

DECATUR DAILY DEMOCRAT

Published Every Evening
Except Sunday By
THE DECATUR DEMOCRAT CO.
Incorporated

Entered at the Decatur, Ind., Post Office as Second Class Matter
Dick D. Heller, President
A. R. Holthouse, Editor
C. E. Holthouse, Treasurer
J. H. Heller, Vice-President
Subscription Rates
By Mail in Adams and Adjoining Counties: One year, \$6; Six months, \$3.25; 3 months, \$1.75.
By Mail, beyond Adams and Adjoining counties: One year, \$7.00; 6 months, \$3.75; 3 months, \$2.00.
By carrier, 2 cents per week. Single copies, 4 cents.

The Florida tourist will not find weather relief in this part of the country.

One thing this great nation needs, and doesn't seem to have got around to yet, is a better system of rain control.

It's just as dangerous to j-walk across a busy street as to drive too fast through a residential or business district. Let's watch our step.

Pegler and Pearson must have downed a mint julep and called off their battle, convinced that the public might not care which side won.

The dollar that goes out of America to pay for imported goods comes back again to pay for American goods. Why can't the high-tariff advocates see that this is the way trade works?

Commenting on Gerhart Eisler's leaving the United States, a newspaper editorial reads, "There is no such thing as an American Communist. There are only Russian Communists. We do not want them and Stalin is welcome to them."

The state routes through the city are being remarked and zoned with broad white stripes, plainly visible to pedestrian and motorists. Parking and walking within these designated zones will prevent accidents and assist in the easy flow of traffic through town.

Farmers have replanted much of the corn, due to the damage from the downpour two weeks long in cultivating the fields and long incultivating the fields and putting out the crops, hopeful that favorable weather will reward their efforts.

Monday and Tuesday will be school election days. The township trustees will appoint a county superintendent of schools and the city council will elect a member of the Decatur school board.

Arthritis Victim Can Be Helped

By Herman N. Bundesen, M. D.
ALTHOUGH we have no "sure cure" for arthritis, and will not have until research reveals the true cause and nature of this disease which today cripples so many Americans, we do have many helpful treatments.

I wish to emphasize this because so many people believe that once you have arthritis, it can only go from bad to worse. This is definitely not true. Experience has proved that with proper treatment early in the disease many patients can be greatly benefited and the progress of their disorder checked.

Today, we are finding that X-ray treatments over the inflamed joints can be used to relieve pain in many forms of arthritis. It may be used in osteoarthritis, in which there is an overgrowth of the bone tissue, in rheumatoid arthritis, which is the ordinary type causing deformity, and in gout, as well as in bursitis.

In the last named disorder, there is inflammation of a bursa, which is a sac containing fluid and is located over a joint. X-ray has been found quite dramatic in relieving the intense pain which usually occurs in bursitis. Usually, three or four X-ray treatments are enough to relieve the pain and make it possible for the patient to move the joint more freely.

It has been found that any form of heat treatment makes the skin more sensitive to X-ray. Hence, such treatment should be avoided for at least a week before and a week after X-ray treatments are given. By heat treatments are meant such things as diathermy or electrical treatments which pro-

These are important posts in every community, for our schools are akin to our homes, the training of our children being largely dependent upon the teachers employed in the schools.

A burglar leaving a warehouse building was knocked out by a bottle of whisky dropped on him from an upper window by a watchman who had discovered the intruder. This may be the first instance of liquor leading to a man's downfall without being removed from the bottle.

Decatur's new golf course will make it possible to have inter-city games, a fine stroke in building good-will and understanding. If men engage in play, they can't be enemies and soon will learn that the other fellow from the next town is much like himself. . . a human being concerned with making a living and caring for his home and family.

You'll enjoy a visit to Camp Quinn in Hanna-Nuttman park where the Boy Scouts are holding their Camporee. The Scouts are on their annual outing and it will do your heart good to see these manly young chaps operate their "tent city" and engage in scout activities. We hope the weatherman turns his storms the other way, a frequent experience of the boys being a "drowning out" before camp adjourns.

Old Virginia:

This is a big year for Williamsburg, Va., and an important anniversary in the early history of our country. Just 250 years ago Williamsburg, known heretofore as the Middle Plantation, became the capital of Virginia in place of Jamestown, the first settlement.

Jamestown had been almost completely destroyed by fire in 1676, and for the next 20 years efforts were made to transfer the capital, efforts which finally succeeded in 1699. A strong argument was that Jamestown, situated directly on the James River, was unhealthy. The original reason for its choice, that it commanded the river against a possible Spanish invasion, no longer prevailed.

