

CLASSIFIED
ADVERTISEMENTS,
BUSINESS CARDS,
AND NOTICES

MARKET REPORTS

DAILY REPORT OF LOCAL
AND FOREIGN MARKETS

BERNE MARKET

Corrected May 26

No commission and no yardage.

Hogs, 100-150 pounds \$2.80
150-220 pounds \$3.00
220-250 pounds \$2.90
150-300 pounds \$2.70
Roughs, \$2.00.
Stags \$1.25.
Vealers, \$5.25.
Spring lambs \$5.50.

CHICAGO GRAIN CLOSE

	May	July	Sept.	Dec.
Wheat	.58%	.59%	.61%	.63%
Wheat	new	.61	.61%	
Corn	.30%	.32%	.34%	.35%
Oats	.22%	.22%	.22%	.24%

FORT WAYNE LIVESTOCK

Hog market, steady to 5¢ lower; pigs and light lights, \$2.80-10; lights, \$3.10-\$3.15; mediums, \$3-\$10; heavies, \$2.75-\$3; roughs, \$2.50; stags, \$1.50; calves, \$5.50; lambs, \$5.50.

T&T-2 wks

FOR SALE—Kitchen range, like new, green and white porcelain, priced for quick sale. Sprague Furniture Co., Monroe St., Phone 199. 124-5t

FOR SALE—Potatoes, 40¢ and 50¢ per bushel. James Everett, Pleasant Mills, Ind. 125-2t

FOR SALE—Tomato plants, 5¢ a doz. Sol Lord, 105 W. Oak St., Phone 856. 124-3t

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. 123-3t

FOR SALE—Plants. New improved yellow resistant cabbage, tomatoes, plumbatoes, cauliflower, manzana and yam plants. M. Meibers, 1127 W. Monroe street. 126-2t

SALESMEN WANTED—Permanent representative for old established manufacturer. Selling nationally advertised line to business concerns only. Full time not necessary. MERCHANTS INDUSTRIES, Inc., 2001 Home Ave., Dayton, Ohio. 124-3t

WANTED—Washings, will do good size family washing for \$1; also maternity cases or any other kind of work. Mrs. Sarah Potts, 409 S. 13th Street. 125-3t

FOR RENT

HOUSE FOR RENT—Modern, 2 blocks from court house. Call 1029 C. A. Burd. 121-1t

FOR RENT—Unfurnished Rooms. 216 North First St. Mrs. Belle Phillips. 122-6t

FOR RENT—Semi-modern 5-room house, hard wood floors and garage, on North Sixth street. Possession after May 27. Phone 184. 124-3t

FOR RENT—7 room modern home, furnished or unfurnished, with hardwood floors also double garage. Court House. Immediate possession. Call 809. 126-3t

FOR RENT—Furnished or unfurnished light housekeeping rooms, all modern, private entrance, on first floor. 611 North Second street. Phone 486. 126-3t

SPEEDWAY CAR

JUMPS WALL

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE)

age, the latter suffering a neck fracture.

Chet Miller, pilot of one of the two Hudson entries, was the only qualifier yesterday, bringing the number of autos eligible for the race to 29. His average speed for the 10-mile trial laps was 111.053. Trials continue through Saturday afternoon.

Depression Aids Education

Harrisburg, Pa. —(UP)—The depression is a boon to higher education, according to the Pennsylvania Department of Public Instruction. State records show that industrial employment this year is taking less than half the number of pupils from their desk than was the case two years ago.

Boasts Four Drumsticks

Gateway, Ore. —(UP)—A. O. Miller looked over his flock of turkeys recently and was astonished to find that one of the birds had four legs. It was strong and hearty.

"Baby Rogues Galleries"

Boston. —(UP)—"Baby rogues galleries" each containing photographs of 75 pickpockets recently were ordered posted in 21 Boston police stations to aid officers in a war on this type of criminal.

Your Bank Safety Deposit Box should be insured. You should hold your own policy. Be sure you are insured. Cost is small—see us today.

Suttles-Edwards Co., Phone 358

121-8t

S. E. BLACK

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

Mrs. Black, Lady Attendant

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Office phone 500. Home phone 727

Ambulance Service.

Get the Habit—Trade at Home

For Better Health See

DR. H. FROHNAPFEL

Licensed

Chiropractor and Naturopath

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N. A. BIXLER

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HOURS:

8:30 to 11:30—12:30 to 5:00

Saturdays, 8:00 p. m.

Telephone 135

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Calls answered promptly day or night. Ambulance Service. Office Phone 99.

Residence Phone, Decatur 1041

Residence Phone, Monroe 81

LADY ATTENDANT.

THIMBLE THEATER

LOOK OUT, POPEYE! THE
BRUTE BEHIND YOU IS
GOING TO THROW A
CUSPIDOR - DUCK!

BOP

YA COO!!
YA COO!!
YA COO!!
BLASTED COO.

YOU'RE THE CAUSE
OF ALL THIS—STEP
INTO MY PRIVATE
OFFICE

SMACK (NO!)
NO!

ULP

NOW SHOWING—"A PERSUADED LADY"



BY SE

"EMBERS OF LOVE"
By HAZEL LIVINGSTON

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CHAPTER FORTY-TWO

"I want my baby!"
But, darling child, you've been so sick."

"I want him. I want him!" Lily Lou, quick to see that she could get what she wanted now, beat the coverlet with her white, claw-like hands.

