

**DECATUR DAILY DEMOCRAT**  
Published Every Evening  
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It's over-the-top for the Red Cross.

While coyness may be admired, Miss Spring need not be so bashful, tremble.

You can't stop nature and the April showers will bring the flowers and a verdant landscape.

Have you registered, or have you checked at the county clerk's office, if you are eligible to vote?

Hoosiers regret that it is necessary for the army to close Fort Benjamin Harrison, long a military post of great importance, with a glorious past. Established in 1903 and named in honor of the Hoosier President Benjamin Harrison, the fort served the country during the two world wars.

This is the last week for filing declarations of candidacy if you want to be a candidate in the May city primaries. So far the list isn't crowded and if you have a desire to serve your city, now is the time to file.

The fine programs and community service ideals of Rotary will continue under the presidency of the Rev. William Feller, recently elected to succeed Earl Fuhrman, as the Decatur club president. The Rotarians have had a stimulating year, special emphasis having been placed on community problems and those things which mean for public welfare.

The betting money seems to be on Martin H. Kennedy, Democrat, to win the mayoralty election in Chicago tomorrow. The Republican opponent is Russell W. Root, a professional politician, whose strongest backer is the Chicago Tribune. Straw votes taken by that newspaper indicate that the Windy City is still going to have a Democrat mayor.

### Congratulations

Congratulations are extended to the two Decatur high school orators on the splendid showing made by them in oratorical contests held over the week-end.

Roger Schnepf won first place in the Rotary district contest at Warsaw and becomes the representative of the clubs in this district in the regional contest to be staged at Fort Wayne in the near future.

Miss Karlann Striker, winner in four previous eliminations, including the zone finals, placed second in the American Legion State Oratorical contest held at Frankfort. The youthful forensic students who made such a creditable showing, are members of the speech class of the Decatur high school. Besides gaining personal benefits and experience, these young people brought further honors and recognition to their school and city.

It was a job well done!

### Holy Week

From the joyous hosannas of Palm Sunday and the commemoration of Christ's triumphal entry into Jerusalem, we enter the solemnities of Holy Week, the most sacred period in Christianity's observance.

The last days of Christ, the Redeemer, on earth will be observed in religious fervor. The tragedy of Calvary, His suffering in the Garden, the ignominious death on the Cross, all will be fervently commemorated, augmented with religious rites and word of pastor and priest from pulpit and sanctuary.

Climaxing these solemn days will be the community observance of the Three Hours on Good Friday, from 12 to three o'clock, in memory of the crucified Christ.

A union service of all Protestant churches will be held at the Zion Evangelical and Reformed church. During these same hours the faithful will gather at St. Mary's Catholic church, where services also include the making of the Way of the Cross and meditations at the stations followed by Christ more than two thousand years ago. An evening service will be held at the Zion Lutheran church.

Stores, business houses and offices have been asked to close during the Three Hours and following custom, worldly affairs will be laid aside during that period when the Son of God was nailed and died on the cross.

To get the full meaning of Holy Week, one must reflect and meditate on the Redeemer's supreme sacrifice for mankind, then the joy of Easter morning, the reality of salvation, and the commemoration of His glorious Resurrection becomes all the more real and satisfying to the human soul.

### BEGINNING TO PINCH



### Modern Etiquette

By ROBERTA LEE

Q. What is the proper way to shake hands?

A. Never respond to the handshake offered you with a dead, limp hand—sometimes known as the "dead fish" or "wet dishrag" handshake. Each hand should grasp the other with a firm, cordial grip. However, it is not good taste to grasp the other hand so tightly as to make the person wince with pain. And avoid the pump-handle shake.

Q. When eating in a restaurant, should one wipe the silver with the napkin?

A. No; if the silver is not clean enough, call the waiter and have him bring you another piece.

Q. In a wedding procession, do the ushers precede the bridesmaids down the aisle?

A. Yes.

### Household Scrapbook

By ROBERTA LEE

**Indelible Ink**  
Indelible ink stains can be removed from a garment by using equal parts of turpentine and Amonia. Saturate the cloth thoroughly in this solution, allow it to soak a few minutes, then rinse well in warm water.

**Quick Whipping**  
Eggs whip more quickly and to greater volume if they are at room temperature than when they are cold. If time is short, a quick way to warm them is to place them in mildly warm, not hot, water for several minutes.

**Body Fragrance**  
Use powdered sachet behind the ears, under the arms, behind the knees, and at the ankles to give yourself a delightful body fragrance.