Williamsburg, restored through the philanthropy of John D. Rockefeller, is a fascinating reproduction of an eighteenth century colonial town. But to many the bare site and the few ruins of Jamestown, the first permanent settlement on American soil, will always have a romantic appeal surpassing even that of Williamsburg.

duce heat deep in the tissues; hot air, light, and hot tubs. Osteoarthritis of the spine causes a great deal of pain in the back. It is reported that considerable relief from the pain of this disorder may be obtained by X-ray treatments of the lower back muscles. It is thought that the X-ray treatments improve the circulation and help to relieve muscle spasm.

There is a type of arthritis affecting the hip, known as degenerative arthritis. The pain in this disorder also seems to be relieved to some extent by X-ray treatments, probably due to the lessening of muscle spasm. However, the X-ray treatments do not seem to check the progress of this type of arthritis.

There is an inflammation of the spine known as spondylitis, also called Marie Strumpell's disease after the physicians who first described it. This disorder begins with pains or aching in the lower back and progresses to the point where permanent stiffness of the spine occurs, usually in from one to five years. Some physicians believe that X-ray treatments are helpful in this condition. It is thought that such treatments relieve muscle spasm and pain. The relief of muscle spasm may increase the possible movements of the spine to some slight extent.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
T. S.: My fingers are rough, dry and cracked. What causes this?
Answer: The condition which you describe is probably due to an allergy or atopic dermatitis; that is, you are sensitive to something with which your hands come in contact.

KNEE DEEP IN JUNE



Household Scrapbook

By ROBERTA LEE

Carved Furniture
If the furniture has intricate carvings clean it by using a round bristle paint brush which has been dipped in furniture polish and allowed to dry. Use rags to wipe the brush clean after each using.

Dish Holder
Do not use a damp or wet cloth or holder in removing a hot dish from the oven or stove. A dry one prevents the heat from penetrating and scorching the fingers.

Stained Casserole
If the casserole is badly stained

put a handful of borax into it, fill with hot water, and put into the oven for a short time. The browned particles will soon loosen.

Modern Etiquette

By ROBERTA LEE

Q. If after inviting guests to dinner you find that you must leave town on urgent business, what should you do?

A. Telephone each guest, explain, apologize, and mention a definite future date.

Q. When a person staying at a hotel has a complaint to make,

whom should he see?

A. The clerk at the desk; he should never take the liberty of complaining to any other employee.

Q. When a man is calling at a girl's home, and is leaving, should the girl get his hat and coat for him?

A. No; if there is no servant to do this, the girl should let him wait on himself.

20 YEARS AGO TODAY

June 4 — Stanley Canfield and Pat Elder, arrested at Fort Wayne, confess to robbing the Hobbs, Ind., bank.

James W. Lawson, 70, died at his home on Johns street this morning.

Decatur banks receive samples of the new and smaller currency bills which are to be used starting July 1.

The St. Louis Cards take the lead in the National league.

A. B. Hall buys 11 lots in the Hanna addition, Decatur, and will build a number of houses for sale.

Dr. Burt Mangold reelected president of the Decatur school board.

'Cooks' Corner

BY MARY R. SMITH

The Best Part of the Cake
What catches your eye when you look at a cake illustration in a cook book or magazine? The icing, of course one can't help but notice the rich looking icing, swirled on the layers to add a festive note.

Because we all like to make our cakes as good looking as any illustration, here are my three "pretty as a picture" icings for cakes that taste as good as they'll look. For an all chocolate cake or but-

ter cake, I like a chocolate frosting:

Creamy Chocolate Icing
1 egg, unbeaten
2 cups confectioners' sugar.
1/4 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup butter or margarine.
2 squares unsweetened chocolate, melted.

Combine ingredients. Beat with a spoon or by electric mixer until combination is creamed thoroughly. Recipe makes enough icing for 2 9-inch layers.

Butterscotch icing for spice cakes is my preference. Here's the icing recipe I use:

Penuche Nut Frosting
2 cups brown sugar, firmly packed.
1/2 cup milk.
1/2 cup vegetable shortening
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla.
1 cup chopped nuts.

Place first 4 ingredients in a sauce pan. Bring slowly to a rolling boil, stirring constantly. Boil 1 minute. Remove from stove and beat until lukewarm. Add vanilla; beat until thick enough to spread. If icing becomes a little too thick, add a small amount of cream. Add chopped nuts; spread icing on cakes. Recipe makes enough icing for 2 9-inch layers.

