\_\_\_

Ducks, white, 5 lbs., or over \_\_\_\_\_

Fort Wayne Livestock \_\_\_\_\_

Fort Wayne Oct. 12—(UP)

Livestock: Hogs steady to 180 lbs. higher; 220-240 lbs. 65c. 220 lbs. 65c. 240-260 lbs. 65c. 260-280 lbs. 65c. 280-300 lbs. 65c. 300-320 lbs. 65c. 320-340 lbs. 65c. 340-360 lbs. 65c. 360-380 lbs. 65c. 380-400 lbs. 65c. 400-420 lbs. 65c. 420-440 lbs. 65c. 440-460 lbs. 65c. 460-480 lbs. 65c. 480-500 lbs. 65c. 500-520 lbs. 65c. 520-540 lbs. 65c. 540-560 lbs. 65c. 560-580 lbs. 65c. 580-600 lbs. 65c. 600-620 lbs. 65c. 620-640 lbs. 65c. 640-660 lbs. 65c. 660-680 lbs. 65c. 680-700 lbs. 65c. 700-720 lbs. 65c. 720-740 lbs. 65c. 740-760 lbs. 65c. 760-780 lbs. 65c. 780-800 lbs. 65c. 800-820 lbs. 65c. 820-840 lbs. 65c. 840-860 lbs. 65c. 860-880 lbs. 65c. 880-900 lbs. 65c. 900-920 lbs. 65c. 920-940 lbs. 65c. 940-960 lbs. 65c. 960-980 lbs. 65c. 980-1000 lbs. 65c. 1000-1020 lbs. 65c. 1020-1040 lbs. 65c. 1040-106