

CLASSIFIED
ADVERTISEMENTS,
BUSINESS CARDS,
AND NOTICES

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—1930 Chevrolet Coach, 1929 D. A. Dodge sedan, 1926 Ford roadster, 1925 Ford Tudor, 1930 Ford Coupe. Public Service Station, phone 65 or 591, Harry Staley, mgr. 12133x

FOR SALE—Sweet potato and yam plants, Decatur Floral Co. Phone 113-6600x 113-6600x

BAUMGARTNER'S QUALITY CHICKS. Special Price for April and May, 5c, 6c and 7c. Fourteen leading breeds. Reduced prices on custom hatching, on hen and turkey eggs. Also on all feeders, fountains and supplies. See us before ordering. Hatches every Tuesday. Baumgartner's Hatchery & Poultry Farm, 9 miles south of Magley Bluffton R. 4 Craigville, phone 8111

FOR SALE—Oil Stoves \$4.98 to \$42.50; Mattresses \$4.98 to \$15; Bed Springs, \$7 to \$12; Iron beds, \$6 felt base rugs \$4.98 to \$6.50; All electric radio sets \$25; Bargains in dining room, bed room and living room suites and kitchen cabinets Sprague Furniture Co., Monroe street, Phone 199. 123-61

FOR SALE—Barred Rock hatching eggs, blood tested, pure bred laying strain. Also leave orders for cockerels for breeding purposes. M. S. John Gage, Monroe, Ind., Route 2. 123-31

FOR SALE—Dunfield Soy Beans, 50c per bushel. William Miller, Route 8. 122-33x

FOR SALE—Dunfield Soy Beans, C. O. Manley, Monroe phone. 122-31

FARMS FOR SALE

140 Acres near Decatur, good soil and improvements.

160 Acres near Decatur, well improved and level land.

81 Acres near Linn Grove, Indiana. Good farm.

40 Acres near Monroe, Indiana. Ditched and improved.

75 Acres, Blue Creek township. Good farm.

5 Acres, good house, barn and out buildings, near Decatur.

Will sell for part cash and easy payments for balance giving long time in which to pay in full. Now is the time to place your savings in a safe real-estate investment. THE SUTTLES EDWARDS CO. 122-31

FOR SALE—3 good yearling male hogs and a yearling stock bull. Also a good 2 year old mare colt. Inquire of Schmitt Meat Market. 123-31

WANTED

WANTED—Household. Experienced Inquire Box BX. 2 Democrat. 121-33x

WANTED—Good black dirt, delivered. Write Box M. W. care Democrat. 123-31

WANTED—Brick and cement work. Any kind, new repair. C. B. Wolfe, Phone 3074. 122-33x

FOR RENT

HOUSE FOR RENT—Modern, 2 blocks from court house Call 1929 C. A. Burd. 121-11x

FOR RENT—7 room semi-modern house. W. E. Myers, phone 494 or 612. 123-31

FOR RENT—2 furnished light house keeping rooms, on first floor, private entrance, in modern home. Phone 511 or 316 North Third street. 123-31

FOR RENT—Unfurnished Rooms, 216 North First St. Mrs. Belle Phillips. 122-31x

FOR RENT—6 room modern apartment with furnace. Also 5 room furnished flat, in modern on Mercer avenue, Call Dyonis Schmitt, Phone 79. 122-31

FOR RENT—Strictly modern house with heated garage at 803 North Second St. Phone 2. 123-33x

FLORENCE HOLTHOUSE

Stenographic Work

Typewriting

Judge J. T. Merryman's Law Office, K. of C. Bldg.

If you have any extra typewriting or stenographic work I will be glad to do it. Phone 42 for appointment.

Ashbaucher's

MAJESTIC
FURNACESASBESTOS SHINGLE
ROOFING
SPOUTINGLIGHTNING RODS
Phone 765 or 739

MARKET REPORTS

DAILY REPORT OF LOCAL
AND FOREIGN MARKETS

BERNE MARKET

Corrected May 23
No commission and no yardage.

Hogs, 100-150 pounds \$3.00
150-220 pounds \$3.20
220-250 pounds \$3.00
250-300 pounds \$2.90
Roughs, \$2.00.
Stags, \$1.25.
Vealers, \$3.25.
Spring lambs \$5.50.

CHICAGO GRAIN CLOSE

	May	July	Sept.	Dec.
Wheat	.60	.61 1/2	.63	.65 1/2
Wheat	new	.61	.62 1/2	
Corn	.31 1/2	.33 1/2	.36	.36 1/2
Oats	.23 1/2	.23 1/2	.23 1/2	.25 1/2

East Buffalo Livestock

East Buffalo, N. Y., May 23—(UP) Hogs: Receipts 6,600. Market steady to strong. 120 to 220 lbs. \$3.75 to \$3.89, 230 to 260 lbs. \$3.50 to \$3.65.

