

DECATUR DAILY DEMOCRAT

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Have you purchased your tickets for the three nights of the Berne pageant, August 19th, 21st and 23rd? They are going fast and we assure you it will be a worth while event.

Reports show an increase of cattle through the midwest 20% higher than a year ago which ought to soon bring about cheaper steaks for those who get hungry about the time frost appears on the pumpkins.

Go to church tomorrow and give earnest prayers that the wars throughout the world may soon cease, that future wars may be averted that the people everywhere may have the opportunities to live in peace and happiness.

Don't complain too much about the summer weather. It will be over before you know it. Do you realize its only six weeks until school and court activity resumes and that about that time the candidates will be calling you to help them save the nation?

Those Korean dock workers at Pusan who struck demanding higher pay than the four cents per day they are receiving seem to be within their rights. We don't understand how they can live on that and we can't understand how we have the nerve to expect them to.

Only a few more days until the Free Adams county Fair opens and we know you are going to enjoy it if you take advantage of your opportunity. Visit it as many times as you can and enjoy the midway, the exhibits, the free acts and the meeting of many people you have wanted to see for a long time. Lets make it the annual reunion.

Our city today is without its problems—of finding adequate parking space of building enough schools to house the increased enrollment, of enlarging the sewer system, of contending with pollution of water and of finding the money to carry out all these necessary improvements. But such problems are pale by comparison with that of historic Venice in Italy which is in danger of being swallowed up by the sea from which it was born. The Mayor of Venice has directed an urgent appeal to the Italian Parliament for aid to combat the erosion which is chopping away the island foundations of Venice. Unless his appeal meets with a generous response, the beauty of Venice may indeed become a vanishing dream.

It is right that prayer should precede each meeting. The presence of clergymen of every faith on the platform during the invocations is proof that Americans realize that all who look for divine guidance, whatever their creed or denomination, are seeking the same source of wisdom.

Cancer and the Menopause

By HERMAN N. BUNDESEN, M.D.

No disease gives rise to as many misconceptions and fears as cancer. Many times, these fears are needless and over-exaggerated.

A great number of women, especially, have a tendency to become overly conscious and fearful of cancer. On the other hand, many women are not as aware as they should be of the symptoms that may or may not be cancer.

Warning Symptoms

One of the most frequent types of cancer in women is cancer of the womb. There are many symptoms that may warn of this.

One of the commonest symptoms during the menopause, or change of life, is heavy, prolonged bleeding between periods. Some women believe this is not especially important and will correct itself.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

M.K.: I had my appendix out a few months ago. My mother feels it's wrong that the doctor should have made me walk the day after my operation. Is this true?

Answer: Modern surgeons believe that in most uncomplicated cases, healing is promoted and certain complications prevented if a patient moves around early following an operation.

Careful Examination

Any woman with abnormal bleeding at the menopause should have a careful examination by

20 Years Ago
TODAY

July 19 — Congress adjourned Saturday night. President Hoover signs the relief bill.

The Indiana house of the legislature favors suspension of road building for eight years.

The Harry Staley filling station on North Second street, Decatur suffers a \$4,600 fire.

Snedecker's Decatur baseball team defeated Winona, 3 to 2, in ten innings, and Kendallville, 4 to 2, over the weekend.

Miss Margaret Haley and Orville Rhodes were married at Portland July 15, it is announced today.

Mr. and Mrs. Janies Beatty, of Indianapolis, are visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Elizabeth Morrison.

Household Scrapbook
BY ROBERTA LEE

Kitchen Table

To bleach a discolored wooden kitchen table, scrub well with a solution made of one teaspoon oxalic acid to one cup of hot water. Apply with a brush and void getting it on the hands.

Ironing

Garments should be ironed until they are thoroughly dry; otherwise, they will look unsightly at one wearing.

Brownstone Steps

Brownstone steps can be cleaned by rubbing with a weak solution of muriatic acid applied with a stiff brush.

Modern Etiquette
BY ROBERTA LEE

Q. Is it proper for a divorcee, marrying a man who has never previously married, to wear a bridal dress and veil?

A. This is out of the question on any but a maiden bride. The divorcee may, however, properly wear an all-white dress and hat, and she may have one attendant

to defeat the party last time, announce their intention of doing so again, and say they are not members. No one would expect the convention to seat Republicans or Prohibitionists.