A versatile icing that goes on any cake is a boiled icing. Here's the recipe I have found most satisfactory:

Boiled Frosting
1 1/2 cups sugar
1/2 cup water
2 egg whites
1 teaspoon vanilla

Cook sugar and water together, stirring until sugar is dissolved. Boil without stirring to 238 F. (or until the syrup forms a soft ball when tested in cold water). Pour over stiffly beaten egg whites and beat constantly until mixture holds its shape. When frosting is cool add vanilla. Recipe makes enough icing for 2 9-inch layers.

Court News

Court Actions

A complaint to foreclose a mechanics lien was filed by Curtis F. Hill against Dale D. Moses, et al. D. Burdette Custer is attorney for the plaintiff.

In Kuhn Packing company vs. Steury Abattoir, Inc., complaint on account, the defendant was ruled to answer.

In the divorce action of Goldie

Roop vs. Orval Roop, a motion to make more specific was filed.

Marriage Licenses

Charles E. Lawless, Fort Wayne, and Donna Eana Monholler, Fort Wayne.

Merlin Habegger, Berne, and Alice Schug, Berne.

Dale Beer, Monroa, and Betty Lichtenberger, route 5.

Vocal Clinic To Be Held At Berne

Berne, June 4 — Walter Allen Stults, head of the voice department of Northwestern University at Evanston, Ill., will be in Berne over the week-end to conduct a vocal clinic. He will audition several young people personally. They are Lena Nussbaum, Edith Moeschberger, Virginia Habegger, Bill Barrett, Mary Ellen Nussbaum, Waneta Neuenschwander, Phyllis Ashleman, Waneta Nussbaum, DeWayne Felber, Mrs. Jack Purves and Freeman Burkhalter.

Trade in a Good Town — Decatur

Knights Of Columbus To Elect Officers

The election of officers of the Knights of Columbus will place Monday evening at the C. hall. The meeting will vene at 8:30 o'clock.

Walter Nielsen To Graduate At Valpo

Walter Nielsen, son of Nielsen, Decatur, is one of Valparaiso University graduates who will receive their diplomas Sunday.

Maj. Gen. Luther Miller,ington, D. C., who is chaplain, will be speaking at the 75th commencement exercises which will be held on the front of the university gymnasium.

Nielsen will graduate from college of arts and sciences has been secretary of his unit, the Alpha Epsilon.

Trade in a Good Town — Decatur

REGISTER NOW

for the

INDIANA STATE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR CONVENTION

to be held in Berne

JUNE 16 - 17 - 18 - 19

Register NOW for \$1.00 and save 25 cents. Registrations after June 6th will be \$1.25.

Make registrations at the Adams County Christian Endeavor Convention Sunday or contact Rev. E. E. Isenhower of Decatur for your registration.

And Have Not Love

By MARGARET NICHOLS

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

LIBBY'S voice was beyond control. "I don't need you!" she asked her daughter.

"No," Jane said. "There's nothing here for me to do—nothing here for me to be—and with Daddy there are so many things. I like the boys. I like the way she lives. I like her. I like having a real home. Oh, Daddy!"

"You've been that unhappy, Jane?" Libby said.

"Yes... Yes... I've been unhappy because I've been nothing, because you wouldn't let me be anything. I want to live the way other girls live, the way Helen and Daddy live. Oh, please try to understand! I'm not like you. I don't want to be different. I hate this apartment. I'm ashamed of it. And Daddy says he'll take me to another eye man and maybe I won't have to wear glasses all the time. You don't want me to grow up, but you can't stop me. You've lived just as you wanted to live, but you expect me to live the way you want me to live, and I won't do it. I'm not you. I'm myself. You can't think for me. I want to think for myself. You can't shelter me or spare me from anything. This is my life and I've... I've often wished I had never been born! Why did you... why did you let me be born?"

Libby looked as if she had been struck several hard blows across the face. Her face was red, blotched.

"You don't really like people," Jane said. "I do. You don't really like them because you don't trust them. I do. It's just like I told Daddy—that everything you do and the clothes you wear are like... like publicity for yourself!"

Libby blushed. The red spots upon her face deepened. She seemed to be shrinking in size momentarily so that she looked quite tiny and defenseless. And now the black satin pajamas looked ridiculous, and out of harmony with the scene. Even the apartment looked as artificial as a movie set.

Dick said, "Jane, Jane, you can say too much, really."

"I've got to, Daddy. I've got to. I'm only telling the truth. Why should you learn the rules if you're not supposed to apply them? Christian rules and commandments. Laws are no good if you don't live by them, are they? I'm only telling the truth! I'm not afraid of the truth about myself. I know it. I'm not pretty, and I'm not popular, and boys can't stand me. I'm a social flop. I dance like a horse. And with glasses I'm going to look like one! You... you can't do anything about yourself unless you're willing to know yourself even if it hurts!"

ment. The veins of her hand stood out blue and strained and hideous. She said, "You may go. I'll send your things."

