

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, BUSINESS CARDS, AND NOTICES

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Michigan apples, Jonathans, Wagners, Baldwins, Spies, other varieties. Bring containers, 55c and up bushel. S. E. Haggard, 1 mile south, 1 1/2 mile west Pleasant Mills. Dec. 31x

FOR SALE—Canaries. Beautiful birds, guaranteed signers, \$1.50 and up. Mrs. John Steffen, Craigville phone. 296-g3tx

FOR SALE—No. 12 DeLaval Cream Separator, guaranteed to work as good as new. Call Roy Johnson, phones 265 and 1022. a-295-31x

FOR SALE—1928 Studebaker and Ford Model T. Phil Macklin Co. 295-31x

FOR SALE—Seventeen fall pigs. Victor Amacher, 3 1/2 miles south of Decatur on mud pike. 295k-31x

FOR SALE—Bargains in new merchandise. Kitchen stoves, \$12.50; Kitchen cabinet, \$22.50. Bed lamps, \$1.50; Smoking sets, 95c to \$7.55. Administer rugs, \$22.50 to \$34.50. These are cash prices. I short used davenport. Sprague Furniture Co., 152 S. Second St. Phone 198. 295-21x

LOST AND FOUND

LOST—Light tiger cat. Finder call Miss Florence Haney, phone 792. Reward. 296-11x

WANTED

HELP WANTED—Active, reliable man or woman offered opportunity profitable connection representing national manufacturer with established business in Decatur. Write Mr. Hazell, Sales Mgr., 162 Liberty St., Winona, Minnesota. 296-g11x

MALE HELP WANTED—MAN WANTED HERE—Chance for immediate steady income selling nationally known Super-Refined Motor Oils, under new insured Lubrication Plan, to farmers auto and truck owners on easy credit terms. No experience or investment required. Write Central Petroleum Company, 6321 Standard Bank Building, Cleveland, Ohio. 296-g11x

Test Your Knowledge

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

1. Name the two most famous cavalry commanders in the Union and Confederate forces, during the Civil War.
2. What is the name for excessive national self-glorification?
3. What famous author addressed his "Sonnets" to "Dark Lady"?
4. In what year did Victor Herbert die?
5. What city in Belgium was the scene in 1914 of the first real battle of the World War?
6. Into what river does the Tennessee River flow?
7. Who was Thomas Sheraton?
8. Name the state flower of Wisconsin.
9. Name the second husband of Mary, Queen of Scots.
10. Which city has a welfare institution named Hull House?

See Old Family Album

It is estimated that men on this continent annually pay \$75,000,000 to buy books. And if you don't believe the result is worth every penny of it, just rifle through the pages of the old family album—Hamilton (Ontario) Spectator.

Roy S. Johnson

Auctioneer
Now booking winter and spring sale dates. My dates are filling fast, claim your date early.
Dec. 19—Mellott and Waite, Decatur Sale Barn. Horse Sale.
Dec. 30—Floyd G. Medsker, 1 mi. south and 3-4 east of Monroeville, Farm sale.
Jan. 10—Russell Myers, 2 mi. west and 1-3-4 mi. north of Conroy Ohio. Farm sale.
Office in Peoples Loan & Trust Bldg.
Telephone. Office 104. Res. 1022



MARKET REPORTS

DAILY REPORT OF LOCAL AND FOREIGN MARKETS

BERNE MARKET
Corrected Dec. 15
No commission and no yardage

170 to 230 lbs.	\$3.00
230 to 260 lbs.	\$2.90
260 to 300 lbs.	\$2.80
300 to 350 lbs.	\$2.70
140 to 170 lbs.	\$2.70
100 to 140 lbs.	\$2.30
Roughs	\$2.00
Stags	\$1.25
Vealers	\$5.50
Lambs	\$6.50

Decatur Produce Company

Egg Market	
No. 1, dozen	20c
No. 2, dozen	18c
No. 3, dozen	12c

East Buffalo Livestock
Hog receipts 800; holdover open slow; scattered sales 5c under Friday's average; desirable 170 to 250 lbs. \$3.60; some held above \$3.65; other weights nominal.

Cattle receipts 75; better grade steers and yearlings mostly steady during week; medium and low grades active early but closing dull; general quality improved; good to choice 900 to 1,100 lb. steers \$6.15 to \$6.50; extreme top \$7.25; fat rough 1,200 lb. steers \$5.75; short feds, including yearling heifers, \$5.50 to \$5.75; common and medium steers and heifers, \$3.75 to \$5; cows scarce, 25c higher; cutter grades \$1.50 to \$2.35.