Convention Prayers:

At the conventions of both major political parties it is customary to begin each session with prayer. Clergymen alternate in asking God's blessing in the important tasks they are to perform. The rest of the session may turn into frivolous nonsense when it should consider business seriously and soberly. But at least during the period of prayer there is silence and meditation.

Cynics may say that clergymen of various denominations and creeds are selected so that no group of voters will be offended. We would rather believe that the leaders of the political parties realize the need for prayer and want all of the faiths which play such important roles in American living to have a part in the religious ceremonies.

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SPANISH RANGE by LEE WELLS

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CHAPTER ONE

IT WAS the last stage of the long journey, and the most crowded. There were four passengers, besides Blaise, Randall and his partner in the stagecoach, each of them sitting stiff and aloof from his neighbor. Blaise sat next to the window, facing the rear. His long legs cramped back against the seat in his care not to annoy the girl opposite him.

The man beside her cast sidelong glances, but she studiously kept her face toward the window, slender shoulders prim, hands folded over a large purse. The man leaned forward, clearing his throat, forcing her attention. He was portly, with a round, flushed face and watery, saucy eyes. He smiled and touched his pearl-gray derby.

"I hope I ain't disturbing you, ma'am."

She looked coldly at him then turned back to the window, speaking over her shoulder in a clear, musical voice. "Not at all."

"Glad to know it, ma'am." He sank back. He caught Blaise's level gaze and his eyebrows arched as his lips made a silent whistle. Blaise simply looked and the man flushed, eyes closing.

The coach sped on, paralleling the range of mountains that extended westward from Los Angeles to the sea, the low, rounded hills growing steadily higher. Hal King nudged Blaise, jerking him from his thoughts.

"Pretty country. Is your place like this?"

Blaise smiled, a slow move of the lips as though an unaccustomed action. It lighted his somber, deep-set eyes and strangely softened the angular cheeks and jawbones. For a moment something of the past looked through.

"Almost, only the mountains are closer all around." He nodded toward the window. "But it's all pretty this time of year, right after the spring rains. I'm glad they let . . . I come down right now."

Hal nodded. The stage rolled on, the six passengers silent, each in a world of his own. The girl kept her face to the window but she could see the tall young man from the corner of her eyes.

Suddenly his eyes swerved to her, alarmed and suspicious. She looked away shocked. She had seen the same expression in the eyes of animals that had suddenly been trapped. Now she knew that there was something wrong about his skin. It should have been a deep tan for he was obviously a man of the outdoors. But it wasn't . . . it was too white.

The man beside her inched closer.

"My name's Scarne, Joseph Johnson Scarne, selling the finest line of hardware south of the Techas. Ain't nothing!"

"I'm really not interested," she said.

Scarne sank back, eyes round. He chuckled, shrugged and looked at the others.

"Nice day," he said to Blaise.

"You ain't new to these parts, I take it?"

"No . . . not new."

Scarne nodded, pleased with himself. "I can always tell. You been to Los Angeles, maybe buying supplies or selling beef. You're going back?"

"Where I've been or where I'm going," Blaise said in an even, emotionless voice, "is no business of yours."

Scarne blinks, lost his smile. Then his brashness returned and he nudged the girl. She jumped, startled, and Scarne laughed.

"How he's—"

"She ain't interested, mister," Blaise said. "Why don't you settle down, or go to sleep?"

A deep laugh flowed upward from Scarne's collar. Silence settled on the coach. The girl gave Blaise a swift smile in silent thanks. Then she turned to the window again.

Now Blaise noticed her. She was tall, slender. She had smoky-blue eyes, and the hair beneath the pert hat and veil was a dull, coppery color. The planes of her face were strong and yet the structure seemed delicately molded.

She wore a striped, tailored coat, a small gold watch pinned to one shoulder. A heavy brooch relieved the severe white of her waist and lace collar. "As little as Blaise know about such things, he saw that her clothing was expensive. He sensed wealth and assurance.

Scarne had lit a cigar and the strong blue smoke whipped past the girl and out the window. Scarne's full lips worked at the cigar and the smoke grew thicker. The girl coughed.