### 20 YEARS AGO TODAY

March 21—More than 150,000 coal miners join a strike to maintain their \$7.50 wage scale. The Indiana state senate acquiesces Judge Deard of Muncie on impeachment charges.

Miss Inola Majors, 17, dies following a year's illness.

C. E. Magley, county highway superintendent, reports the roads of Adams county are in good condition.

The G. E. team defeats Commodores 32 to 26. They will meet again soon.

Many new automobiles are being delivered in Decatur and Adams county this week.

What other form of government, indeed, can so well deserve our esteem and love.—John Adams.

### RHEUMATISM PAINS

Relieved in Few Minutes

It is now easy to aid rheumatism pains. The test will cost you nothing.

So why suffer another day from the agony of this painful ailment when you can secure MUSCLE-RUB, the new preparation that not only relieves the pains of rheumatism but also lumbago, muscle soreness, sprains, as well as the less serious lameness of muscles and joints? It is no longer necessary to dose the system with internal medicine. The entire MUSCLE-RUB treatment is a simple liquid, applied directly to the limbs, shoulders, neck, face or back—wherever the trouble may be.

We urge only that you make this test. MUSCLE-RUB is now obtainable at any drug store. Buy it today. Use one-half the bottle, and if you are not amazed and delighted with the results, return the remaining half to your drugstore, and he will refund your money. The price is 45¢ regular. Buy 2 for 80¢. Family size.

Get a name at store today.

AT ALL DRUG STORES

### Man Found Dead In Parked Automobile

Frankfort, Ind., Mar. 21—(UP)—Coroner Howard Moore said today that he would return an accidental death verdict in the carbon monoxide poisoning of Cecil Higler, 26, Colfax.

Higler was found dead in his parked automobile half a mile northeast of Colfax, but a patrolman squad saved the life of his companion, Erma Jean Lanum, 23, also of Colfax.

### MINERS

(Continued From Page One)

President Truman power to obtain an injunction against the miners refusing to work.

The walkout had the endorsement of William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, to which Lewis recently returned the UMW.



Previously reported	\$6,254.31
Kenneth Runyon, Decatur Business (add.)	15.00
Paul E. Liechty, Sec. 26 Monroe	14.00
Sherman Kunkel, Sec. 21 Root	7.00
David D. Habegger, Sec. 6 Blue Creek	7.50
Herbert Boerger, Sec. 10 Root	13.00
Root Twp. Home Ec. Club Court House Officials	21.00
Wm. Burke, Sec. 29 Blue Creek	6.50
Mrs. Harve Shroll, Zone No. 1 (add.)	77.87
John R. Ludy, Sec. 36 Monroe	27.00
Eli Lehman, Sec. 32 Monroe	14.00
Frank Dellinger, Sec. 5 Blue Creek	11.00
Town of Monroe, Raymond Eichenauer, Sec. 31 Union	73.50
Claude Laisure, Sec. 4 Monroe	3.00
Norval Fuhrman, Sec. 20 Root	5.00
Edwin C. Bauman, Sec. 19 Monroe	9.00
Ed. Omfor, Sec. 22 Wash. Milton Fuhrman, Sec. 18 Root	5.00
Martin Selking, Sec. 25 Preble	6.00
Clem Colchin, Sec. 23 Wash.	7.00
Robert Colchin, Sec. 27 Wash.	26.00
Historical Club	5.00
Edgar Krueckeberg, Sec.	7.20
Total	5.00

### Lenten Meditations

(Rev. Carey R. Moser, First Baptist Church)

### "OUT OF THE DEPTHS"

Psalm 130:1

Our text for the day speaks of the soul overwhelmed by sin, yet revealing the ray of hope left through repentance and prayer. Oh, the depths to which sin has brought men. It has separated us so far from God, that only the Eternal Son could reach us and bring us safely back to the Father.

Sin has impoverished and immobilized men. How poor we are, with no hope of anything better in the future if left to ourselves. How helpless we are, with no hope of ever reaching God and Heaven through any effort of our own. "The wages of sin is death, Rom. 6:23," and a dead man never does anything for himself. Also we learn in Romans 3:23, that "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God," therefore this awful helpless and hopeless condition is universal and personal.