The next instant Jane was penitent and sorry. The tears rolled unchecked down her face and beside her mouth.

"Oh, Mother, will you ever forgive me?"

Libby's eyes were as lightless as unlit lanterns. With supreme effort she said, "I do. That isn't hard. But it will be very hard for me to forgive myself. I doubt if I ever can."

Jane turned her ravaged little face to Dick. He put his arm around her and led her away.

Beatrice's stricken eyes followed them. When she looked at Libby again, she had slumped down beside the table.

"Libby."

Then she saw the feeble motion of Libby's hands, a gesture that told her that Libby wanted her to leave.

And as she closed the door she heard it—the sound of desperate grief, the sound of tears.

It was unthinkable to go home. She went out and sat in her car sick with her own helplessness, her own sense of guilt and responsibility. We blame lots of things on the times in which we live, she thought. Our confusion, our uncertainty, our tragic lack of leadership. But we are the times, each and every one of us. We condone divorce and broken homes, and make it so easy that the divorce rate has spiraled to alarming proportions. In our distorted minds we make war a time of prosperity, and peace a time of depression. We are all to blame. The shame, the defeat rest heavily upon all of us. We don't need a bigger national income. We need a bigger national character. Not more atom bombs, but more national cohesion and integrity, humility and sacrifice for the common weal. We need to rearm morally.

As she finally drove down her own street, she saw Marianne in a cluster of children stop to wave at her and blow her a kiss. We must build a healthy core in our children, she thought. Teach them to adjust themselves to certain undeniable truths. I'm so tired. My thoughts are spinning. I saw Libby dissolving into that black heap beside the table. And now I must take a bath and dress and put on my mask for Porter, for Marianne, for Frances. Where am I going? And where have I seen Bonnie Watson before? Porter brought her here to be his secretary. It was not an accident. It was all part of a plan. He's with her now. He's with her every day. He's with her far more than he's with me. And people are beginning to talk—that feather-brained woman at the party the other night—I don't know what to do, but whatever I do must be right. I can't make any mistakes. The line is so fine between safety and peril, between all those small delights we knew, Porter, and a lost, dead hope.

She went in the front door. The house was lovely. Frances had made a fire. My house, Beatrice thought. My lovely house. She went over and stood before the

fire, and took out the combs that held up her hair. The sensation of her hair loose was good—I'm not going to wear it up anymore, she thought. I'm not sophisticated. I don't want to be sophisticated. I don't want to be one of the best dressed women in town. I don't want to be perfect. I want to be me. A fighting optimist, Libby called me. I am a woman in love with her husband, terrified of losing him, and I am attracted to another man, and I have just witnessed the most appalling of human dramas—and there but for the grace of God—what does it all mean and where does it end?

She eased her feet out of her shoes and stood in her stocking feet. That, too, felt surprisingly good. She had never done such a thing before.

"Why, Bee?"

It was Porter. She had not heard him come in. Indeed, she had no reason to expect him at this time of the afternoon. And now he was standing there highly amused at the way she looked with her hair hanging down and in her stocking feet. He was chuckling. She looked at him as if he were a ghost, and then she felt a current of energy pass through her.

"Oh!" she said.

His eyes were searching her face—half-serious, half-amused. But most of what he was thinking and feeling was inscrutable. It seemed to her then that he had never seemed so handsome. Did he sense it? They looked at each other curiously not as though only a few feet separated them, but rather as though if one moved forward he or she would plunge to unimaginable depths below.

Beatrice thought, I want to press my body against yours, Porter, and feel your livingness. But I cannot even come to you. I'd fall into whatever there is that is between us.

She said, "I guess I do look pretty funny."

"No," he said. "You look cute. Though I suspect how you hate that word applied to you."

Beatrice touched her hair. "You mean you..."

He nodded. "Yes, I like it better down. I don't know why you ever put it up."

"I didn't know, Porter."

"No, I suppose not. It really doesn't matter, does it? Just for a moment!"... He turned his wrist and looked at his watch. "I've got to step on it. Not much time." He looked at her. "I'm going to Chicago tonight. Mr. Ramsey is picking me up in a couple of minutes to give me a last minute briefing before train time."

"You'll need some things."

"Just a few."

"When are you coming back?"

"That's hard to say. I won't be back until I get what the old man wants. In a week or so, I should say." As he turned away, he picked up an envelope from the table. "Didn't you see this? A letter from your mother. No mistake about that handwriting. It's from Cecily all right."