Cattle: Receipts 1,900. Market steady to strong. Steers \$6 to \$6.75; Cows \$3 to \$3.50. Vealers, mostly \$6.50.

Sheep: Receipts 2,700. Market steady. Lambs \$5.75 to \$5.85; Ewes \$1.50 to \$2.25.

LOCAL GRAIN MARKET

Corrected May 23

No. 2 New Wheat	45c
30 lbs. White Oats	18c
28 lbs. White Oats	17c
Barley	30c
Rye	30c
Soy Beans	30c
New No. 3 White Corn	29c
New No. 3 Yellow Corn	34c
LOCAL GROCERS EGG MARKET	
Eggs, dozen	9c

Use of "Whipstock"

A whipstock is a tool which is "covered" on top of a string of tool-jointing tools when it is desired to drill by them. The beveled face of the whipstock causes the working tools to glance off to one side of the desired string. A whipstock is also used as a means of straightening a hole which has deviated from the vertical. The expression "arranging a whipstock" means that the drilling tools are lost and arrangements are being made to drill past them with the aid of a whipstock.

NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS OF SPECIAL APPROPRIATIONS

Notice is hereby given to the taxpayers of the City of Decatur, Indiana, that at the regular meeting of the Common Council in and for said City at the Council Room at 7:00 o'clock P. M. on the 17th day of May 1932, said Common Council considered and made the following appropriations, to-wit:

Fund 30—Assistant Engineer Office Supplies 10.00
Fund 30—Street Department Repairs & Operating Autos 120.00
Fund 45—City Hall Supplies 75.00
Fund 46—City Hall Telephone 100.00
Fund 47—City Hall Repairs 100.00
Interest on \$1,000.00 note to E. L. Department 80.00
Interest on \$1,528.00 Note to W. W. Department 20.56
Taxpayers appearing shall have the right to be heard thereon. After such appropriations have been determined, ten or more taxpayers, feeling themselves aggrieved by such appropriations, may appeal to the State Board of Tax Commissioners for further and final action thereof by filing a petition therefor with the County Auditor within ten days after due publication of this notice. Dated this 17th day of May 1932.

Alice Christen
City Clerk
May 23-32

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 599 Home phone 727
Ambulance Service.

For Better Health See

DR. H. FROHNAPFEL

Licensed

Chiropractor and Naturopath
Office Hours: 10 to 12 a. m.
1 to 5 p. m., 6 to 8 p. m.
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 90.

Residence Phone, Decatur 1641

Residence Phone, Monroe 81

LADY ATTENDANT.

THIMBLE THEATER

"EMBERS OF LOVE"
By HAZEL LIVINGSTON
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CHAPTER THIRTY-NINE

After a week or two at the Ritz they moved to a large apartment in the Boulevard Hausman, out near "The Arch of Triumph." Here Lily Lou had a small room of her own, and the use of the piano when Nahلمان was not using it, which was not often.

It was a place of gilt, spindle-legged furniture, pale murals, immense cut-glass chandeliers, and many servants. Lily Lou never got them quite straight, and Nahلمان didn't even try to. She had rented them with the apartment. What little managing there was done by the rather silent Susanne. Silent with Lily Lou and Nahلمان, loquacious with the servants. Lily Lou envied her her gift of languages.

"All Swiss speak many languages," Susanne said. Lily Lou wished she had been born in Switzerland, instead of Woodlake. She knew now that Gwin had been right, her French was terrible. She couldn't understand the French, and the French could not understand her. Nahلمان, born in Philadelphia, educated in the public schools there some thirty-five years before, spoke French like a native.

There were times when Lily Lou thought wistfully of Gwin and Maxine, and even Mrs. Manchester and Wanda Pillsbury and the artists. None had bothered to write. Probably they cared not a thing about her, but now that they were distant they seemed nearer to her than Nahلمان would ever bother to be.

She wouldn't let herself think of Woodlake, and the folks, and the old dog, Shep.

Whenever she did she cried, and it upset Nahلمان to see her red-eyed and depressed. If there was to be any temperance, any display of feeling, it was to be done by Nahلمان herself. So Lily Lou, mindful of her own good, kept her thoughts from home as much as she could, and put her whole heart into the tasks that Nahلمان assigned her.

Nahلمان was an inspired teacher. But she was an indifferent and irregular one. Sometimes there was a two hour lesson every day for two days. Then not another for a week.

