

**DECATUR DAILY DEMOCRAT**  
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The country would not be surprised to get an announcement from romantically-inclined Vice-President Barkley.

Rain nor crowded highways didn't keep Hoosiers away from the state fair. Last Sunday, the turnstiles admitted 88,000 persons, an all-time record. The fair is measuring up as one of the biggest attractions ever staged in Indiana.

The Labor Day highway death toll exceeds 310, despite all the precautions and warnings given by safety agencies. However, it may not be excessive in view of the number of cars on the highways. Officials estimated that more than 39 million cars roamed the country over the triple holiday.

Americans have the right of free assembly, but this man Robeson seems to be going out of his way to cause trouble. He proclaims to be a Communist and then wants the United States to protect him by law, which according to his doctrine he would overthrow. We doubt if he is entitled to much sympathy.

The children are not unhappy that the schools have reopened. They are interested in school activities and the thought of owning a clean, and brightly printed new book, holds enchantment for them. They smiled as they went about the assignment of acquiring books and supplies, eager for the adventure that school days have in store for them.

It is believed that professional burglars robbed Stewart's Bakery the other night. No doubt the hoodlums cased the place and had an idea about business activities around the bakery. Would it be an impossible job to keep a check on characters who wander around in a suspicious manner, intent on burglarizing our places of business when police are on opposite beats?

The Cleveland air races probably are as necessary as the Indianapolis Auto races, but more of a hazard lurks within the former.

### A Nursery Epidemic May Threaten Baby

By Herman N. Bursden, M.D.  
EPIDEMIC diarrhea is a very serious thing for the newborn baby. Every effort should be made to prevent its outbreak in infant nurseries and there is much that can be done in this way, even though the cause of the disease has not yet been determined.

Should preventive measures fail—and they often do where health authorities are not alert—treatment must be prompt and thorough. A recent study of a large number of cases indicates the line it should take.

When first seen, most of the infants studied were suffering from a great loss of water from the body. Fluids were given by injecting a solution of glucose in salt solution into a vein. In addition, a solution of a preparation known as sodium lactate was also administered, half being injected into a vein and half under the skin. The babies were also given injections of the fluid part of the blood, or even whole blood in some instances.

While this treatment was being carried out, the babies were not given any food or fluids by mouth for a period of 12 to 72 hours. Then, feeding by mouth was started, beginning with the glucose in salt solution, and giving small amounts at frequent intervals.

If such feedings did not make the diarrhea worse or produce vomiting the babies were fed a rice gruel which was cooked for a

mer, than compared with drivers going around the oval track at the speedway. Bill Odum, ace of around-the-world fliers, who was competing in the air classic lost control of his plane and crashed in a Cleveland suburban home, killing a young mother and her baby. Odum was killed, a tragedy in itself. The lure of money drives men to attempt these hazardous exploits and bring danger to others. Maybe there is some other way to test airplane speed?

The palace of the Queen of Sheba may have been found by Wendell Phillips, an American archaeologist who has been digging in Southern Arabia. He accomplished quite a feat merely in being allowed to operate, for the Arabs are highly suspicious of foreigners, especially when they are not Mohammedans. The Imam or Sultan of Yemen, where Phillips has been exploring, has for years barred all Europeans or Americans, lest they should be the forerunners of conquest. Bible students and others interested in the period will eagerly wait for further details of the Phillips' find.

Will the new regime of the Communists in China speed the liberation of women of that nation from the traditional Oriental secondary role, subject to the unquestioned rule of the male members of the household? The equality of women in Soviet Russia, if used as a pattern for Communist China, would not be a great improvement. The Chinese woman has always had an abundance of equality of labor with men. Her greatest needs are for more educational opportunity and more modern housekeeping, needs which Communism is singularly unable to meet.