Sheep receipts 50; lambs strong to 25c higher during week; supply light; good to choice ewe and wethers \$7.50 to \$7.75; throwouts \$5.50 to \$6; mixed sheep \$1.75 to \$2.75; handweight ewes \$3.00 to \$3.25.

FORT WAYNE LIVESTOCK

Fort Wayne, Ind., Dec. 15.—(U.P.)—Livestock:

Hogs steady; 180-200 lbs., \$3.15; 200-250 lbs., \$3.05; 250-300 lbs., \$2.95; 300-350 lbs., \$2.80; 150-160 lbs., \$2.90; 140-150 lbs., \$2.80; 130-140 lbs., \$2.70; 100-130 lbs., \$2.25; roughs, \$2.25; stags, \$1.50.
Calves, \$6; lambs, \$7.

CHICAGO GRAIN CLOSE

	Dec.	May	July
Wheat	83 1/2	85	83 1/2
Corn	43 1/2	50 1/2	51 1/2
Oats	34 1/2	36 1/2	35

LOCAL GRAIN MARKET

Corrected Dec. 15

No. 1 New Wheat, 60 lbs or better	73c
No. 2 New Wheat 58 lbs.	72c
Old Oats	32c
New Oats	30c
New Yellow Corn	50c
Old Yellow corn	55c

Mixed corn 5c less

Soy Beans	50c-60c
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Old Belief Corrected

Experiments conducted by the army air corps indicate that the popular belief that a person falling from a great altitude will be killed or rendered unconscious before reaching the ground is not correct. A man falling from a great altitude does not necessarily lose consciousness.

Amethyst, One of Belief's Charm

Worn as an amulet or charm, an amethyst for centuries was held to ward off the evil of witchcraft. "If the name of the sun or moon were engraved on it," says a recent writer, "and the stone hung about the neck from the hair of a baboon or the feather of a swallow, it's wearer would be safe from half-storms as well as from emperors."

"Figurehead" or Ornament

If the image on the prow of a ship is a figure projecting from the stern of the vessel, it is called a "figurehead." If it is an ornament in the form of an embossed shield that does not project in any way, it is called a bow ornament.

Paradise and Hell

A fool's paradise is only one ante-room to a fool's hell.—Stanley Baldwin.

Surprise Is a Warning

A bold surprise at a belief is sometimes the best argument against it.—Train.

AUTOS

ON SMALLER PAYMENTS
EXTRA MONEY IF DESIRED
FRANKLIN SECURITY CO.
Over Schuylkill Bldg. Co.
Phone 237 Decatur, Ind.

N. A. BIXLER

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

JAP SHOOTS FELLOW PUPIL

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE)
he entered a class room and failed to find his accustomed chair. Students said he drew the revolver and threatened them. McCann grabbed his arm and was shot when he attempted to wrest the gun from him.
University authorities said Yoshida had made himself unpopular with students by reminding them constantly that he was of "royal blood." He appeared regularly on the campus wearing a military uniform and carrying a sword.
Not A Prince
Tokio, Dec. 16.—(U.P.)—The Japanese "prince" who wounded a fellow-student at the University of South Dakota does not belong to the nobility, authorities said unofficially today.
The Japanese foreign office said that it had no record of the student named in the dispatches, "Prince" Yukichi Yoshida, but that it would investigate further before making a definite announcement.
Not Machine Made
Machines seem able to produce every essential thing except consumers.—San Francisco Chronicle.



By JOAN CLAYTON
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SYNOPSIS

Pretty, young Patricia Warren unwillingly accepts the attentions of Bill McGee, a racketeer, fearing his wrath should she refuse. One night, Bill is shot by a rival gangster while with Patricia. Patricia runs home in terror. Her stepmother, fearing a scandal, puts her out. Patricia is forced to make her living by playing professional bridge. Impressed by the girl's beauty and skill, Julian Haverholt, the bridge expert, makes her his partner. She moves to his palatial home where he introduces her as his niece. Pat is indignant until Haverholt explains he was thinking of her reputation. Patricia is secretly in love with Clark Tracy, the polo player, but Clark is engaged to Marthe March, society girl. Pat first met Clark and his fiancée when she filled in at bridge (for fifty cents an hour) at wealthy Mrs. Sycott's home. Pat was living with her stepmother at the time. Meeting Pat again at Haverholt's, Clark does not recognize her. He breaks an appointment to teach Pat to drive her new car and goes on a trip with his fiancée's family. Noting her disappointment, Haverholt questions Pat, but she denies that she loves Clark. Pat concentrates on bridge to forget. Then comes the bridge tournament sponsored by Reuben Blair, Haverholt's bitter enemy. Clark is present. He is distressed by Patricia's coolness towards him. The contest is on. Haverholt and Pat play with machine-like precision and perfection, and win. Next morning, they are deluged with congratulatory telegrams and business offers. Haverholt purposely holds out a wire from Clark to see if Pat will ask for it. She does. He advises her to put Clark out of her thoughts, reminding her of what Clark would think if he knew she was not Haverholt's niece. They accept Clark's invitation to the races to see his horse, "Honey Boy." Patricia is panic stricken lest Marthe March will remember their previous meeting at Mrs. Sycott's and expose her. Clark showers Pat with attention and is aloof in his treatment of Marthe. Pat is puzzled by the antagonism between Clark and Haverholt. "Honey Boy" wins and the enormous purse stuns Pat.

