

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, BUSINESS CARDS, AND NOTICES

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Cabbage and tomato plants. Other plants later. Henry Haugk 204 South 10th St. phone 677.

FOR SALE—Illini soy beans. Can be certified, 40c per bu. One yearling male hog, belt type. Reuben Gerber, 6 miles south and 7 miles west of Decatur. 5 miles east of Bluffton. 105-31x

FOR SALE—Clark Jewell gas range in good condition. Glen Straub, 1516 W. Monroe St. 105-31x

FOR SALE—Rural New York seed potatoes. South end of High st. Decatur. 105-31x

FOR SALE—Rose plants, 25c or 5 for \$1.00. Talliesman plants 35c or 3 for \$1.00. Decatur Floral Co. phone 100. 96-96cdx

FOR SALE—New 3-piece wicker living room suites, \$30 while they last. Sprague Furniture Co. Monroe street. 106-31x

FOR SALE—Mastodon Everbearing strawberry plants, \$1.00 per hundred. Homer Ginter. One half mile of Peterson. 106-21x

FOR SALE—Soy Beans, Manchito and Dunfield, 98% germination. Heavy yielding, from certified seed. 1850 Stowells Ever green sweet corn 99% germination, later mat. sweet potato and other plants. O. V. Dilling, Craigville phone. 106-21x

FOR SALE—2 good used Fordson tractors; new and used tractor parts. Plow points at a reduction. See the new 15-30 Fordson. Craigville Garage. 85-tu-101

FOR SALE—Oil stoves, \$4.98 to \$42.50. Mattresses, \$4.98 to \$15. 9x12 felt base rugs, \$5.50. Bed room, dining room, living room suits, and kitchen cabinets selling at very low prices. All electric radios, table models, priced \$25. See us before you buy. Sprague Furniture Co., Monroe street. Phone 199. 105-61

FOR SALE—Holstein bull, old enough for service, or will trade for young heifer. Two Queen incubators, 250 and 400 egg size in good condition, priced to sell. Early rose potatoes, suitable for seed, 50 cents a bushel. Ernest Longenberger, Craigville, Ind. 105-21x

WANTED

WANTED—To rent house with barn or double garage. Reasonable. Louis Schroeder, Horgland, Indiana. 106-31x

WANTED—To Clean wall paper, ceilings, window lights, rugs, wash houses, porches. Call 210 Frank Straub. 106-31x

SALESMEN WANTED—Permanent representatives for old established manufacturer. Selling nationally advertised line to business concerns only. Full time not necessary. MERCHANDISE INDUSTRIES, INC., 2001 Home Ave., Dayton, Ohio. 106-31x

WANTED—To trade Holstein bull, large enough for service. What have you to offer? William Kilton. 105-31x

WANTED—Single lady between age of 25 and 35 to assist with housework in good country home. Must be good cook and good housekeeper. Write box 1000 in care of Democrat. 105-31x

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Rooms for light house keeping, first floor, private entrance, porch, nice yard, garden, and garage. Low rental. Inquire 1127 West Monroe Street. Phone 1269. 101-41

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE BY ADMINISTRATOR
The undersigned, John H. Aspy, as administrator of the estate of Josiah L. Aspy, deceased, hereby gives notice that by virtue of an order of the Adams Circuit Court of Adams county, state of Indiana, he will at the hour of 2 P. M. on the 18th day of May 1932, at the east door of the Court House in the city of Decatur, Adams County, Indiana, offer for sale at public sale free of all liens except taxes, the following described real estate situated in Adams county, state of Indiana, to-wit:

Tract No. 1. The east half of the northeast quarter of Section twenty-six (26) in Township twenty-five (25) North of Range fourteen (14) East and four (4) acres, or the width of off of the west side of the northeast quarter of Section twenty-five (25) in Township twenty-five (25) North of Range fourteen (14) East, containing eighty-four (84) acres, more or less.

