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One of the first things to teach children is the way home.

Now that we are on FAST time let's keep things moving.

When you look at a pink-cheeked baby, one realizes that there is always someone discovering the world and getting a "kick" out of it.

Roving Ambassador Averill Harriman voices the opinion that "we are moving away from war." The Marshall and Truman plans for world peace seem to be working in Europe.

This would be a great world if it could be united more effectively, and some day the job may be accomplished, but it's going to take a tremendous amount of discussion to get it together.

A Boston suburb found new trackless trolleys so silent in operation that buzzers were ordered installed to warn pedestrians of their approach. Now, they should work on an invention to silence some of the old diesel tractor trucks.

A perfect example of the pot calling the kettle black was furnished by the New York City Communist who resigned from an American Legion post because he said its officers were "bigots". Anyone more bigoted than a Communist would be hard to find, unless it is someone who is merely against Communism without really being for anything.

Governor Schriker is surrounding himself with men experienced in government and administration of its various departments. He has renamed Thurman Gottschalk, formerly of Berne and a former director of the Indiana Welfare Department, as a member of the State Welfare Board. Mr. Gottschalk was an able and efficient director of this very important division of our state government.

It's a good thing that the island of Yap is located several thousand miles to the east of the United States, for Americans wouldn't want their eastern cooking customs to spread over here. There, according to a returned traveler, the population is carefully segregated by ages. So extreme is the separation that the food for different age groups must come from separate gardens and be cooked in separate pots over separate fires in separate cookhouses. It would be unthinkable for food from the same pot to be eaten by both father and grown-up sons, or by both men and women, or in the presence of other age groups. A housewife from Yap would probably find an American grocery, plus freedom to order and cook what she chose, the nearest approach possible to heaven on earth.

American newspapers can well take pride in the fact that American ideas for press freedom largely prevail in the Social Committee of the United Nations General Assembly, as that group works on the formulation of an international standard of press freedom. The standard may not go as far as most Americans would like to see it go, but it is a compliment to this nation and its press that United States proposals have been accepted as often as they have. One reason doubtless is that the American press in addition to setting a world mark of freedom has also set a world standard of responsibility.

Leading Youth
An Eastern college of education has instituted a summer course entitled "Creating a Zeal For Democracy." It is designed to help teachers to imbue their students with enthusiasm for the American way of living. Its sponsors say they have noted among teachers an "increasing lack of faith in democracy," and are taking this means to combat the tendency.

A superficial knowledge of foreign ideologies, coupled with an incomplete understanding of the forces which made America and which keep it strong and vital, combine to make some teachers, and other people, weak advocates of democracy.

One attribute common to those who attempt to spread the gospel of Communism is an enthusiasm which amounts to a religious zeal. If leaders of the young are to instill into them an appreciation of freedom and democracy, they must be well grounded in knowledge of our institutions and fired with real enthusiasm for them. Otherwise they will be no match for the propagandists of Communism.

Penicillin Treats Social Disease

By Herman N. Bundeson M. D.
FEW of the major diseases today respond as quickly to treatment as venereal disease. The discovery of penicillin, an antibiotic drug, has revolutionized the therapy of syphilis and gonorrhea. In penicillin, doctors now have a weapon against venereal disease, the effectiveness of which has been demonstrated fully.

Today, a single, adequate injection of penicillin will cure 97 percent of gonorrhea infections and one additional injection will usually cure the other 3 percent!

A few years ago the treatment of syphilis lasted at least 18 months and only approximately 25 percent of the patients completed the prescribed course of treatment. Today, because of penicillin, practically all patients given penicillin therapy complete their treatments, since early syphilis can now be treated with penicillin in 7 to 10 days in a hospital, or in the private physician's office with injections of the drug for 10 consecutive days.

Because penicillin passes quickly from the body, penicillin therapy formerly required injections every two or three hours. Newer penicillin preparations prolong the period the drug is retained in the body, and require fewer injections.

The National Institute of Health is investigating the use of procaine penicillin in oil with aluminum monostearate. The aluminum compound retards the absorption of the drug so that injections may be given

two to four days apart. The Chicago Intensive Treatment Center has obtained favorable results in early syphilis cases, using one and two injections of this type of penicillin.

Syphilis which has been neglected requires a different type of treatment from that used for early infections. Syphilis affecting the heart and blood vessels must be treated with bismuth before any other drug is given. Artificial fever is commonly used to increase the effectiveness of penicillin in treating syphilis of the central nervous system.

Congenital syphilis can generally be prevented by treating infected mothers during pregnancy with large doses of penicillin in aqueous solution.