CHAPTER THIRTY

Suddenly Patricia felt that she could never explain anything to Clark. How could this man be expected to understand the bitterness of poverty, the temptation to use any means to escape it? There had been money in the Tru-y family for generations, long ago Clark must have come to accept wealth as less fortunate people accept air, as one of the necessities of life which existed in need be given it. Shall I skip lunches and buy a pair of stockings or shall I have lunch and go without the stockings? Julian Haverholt would understand the neat reasoning, the delicate balancing that must go into such problems. He would understand the boredom, the weariness, the rebellion of a girl faced constantly with decisions of that sort. He had come up from nothing himself. But Clark—
Patricia resolutely gave her attention to the races. The afternoon dragged by, drew to a close. She rose gratefully.
"Surely you're going to dine with us?" said Clark, hurt. "I thought we could all drive into town together."
Patricia left the answer to Julian. He glanced at Marthe. Patricia saw Marthe almost imperceptibly shake her head. The watcher felt vaguely surprised.
"No, I think not, Clark," said Haverholt definitely. "We have another engagement. I'm sorry we won't be there to drink to Honey Boy. You've got a great race horse there."
"Thank you," said Clark, his manner with Haverholt more natural than it had been before.
The parting was easy enough. Marthe promised to call Patricia for tea some afternoon, urged the other to call her at any time, a thing which Patricia had no intention of doing. Still she smiled sweetly, trading compliment for compliment. They threaded through the gates toward their cars. Patricia and Haverholt had driven to the track in the yellow roadster. Marthe espied it promptly.
"You old copy cat," she said gayly to Julian. "Your car is just like mine. You must have seen my picture in the paper. I'll telephone the agency that I was responsible for one sale anyhow."
"The car belongs to Patricia."
"Don't you adore it?" demanded Marthe promptly, turning enthusiastically upon the younger girl.
"Yes," said Patricia, hating the roadster heartily, disgusted with her motives in choosing it. She knew that Julian was secretly amused. He opened the door. She stepped inside. As Julian got beneath the wheel, Clark looked at Patricia a little oddly. She recalled telling him that she drove like a veteran. Oh, she was sick of lies! Her fixed smile did not waver. Calling back goodbyes, they drove off, turned toward the city.
They were caught in a crush of cars proceeding to the city. For a while, of necessity, Julian devoted his attention to driving. At length, with his usual disregard for the rights of others, he succeeded in jockeying a position in the center of the road and determined that no one should shake him from it. He glanced at Patricia. Her face was pale and weary and dispirited.
"Now that," began Julian, "that was what I would term a thoroughly unsatisfactory afternoon. Or did you like it?"
"I loathed it," said Patricia, sighing. She scuffed her heel against the door. "They were nice enough but I felt like a seventh wheel or something."
"You have ten times the brains and charm that Marthe has," he suggested, hitting neatly at the seat of her discontent.
"Brains and charm aren't it," said Patricia with unexpected shrewdness. "I knew I shouldn't have been there at all. That was the trouble. I'll know better next time."
"You and Clark seemed to be hitting it off rather well," said Haverholt, stubbornly maintaining his position despite the honking behind him.
"I suppose so," conceded Patricia, drearily, making no mention of her conviction that Clark had used her for the effect of his attentions on Marthe. "You and Marthe didn't do so badly," she observed, expecting to draw him out. He made no comment. The girl asked frankly, "Why didn't Marthe want us to dine with them? Was it because of me? Was it because she didn't like me?"
"Marthe didn't want us to dine with them!" exclaimed Haverholt and gave a convincing exhibition of astonishment. "You are mistaken, my dear. She urged us. You must have heard her."
"I thought," began Patricia and stopped. Let Haverholt lie if he chose. It was nice of him to try to protect her feelings but unnecessary. She didn't care whether Marthe March had wanted her or not. Certainly she had had enough of Marthe.
She drew a long deep breath. "Well anyhow," she said defiantly, "I'm glad it's over. I never felt so flat. I hope I never have to see any of them again."
"Not even Clark?"
"Especially Clark," she admitted over a wrench of pain. She ended gallantly, "You see, I know now that you were right. He's too different from me. I could never make him understand anything."
"You still have me, my dear."
"I still have you and I find you very comfortable just now."
"Only comfortable, Patricia?"
She glanced up at him. His eyes were dark beneath his snow-white hair, dark, unsmiling. She knew him and all his faults and failings, knew that she could never hold him. Still she felt just then that the slightest breath would send her into his arms. She might end in misery but Julian Haverholt would be an easy man for any woman to love. Perhaps she herself did not. What of that? Julian could stir her pulses, make her happy for a while. He was handsome, he was magnetic, he had fascinated her from the first. She had nothing to lose. Once her situation was discovered she would have the name. Why not have the game? Why not do the one thing that would alienate her forever from Clark Tracy and from a dream that she once had harbored?
"Well, Patricia?"
"Please, Julian, please don't."
He seemed about to speak, then lapsed into moody silence, keeping his eyes upon the road. "Gosh," he said suddenly, "I must be getting old. I find I have a conscience."
"What are you talking about?" she demanded, bewildered by his words.
"You and me," he said half ruefully. "Especially me. If I were willing to make all the proper moves, to say all the proper things, to trade on your reaction from this afternoon I could win you. I've just discovered that I don't feel like doing that with you. I want your decision clear-eyed and unafraid or not at all. Which is it, Patricia?"
"Not at all," she whispered. "Not at all."
They dined at home together, unsentimentally, without referring to the afternoon. Somehow Patricia wished that Julian would refer to it. She wanted him to sweep her from her feet and to convince her that loving him was her way out. Nobility, she decided, was unsuitable to him. Strange to feel flat and disappointed because Julian Haverholt chose to play fairly. Not until they were separating for the night did he speak.
"Have you changed your mind—about this afternoon?"
"No," she replied and waited for him to change it.
He only said oddly, "I hope you won't regret your decision."
What did he mean by that? Even after she had entered her own bedroom and began her preparations to retire, Patricia still wondered. She heard Julian come upstairs and go down the hall toward his own suite. She had an impulse to open her door, to face him and to ask an explanation. She wanted to see him whom she had seen fifteen minutes earlier. Trembling she stood beside the door and fought the strange excitement that was stirring in her blood. At length she turned sharply from the door, dropped off her clothes and got into bed.
It had been a baffling, contradictory day. The girl had thought that she would lie there in the darkness and puzzle it out. She was more weary than she knew. Almost instantly she fell into deep, dreamless sleep.
She woke suddenly toward morning. What had awakened her? She had heard some sound. Drowsily she reached for the light. It was ten minutes past four. She was wide awake now, tense, rigid, listening. She heard the sound again. She was swept by acute, physical fear. Someone was moving around downstairs.