But as above suggested, God's Eternal Son of only One who could do something about it, died something about it. The last part of Romans 6:23 declares, "but the gift of God is eternal life," through Jesus Christ our Lord. God sent His Son to become the Saviour of the World, and now "whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

The Psalmist sensed the forgiving love of God, and even in His day cried unto God for forgiveness. God heard his cry so that he could say with joy, "This poor man cried and the Lord heard him and delivered him out of all his troubles."

As Jonah cried out of the depths of Sheol and God heard him, so today, even though the depths have closed in and over you, you may cry penitently, and God will deliver you.

21 Union	34.00
D. Y. B. Class Trinity U. B. Church	5.00
Harvey Bucher, Sec. 1 Kirkland	10.00
Albert Bieberich, Sec. 35 Preble	6.00
Total	\$6,679.91

### CHURCH NEWS

#### First Christian

The men of the First Christian church will sponsor an April Fool's day party in the basement of the church, beginning at six thirty o'clock Tuesday evening. The supper will be free of charge, with a program following. All members are invited to attend and bring a guest.

**MASONIC—Important meeting of Decatur Chapter No. 112 Tuesday evening.**

## NO PLACE for WOMEN

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### CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE

**JANET CONTINUED.** "I would not give up. You can't realize the torture of not knowing whether someone you love is dead or alive. I wrote Claribel, and she had Madison investigate, but he sent word that it was impossible for Father to be alive without the vaqueros hearing about it. Finally, I learned that the Rubber Division wanted to open the New Dixie plantations, and I went back to Washington to see if I could get them to send me down. When they found out I had lived here, it was easy to persuade them I might be able to help you."

"Tell me one thing," Cliff interrupted. "Was it about your father you wanted to talk with Vicente the night he captured us?"

"Yes. The first day I saw Vicente at Wade Carroll's, I was sure he knew something. I still think he does. But he would only say he had known Father long ago."

"Have you spoken of this to Madison since you came back?"

Janet shook her head. "Father and Madison never liked each other. Father hated the way Madison's vaqueros treated the people up the river."

Watching her, with her head thrown back beneath the light, and earnest eyes on his, Cliff realized that at last she had dropped her guard against him. For the first time there could be full trust between them, but even now—perhaps now more than ever—he was powerless to help her, and sudden sympathy swept over him. More than anything in the world he wanted to say some word that might hold out hope to her, but he knew it was not hope she wanted—it was certainty—and to tell her the truth at this time might mean disaster.

Mutely he touched her hand, and in that simple, inarticulate gesture she sensed the offer of his friendship, for tears were in her eyes. She gave a tremulous laugh. "You don't know how much it means to sail under false colors any more. From now on, whatever comes, you'll know why I'm here, and if it has to be war between you and Madison, you'll know where I stand."

"I hope you won't ever regret it," he said down behind the desk. "Just now things look pretty dark, and it's no use denying that we may be beaten."

Standing beside his chair, she laid her hand on his shoulder. "You won't ever be beaten—you couldn't be beaten." The steady voice held a world of quiet trust and assurance. "I remember the night they took us captive, how you carried me for miles to the river. And I've listened to the tales Casey and the rest of them tell about you. Men like you can be killed, Cliff—they can't be beaten."

The low voice stopped, but he did not answer. Madison, Vicente, even the prospect of defeat had not all the power of his reality.

Nothing was important now except

to know she believed in him, and was standing very close to him. Raising his head, he brushed her arm with his cheek, and almost without breathing felt the warm, living softness of her. He did not stir. Stronger than any will of his own, far stronger than his strength to resist or deny, the need for her surged over him like an engulfing wave. His cheek still lay against her arm, and turning, he touched it with his lips. Her body trembled, he heard the faint intake of her breath, and in that second he was on his feet, his arms about her.

Within the hush of the little office he held her through a timeless fragment of eternity whose only measure lay in the quickened beating of a heart that matched the racing rhythm of his own. Her arms, moving upward over his khaki shirt, encircled him; the palms of her hands pressed him close in a caress that, even while it yielded, had all the fierce glad glory of possession.

"Janet!" The mass of coppery hair lifted as she drew back her head. Her eyes, luminous beneath the lamp, were on his eyes; her lips, half parted, rose nearer, almost touched—then suddenly her eyes changed, and with a cry she gasped, "Cliff! The window—someone's outside."

He jerked open the door, but the night lay black and empty, and at a run he rounded the building, then stood listening. "Were you sure?" he called.

"I saw a face pressed against the pane, and then it was gone. I remember the eyes staring—"

Janet stopped. The long-drawn howl of a jaguar came to them from the darkness.

