

DECATUR DAILY DEMOCRAT

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By Carrier, 20 cents per week. Single copies, 4 cents.How did you get along with
your dialing?Our best wishes are extended
to the management and employees
of Citizens Telephone Company as
they start a new page in utility
service, with the switch-over to
the dial system.This month not only brings an
abundance of nature's colors, but a
heavier levy in federal taxes.
Pay envelopes will feel the "take"
as the new defense taxes are applied
throughout the country.
Even though taxes are high, Uncle
Sam does give us something to
live for and by, and no American
would want to change places with
any other national.A clever and entertaining pro-
gram was staged by Central Soya
Company employees in the pres-
entation of their Fall Fun Fair. A
midway, resembling the best ever
seen at a street fair was a big at-
traction, along with the Pet
Parade by the youngsters and the
water battles between the visiting
firemen. It was a big reunion for
everybody and the hope is extended
that the Fun Fair will be re-
peated next fall at McMillen park.To the young women who have
been, or are still employed at the
Citizens Telephone Company, this
newspaper extends a word of
thanks for their kind services.
The operators, or "Central" as
they are called always very ef-
ficiently served this newspaper.
The telephone is widely used in a
newspaper office and at all times,
whether in the transaction of rou-
tine calls, or in rush periods on
election night and exciting basket-
ball tourneys, the operators al-
ways served us courteously and
quickly. We appreciate our tele-
phone service, for without it, it
would be most difficult to gather
the news and publish a news-
paper. Thanks to all and to all,
good luck.

Newspaper Week:

As weeks go, this is National
Newspaper Week, a time designated
by the Fourth Estate to call public attention to the
commercial and civic services rendered
by newspapers and to reiterate
that freedom of the press belongs
to the people.The first duty of a newspaper
is to gather and print the news.
For that particular service, indi-
viduals subscribe for the paper.
The columns of the newspaper

If Blood Clot Forms in Leg

By Herman N. Bundesen, M.D.

FORMATION of a clot in the veins of the feet or legs is always associated with the possibility of pulmonary embolism. This serious and frequently fatal condition results when a bit of the clot breaks off from its original location and travels through the blood stream to lodge in one of the tiny arteries of the lungs.

Ordinarily, the victim will have no previous warning that such an attack is imminent, but is suddenly stricken with severe pain under the breast bone and extreme shortness of breath. However, later investigation will usually reveal that a certain amount of strain preceded the attack and it is supposed that some such activity produces the dislodgment of the clot.

Other symptoms vary according to the size of the embolus or clot, the patient's general condition, and particularly the condition of the lungs. In general, they are much like those which occur during an attack of acute coronary thrombosis when a blood clot blocks one of the arteries which supply the heart with blood. In both instances, the patient turns ashen gray, the heart beat is rapid and weak, and the blood pressure is low. There is profuse sweating and the temperature often is below normal.

Not all cases, however, are so severe. In the milder cases, the patient may only squat up some-
what.

DECATUR DAILY DEMOCRAT, DECATUR, INDIANA



—Reprinted from Washington Daily News.

Household Scrapbook
By ROBERTA LEE

Curtains

To change the color of white curtains to ecru, boil one tablespoon of black tea in one quart of water, and use as much of the clear tea as necessary for the desired tint. Or, dip them in coffee; the stronger the coffee the darker the curtain.

Potato Poultice

Potatoes are often as effective as linseed for a poultice. Boil the potatoes in a bag, and when soft, mash in the bag and apply as hot as can be borne.

Slippery Hangers

Wind rubber bands around the ends of all the slippery dress hangers, and this will prevent the annoyance of dresses slipping off onto the floor.

Modern Etiquette
By ROBERTA LEE

Q. Don't you think it rude for a man to take a girl to a dance, and then dance with other girls for

four or five consecutive dances?
A. This is extremely ill-mannered. A man, when escorting a girl to a dance, assumes full responsibility for her and should never dance with another girl unless he knows that his companion has a partner for that dance.