Penicillin is not a panacea for every case of syphilis. Not all persons are cured with a single course of treatment. Therefore, re-examinations at regular intervals are extremely important to make sure there is no relapse.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
J. D.: Will you please advise what would cause double vision?
Answer: Double vision may occur in disorders affecting the nervous system. Brain tumor may be a cause. It may also result from disturbances of the eyes, such as conditions affecting the external eye muscles.

You should have an examination made by an eye specialist, as well as by a neurologist.



Household Scrapbook

By ROBERTA LEE

Silver Polish
Oftentimes silver is tarnished in spite of the fact that it has been polished carefully before putting away. If a piece of camphor ice is

put away with the silver, it will be kept free from tarnish.

Perspiration Stains
Perspiration stains should always be removed from a garment as soon as possible, as the longer they are allowed to remain the harder they are to remove.

Leather
The well-beaten white of an egg,

rubbed into the leather of a shabby brief-case, traveling bag, or other similar article, will do much to take away that faded look.

20 YEARS AGO TODAY

May 2 — H. S. Michaud, 64, former Adams county auditor, died yesterday.

All kinds of storms sweep the country. Indiana has snow, rain and cold.

Fifty-three boys and girls join the Adams county dairy club.

Mrs. A. P. Flynn of Logansport is reelected president of the state women's Democratic club.

Roy Johnson elected a member of deacons of the First Baptist church of Decatur.

Miss Ethel Tumbleton entertains the Alpha Zeta bridge club.

Modern Etiquette

By ROBERTA LEE

Q. Is it proper for a man to take a girl's arm when in public?
A. Only when assisting her into an automobile, street car, or other public conveyance; also when crossing a street, or passing through a jostling crowd of people.

Q. When filling the water glasses at the dinner table, how much water should be poured into each glass?
A. The glass should be two-thirds full, never more.

Q. When one has recently been

Red Cross Fund

Previously reported	\$8,637.42
Union Twp. Home Ec. Club	5.00
Central Soya Inc.	
Employees additional	1.00
Harold Mumma, Bus. Dec.	
Zone No. 3, additional	1.00
Mrs. Paul R. Rich, Sec. 7	
& 8, St. Marys	9.50
Total	\$8,653.92

Court News

Estate Cases
A final report has been submitted in the Viola Duer estate. Seven heirs will receive \$38.75 each and one heir will receive \$138.75, according to the final report.

A property schedule has been filed by the administrator in the Barbara Adams estate.

The final report in the Amelia Niblick estate has been approved and the administrator has been discharged.

introduced to a person, and is leaving, it is proper to say, "I am glad to have met you?"
A. No; this phrase is obsolete. "Good-bye" is really all necessary.

Masonic

Stated convocation of Decatur Chapter No. 112 R. A. M. at 7:30 p. m., Tuesday, May 3, 1946.
Supper at 6:30 p. m.
Norman G. Lenhart, H. P. 10312x



DEFENSE LAWYER Archibald Palmer and Miss Judith Coplin, shown outside the Washington court where the former Justice Department employee's espionage trial ended its fifth day. Miss Coplin's boss, William E. Foley, testified that she was relieved of all security after he learned that she was "running around" with Valentina Zvezdov, 32, Russian engineer, with whom she was arrested. (United Press)

TRADE IN DECATUR

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BECKONING TRAILS

By Emilie Loring

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CHAPTER FORTY-NINE
"REMEMBER the first night you came back in September when we found the white pants in your bag, I told you I thought Professor Romney belonged in the movies!" Sarah's slightly muffled voice came from the closet where she was hanging the dark green gabardine suit in which Deb had arrived two hours before. She emerged and picked up russet shoes.

"Much as I despised that Warner fella for the way he treated you, I'm kind of glad 'twas proved he didn't know anything about the shooting. I suppose swearin' false oaths, trying to find out the secret inventions of your country to sell them is about as bad, though."

"Romney must have had a brain storm. Suppose the Judge had found out that he was at the Center as an observer for another country? Why didn't he make his getaway? Why commit murder? Why crawl out on that limb? He must have known he would be caught."

"It came out at the trial that he was wanted on another charge, I guess he figured that if he was caught spyin' this time he was down an' out for good, that he was in a country village and could get away with it. It came out he'd been promised big money by the folks who sent him here. I'm willin' to give the devil his due, sniff, 'Scragg was the best butler we ever had here, I'm goin' to miss him something fierce an'—"

"Miss him? Has he gone?"

"Sure, he's gone. You don't think Madam Stewart would keep a man in her house who said he aimed to use a passkey to get into her room, do you? She only kept him after he tried to get Ingrid Johnson's papers because Mr. Timothy told her to. Why didn't he come out right off quick and say he saw the professor shoot the Judge? He said he went to the Center the Saturday Romney was caught to tell Mr. Timothy the truth and couldn't find him."