Secretary of Defense Louis Johnson, who is rapidly acquiring a reputation as an economist, has suggested that a group of senators planning to fly around the world use commercial transportation instead of a military plane. Some of the senators are a little miffed about the suggestion. If the Army furnishes a plane, said Johnson, it would cost about \$25,000. It probably would cost that much on commercial planes and the government would pay the bill anyway, so what is the difference? The difference is that if commercial craft were used the senators would have to show the \$25,000 item in the appropriation for their trip, whereas if the Army transported them the item would be buried in the fifteen billion dollar defense appropriation. In short, Johnson suggests that Congress pick up the check.

### "HOW FAR" YON LITTLE SCANDAL" THROWS ITS BEAM"



### Household Scrapbook

By ROBERTA LEE

#### Fish

It is wise to check the following point when buying a whole fish: Is its flesh firm and elastic, skin moist, its gills brightly colored, its eyes bulged out? Another point is that fresh fish usually sinks in water.

#### Flowers

When the cut flowers wilt, cut the stems and plunge them for a few minutes into hot water. Trim the stems a little each day and

slit them to enable the flower to absorb more water.

#### Ironing

Stand on a thick rug while ironing and it will do a great deal towards easing the feet, and will lessen fatigue.

### Modern Etiquette

By ROBERTA LEE

Q. Should an unmarried woman always include the prefix "Miss" on her calling cards, and when signing a business letter?  
A. Yes; it is considered a social

error if she doesn't.

Q. Should a wedding invitation be mailed to the bridegroom's parents?

A. Most certainly; they are as much entitled to this courtesy as any other guest.

Q. Should the fingers or a fork be used for eating olives?  
A. The fingers.

### Justice Of Peace Is Sought For Geneva

A citizens committee, headed by Mrs. Ruth Riggins, has requested the county commissioners to appoint a justice of the peace for Geneva.

The commissioners did not act on the petition on the grounds that Ellis Heeter is a justice of the peace in Geneva and that the law did not provide for the appointment of two officials in one town. It was stated that the request came as an outgrowth of the fracas that occurred in Geneva several weeks ago. The petition was signed by 18 persons, in addition to Mrs. Riggins.

### 20 YEARS AGO TODAY

Sept. 7.—C. O. Porter's Packard car is badly damaged when struck by a truck driven by H. W. Hillgras of Huntersville. The accident occurred 10 miles north of Decatur. No one was injured.

Harold Scherer purchases the Chevrolet agency in Decatur.

An antique automobile parade will be added feature in the street fair program.

More than 120 people were killed in a typhoon at Manila. The Notre Dame football team has 11 games scheduled, all away from home.

The American Legion drum corps gives first public parade.

## THE VALLEY OF VANISHING RIDERS

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by NORMAN A. FOX

#### SYNOPSIS

Chip Halliday, singing Sam McAllister and Chip break from Deer Lodge prison and dash for the law sanctuary known as "Parson Valley," a grim colony presided over by diabolical Seta Alessandro and boss Clark Rayburn. To escape a prison, the fugitives separate, heading in various directions. Wounded, Chip is hidden in the school house by teacher Hope Brennan who insists he take her into the Valley with him. In a blackmail plot, Kincaide presents his significant card of Seta's card at Alessandro's bank demanding money, but his scheme fails and he and Sam are arrested. Aware that the fugitives know the secret of his dark past, Alessandro decrees that these men shall die and orders his ranch boss, Jack Ivins, to stir up a mob to lynch them. In love with Ivins and begs him to carry her off, but Ivins fears to oppose his cat-crool boss. Halliday and Hope learn of the lynch plot and set out to rescue their pals. Chip outsmarts the jailer, tells him, freeing Sam and Kincaide just as a liquor-maddened mob rides up to the prison demanding their quarry.

#### CHAPTER TWELVE

IT WAS Chip's thought that Tumblerock's sheriff had made no real effort at defending his prisoners, and he pigeon-holed that fact for future reference. Now he was only concerned with what was coming next, for the men were streaming back into the cell corridor, milling before the door of the only occupied cell while keys were tried until the right one was found. Then they were into the cell and striving to lay violent hands upon the two prisoners.