Q. Which is the proper expression: "The boy was named for his father," or, "The boy was named after his father"?

A. The preferred form is, "The boy was named for his father."

Q. Is it necessary for a bereaved person to return calls of condolence?

A. No; this is not required nor expected.

20 YEARS AGO
TODAY

Oct. 2 — The Philadelphia Athletics cop the second game of the series from St. Louis 6 to 1, making it two straight. They go to St. Louis for the next three games. First game A's 5, Cards 2.

J. B. Corson, nearly 83, has cut seven acres of corn for a total of 233 shocks.

Isaac L. Babcock, 74, died at

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SHADOW on the RANGE

= NORMAN A. FOX =

His lips thin. But he said nothing. He took the child's temperature, and then he said, "Bring me a basin of cold water."

He fell to sponging the child; he worked at this an hour and more, forgetting time, forgetting everything but the need of his patient. From time to time he took the child's temperature again; her delirious babbling grew less. Ives turned to the mother. "I want you to watch how I do this. I want you to be able to sponge her when I'm not around. It may have to be done often this week."

Marybelle said, "It's back down the river."

They mounted and headed southward in silence; when Jensen's place was a piece behind them, Marybelle said, "You look worried. Is it bad?"

"I don't know yet," he said. They came to Beamin's place within the hour; here, too, was another tar-papered shack, another scattering of out-buildings, and it might have been Jensen's scrawny chickens that scratched in the yard. Beamin kept pigs; he was chopping wood; he put down his ax when the pair rode up, and he came forward slowly, another gaunt, harassed man. He said,

"You'd be the doctor," and he looked at Marybelle as if to find some confirmation from her that Ives' presence was professional.

Ives glanced at the parents. "Tell me about it."

Jensen moved his weight from one foot to the other, still frowning. Mrs. Jensen said, "He started getting headaches a few days ago. He just didn't have no gumption at all. He doesn't want to eat, and he doesn't sleep at night. He just tosses and turns."

Ives placed his case upon a chair and opened it. He took the boy's temperature and began a careful examination. He placed his hand on the boy's abdomen in the appendicular region; he found a slight distension there. He said, "Tummy hurt!" and the boy nodded. Ives looked for rose spots on the abdomen, but there were none. He turned to the parents. "There are other children sick in this same manner?"

"Half a dozen," Jensen said. He had a deep, rumbling voice. "Beamin's is the worst, from what I've heard about it."

Ives snapped his case shut and picked it from the chair. "Don't go near him any more than you have to," he said. "I'll drop in again. Probably tomorrow."

Jensen said, "Ain't you going to do nothing? Ain't you going to give him medicine? What kind of doctor are you?"

He looked at the parents. "How long has this been going on?"

"Two, three weeks," the woman said.

Beamin said, "When she kept getting worse, I went to town. Mr. Stoll gave me medicine." He took a bottle down from a shelf. "Here it is."

Ives pulled the cork and smelled the bottle's contents and walked to the door and dung the bottle as far out into the yard as he could. When he turned, anger had drawn

home in Fort Wayne. He formerly lived in Kirkland township.

Samuel Jackson, Fort Wayne lawyer, will speak to the men's class of the First Presbyterian church here Sunday morning.

Bob Vogleweide of Chicago is enjoying a visit with his parents here.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Hoeker leave for a week's visit with their son, Thetus and family in Austin, Minn.

Court News

Schedule Filed

Inheritance tax schedule filed for the Laurella Hoffman estate, the report revealing that the estate is valued at \$3,236 with \$28,93 in taxes due from Amos Hoffman and Ida Horther.

Petition Filed

Ivan Barkley, administrator for the Elva Mae Barkley estate, filed petition for an agreed amended order determining the inheritance tax, the petition finding that there is an additional tax of \$3,46 due.

A petition through attorney Ferdinand Litterer was filed by Lafayette Swygart, who had been appointed by the court as administrator of the Leah Swygart estate for the purpose of defending a cause of action in the Adams circuit court, seeks release from duties. The petition states that the civil action was dismissed in the Wells circuit court where it had been venued.