"What is the truth? I haven't heard."

"You should have stayed here instead of runnin' off to Washington, Debby. The trial was terrible exciting. This country don't let cases drag on as some places do. Scragg testified that after the snack party he went to the game house to ask the Judge to let up on the Dances, to tell him he would make a payment on the mortgages, to beg him not to foreclose."

"Why was he so devoted to that family?"

"Their father took him in when he was down and out. I remember the talk at the time, we villagers figured he'd come from jail. The Dances was all the family he had. His story was that he went into the game house the back way, quiet like, and heard loud talking in the badminton court, saw Romney and the Judge standin' together. Then the Judge said something, sounded ugly, turned to go upstairs and the Professor shot him. Why didn't that butler tell right off what he'd seen and save these weeks of suspectin' everybody, himself included? What was he afraid of?"

"Perhaps of reprisals from the people who sent Romney to the Center, perhaps he figured on making the guilty man pay by the nose to keep him quiet. Did it come out at the trial who dropped the automatic among the shrubs at the Dane front door?"

"It was Professor Romney when he called to take Stella dancin'. They had him so twisted in his own lies that they got a full confession finally."

"Yes. Tim phoned that his household would be a little late, the Fairs are dining with them and Tilly is never on time. Prexy slipped me the information that the Faculty had broken out their evening clothes and would appear in white tie and tails."

"They will be in character with the silver lake frock you're sporting. What genius thought up that shell-pink maines stole across your shoulders? It's dream-pretty. The diamonds and opals in your necklace and bracelets are perfect with it."

"I feel as if nothing could be too perfect for this occasion. Beechcroft was under a cloud for weeks, the neighbors, 'the students, spoke of it in hushed whispers. Now that we know the truth of what happened, let's forget it. Monday I start a new novel. Ingrid wants to take on the secretarial work."

"What happened to Stella Dane?"

"Resigned. She felt that after her attempt to get Ingrid's papers I wouldn't trust her."

"Would you?"

"I think she decided wisely."

"Perhaps she'll get the position at the Center I gave up."

"No. That place has been filled."

"By a girl?"

"You'll have to ask Tim. I've hardly seen him since you left for Washington. Romney and Warner were only part of a ring sent to the Center to report on its experiments and the results. The life of every worker there has been investigated from the cradle to the present. The Head has personally supervised the examinations to make sure that no injustice has been done, he shows the strain. Now he's up against a domestic complication. He is losing his homemaker."

"Losing Mrs. Sophy? What's happened?"

"Her bachelor son, Hugh Brandt, the career diplomat from Argentina, came to spend Thanksgiving with her. When he saw her presiding as hostess for Tim he decided she was what he needed in Buenos Aires. She is radiantly happy that he wants her."

"And she is leaving Tim? I call it darned ungrateful after he pulled her out of that old-age slump."

"He thinks she should go with her son. When she protested he confided that he had a substitute picked out and whispered, under her oath of secrecy, who it was. The servants are staying with him."

"That's a break. I suppose the girl in the Pacific is the new homemaker. Where's Ingrid?"

"Probably upstairs hovering over her brother's baby. He's a cute trick. I'm crazy about him myself. I wish you'd get married and have a baby, Debby, I'd adore it."

"Perhaps I will."

"Will what? Tim Grant inquired from the threshold."

He looked sterner, taller than she remembered him, perhaps evening dress made him appear so. His eyes, which she had thought gray, were a burning black. Molly B. was right, his face did show the strain of heavy responsibility. Mrs. Sophy, in lavender lace, a tall, good-looking man with iron-gray hair and an air of worldly sophistication, Mark Taylor in uniform, and the Fairs entered the room at the same time. It needed but a fleeting glance at Sam's face for Deb to realize that Tilly, in sleek yellow satin, had marked the new man for her own. It took an equally short time for her to decide that she would give the lady a run for her money.

(To Be Concluded)

CHAPTER FIFTY
"WHAT were you saying you would do just as we came in, Deb?" Tim Grant persisted.

"Get married. It's being done. Mrs. Sophy, is this your son? Isn't he grand?" She held out her hand. "I'm Deborah Randall. Welcome to New England, Mr. Brandt. I so hope you'll like us." She experimented with an upward sweep of her lashes she hadn't tried out since her freshman year. It still worked.

"Like you. It isn't a hope, it's a certainty." His hold on her hand tightened. "Can't we get away from this crowd while I tell you that lightning has struck my seasoned heart at last? Will you excuse me, Mother?"