When they hesitated, looking with distress from one to the other, the first suspicion of what might have happened, dawned on her.

Then there was a reason . . . the little baby that she wouldn't look at at first was gone . . . had slipped away from her before she had let herself love him . . .

She lay back on her pillow, her eyes closed. The old impulse to hide. To keep them from knowing that she cared. They must not guess . . . her baby, hers and Ken's . . .

"When did it die?"

She opened her eyes, brought the words out baldly, looking Herr Doctor straight in the eye. He started, and Madame Nahmian gave a little cry. The sisters looked from one to the other . . . they were not sure what she had said.

And suddenly she could not bear it. She burst into harsh, strangled sobs, sobs that tore themselves out of her, the sobs of the defeated and lost.

She felt them crowding around her, offering comfort, but she could not accept it. There was nothing left to her . . . nothing . . . Until the rosy sister brought the baby, his dark little face looking strangely flattened and pinched, like a sick little old man.

"He was ill, the poor little thing," Madame Nahmian said. "When you get sick, he gets sick, too, and so . . ."

But Lily Lou did not listen to them. She took him in her arms, and held him close to her heart, smiling at them triumphantly through her tears.

She did not remember them taking him away. But when next she knew of their return, they brought him back to her, and she knew that her troubles were over . . . the baby would get well . . . she'd get well . . .

Overnight the hospital changed from a place of torture infested with strangers, who pushed and prodded and did unthinkable things to her, to a haven of safety inhabited by ministering angels.

She could lie on her soft white bed . . . so safe, so drowsily content, and know that the bubchen was close at hand, that she had only to lift her eyes and Schwester Schnabel or Schwester Wolfe would be right there.

Warm April sun filtered in the sparkling windows. A milky blue sky was just visible beyond the roofs and spires. They had seemed grey before, but now they were silvery or fawn-colored, or pale in the sun.

When they saw she was interested in the view they dragged her bed close to the window, with a proper accompaniment of Viennese grunts and whistling breathing.

Then she could see the people passing on the street, and when an old woman took up her stand at the corner to sell balloons she sent for a red one, and clapped her hands and laughed aloud because she was sure the bubchen noticed it, and followed it with his eyes.

Kind Doctor Sanders came every day, patted her hand, and told her she must be careful not to get too fat; isn't it so, no? Chuckling delightedly at his own joke.

Madame Nahmian came often,



On the dresser was a little pile of letters. With a presentiment of bad news she ripped open the first one.

with armfuls of lilac and syringas, which the obliging sisters stuffed into bulging but strangely inconvenient vases. To keep them from knowing that she cared. They must not guess . . . her baby, hers and Ken's . . .

They went back to Paris. There was the French bonheur that Madame Nahmian had promised for the baby, a tall, pink-cheeked peasant woman, with many petticoats and an amazing edifice of starched lace and streamers on her head, waiting to take him from Lily Lou's arms. She bore him off in triumph, and Lily Lou, trying not to mind, and keeping an arm cocked for possible protest from the bubchen, went into her room to take off her things.

Madame Nahmian had finished her season . . . and Lily Lou hadn't even heard her . . . hadn't heard one of the concerts either. . . . She didn't want to leave the hospital. Why, she hadn't seen a thing! They let the rosy sister, Schwester Schnabel, come home with her for the 10 days that were left before it was time to go back to Paris.

Lily Lou's strength came back in bounding rushes of renewed vitality and joy of living. She felt better than ever. She loved everybody and everything. She wanted to kiss each rosy-cheeked child she saw in the parks, to endow each beggar with a fortune. She adored the cafes, where everyone ate outdoors on round tables with green painted iron chairs. She gorged on wild strawberries, drowned in billowing whipped cream, tried 50 kinds of little cakes, each more delectable than the other. And the coffee! Oh, wouldn't mother and the church ladies enjoy a cup of real Viennese coffee, with whipped cream on top . . .

She almost wept when Susanne told her how gay the opera season had been, and what a marvelous day Easter was, with the streets fairly exuding holiness, and each white-veiled little girl and black-clothed little boy, driving in a one-horse shay, all decorated with flowers, to church to make their first communion.

Six weeks . . . just gone out of her life . . .

They glanced at her reflection in the mirror. Saw a tall, incredibly slender young woman in a Vionnet coat and an Agnes hat, her lips reddened, her eyes faintly but perceptibly touched up . . .

Lily Lou turned from the mirror, flung the expensive hat on the bed. On the dresser was a little pile of letters that had not been forwarded. With a presentiment of bad news she ripped open the first one.

Uncle Eph was dead. He had died in his little house up on Lone Mountain.

May didn't say how he had died. "He died," she wrote, "and he left a will, and everything he had is to go to you. I suppose it amounts to about a thousand dollars. No doubt you can use it, but it seems funny, leaving it all to you. After all, you are not the only one in the family."

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Test Your Knowledge

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

1. Do cadets at West Point pay tuition?

2. Who was Thomas Jefferson's Secretary of State?

3. Name the most famous Missouri outlaw and bandit?

4. For what is Eli Whitney famous?

5. Who was Pythagoras?

6. What is dermatology?

7. Who composed the opera Lohengrin?

8. What was the name of the family to which the Carthaginian General Hannibal belonged?

9. What is the French term for a slip or error in etiquette?

10. Where is the Republic of San Marino?

PREBLE NEWS