Chip was one of those who pressed inside. In this threatening darkness, men were shapeless, bulking smears of motion, but he made out Ute Kincaide who was struggling wildly and bellowing all the while, his voice frantic, his mouthings meaningless. But out of Kincaide's cries, Chip caught the name of Seta Alessandro, and he wondered about that. Sam McAllister had put his back to a corner and was making a silent, hard slugging defense, but as the oldest came lunging forward to put poundage behind a blow, Chip tripped him neatly and pounced upon him.

He got Singin's Sam's arms twisted behind the man, and he hauled Sam to a stand and held him pinioned in this fashion. Others were also struggling to get a hold on Sam, but Chip said fiercely, "I've got him, and I can handle him!" He propelled Sam toward the cell door and out into the corridor which was now crammed with men. Chip shouted, "Make room! I've got to get outside with this feller!" Sam was still struggling wildly, and Chip whispered through the muffled bandanna, "It's me—Chip."

Sam didn't make the mistake of ceasing to struggle. He still writhed in Chip's grasp, but there was no real effort in his attempt to break free, and Chip knew that Sam had understood. Behind Chip, others were hauling Ute Kincaide toward the outer door, and thus they burst once again into the night, forcing their way to the center of the street where a score of men milled around them.

This much Chip had succeeded in doing; he had joined the mob and gotten his hands on Singin' Sam, but it came to him now that nothing had really been gained; for the two of them were surrounded and those ropes were being held aloft again, and somebody shouted, "The big cotton-wood down by the Eureka Saloon! That'll make a good handtree!" That cry must have given Ute

Kincaide the strength of desperation. One instant he was struggling in the grip of two or three men; the next instant he had broken free and was running, striking out wildly to left and right and clearing a lane for himself. And instantly every man of the mob was turning to run after him. They went howling at his heels, but Kincaide had broken through the fringe of the mob and was clattering down the boardwalk, but, comparatively free, he was in greater danger than before. For now there was room for shooting, and a dozen guns spoke at once; and Kincaide seemed to leap into the air and half turn around, and then he went sprawling in a grotesque heap, his eyes to the sky, his arms flung wide.

Thus had Ute Kincaide died, and the sight sickened the very soul of Chip Halliday. He had had no love for Kincaide, and certainly it hadn't been part of his plan to take the convict over Deer Lodge's wall with him. He knew that Kincaide had had blood on his hands many times in the past, and he'd been hard put to restrain Kincaide from spilling more blood in the days since the three had made their escape. But even Ute Kincaide had deserved a death with dignity and a fighting chance to stave off that death. A mob's cruelty hadn't granted him these things.

But while such thoughts were crowding through Chip's mind, he and Singin' Sam were darting for the shadows that banked between two buildings on the far side of the street. For Chip had seen his chance and seized it. While every eye had been upon Ute Kincaide, every gun aimed Kincaide's way, Chip and Sam had been unnoticed for a moment, and that moment had put them out of sight.

Shortly they'd be discovered though, shortly the whole fury of the mob would be directed against them, and Chip's impulse was to run as fast as his legs would carry him. He put down that impulse with an effort, slowing to a walk instead and keeping a hold on Sam's arm to restrain him in like fashion. Boots hitting hard against the packed earth would have given the mob a clue to their whereabouts.

Beyond these buildings was an alleyway, and Chip eased into it. He hadn't taken a dozen steps before a figure loomed ahead of him. He tilted his gun then; he'd seen Ute Kincaide die and he was determined not to die in like fashion, but Hope's voice reached him saying, "It's me!"

The breath went out of him in a gusty sigh of relief, and as the girl came closer he sensed her own breathlessness and the desperate urgency that gripped her. "I saw you join the mob," she said. "I've tried to keep an eye on you ever since. Come now; we must hurry."