To Distribute

Jerome Dilts, executor of the Jerome Dilts estate, ordered to make proper distribution—to Robert Fox and Anna Sauer—and file report of same.

Authorization

The court authorized Wallace Liniger, administrator of the Frank Liniger estate, to settle claim that estate had against Rice and company, an action resulting from an accident. The court advises that upon payment of \$1,000 the executor release the claim.

Consequently, three claims

against Rice and company, one by Wallace Liniger, as administrator, another by Mable Liniger and the third by Chloe Liniger Parrish were dismissed with prejudice following a motion for such action.

Dismissed

The divorce action, Anaple Lehman vs. Myron Lehman was also dismissed, upon motion of the plaintiff.

Marriage Licenses

Earl Bowen and Velma Sills, both of Akron, O.

Clarence Sebesta and Florence Hoffmann, both of Glenview, Ill.

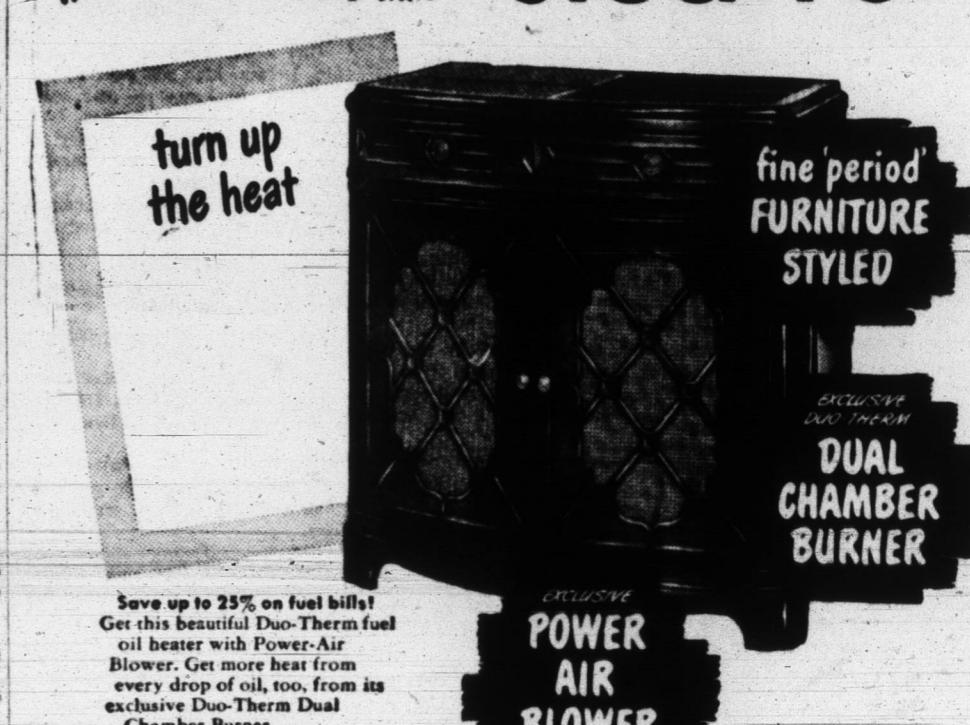
Recompense injury with justice, and unkindness with kindness.

Confucius.



THE FIRST ALL-NEW models to enter the low-priced car field in nearly a quarter-century are the Henry J and Henry J DeLuxe, the 1951 sedans now being introduced by Kaiser-Frazer Corporation dealers. Smartly styled and available with four- or six-cylinder Kaiser Supersonic engines, the new models promise exceptional fuel economy of 30 miles to the gallon. Design features include a folding rear seat arrangement which provides more than 50 cubic feet of luggage space. The six-cylinder deluxe model is illustrated.

It's HOUSEWARMING time at STUCKY'S



Sensational Value Duo-Therm FUEL OIL HEPPLEWHITE CIRCULATING HEATER STUCKY & Co.

OPEN EVENINGS EXCEPT WED.