Somehow the days slipped by. Paris wakes early, and so did Lily Lou. There would be the rattle of the milk wagons and garbage carts over the cobbles, the shrill cries of the drivers. Bang, crash, bang, and a high pitched exchange of French greetings and curses. Then the screech of the iron shutters being raised across the way. The beginnings of traffic. The acrid smell of burnt coffee from the little grocery on the corner. Presently Leontine would come with coffee and a hard little roll on a tray.

Practicing in half hour stretches. Reading. Studying. Bedtime again. The days slipped by. She even got through Christmas, with Christmas letters from home, and a box of homemade fruit cake from her mother. She cried over that.

She learned to distinguish the servants. Leontine was the tall one with the fancy cap with the streamers. She brought the coffee every morning. Albert was the butler. The gaunt, stooped man with the walrus whiskers was Le Chef. If he had another name it was never spoken. The servants spoke of him



Lily Lou worked with her. Played accompaniments. Nahلمان worked herself into a frenzy....

reverently—Le Chef. Or, Monsieur le Chef.

"I ought to go sightseeing. I certainly ought to see Paris," Lily Lou told herself, but she had no desire to go anywhere. She went on a few sightseeing tours, but did not enjoy them. The tourists frightened her. She preferred to go alone to the Louvre. She was beginning to tire quickly now. She'd sit on the stone benches, sometimes staring at a painting, sometimes looking down at her own tired feet. Attendants came to know her, to speculate about her—the sad, pretty young American—

Something must have happened to Nahلمان's opera plans. She said nothing about them. Came in one day with a tale of having signed up for concerts in Vienna.

Lily Lou worked with her. Played accompaniments. Nahلمان worked herself into a frenzy....

But Lily Lou almost despaired, just listening to her. How would she ever grasp the technique that was Nahلمان's? How would she ever rise to her heights? And how would she ever perfect her languages, to be able to sing in French, in Italian, in German, as Nahلمان did.

They whisked off to Vienna on a blustering March day when the sun shone palely, and the dirty winter's snow melted slowly on the shady sides of streets.

Vienna was thrilling from the first. There was the fun of sitting in a box at Nahلمان's first concert, wearing a string of Nahلمان's pearls and a Paris gown of dead white lace, a delayed Christmas present, and one of Nahلمان's emine wraps, shawl-like, about her

There was a supper at the apartment afterward, and a gay company of singers and artists who flattered her when she sang for them.

The next day Nahلمان went off to Berlin, for what she said was to be a brief visit with friends. Susanne went with her. Lily Lou began to worry. She felt that her time was near, regretted that she had not asked Madame Nahلمان about doctors, hospitals.... Suppose that when they were all away... and she, not knowing any German...

"It won't happen—not for weeks yet, I'm just being morbid. How Bess would laugh at me for being scared!" she thought, waking terrified and pain racked one windy March night.

She turned on all the lights for comfort. She walked out to the hall to look at the telephone. It was right there. She could feel anyone. Except that nobody would understand her.

She waited another hour. Then, sobbing, and half out of her mind with fear, she rang the bell for the servants.

Rang and rang, and rang.... She could hear the bell echoing through the house.

Presently the door opened. She saw a little man in a nightshirt and peaked cap, and behind him a tight little group of huddled, frightened women.

"Oh, help me! Help me!" she cried, not caring, not knowing that they knew no English.

The frightened circle closed around her. The man with the nightshirt and tassel cap bent over her.

(To Be Continued)
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NOW SHOWING—"THE LATE POPEYE"

Test Your Knowledge

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

1. How did the "Hope Diamond" get its name?
2. What was the religious affiliation of President Harding?
3. Who served as Secretary of the Navy during the World War?
4. What relationship did Mary, Queen of Scots, bear to Queen Elizabeth of England?
5. In what city is the Fitzsimmons Army General Hospital?
6. What is the anafonym of Misogynist?
7. Who was the fifth President of the U. S.?
8. Is Gene a feminine or masculine name?
9. What is the native state of Vice-president Curtis?
10. For whom is the city of Astoria, Oregon, named?

COURT HOUSE

Marriage License

Merle D. Christman, Decatur, Service Station employe to Gladys Mae Schindler, Berne.

Elmer Baller, 790 Schumacker Street, Decatur, Laborer, to Erma Kahn, Adams County.

Harry A. Freeman, Vicksburg, Michigan, railroad worker, to Ellen Schaffner, Adams County.

Real Estate Transfers

Mary Spangler et al 131 acres in Washington township to Anna J. Nesswald for \$100.