"The horses!" Chip gasped. "Can you get the horses for us?" "Too risky," she countered. "If there's a brain among those mobsters, the first thing they'll do is throw a ring around the town. But I know the place to hide."

Chip was content to let her lead the way. She knew this town; he didn't. Already voices were being

raised in a shout on the street beyond, already boots were beating in a dozen different directions as the mob fanned wide to make its search. Hope, her fingers on Chip's wrist, paused before the rear of a big building whose odor identified it as a livery stable. "In here—quick!" she whispered.

Finding the back door unlocked, they eased inside, pausing in the deeper darkness to listen intently for any warning sound. Horses stomped nervously in stalls, the big front door was open, but the hostler had obviously gone out into the street to see the excitement. Hope guided them toward the ladder leading to the loft, and when they'd made the ascent they found the big second-story door at the street end of the building swung open. Crawling forward, they cowered beneath the protruding beam that was used for hauling baled hay to the loft—the beam with its dangling rope that made a grim reminder of the fate that awaited them if they were caught. Here they looked down upon the teeming street.

Men had started building a large bonfire in the center of the street, hauling packing boxes and empty barrels from the nearby saloons to feed the flames. Whether some wild, meaningless impulse or a desire for light by which to make a more thorough search had prompted them to do this, Chip didn't know. But he watched the lurid light wash up the sides of the false fronts, saw the dark, restless silhouettes of men limned before the fire; and into the circle of light came riding a lithe, handsomely-garbed man upon a beautiful black horse that instantly chained Chip's attention.

"Seton Alessandro!" Hope whispered.

Sitting his saddle with studied grace, Alessandro hoisted his hand for silence and commanded it so quickly as to impress Chip. The man cried, "Hear me, boys! I've just been told what happened to night. I can't condone mob action, but since you've managed to let one of the prisoners escape, I'm not happy over the prospect of a lawless man being loose in our midst, either. I'm offering one thousand dollars reward for the return of that man—dead or alive!"

Singin' Sam, silent until now, sucked in his breath. "A thousand bucks!" he ejaculated. "And there ain't an insurance company in these United States that would risk over five hundred iron men on my old carcass!"

Alessandro wheeled his mount out of the firelight with an almost theatrical show of horsemanship and was gone. Hope said, "We'd better dig into the hay pile. They'll be coming this town fine now. A thousand dollars!"

Chip knew that she was right, and the three of them went burrowing into the hay, Chip lingering behind a moment to fork hay over the others before he himself made an effort at concealment. And thus they lay, listening to the myriad sounds of Tumblerock, hearing boots slog along the boardwalks below, hearing more shouts and curses and futile questions as men called one to another.

(To Be Continued)

### Court News

#### Report Filed

Final report in the estate of Mary M. Hurst was submitted to the court, showing all claims to have been paid amounting to \$1,741, leaving a balance of \$588.46, to be shared by 12 heirs. Notice ordered issued by the court, returnable October 1.

#### Orders Publication

The court ordered publication of notice of final settlement, returnable October 1, of the estate of Lydia Bodie. This notice had not been published earlier as ordered.

#### Inventory Filed

Inventory No. 1 in the estate of Henry Costello was filed with the court, submitted, examined and approved. Administrator of the estate, John Doan, filed verified petition to have title of automobile transferred to widow, Luisa Costello.

#### Petition Filed

Petition filed by Richard Gerber, guardian of Kenneth Worden, to expend certain sums, not to exceed \$726, in the interest of the ward for household furniture. Submitted and approved by the court.

Petition by Marguerite Rash, for allowance for clothing and school books, not to exceed \$75, for the daughter, Evelyn, of her ward, Joseph Ward. Submitted and sustained.

Petition to the court by the administrator, Robert E. Gay, of the estate of Lena Gay, for authority to purchase a monument for the deceased was filed and sustained. Sum authorized not to exceed \$85.