"It's Plato," Cliff said, and the same thought flashed across the minds of both—had it been Lilli at the window?

But the spell of that moment was shattered. The shock of intrusion had thrust itself like a barrier between them, and Janet looked up at him with a tired smile.

"I'm dead, Cliff. Mind if I run along to bed? Too much has happened today."

"I know," he walked with her down the path to the door of her shack, then with both hands he raised her face and kissed her lips. "Remember this," he whispered. "We can't lose now—you and I."

Up in Claribel's office Madison sat white-faced and brooding. For nearly an hour after Janet left him he did not move, his slate-gray eyes fixed on the window. Then as he was reaching a decision, he left the house and rode to the quarters of the vaqueros. The smoke-filled, barracks-like room was crowded with herdsmen, and Madison counted them, then beckoned to Sloan.

The burly leader staggered over. "What's gone wrong? You look like a ghost."

all the vaqueros you have here?" "Sure. Some are at the river camp, but most of 'em are in the upper ranges. What do you want done that us boys can't handle?"

"I want you to crack down on Cliff Bogard."

Sloan's eyes widened. "You mean—?"

"I mean smash his camp and drive him out."

"What's the sudden idea, Boss? I thought you was waitin' for the Blacklanders to tangle with him first."

"I'm done waiting." "Ain't it kinda risky? Now if we waited until—"

"To heck with all that. I'm fed up, understand, fed up! Either he goes or I go, and this is as good a time as we'll ever have."

Sloan looked thoughtful. "If that's the job, I guess we'll need all the vaqueros we can round up."

"We'll need every man." Sloan flicked his cigarette across the floor. "Okay. We'll start tomorrow."

Madison spat out an oath. "We'll start right now. It's going to take three or four days to bring them in from the upper ranges, even if we work fast, and I'm going with you. By midnight we can be at the river camp. By dawn we'll be in the upper range."

Sloan looked into Madison's face and reached for his spurs. "Whatever you say, Boss."

Skirting the village, the two men rode down the river trail, and an hour later they were passing Wade's clearing, where a light in the window of the main shack caught Madison's attention.

He reined in his horse. "I thought Wade and Lilli were living at the rubber camp."

"They were."

A shadow passed across the window, and Madison recognized Lilli. He raised his hand for silence, then leaned toward Sloan.

"I'd say she's alone. You stay out here and keep watch. I want a word or two with that lady."

Dismounting, Madison walked toward the shack. Twice he stopped to listen, then certain that no one else was within, threw open the door. At the sound Lilli turned, and beneath the lamplight he saw she had been weeping.

Terrified, the girl drew back. "What do you want?" Her voice was trembling.

He seated himself comfortably just inside the door. "I thought you were staying at the rubber camp."

So low he scarcely heard, she said, "I've left."

He looked at her with new interest. Yes, her cheeks were wet with tears. Had something really gone wrong at the camp, or was she lying? Was she here to bring some message from Bogard to Vicente? Again the disquieting suspicion assailed him, that Bogard and Vicente might have reached a secret agreement.

(To Be Continued)

### Fire Destroys In Chicago

Chicago, Mar. 21—A major alarm fire destroyed the National Bank early today, burning the three-story building to the ground but saving the institution's money. Damage was estimated at \$250,000. Extra police were called in to hold back any rioting. Fire departments said the blaze started in the lunch room, was maintained for its own sake, was discovered by a janitor at 47, the night watchman. The Central National Bank neighborhood bank, located on the west side of the city.

### HAMS—Special

Whole or half of ham or ham hocks to Schmitt Locker

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"Aunt Samantha Rules the Roost," a comedy in three acts, will be presented by the rural youth club of Adams county on Friday, April 25, in the Berne auditorium, and Monday, April 28, at the Monmouth high school gym.

Trade in a Good Town—Decatur

Nice next to you!

Straw Hat by Faberge

Cologne to swoosh all over you

and bath powder, silky smooth

and whee!...so flirty and purty.



## Smith Drug Co.



### ATTENTION FARMERS!!

We have received our shipment of Hoosier-Cross and Super-Cross Hybrids for immediate delivery. Arrange now to call for the corn you ordered. We suggest you purchase a sufficient quantity of seed corn as the supply is limited.

SEE US AT ONCE!

State Pilot Seeds — U. S. Electric Weiders

Theo. Bulmahn