

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, BUSINESS CARDS, AND NOTICES

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Cabbage and Tomato plants. Sweet Potato plants 50c per 100. Other plants later. Arthur B. Miller, 803 Mercer ave.

FOR SALE—Used 8 piece dining room suite. Priced cheap for quick sale. Sprague Furniture Company, Monroe st., Phone 199.

FOR SALE—Round brooder house capacity 500; factory built. Paul Gould, phone Monroe 34.

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

FOR SALE—Oil stoves, \$4.98 to \$12.50. 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.

WANTED

WANTED TO BUY—From owner 5 or 6 room semimodern house, inside of railroads. Must be reasonably priced. What have you? Address Box M. M. % Democrat Office.

WANTED—Salesladies to sell new line of low priced silk hosiery. House to house. No investment. Easy to sell. Write G. M. Sales, 2917 So. Anthony, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

WANTED—To do wiring and all kinds of electrical repairing. Fred Stauffer, 325 North Ninth street, Phone 1284.

WANTED—Good, clean, big Rags, suitable for cleaning machinery. Will pay 4c lb. Decatur Daily Democrat.

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.

Test Your Knowledge

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

1. What Chinese province was invaded by Japan?
2. In what group of Pacific islands is Tahiti located?
3. What discovery was made by William Konrad Roentgen?
4. What is Goshpin?
5. Who is Albert Ritchie?
6. On what party ticket did Eugene V. Debs run for President?
7. What allowance does the President of the U. S. have for travel?
8. What sort of cat is nicknamed a "Clawhammer"?
9. When did the military governor of Paris commandeer all taxis to get troops to the front?
10. Who wrote "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown"?

Thanks to Voters

I wish to sincerely thank all the voters who assisted me in my campaign for commissioner of the first district. Although defeated, I regard it as a pleasure to have met so many fine people in all parts of the county.

A. FRED THIERME

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE BY ADMINISTRATOR
In the Adams Circuit Court, April Term, 1932.
In the matter of the estate of George W. Everett, deceased. The undersigned, administrator of the estate of George W. Everett, deceased, hereby gives notice that by virtue of an order of the Adams Circuit Court, he will at the hour of 10 A. M. of the 30th day of May at the law office of H. M. DeVoss, at Decatur, Indiana, and from day to day thereafter until sold, offer for sale at private sale, all the interest of said decedent in and to the following described Real Estate, to-wit:

A part of the east half of section (10) ten in township (27) twenty seven north, range (14) fourteen east, and more fully described as follows commencing at a stake in the center of Decatur and Newville road, (27) twenty seven rods and (11) eleven links south twenty seven (27) and thirty (30) feet west of a point where the north line of said quarter section crosses said Decatur, Newville road. Thence west ten (10) rods and fifteen (15) links to the east line of the right-of-way of the Cincinnati, Richmond & Fort Wayne Railroad. Thence north along the line of said right-of-way (12) twelve rods and (9) nine links to a stake thence east thirteen (13) rods to a stake in the center of said Decatur, Newville road thence south twenty seven (27) and thirty (30) feet west along the center of said Decatur, Newville road (13) thirteen rods and three (3) links to the place of beginning containing one (1) acre, more or less.

Said sale will be made subject to the approval of said Court, for not less than the full appraised value of said Real Estate, and upon the following terms and conditions:

At least one-third of the purchase money cash in hand, the balance in equal installments, payable in not to exceed nine (9) and eighteen (18) months, evidenced by notes of the purchaser, bearing 6 per cent interest from date, waiving relief, providing attorney's fees and secured by mortgage on the Real Estate sold, or purchaser may pay all cash.

Witness my hand and seal as Administrator, H. M. DeVoss, Atty. for Adm., Apr. 30 May 7-14.

MARKET REPORTS

DAILY REPORT OF LOCAL AND FOREIGN MARKETS

BERNE MARKET
Corrected May 7
No commission and no yardage.

Hogs, 100-150 pounds \$3.20
150-220 pounds \$3.40
220-250 pounds \$3.30
250-300 pounds \$3.10

Roughs \$2.00.
Stags \$1.25.
Vealers \$5.25.
Spring lambs \$5.50.