Said sale will be made subject to the approval of said court for not less than two thirds of the full approved value of said real estate and upon the following terms and conditions: One-third of the purchase money cash in hand, one-third in notes payable to order of said administrator, bearing six per cent interest from date, waiving relief, providing for attorney's fees, and upon confirmation of the sale, secured by mortgage on the real estate sold, or said purchaser may have the privilege of paying all cash at the time of sale.

John H. Aspy, Administrator
Lenhart, Heller and Schaefer, Attys
April 20-27 M-3-10

MARKET REPORTS

DAILY REPORT OF LOCAL AND FOREIGN MARKETS

BERNE MARKET
Corrected May 3
No commission and no yardage.

Hogs, 100-150 pounds	\$3.30
150-220 pounds	\$3.60
220-250 pounds	\$3.40
250-300 pounds	\$3.20
Roughs	\$2.25
Stags	\$1.25
Vealers	\$5.25
Spring lambs	\$5.25

CHICAGO GRAIN CLOSE

	May	July	Sept.	Dec.
Wheat	53 1/2	55 1/2	57 1/2	61 1/2
Wheat	new	55 1/2	57	61 1/2
Corn	27 1/2	31 1/2	33 1/2	33 1/2
Oats	22 1/2	21 1/2	22 1/2	24 1/2

East Buffalo Livestock Market
Hogs, receipts 600, market mostly 10c higher. No heavies. Mediums \$3.85-4.15; lights \$4.25-4.35. Cattle receipts 50; market slow. Vealers \$6-6.50.
Sheep receipts 300, market steady; spring lambs \$7.50 to \$9.00 ewes \$1.25 to \$2.00.

Fort Wayne Livestock Market
Hog market steady; pigs \$3.25-3.50; light lights \$3.50-3.65; lights \$3.65-3.75; mediums \$3.50-3.65; heavies \$3.30-3.50; roughs \$2.75; stags \$1.50; calves \$5.50; lambs \$5.50.

LOCAL GRAIN MARKET

	Corrected May 3
No. 2 New Wheat	45c
30 lbs. White Oats	18c
28 lbs. White Oats	16c
Barley	30c
Rye	30c
Soy Beans	30c
New No. 3 White Corn	31c
New No. 3 Yellow Corn	36c
LOCAL GROCERS EGG MARKET	Eggs, dozen 10c

Lighthouse Didn't Stump Him
Fall River, Mass. (UP)—When officers for taking the census were issued, Patrolman Robert McMillan was a bit abashed to discover that his boat included the light-house in the middle of Fall River harbor. Undaunted, he hired a boat, out of his own pocket, and went out to the light and obtained the necessary data.

BARGAINS—Bargains in Living Rooms, Dining Room Suits, Mattresses and Rugs. Stuckey and Co. Monroe, our Phone number is 44 ct.

Dance Wednesday Sunset.

SHERIFF SALE
In the Adams Circuit Court, State of Indiana, Cause, Number 14255.
Mary S. Steele, Vs. Sephus Melch, Nettle Melch.

By virtue of an order of sale to me Clerk of the Adams Circuit Court in the above entitled cause, I have levied upon and will expose for sale at public AUCTION, at the Court House Door, east entrance, first floor in said County, between the hours of 10 o'clock A. M. and 4 o'clock P. M. on Wednesday the 18th day of May, A. D. 1932, the rents and profits, for a term not exceeding seven years, of the following described real estate, To-wit:

Tract Number four Hundred sixty (460) in Nutman's north Western Addition to the town (now City) of Decatur, Adams County, Indiana; And on failure to realize therefrom the full amount of the judgment, interest thereon and costs, I will at the same time and in the manner aforesaid offer for sale the fee simple of the above described premises, taken as the property of Sephus Melch, and Nettle Melch, at the suit of Mary S. Steele.