The station itself was a low, squat frame building with a sagging roof. Just before it stood a hitchrack along which stood eight saddled horses, heads drooping in the warm sun. The other passengers had left the stage and walked to the building.

Hal followed Blaise. They stepped inside the large building.

The bar was lined with men, riders with the dust of a long trail on them. Blaise glanced toward the tables, rejected the thought of food, and turned to the bar. Hal followed him. They took their places, two of the riders giving them surly looks as they made room.

Blaise ordered drinks from a bartender who moved as though pricked him at every step. Blaise nursed his drink, became more aware of the man around him. They looked hard, something reckless in each tanned, dark face. Hal leaned closer.

"You will be very still, señora. There will be no harm, I think."

A gun blasted outside and instantly the shotgun roared a deep, throaty cough that slapped against the walls. More gunshots came in quick succession. Hal's eyes widened.

"A holdup!"

His hands rested close to a bottle. He grabbed it, and hurled it at the man at the door in a single, flowing motion. At the same time, he threw himself away from the bar. The guard half turned, saw the bottle hurtling toward him and ducked. His gun hand twisted and the Colt thundered in the room, the bullet digging splinters from the wall beyond the bar.

Blaise slipped to a half crouch and his hand dropped to his Colt. The weapon snapped up, fell back in his palm and bucked as he pulled the trigger. The slug cut a long splinter from the doorframe and made the bandit jerk away.

Hal threw himself in a flying tackle, coming in low and fast. His shoulder struck the man in the stomach as his arms wrapped around him. They hit the wall with a shaking thud and the bandit's gun flew from his hand.

"Well now, you'd at least take a reward, wouldn't you?"

Blaise grinned. "Might."

"Then where'll they find you?"

"Right now, I say Calabasas. But it might be a thousand miles away . . . or boothill."

"You go right well with the sunshine and the flowers," the driver grunted.

As they approached Calabasas, climbing over the chalk hills, Blaise straightened, showing more interest.

"Good country," he said half aloud.

The driver turned, giving him a long, surprised look. "Since when, mister?"

"Always was."

"Have you seen a cow since we dropped into the Valley? There ain't been cattle to speak of for I don't know how long . . . more'n the five years I've been on the run."

"Three bullets," he said in quiet anger. "Any one would've killed him. Bob never had a chance."

Blaise nodded, face set. "They paid for it and you've got two left to hang."

(To Be Continued)



Court News

Files Appearance

Charles R. Williams vs. Harold Steffen of Steffen Motor Sales, complaint for damages; John Devoe files appearance for defendant.

Named Attorney

Freeman J. Urick vs Robert D. Urick, Ethel Urick and the Prudential Insurance Co. of America. Severin Schrager named as defense attorney.

Marriage Licenses

La Verne Unkefer, 37, Paris, O., and Thelma L. Chambers, 35, Mervana, O.

Richard Miller, 47, and Margaret Haines, 42, both of Dayton, O.



Variety Farmers

The Variety Farmers 4-H club held their local meeting July 15 at the home of Allen Miller. The meeting was called to order and roll call answered by "my favorite hobby." The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

Allan Miller gave a demonstration on good grooming of a hog. Refreshments were served to 25 members and their leader.

The date of the next meeting was changed from July 29 to July 25.

Jolly Juniors

The members of the Preble Jolly Juniors 4-H club met July 10 at the Magley recreation center. The meeting began with the pledges to the American and 4-H flags. The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved, and roll call was unanswered.

Old and new business was discussed and a demonstration was given on canning by Dorothy Selking. Refreshments were served by Joyce Kirchner and Marilyn Reinck.

The next meeting will be July 24 at one thirty o'clock at the Magley recreation center.

Scientists estimate a single drop of water contains approximately 2,000,000,000,000,000,000 molecules.

SYNOPSIS

After years of absence, Blaise Randall is returning by stage coach to his California ranch. His pal, Hal King, accompanies him. A man of wedded bliss along with his old sweet heart, Melanie. When a coarse fellow passenger tries to press his attentions on the young lady riding in the coach with them, Hal and Blaise spring to her defense.

CHAPTER TWO

THE STAGE driver finished eating and came to the bar for a drink. Blaise caught the quick signal that passed from man to man. The riders hastily downed their drinks and walked outside, swaying closer.

The road lifted as the hills pressed closer