East Buffalo Livestock Market.
Hogs on sale, 800; fairly active to packers, steady; good to choice 160-220 lbs., \$4.10; 225-235 lbs. \$4. Cattle receipts 125; fed steers and yearlings 25c lower for week; spots off 50c demand fair; quality rather plain; good offerings \$6.25-7; heifers, \$5.85-6.50; medium steers \$5.50-6.25; few common steers and heifers \$4.50-5.25; fat cows, \$3.25-4; cutter grades, \$1.50-2.50.

Calf receipts, none; vealers closing 50c under last week; supply moderate; demand narrow; good to choice \$5.50-6; early top \$6.50; common and medium \$3.4-5.00. Sheep receipts, none; old crop lambs steady to 15c lower during week; supply light; good to choice short lambs, \$6.25-6.50; common and medium, \$4.50-5.75; few loads woolskins, \$7.75; spring lambs 40-72 lbs., including Kentucky shipments, \$7.9-25; largely \$8.25-9; fat ewes \$1.50-2.25.

CHICAGO GRAIN CLOSE
May July Sept. Dec.
old
Wheat 54 56 59 62
Wheat new 56 59 59
Corn 29 32 34 34
Oats 23 22 22 24

LOCAL GRAIN MARKET
Corrected May 7

No. 2. New Wheat 44c
30 lbs. White Oats 18c
28 lbs. White Oats 17c
Barley 30c
Rye 30c
Soy Beans 30c
New No. 3 White Corn 34c
New No. 3 Yellow Corn 29c
LOCAL GROCERS EGG MARKET
Eggs, dozen 10c

COURT HOUSE

Marriage License
Reinhard Schroeder, Allen county farmer to Ella Reiter, Root township, Adams County.

Real Estate Transfers
L. G. Ellingham et ux in lot 963 Decatur to Oren T. Brunner for \$50.00

Prosecuting attorney, Nathan C. Nelson, issued nolle pro's for three criminal defendants this morning, and the cases were taken off the docket. The cases were dropped because the state lacked sufficient evidence for prosecution.

The cases dismissed were Roy Smith, charged with second degree burglary; Frank Hower, charged with public intoxication, and Edward Diehl, charged with vehicle taking.

The Misses Mary Engle and Luella Reffey, Cash Keller and Charles Kiefer attended the formal Kappa Alpha Phi May dance. Friday night in the Elks Club at Huntington. Music was furnished by the Forest Winters orchestra.

Appointment of Administratrix
No. 2904
Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned has been appointed Administratrix of the estate of Albert F. Chronister late of Adams County deceased. The estate is probably solvent.
Annis Chronister Administratrix
J. W. Temple, Attorney.
April 23, 1932. April 23-30 May 7

YAGER BROTHERS

Funeral Directors
Ambulance Service, day or night
Lady Attendant Phone 105-44
Funeral Home, 110 So. First St.

S. E. BLACK

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

Office phone 500 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, 9:30 p. m.
Telephone 135

THIMBLE THEATER



DEATH CLAIMS FRENCH LEADER; FATALLY SHOT

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE)
heart with camphor oil. The President died without realizing his terrible suffering.

Injections of morphine had been given to save the President from intense pain. He was conscious, physicians said, for only four minutes between the time a bullet sent him tumbling into the arms of his ministers and when death came as he lay in a white iron bed in a small room on the first floor of the Beaujon hospital, a public institution.

His body was taken from the hospital—across the street from the

residence of Solomon Rothschild where the assassination occurred—to the Elysee palace for embalming. Tears streamed down the face of Premier Tardieu and seemed to reflect the sentiment of millions of Frenchmen who through the night had prayed for the recovery of the venerable President. Mme. Doumer left the hospital at 5 a. m., leaning heavily on the arm of her daughter, Mme. Emery.

The cabinet meets this morning to arrange the funeral details, according to state tradition. Also it was considered likely the national assembly would meet Tuesday at Versailles to select Doumer's successor.

The attack was one of the most sensational in the history of French politics. The gentle and popular

NOW SHOWING—"POOR LITTLE RICH BOY"



President, who lost four sons in the World War in defense of France, had gone to the Rothschild mansion to attend a book sale for the benefit of war veterans, the Apres Midi du Livre des Anciens Combattants, the Book Afternoon Benefit for War Veterans.

A fashionable crowd filled the gorgeous salons of the Rothschild home. Leaders of society were there, members of the government who accompanied the President, police officials including Paul Guichard, director of the Paris municipal police.