Said sale will be made without any relief whatever from valuation or appraisal Laws.
BURL JOHNSON, Sheriff
Adams County, Indiana
Fruichte and Litterer, Attorneys.
April 26-May 2-16

S. E. BLACK

FUNERAL DIRECTOR
Mrs. Black, Lady Attendant
Calls answered promptly day or night.

Office phone 560 Home phone 727 Ambulance Service.

For Better Health See

DR. H. FROHNAPFEL
Licensed

Chiropractor and Naturopath
Phone 314 104 So. 3rd st.

N. A. BIXLER

OPTOMETRIST
Eyes Examined, Glasses Fitted
HOURS:
8:30 to 11:30-12:30 to 5:00
Saturdays, 8:00 p. m.
Telephone 135

LOBENSTEIN & DOAN

FUNERAL DIRECTORS
Calls answered promptly day or night. Ambulance Service.
Office Phone 30.
Residence Phone, Decatur 1941
Residence Phone, Monroe 81
LADY ATTENDANT.

THIMBLE THEATER



BURNING ICE PRODUCED

Cambridge, Mass. (UP)—Ice hot enough to burn one severely has been produced by Prof. P. W. Bridgman, of Harvard University, according to the Industrial Bulletin of Arthur D. Little, Inc., for April.
High pressures are used to produce hot ice. Ice which melts at four degrees below zero is obtained at 30,000 pounds pressure water remains solid at 180 degrees Fahrenheit.

Professor Bridgman's method of producing high pressure is described by him as simple. Here is it: "Take a large thick block of steel bore a hole in it and put liquid in-

to the hole. Then put into the top of the hole a plug which will not leak, and push on the plug. A limit of the high pressure obtainable is set by two things: the leaking of the plug and the yielding of the steel container.

In a few cases, pressure up to 600,000 pounds have been reached. The danger of the process is seen by the fact that it has been found necessary to set some pieces of apparatus behind boiler plate to protect the operators for such extreme pressures are 10 to 20 times those in long range guns.

HUNGRY FISH KEPT ANGLER FAMISHED
SAN LEANDRO, Cal. (UP)—It started as just another fishing trip. It ended as a massacre.

"I caught a whole lot of them and then tried to eat a sandwich, but another one took my bait, and

NOW SHOWING—"THE GIRL HE LEFT BEHIND"



"EMBERS OF LOVE"

By HAZEL LIVINGSTON

SYNOPSIS

Lily Lou Lansing, young and pretty telephone operator, gives up her opportunity for an operatic career to marry wealthy Ken Sargent. Ken's mother wanted him to marry the socially prominent Peggy Sage and threatens to have the marriage annulled. Ken and Lily Lou are stranded, but she assures him she will stick by him regardless of what happens.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

They had an apartment in a building on Filbert street, on Russian Hill. At night they could sit in their window and look out all over the bay, see the lights on the other side . . . pick out Lake Merritt . . . watch the flash of the light on Alcatraz.
Lily Lou knew every nook and corner of her apartment. She had the rented linen and silver by heart. She thought the rooms were beautiful, and certainly they were nicer than any she had lived in before.
"Can we afford it?" she asked, a little frightened.
"Sure, it's much cheaper than the hotel."
They had been staying at the St. Francis. Ken had insisted. He said it would be just for a few days and they might as well start out right. It was thrilling for Lily Lou. The crowded lobbies, the dining rooms with the scurrying waiters, the snowy tables, the people who all seemed rich and well dressed. Their room was nice, too, so large, so luxurious . . . Lily Lou would have been very happy, if she hadn't worried.

She wrote long letters on the hotel stationery . . . to her mother, to Bess, to May . . . to the boys, John and Earl . . . think of it! The youngest Lansing, sitting in her own room in a hotel like that, writing letters headed "Hotel St. Francis" . . . as if it were nothing at all!
But the answers from the family depressed her . . . they were so careful, so restrained. All but Bess.
"I'm sure I hope you'll be happy," Bess wrote, "and don't you mind what anybody says. You've got your own life to live, and you've got just as much right to a home and husband and babies as any of us, so the family can just shut up about that."
"Don't you care what Ken's family says, either. They may think they are the last word, but you can't tell me that any big business man is as good and kind as dad, and as for mother, we wouldn't trade her for any society woman. Don't you let them lord it over you. You're just as good as they are. I only hope that Kentfield is all you think he is. You deserve a real man, Lily Lou, and I only hope he turns out to be one!"