She liked his grin that showed how little stock he took in her fervent greeting, liked the voice in which he said "Mother." His "seasoned heart" was right. She would wager that he had loving and leaving reduced to a science.

"I am to be hostess at the game house, why not tell me on the way there?" she suggested, aware that Tim Grant was regarding her with frowning intentness.

"But, Hugh," Tilly's gold bangles clinked as she laid a detaining hand on the diplomat's sleeve. "Have you forgotten that I promised to show you this lovely place?" Her husband beside Tim was watching her. He needn't worry, Deb thought, the man from the Argentine was doubtless past master in extricating himself from a situation like this.

"You did, Mrs. Tilly, but I knew you were only taking pity on a strange guy, and would much rather be with your horde of followers. Now that Debby has taken me on, just drop me from your mind." He slipped his hand under Deb's arm.

"All right to call you Debby, isn't it? Mother's letters have been so full of your charm and intelligence, that I feel as if we are old friends."

"Only friends?" She disciplined a laugh. They were playing stage center and the audience was stiff with amazement and disapproval.

"Come on and I'll tell you what you are already in my life."

"Curtain." This time Deb let the laugh come as they left the room together.

Except for its shape one wouldn't think of this great game room as being the same place in which Sandy McGregor had cross-examined the members of the Beechcroft household weeks ago, Deb thought as several hours later she stopped to draw a long breath. In between her duties as hostess she had danced incessantly with members of the Faculty and Hugh Brandt. Now the hangings were of rich yellow brocade, the banquettes were covered with a zebra stripe, the inlaid floor was a deep mahogany. A gleaming golden bowl on the piano was running over with tawny button chrysanthemums, two matching arrangements were on the high mantel.

"My dance," asserted a voice behind her. Tim Grant touched her shoulder lightly.

"Sorry. I've promised to dance the quadrille after this with Hugh Brandt."

"Like fun, you will. Come on, quick, unless you want an argument right here." A fanfare from the fiddlers on a raised platform was followed by the leader's call: "Salute partners!"

"Just a minute." Deb played for time. "I'd like to watch this." He made no protest, just moved a step nearer.

"Forward and back!" shouted the leader. "Swing your partner!" The younger dancers laughed and romped through the figures, the elders sailed through with beautiful dignity. They "Balanced Corners," wound in and out of "Ladies' Chain," with gay abandon. Guests standing along the walls clapped their hands, stamped their feet to the rhythm of the music. One of them called:

"Change partners."

There was a mad scramble. The diplomat seized breathless, laughing Mrs. Sophy, who had been dancing with tall, unbending Prexy. Sam caught Tilly. The squares re-formed.

"This is our chance. Come on." Tim caught up the soft green stole that Deb had dropped on the banquet behind her. "This is yours, I know, you had it on your arm in the library. Quick." He drew her through the doorway to the colonnade. "You've done your duty for the present. I have a lot to say to you. First, glad to see that you are wearing my orchids."

He held her hand tight in his as if fearing she would make a break for freedom, till they reached the terrace. It was quite deserted. In the distance the lake lay wide and shining in the moonlight. The world was so still that the music from the game house drifted toward them through the open door, voices singing, "O, Susanna, O, don't you cry for me."

"Great night, isn't it? Like spring."

Deb disengaged her hand. He might feel the throb of her heart in her finger tips.

"It is. Terrible unseasonable," Sarah Allen speaking. Did you bring me here to talk about the weather?"

"No, about your behavior this evening. Snatched the diplomat right from under Tilly's nose, didn't you? Smart gal. Did you spot Sam's grin of appreciation? Do you like Hugh Brandt as much as you appeared to?"

"He's fascinating. Life in South America must be thrilling."

"Considering trying it?"

"I haven't been invited—yet. Having answered all these questions I will now return to the game house."

"No. You're staying here. I need your advice. I'm losing my homemaker. Mrs. Sophy is going to Argentina."

"Molly B. told me. This is where the girl in the Pacific theater should step into the picture."

"I'm goin' to Louis-ana a my true love for to see"—the song came clearly through the soft air.

"Settle down. You act like a Marathon runner with one foot forward waiting for the start gun. You're not going." He swung her to the top of the terrace wall, threw the green stole across her shoulders. "Sit here and listen. That girl is here."

"Here? In this town?"

"Yes."

"Where is she?" Her breathless voice wasn't so good. She must steady it. "Why didn't you bring her to the party? You're not ashamed of her, I hope."

"Ashamed, where did you get that crazy idea? To me she is everything in the world and a bit of heaven." He coughed as if to clear his husky voice. "She's com-