A stranger had entered the Rothschild home some time before the President arrived. He walked briskly to the entrance of the mansion and was gone inside immediately. The man, Dr. Paul Gorgou-

loff, was obviously nervous, and paced rapidly back and forth.

Soon the President entered, accompanied by his party. Guichard was one step ahead of Doumer. The buzz of conversation was hushed as those in charge of the book sale moved forward, smiling, to greet the President.

Gorgouloff advanced toward Doumer. He drew a revolver and fired a bullet point blank into Doumer's frail body. The impact sent the President whirling.

A second time the assassin fired. The bullet entered the President's head, below the left ear, and penetrated to the base of the cranium.

Doumer's arms moved forward instinctively in one, quick desperate motion. Then he collapsed into the arms of Francois Pietri,

minister of national defense, and away. News of the attack at the Rothschild mansion, outside the mansion, dominated the cooler heads acted quickly and was placed in a limousine, rushed Gorgouloff. Guichard grappled with the assassin as he fled. The assassin surrounded the car. The bullet shattered them. "Kill him, give him to the police official's wrist."

Claude Farrere, president of the League of France, seized some of the Russian army. Farrere was almost shut and his wound slightly in the forearm was discolored from blood.

The chauffeur was forced to take the President to the floor. The crowd, now free from panic but hysterical with rage, closed in and attempted to seize Gorgouloff. He was kicked and beaten before Guichard and his aides dragged him to the arms of Francois Pietri,

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Fort Wayne visited in the day.

Ents Restaurant Sunday Dinner, 50c.

"EMBERS OF LOVE"

By HAZEL LIVINGSTON

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SYNOPSIS

Lily Lou Lansing, young and pretty telephone operator, gives up her opportunity for an operative career to marry wealthy Ken Sargent. Ken's parents had hoped their son would marry the socially prominent Peggy Sage and threaten to have the marriage annulled. The young couple go housekeeping and are ideally happy. Then Ken loses his position and, one night, Lily Lou hears him sobbing. Next day, Ken's father calls on Lily Lou. He stuns her with the news that her marriage has been annulled, and gives her \$500 and a railroad ticket to New York. Feeling that Ken no longer cares, Lily Lou leaves. She arrives in New York, takes a furnished room, and searches for work.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

The days sped by.
"Beg pardon, dearie," the landlady said, "but I always get my rent in advance. I knew it just slipped your mind, so I thought I'd speak of it. . . did I do right to speak of it? You wasn't expecting to move, dearie?"

Lily Lou was surprised. . . she had not realized. . . time goes so fast.
She paid the rent for another month. You must have a place to live, even if you haven't enough to eat. . . nobody's really hungry when it's so hot. . . Perhaps there were cheaper places to live, but she hated to think of them. This was bad enough, so dark and musty, with its damp, soap-smelling linoleum covered halls, and the huge, cold looking bathroom that reeked of lysol.

"I pride myself on keeping a clean house," the landlady told Lily Lou when she moved in. "I can see you like things nice, dear. Well, I can promise you I'm always at it."

Lily Lou had not known that cleanliness could be so dismal. The linoleum that Mrs. Grampas sluiced down every day with strong suds was always faintly sticky underfoot. There was always the smell of damp, and dust, and laundry soap. Half the time there were no curtains at the windows. Mrs. Grampas, skirts pinned back to show sagging cotton hose, and the late Mr. Grampas' slippers, were perspiring over the laundry tubs. And when the curtains went up again they were as gray as when they came down.

Lily Lou began a humorous letter to Bess about it. She wrote a page about poor Mrs. Grampas and her "dearie" and "darling" and all the other endearments which dripped like honey from her tight, pale lips. Her "Don't mind my hair, dearie, I was just going to sneak over to the avenue for a finger wave, but I thought I'd just clean up the house good first. I do like a clean house, even if some don't appreciate it!" She smiled to herself as she wrote about the landlady's futile struggle with dirt and the sticky heat of summer and her fallen arches.

But it did not sound funny when she read it over. It sounded sad. Poor Mrs. Grampas. She was young once. . . happily married. . .

She tore up the letter. Thought, wildly, "What can I write about? About the funny places I eat? I've filled pages about the automat, and the basement tearooms, and the shops, and Fifth avenue buses, and Grant's tomb, and the Bowery, and the Statue of Liberty."