Anna J. Nesswald, 131 acres in Washington township to Bernard Elting et ux for \$100.

AMELIA PLANS TRIP TO ROME

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE)

record holder for straight line distance flying, and the holder of the speed record across the Atlantic.

The slim, blond social worker from Boston who turned flier after Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh's thrilling trans-Atlantic solo flight five years to a day before she made the trip, was saddened by the death of two who greeted her at Londonderry.

They were a photographer and his pilot, killed in the same fog-blanketed storm through which the woman pilot flew as a passenger to London where she was greeted at Benworth airfield by Ambassador Mellon in a downpour of rain.

The men killed were Victor Baron, staff photographer of the London Daily Sketch, and Erwin Napier Clark, an Australian.

"To think that those two men died in my hour of triumph is a very great blow indeed," Miss Earhart said. "Do you really say that those two charming men who met me at Londonderry only Saturday are dead?"

"Please convey my heartfelt regrets to their families. I can just imagine how it happened. There was thick mist over the coast. It was almost a death trap."

Then the woman flier gave a detailed account of her own flight in which she said she left Newfoundland with a 25 per cent margin of safety. The flight, she said, was not a great test of endurance, "as people stay up all night dancing, and there was no reason to be any more tired in my case."

"I soon encountered bad weather," Miss Earhart said in recounting her flight from the take-off at Harbor Grace. "As far as I could see, the rain clouds continued to 20,000 feet."

"I started to climb. I got to 12,000 feet, but was still unable to avoid adverse conditions. I became frightened why my altimeter failed. There were dark clouds everywhere. It was night, and I was alone with over 1,600 miles of sea ahead of me."

"I remembered Lindbergh's flight. After four hours, I debated whether I ought to turn back or proceed. I decided to take a gamble similar to the chance Lindbergh took."

"I continued flying blind, keeping at a good height, because I could not afford getting too near the water, in case I crashed into the ocean. Then suddenly I had a brain wave."

"I started to climb, and continued until ice formed on the wings of my machine. My air speed indicator failed when the mercury froze in it. Then another mishap

occurred. "Vivid flames flashed ahead of me. They furnished the only light by which I could see. But I got more and more worried, and wish I had not seen the flames. I cannot say whether I was ever in very serious danger from fire."

Miss Earhart referred here to the fire which developed in the exhaust manifold of her airplane.

A London reporter asked the flier whether she would give up aviation and begin "cooking, hot cakes."

"My husband cooks them far better than I," she replied. She admitted she had a hard time obtaining permission of her husband, George Palmer Putnam, to make the flight. "But when he bit, he bit hard," she added, "and said, 'go right ahead,'" she was told that

her husband had a very busy day while she was enroute to the Atlantic, and replied lightly, "well, I hope he had."

Card of Thanks
We wish in this way to thank our sincere thanks to all those who so kindly assisted us during our bereavement, to the ministers, Frosco and Rev. Schatz, to the choir, all the neighbors and for their many kindnesses.

Mrs. William Schamberg

Idea of Palmistry
Its origin has not been definitely, but palmistry was known China 3,000 years before Christ. It is mentioned in the most Greek writings.

Amelia Earhart Flies Atlantic

Mrs. Amelia Earhart Putnam, the first woman to fly the Atlantic alone, landed in a field near Londonderry, Ireland, after a mile flight from Harbor Grace, Newfoundland. (Inset is map of the route.)

Statement of John Hughes Curtis, 707 Ridge Avenue, Norfolk, Va.

Made by my own hand and own free will.

Referring to the two statements made previously by me in regard to the Lindbergh case.

At the present time I am sane, but I honestly believe that for the last seven or eight months I have not been myself, due to financial trouble.

I was apparently brought back to my senses by my telephone conversation with my wife this afternoon when she told me of the trouble she was having and how the children missed me, also by my conversation with Inspector Harry W. Walsh.

I desire to state that my remarks about the newspapers are true and can be verified, but in reference to my story about Mr. Walsh, I desire to insert as the subject for the true being, which caused me to create the story in its entirety, which were untrue in every respect.

I am a sane person, and I am sane, with the exception of the trouble I had with the crime.

I caused Colonel Lindbergh and others who were in my power to correct my error.

Two children I trust that it is in the past, forgive the inconvenience, worry and suffering brought about by the realization of the good.

Submitted
John Hughes Curtis

Above is the signed confession of John Hughes Curtis (inset), in which the Norfolk, Va. shipbuilder admitted that his "negotiations" with the nappers of the Lindbergh baby were carried on only in his own mind, and that his stories to the bereaved parents and the press were untrue in every respect. Curtis' only excuse is that he became insane on the subject.