#### Schedules Entered

Schedule to determine the inheritance tax of the heirs of the W. S. Smith estate was filed with the court. Total assets amount to \$9,869.53, deductions, \$1,551. Three heirs claim exemptions from taxation on \$2,000; taxable for \$72.84. Referred to county assessor by the court.

Schedule to determine inheritance tax of the heirs of the Fred J. Hoffman estate filed with the court. Valuation of the estate was listed as, real estate: \$2,940; personal property, \$5,452.21; chattel property, \$411. Deductions for expenses were \$1,674.73. Lena Hoffman, Irma Miland and Velma Nyffeler claim exemptions. Referred to county assessor.

Schedule for tax exemption filed by five heirs of the Dawson Suman estate, ordered returnable by the court by September 29.

Schedule for tax exemption determination filed with the court without reference to the county assessor, by ten heirs of the Adam Beinz estate. Ordered returnable by the court by September 29.

#### Final Report Filed

Final guardianship report for the heirs of William Kintz and Anthony Lengerich were filed with the court. Final report of ward, Norbert Lengerich, filed, examined and approved by the court. Sureties on bond of \$1,200 released, guardian, Bernadine Lengerich, released and discharged, guardianship of Norbert Lengerich closed.

#### Current Report Filed

Current report by the guardian, Emerson D. Wass, filed in court for three minor wards, Glennis,

Floyd and Roger Hart. Report examined and approved.  
Receipt of Francis John and Esther Rose Geels filed with the court. Final report as to Francis and Esther submitted by the guardian, John Geels, Sr., examined and approved by the court. Current report as to Marcella Geels submitted, examined and approved. Trust continued as to Marcella and closed as to Francis and Esther Geels.

#### Proof Filed

Proof of publication of notice of appointment of the estate of Martha Biberstein filed with the court. Proof of publication of final notice filed; certificate of clearance filed; final report submitted, examined and approved. Administrator released and discharged; sureties on bond released; estate closed.

Proof of publication of notice of appointment of the estate of William Heeter filed with the court. Proof of publication of final notice filed; certificate of clearance filed; final report submitted, examined and approved. Co-administrators, William and John Heeter, released and discharged; sureties on bond released; estate closed.

#### Makes Appearance

Vernon Dwyer, state inheritance tax administrator, appeared and filed approval of appraiser's fees by state board of tax commissioners, a fee of not more than \$128 for the services of Albert Harlow, duly appointed tax appraiser of Adams county, for the estate of Jacob Barger.

### Reports Robbery At Mt. Pleasant Church

Chauncey Scheets reported to city police and the sheriff's office that sometime between August 28 and September 4 the Mt. Pleasant church, route 2, had been broken into and from \$12 to \$15 was stolen from the money bank.

### Embargo On Freight In Face Of Strike

#### St. Louis Plants Are Hit By Embargo

St. Louis, Sept. 7.—(UP)—hundred St. Louis plants and southwest towns were cut off from transportation today as the Missouri Pacific Railroad declared a threatened strike.

The communities and industries rely on the sprawling railroad for the necessities of life and commerce.

About 5,000 operating employees are expected to walk off their jobs Friday at 2 p. m., throwing 25,000 workers of the road into chaos.

Involved in the dispute with company were the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, Order of Railroad Conductors and Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen.

They protested 252 claims growing out of differences in operating rules which they involve \$3,000,000.

A passenger, mail, baggage express embargo was scheduled early Friday, about 12 hours before the strike deadline.

A management spokesman that no walkout was expected the Missouri Pacific's subsidiaries, the Gulf Coast Lines and International-Great Northern, though there will be no service.

Paul J. Neff, chief operating officer of the line, said the company has agreed to arbitrate the dispute. The unions refused, saying that national railroad adjustment was five years behind in its work and that a settlement would be reached for years.

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