Just the romance lasted. The love that had been hers, and that

And the family asked questions in their letters: "Are you studying with Tolari? What kind of piano did you rent? Is it a grand? Do you mind the heat? Is your work hard? How much do you get? Is living high? Have you made any nice friends?"

What could she tell them? That she hadn't found work, and her money was oozing away, and she hadn't rented a piano, and she hadn't gone to see Tolari, and she didn't know a soul?

She decided that it must have been the heat that made her so ill on the train, and when she first came to New York. She felt quite well now. . . Thank goodness everything doesn't happen at once. She didn't have to worry about work when she was so ill—she had the piano job in the chop suey place then, and now that she felt well again, she couldn't find work.

Anyway, they didn't ask about Ken. After her mother's first bewildered protest, and May's "I-told-you-so," and Bess' indignant tirade full of veiled hints about what she knew about the Sargents and could tell if she wished to, the incident was closed.

There was no doubt about it, she had done the right thing to come East. There would have been awkwardness if she had stayed at home, or gone back to Woodlake as she had longed to in her first desperate loneliness.

It made it easier for the family, to have her gone, too. She could hear her mother saying, proudly. . . daring them to doubt her, "Oh, Lily Lou is in New York studying now. We all felt that she and Ken were too young to settle down. Oh yes, we had the marriage annulled, and as I told Kentfield, they can marry again in a year or two if they want to."

The Lansings were all proud. They'd pretend. Nobody would know her mother's worried pain, her father's smouldering hate for everyone who bore the name of Sargent.

They were as kind as they were clanish. Nobody, not even Bess, ever made Dad feel that he was a failure, clerking now and then in Rufe Fletcher's store, never even attempting to support his family.

They were even sweet to Uncle Zeph, who kept moonshine whisky in his chaps in the barn. And so, if they could hold up their heads in spite of Uncle Zeph and all the wagging tongues of Woodlake, they'd manage to do it for her, too. Besides, it's no disgrace, having your marriage annulled. . . not really. . . at least, most people wouldn't think so. . . oh, why did it have to happen? Why did it have to happen to her?

At this point she always stopped worrying about work, and her career. . . a living. . . what did that matter? Why go on living when you're dead inside. . .

To have to get through life without Ken. . . a long life, maybe. Never to lie in his arms again. Never to stroke his hair. Never to kiss the faintly freckled spot on his cheek bone where the skin was soft and downy. . .

Through the long hot nights she lay awake, living over again her brief sweet life with him. Little by little she forgot the things she wanted to forget. . . Peggy Sage. . . that last scene with Ken's father. . .

Just the romance lasted. The love that had been hers, and that



"I'll teach you to steal my man!" she shrieked, hurling the bottle full at Lily Lou.

walked with Ken in the morning rush. And even when she could put him out of mind she couldn't fight the homesickness. It gripped her with its damp, pale fingers, hurting, with a hurt that was almost physical.

At times like this she made her way like a sleep walker through the crowd, eyes set, white face pain-racked, crying in her heart, "Oh, why did I come? Why did I let him send me here?"

At night when she came home she went to the hall table and sorted over the meager pile of letters hoping there wouldn't. . . For when you get letters you must write letters, and she couldn't write the family the truth.

There was the hideous three weeks when she played the piano in a chop suey restaurant down on Broadway. An Armenian had played the fiddle, an elderly German the cello.

Night after night an evil-eyed man with thick, ugly hands drummed at the table nearest the little orchestra, and leered at her. Sometimes he stayed just long enough to eat his dinner. Sometimes he lingered all evening, calling to her in a guttural whisper: "Peachie! Hullo Peachie! Peachie kiss papa?"

She pretended not to hear. The elderly German went to the manager of the cafe and complained in voluble broken English richly interspersed with curses. The manager lifted fat fingers in a helpless gesture. The man paid, he created no disturbance, what can one do?

Lily Lou was terrified. She felt that the man was demented. She asked the Armenian youth if he would mind walking to the subway with her at one o'clock, when they were through. He agreed, and after a week she found his jealous fiancée waiting for them with a vial of something that she screamed was acid.

"I'll teach you to steal my man!" she shrieked, hurling the bottle full at Lily Lou.

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