ARRIVALS

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Doan of 913 Russell street are the parents of a seven pound boy baby born Friday December 15. The baby has been named Robert Lee.

Noted Scenic Route

The Indian river is a long ingoing in the eastern part of Florida, in Brevard and Volusia counties. It connects with the Halifax river at Titusville and extends 100 miles southeast to the ocean at Indian inlet. The width of the Indian river varies from 300 feet to 3 miles, and it is navigable for vessels drawing 5 feet. The river is famous for its beautiful tropical scenery and for the oranges which are grown on its banks.

Mallard Had Made Speed

According to a report made to the bureau of biological survey of the Department of Agriculture, a Mallard duck banded on November 23, 1930, at Big Saumico, Green Bay, Wis., was killed five days later near Georgetown, S. C., which is a record for individual speed of migration.

STATE SCHOOLS RATE FAVORABLY

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE)
been forced to close, and some free public schools have become tuition schools, the report showed.

All schools in Indiana opened on time and will be able to give the full minimum program, Cole said.

A recent survey in 700 typical cities showing considerable curtailment in the program offered by public schools was quoted by in comparison to Indiana schools where programs have been arranged but few important much desired subjects eliminated.

Horse Sale

Located at the Sale Barn in DECATUR, INDIANA

TUESDAY, December 19, 1933

Auction starting promptly at 12:30.