"I'll read it later."

He went upstairs two steps at a time.

(To Be Continued)

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

BEATRICE bent down and picked up her shoes and walked over the rug. It's only the rug, she thought. Why didn't I go to him and put my arms around him and tell him how much I want him? Why didn't I tell him all these things in my heart? How much I need him.

Her image in the mirror struck her curiously. It was a rare thing for her ever to glance into a mirror unless she was dressing. She stopped and looked at herself seeing, strangely, a girl who had stood before a smeared mirror in a hotel room in Atlantic City and brushed her flowing hair. And to the image of a decade ago she said silently, And I, the present, tell you that I have lost more than I have gained. I'm not half the woman you were. But I kept my promise. I became a successful wife. I became so successful a wife, a hostess, a bridge player, a mother, a daughter-in-law, a club-woman that—have I forgotten to be a woman?

And I have been so self-righteous, so sure that it was all Porter's fault! A perfect wife. That's what Libby called me the day I met David the first time, and I winced! That's what everybody calls me. Has the woman been sacrificed for the perfect wife? I've partitioned myself into so many people. Have I lost myself? Have I lost what made Porter love me and want me?

She was stunned by the impact of her own questions as she went upstairs and went to the closet, took a piece of luggage and began to pack the things she knew from long experience that he would need for approximately ten days. She had done the same thing so many times that she was scarcely conscious of doing it. Her fingers moved slowly, expertly.

And then Porter came out of the bathroom and changed into another suit and shirt and tie. He stopped and looked at her curiously.

"No one in the world can pack a bag as well as you, Bee, or anticipate just what a man needs away from home to save him a lot of bother."

The words stung sharply. Ah, yes, I have learned how to do everything so well—I tried so hard because in the beginning I didn't know how to do anything. And I succeeded so well, too well, in all the things that really don't matter too much, and failed in the one essential thing—to hold your love and your desire.

She said as calmly as she could, "Porter, why didn't you let me know that Bonnie was a stranger here? I'd have helped her."

His dark eyes quickened perceptibly. "There are some people who don't want to be sponsored, Bee. They don't want to be the guest of honor. They want to find their own way. I know what you're thinking. We were eager enough to be sponsored by the Ramseys."

"Do you think it was a mistake?"

Though she looked at him frankly, his face was closed to her.

"That's a post-mortem, isn't it?" he asked. "It's done now and we're in it up to our ears." His eyes surveyed the lovely, rose-colored room, Beatrice's soft chaise longue, the silver brushes on his chest of drawers, the bottles of French perfume on her dressing table, the outrageously expensive bedspreads. With his face still closed to her he said, "All this and the Ramseys, too. You look shot, Bee. What happened today?"

She closed the bag and snapped the lock. Then she sat on his bed, and cried at last.

"I know," she said. "I never cry. But why shouldn't I? I've hated women who bid for sympathy through their tears. All my mother ever had to do was to let a single tear fall, and she got what she wanted."

And after she had told him with great difficulty in speaking, she said, "A lot of people will say that Libby had it coming to her. Maybe she had. But to see her, to see anyone wither like that. She was falling all the time Jane was saying those ghastly things to her. I left her on the floor and alone. You can't see something like that without thinking that it could be you and your child, Marianne and I."

His quick sympathy surprised her. "That was tough. But she knows you'll stand by her. She has a lot of friends."

Beatrice shook her head. Her own face was blotched and shiny now, and her lipstick was gone. She looked quite plain.

"Libby had a lot of friends," she said unconsciously of herself, "while she used her energy and her money to be seen and to entertain them. But from now on Libby will be the forgotten woman. I saw her crack and break today." She sat up and dried her swollen eyes. "I'm sorry. I know you want to be going."

"You don't look like yourself, Bee. Your daughter won't know her own mother when she comes in." When the telephone rang, he picked it up. "Hello. Yes. Sure, Bonnie. Read it to me. Okay. Are you sure you're all right? And remember I made the arrangements with Joe Weaver to pick you up in the morning and take you home. Fine. Good-bye, Bon."

When Beatrice arose he said, "Bonnie had a telegram to read to me. She wanted to say good-bye." He went to her and kissed her cheek. It was not a kiss at all. It was a habit. "See you," he said. He picked up the bag and left the room.

It was not until Marianne was in bed that night that she took Cecily's letter, and was surprised to find that it had been postmarked in New York and not in Palm Beach where Cecily customarily spent the month of January.

Beatrice read the large, sprawling, childlike handwriting:

Darling,

I didn't go to Palm Beach after all and the reason for my change of mind I shall tell you

when I see you. That's why writing, for you know how abomin