Lily Lou winced at that. She couldn't just make some polite answer. Bess would think she was changed already.
So she wrote, with something like random: "Yes, Ken's family was angry enough. Not very complimentary to me. But Ken broke with them when they tried to separate us."
"Tried to annul our marriage" was what she ought to write, but she couldn't quite do that. Instead, she added another paragraph:
"You don't have to worry about me. It is true that Ken lost his job with his father, but the very day he left his father's office he got a job,

and a better one, at another place."
Putting that into writing made her feel safer, somehow. She hastened out to mail it. That would show Bess the sort of husband she had.

"He really is old for his age," she thought, determinedly, listening to his accounts of the office, at night. He really did seem interested and enthusiastic. She was foolish to worry that it wouldn't last . . .
They had been in the apartment about a week when Ken came home a little late one evening.
"Dad came in to see me," he said guardedly.

Lily Lou pretended to bustle about the tiny kitchen. She stirred up the mashed potatoes, fussed with the biscuits she had heating in the oven. "What did he have to say?" she asked, when Ken just leaned against the kitchen door, watching.
Ken yawned. "Wanted me to do anything, Lily Lou? Oh, he didn't have much to say. He's trying to talk me out of it, of course."
The dish with the mashed potatoes leaped in her hands. "Trying to talk you out of what?"
"Oh, out of marriage, I guess."
He laughed nervously.

Lily Lou was silent.
A little pulse over her eye began to throb. She put her hand over it. Tried to go on eating.

Then Ken came over to her, put his arms around her, loved her. The chops congealed on the plate. The coffee cooled in the cups.

"Lily Lou, nothing in the whole world could make me leave you."
"Or be sorry you married me?"
"No, honey, nothing."
She laid her cheek next to his. "I believe you, Ken."
And afterward she thought, "That puts the responsibility up to me."

They were so happy. So happy that sometimes she was afraid. Afraid it couldn't last, and she couldn't bear it if it didn't.

She took care of the little apartment herself, went out and bought flowers from the vendors on the streets. Came back and arranged them carefully, sorting and choosing with happy care. Red gladioli on the library table in the brass opium bowl, great double-flowered white stock on the highboy in the little square hall, spiky white pinks with threads of purple in the Holland glass bowl on the table between their two silk draped beds in the large rose and walnut bedroom.

May and Raymond came to dinner on Saturday night.
"This is something like," Raymond said, trying out the deepest armchair.

He lit one of Ken's cigars. Since their marriage Ken had taken to smoking cigars. Lily Lou knew, with a queer little lump in her throat, that it was because he thought they made him seem older . . . Queer how much of his boyishness was slipping away from him.
"Some day I'm going to have an electric icebox," May was saying. She loved the little cubes, pored over the recipe book that went with it. "I'd make all kinds of frozen desserts if I had one. I could fix them in the mornings."
Lily Lou showed her everything with proud pleasure. Her new clothes, not many, but nice. The pinks in dressing case with the dark red fittings, that Ken had given her . . .

It was a lovely evening.
After they had gone, Lily Lou realized, with a little shock of pain

I lost the sandwich hauling it in," complained Fisherman Fred Hirschmann. "Then I tried to drink a glass of milk, but the line pulled again and I lost the glass landing him."

The first of the catch, he said, was just "a little one—three feet long. The second was the largest of the lot—four and a half feet long."

And Fisherman Hirschmann returned with a boat load—of 22 sharks and 14 sting rays. He gave them to a poultryman for chicken feed.