30—HEAD OF HORSES—30

This is a fine lot of horses bought direct from the farms in Illinois, consisting of one sorrel pair geldings with white manes and tails; this is an outstanding pair horses, four and five year old, weight 3300, an advertising pair. Several high class matched pairs of young mares; 10 good individual mares, a large portion of these mares are in foal ranging from three to eight years old; 10 head of good work horses; One outstanding pair of young mules, weight 2800. This is an unusually well broke pair with plenty of shape and quality.

Everything sold under absolute guarantee as represented.

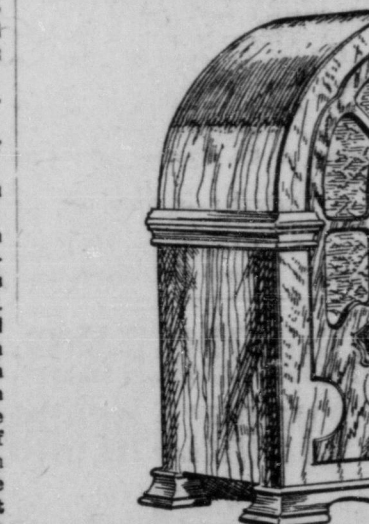
TERMS—CASH.

BERT WAITE & GEO. MELLOTT

Roy Johnson, auctioneer.

RADIO FOR DANCING AND ENTERTAINMENT

Model K-52 ----- only \$32.95



Here is the radio to bring you new enjoyment from your favorite programs. News, mystery, sports, drama, hours of fascinating entertainment at the flick of the dial. Yes, you can get police calls, aircraft and amateur broadcasts also. This attractive, table model radio offers many advanced engineering features to give you better performance at less cost. See it at the store or phone for a demonstration.

GENERAL ELECTRIC RADIO
THE SCHAFFER STORE
HARDWARE AND HOME FURNISHINGS

(To Be Continued)
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The Etiquette of Serving Wines and Liquors

The fine art of serving wines and liquors at table is a "lost" to many hosts and hostesses whose only experience has been obtained during the "wild-party" period of the Prohibition-Breaking. The temperate and proper use of wines, and liquors with the dinner is as different from the "gin party" now passing into the discard as night is different from day.
Our Washington Bureau has just off the press a new bulletin compiled by an expert, from the most authoritative sources available the host and hostess full information on the serving of wines and liquors with meals. An illustration shows the full complement of most modern glassware needed for the proper service of liquors on all occasions. It contains a section giving recipes and formulas for the proper concoction of all sorts of mixed drinks, and tells which should be served with various courses of the dinner and will be indispensable guide to the host and hostess who desire to provide their guests with suitable drinks at their dinner party, reception or other function.
If you wish a copy of this bulletin, fill out the coupon below and mail as directed:

CLIP COUPON HERE

Dept. SWL, Washington Bureau, DECATUR DAILY DEMOCRAT, 1322 New York Avenue, Washington, D. C.

I want a copy of the bulletin THE ETIQUETTE OF SERVING WINES AND LIQUORS, and enclose herewith five cents in coin (carefully wrapped), to cover return postage and handling costs.

NAME _____

STREET & No. _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

I am a reader of the Decatur Daily Democrat, Decatur, Ind.

All schools in Indiana opened on time and will be able to give the full minimum program, Cole said.

A recent survey in 700 typical cities showing considerable curtailment in the program offered by public schools was quoted by in comparison to Indiana schools where programs have been arranged but few important much desired subjects eliminated.

SAVE 10% DISCOUNT ON YOUR ELECTRIC LIGHT BILLS

BY PAYING ON OR BEFORE Dec. 20 POWER BILLS ARE ALSO DUE

—AND— MUST BE PAID —BY—

TWENTIETH OF MONTH AT CITY HALL

BY SEG

IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT YOU DON'T HAVE TO STAY HERE. HEY! HEY! THEY'VE GOT NO OTHER BOARDING HOUSE IN PUDDLEBURG. HAH!

IT'S A PRIVATE BATHROOM IF YOU KEEP THE DOOR SHUT. AIN'T IT? AIN'T IT?

WHERE'S THE PRIVATE BATH? I AM DISGUSTED!

IT AIN'T BATHIN' SEASON NOHOW

WHAT THE HECK! IT'S A CLOSET!! I THOUGHT SHE SAID THEY WAS A PRIVATE BATH

YEA DON'T CALL THAT DINKY LITTLE CUBBYHOLE AT THE END OF THE HALL A PRIVATE BATHROOM, DO YA?

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