MONROE, IND.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR

AND NOW there was nothing to do but ride. Ives had met calamity once today; he had met it again, and he was beyond thinking. They headed southward; Marybelle found her way through the maze of fences, and they said nothing to each other on that ride.

Marybelle's face was a dead woman's face. The day was about ended; the shadows marched down from the hills, and the river reflected the setting sun and ran bloody. Ives looked upon the river and shuddered.

They came to Lund's place to find the yard teeming; wagons were here, and men and women and children. More than one messenger had carried the news; Ives decided to have caused so many to assemble so soon. Ives and Marybelle stepped from their horses in this milling crowd, and the people opened a lane for them, giving their sympathy to Marybelle by their silence; and through this lane the two moved to the shack. Elisha Lund was here; they had laid him out, as was the custom; they had placed boards upon sawhorses in the largest room, moving the table with its silver-clasped Bible aside, and Lund lay upon these boards, a blanket thrown over him, his head rigid.

The anger was still in Ives, a futile anger, a wanting to strike at something but having no tangible opponent. But from the one anger came another, and he crossed to Stoll and reached down and closed his fingers over Stoll's left wrist. Ives said, "I just came from Beamin's place. I saw the medicine you sold him. In the name of sanity, man, why don't you find out what's wrong with a patient before you start mixing a prescription?"

He remembered the parents. He said, "I'll be back again tomorrow. Now many more of them are there, I wonder."

He picked up his case and came out into the yard. He saw Marybelle waiting for him; he had forgotten about Marybelle; he had forgotten about the farm boy who'd come back. The boy was gone.

Marybelle pulled herself slowly into her saddle. She said, "I've got to go home now. Dad's dead."

The land uplifted and Ives picked it from his own saddle. He was thinking that there'd been too much of everything lately. He was thinking that he'd finally got numb, but not too numb to understand this. "Hammer?" he asked and knew what the answer would be.

The horse brought the wagon home," he said in an empty voice. "He was in it. Shot dead. That's all I know."

"You should have gone on home," he said.

"I thought you'd want to know. I knew you had your hands full in there. I told Beamin not to tell you."

"God help us!" he said. And he had his saddle.

(To Be Continued)

a man on foot. One of Hammer's crew likely; there may have been more of them. It might have been the colonel himself. Tana seems to have gone on by horseback from there—on her own horse.

Ives said angrily, "Are these tools going to jump at that—a few tracks in the dirt?" And a fear was in him, a fear for Tana.

Stoll shrugged. "That's not for me to say." He gestured toward the laid-out body. "He's dead. That's enough."

The anger was still in Ives, a futile anger, a wanting to strike at something but having no tangible opponent.

He imitated her support. And, looking at her, she suddenly stood alone. She had ceased her weeping; he judged that she would never weep again. She was there beside her father, and grief had torn her face apart, and she was a stranger to Brian Ives now—no, she was more alien than that; she was an enemy.

She said coldly, passionately, "Cory's right. I was a fool not to have seen it before."

Ives looked at Marybelle, and in his look was an entreaty; he implored her support. And, looking at her, she suddenly stood alone.

She had ceased her weeping; he judged that she would never weep again. She was there beside her father, and grief had torn her face apart, and she was a stranger to Brian Ives now—no, she was more alien than that; she was an enemy.

Cory glared at Ives. "And you want to foot around trying to put a man in jail! We've wasted too much time. We should have hit day's ago when our chance was better."

Ives had the reckless feeling of a gambler down to his last chip, and he flung this chip out, not caring whether it brought him anything. He said, "You start leading your men toward Hammer, Cory, and I take the stage out tonight."

"Take it," Cory said.

"You don't understand, Cory. I'm the only doctor on this range. When I go, you're left with this fat foot who's hands out any kind of medicine. You need me, but you're not going to have me if you start your war. That's a promise."

Cory said, "Then we'll get along without you."

"You can't," Ives said. "You have a typhoid fever epidemic on your hands."

Cory looked at him unbelievingly. This news was a blow to Cory; it left him stricken; it left him furious. And then the last chip lay.

(To Be Continued)