BABY IN OHIO

SURVIVES TWO OPERATIONS
ZANESVILLE, O. (UP)—Kenneth Davidson, 11-week-old son of Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Davidson, has recovered after a double operation.
The surgeon, performing the

operation for hernia, found a badly inflamed appendix. It, too, was removed. The baby was dismissed from the hospital within a few hours and recovered at the home of its parents.

Rescuer Arrested Prospector

PORTLAND, Ore. (UP)—Frank C. Jennings, prospector, was snowed in for two months at his quicksilver claim in Jackson County. His rescue party was Cal Wells, deputy United States marshal, who arrested Jennings for alleged counterfeiting and possession of molds.

"Mayor" Protested Recall

PORTLAND, Ore. (UP)—George Opeuk, "mayor" of Happy Hooker town, unemployed men's shanty village here, appeared in court to protest the recall methods of his "citizens." He charged that

two removed him from office by tossing him into the Willamette River.

Pastor Preaches in Overalls

Weatherford, Tex. (UP)—In order that the workmanman with limited means may feel at home in his church, the Rev. Paul Clifton, pastor of the Fundamental Baptist church here, wears overalls while delivering his sermons.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT

OF ESTATE NO. 2760
Notice is hereby given to the creditors, heirs and legatees of Rachel Andrews, deceased, to appear in the Adams Circuit Court held at Decatur Indiana on the 25th day of May, 1932 and show cause, if any why the Final Settlement Accounts with the estate of said deceased should not be approved; and said heirs are notified to then and there make proof of heirship, and receive their distributive shares.
Debrah Andrews, Administrator
Decatur, Indiana May 2, 1932.
Attorney Earl B. Adams.
May 3-10-17

Test Your Knowledge

Can you answer seven of the test questions? Turn to Page Four for the answers.

1. What is a Baracoda?
2. In classical mythology, was the red horse by the Mercury called?
3. What state is represented by the Senate by Pat Harrison?
4. Who was the mother of the Biblical character Samson?
5. What is a rapier?
6. Has Switzerland a Navy?
7. Which city in the U. S. is the furthest south?
8. What two United States cities are blind?
9. In what county is the Alexandria, Va.?
10. What is the distance between home plate and first base?

SYNOPSIS

Lily Lou Lansing, young and pretty telephone operator, gives up her opportunity for an operatic career to marry wealthy Ken Sargent. Ken's mother wanted him to marry the socially prominent Peggy Sage and threatens to have the marriage annulled. Ken and Lily Lou are stranded, but she assures him she will stick by him regardless of what happens. Ken loses his position with his father but secures a better one. The young couple take a small apartment and are ideally happy. Then, one night, Lily Lou awakens to hear Ken sobbing.

CHAPTER TWENTY

She had brought in the morning paper, and laid it at Ken's place. Usually he took a glance at the front page, another at the sports section, then pushed it aside. Today he propped it up in front of him, read while he ate.

There was something husbandly and settled about it. From her place across the table Lily Lou could just see the top of his head. His brown hair, still damp from his shower. She bit her lip, to keep from crying out. Fear and anguish gnawed at her heart. But the paper comforted her. He must feel settled and satisfied if he could eat his breakfast and read that way . . . sort as if the honeymoon were over, maybe, but settling down . . . the loving husband . . .

He looked up suddenly. "You're awfully pensive this morning."
"I thought you were reading."
"He struck the paper aside. "No, I wasn't reading."
"Another cup of coffee?" she asked hastily.

He glanced at his watch. "Sorry, have to be on my way."
She went with him to the door, accepted his rather absent-minded kiss. After he was gone she practiced for an hour or two . . . scales, breathing exercises . . . felt better. What a super-sensitive idiot she was turning out to be! Next thing, if she didn't look out, she'd develop nerves like May, or a weak back, like Bess, and have to take pills . . . She laughed a little at that. Decided to go down town and do a little shopping. She wanted some black dancing cotton, for Ken's socks, and a new lipstick.

At the perfume counter in a drug store on Grand avenue she walked right into Peggy Sage. No time to back out, to hastily look the other way. Peggy saw her, seemed to shrink back, too. Then with a nervous little laugh she held out both hands. "The bride! To think of meeting you here! My dear, I'm so glad to see you. Do have lunch with me, I'm alone, and starving!"

Lily Lou gulped. "I'd just love to, but—"
She never finished the halting excuse. Peggy Sage hooked a small but determined arm through hers. Before she knew just how it happened they were seated at a table in one of the Russian tea rooms, just off the avenue.

"The Russian soup, with the sour cream?" The waitress' pretty Slav face was close to Lily Lou's. She must have asked twice.
"Yes, please," Lily Lou murmured hastily, though she hated sour cream, and didn't even want soup.
The orchestra dinned happily, just back of them. Smoke rose in faint blue spirals from every table. Smartly dressed women, impervious to noise and crowding, knocked elbows with each other. Chatted in low, well-bred tones.

"Ready in a minute, honey," he answered in the same tone.
Lily Lou straightened the strip of embroidered linen on the built-in table of the breakfast nook. Rearranged the sugar and cream pitcher. For a moment she leaned against the wall, the backs of her hands pressed tight against her hot cheeks. She felt that she was chick-

(To Be Continued)
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"There isn't much to tell," said Mary Faith. "We . . . we made up our minds one day and were married the next . . ."

was smiling across the table. "Tell me all about it," she invited.
"You mean about our marriage? There isn't much to tell. We . . . we made up our minds one day and were married the next and . . . that's about all . . ."
"Most romantic thing I ever heard in my life," Peggy exclaimed, piling sweet butter on rye bread, nibbling as she talked. "I mean it was the most exciting thing. Why, I was never so surprised. Not at anything . . . Why don't you try this funny conceit? It's good really . . . And I said to Ken, 'I certainly do wish you luck, boy!' and I do, my dear, and if there's anything I can do . . ."
"That's awfully sweet of you," Lily Lou put in, stiffly.

She made a pretense of eating her salad. She felt awkward, and at a disadvantage. What rotten luck to bump into Peggy Sage, of all people . . . And what a ninny to let herself be dragged off to lunch this way. Peggy just invited her to pump her about things . . . well, she wouldn't find out much. "Are you going somewhere exciting this summer?" she asked, and then settled back, pleased with herself because Peggy fell into the trap and rattled on about Maine, and somebody's camp. Lily Lou almost enjoyed her lunch. She admired the bright dishes, the colorful carvings, the strange Russian frescoes in the room. She studied Peggy's printed silk dress, decided she wasn't so terribly pretty after all . . . her nose was really too large, and her eyes were too sharp . . .

"No, let me!" Peggy's birdlike little hand closed over the check the waitress had left on the table with the dessert.
Lily Lou held her corner of it firmly. She knew it was silly, but she didn't want Peggy to pay for their lunch. She wanted to pay for it, herself. "Please," she begged—
"Let me have it!"

The eagerness must have showed in her face. "Just as you like," Peggy said indifferently.

"Yes—I'm frightfully late, but you tell him I'll just make him take him. You'll tell him I won't you?"
"I'll tell him," Lily Lou promised. She walked home, walked to the empty apartment, stood looking all around her, like a stranger. Peggy Sage in it . . . Ken who have married Peggy. He gave Peggy his confidence . . . She must have had lunch together, perhaps they went riding somewhere.

She put her hands over her burning eyes, and in the dark light that filtered through her fingers she could see Peggy's little face, her fluff of pale hair, dark, bright eyes . . .

Slowly, painfully, she went on it all in her mind. It was nothing really . . . Ken certainly had the right to talk to Peggy Sage if he wanted to. Was she going to one of those jealous, nagging wives? But it was so hard. If he'd only told her first . . . The ache in her eyes came backward. Settled in a hard lump in back of her neck. She hunched in the chair. Thinking, trying to think . . .
(To Be Continued)
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