

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, BUSINESS CARDS, AND NOTICES

FOR SALE

NOTICE: HATS! HATS! Just received a shipment of Spring Hats. Prices reasonable. Winter hats to be closed out at 25c each. Maud A. Merriman, 222 S. 4th st. 22-31x

FOR SALE—Will sell at auction at Jacob Koos sale, Jan. 29, my Hudson Broughm. Car is in perfect mechanical condition, has extra good tires and paint. O. L. Vance, 22-31x

FOR SALE—2 farm wagons. Double shovel plow, walking plows, riding plows, disc harrow, spring tooth harrow, corn planters, Ford T ton truck, new Ford T parts, Estate Heatrola, buzz saw, Porter Supply Co. 203 South First St. Phone 1239. 22-31x

FOR SALE—Bay mare, 4 yrs. old. Cow coming fresh soon. Max Thieme, route 8, Decatur. 22-31x

FOR SALE—36 piece set silverware; butter fly, drum top and end tables; Madiera Italian and Chinese Linen Luncheon and dinner cloths, with napkins; pewterware; mens riding boots, size 11; ladies shoe skates, size 7. Everything practically new and reasonable. 121 S. 6th st. 2412

WANTED

WANTED TO RENT—4 room unfurnished house or apartment to young couple without children. Address box X43, Democrat. 22-31x

MALE HELP WANTED

MAN WANTED in this locality as Direct Representative of well known oil company. Sell small town and farm trade on easy credit terms. Experience not necessary. No investment required. Chance for immediate steady income. Write P. T. Webster, General Manager, 6212 Standard Bank Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio. 1

YOU CAN NOT AFFORD to do your washing, when we do 15 pounds for 49c—Decatur Laundry.

Appointment of Administrator. Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned have been appointed Administrators of the estate of John Stutenberry late of Adams County, deceased. The estate is probably solvent.

Vera Owens Administratrix. Marvin Stutenberry Administrator. Lehnart, Heller & Schnurzer Attys. Dec. 18 1933 Jan. 27, Feb. 3-10

Appointment of Administrator. Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned have been appointed Administrators of the estate of John Stutenberry late of Adams County, deceased. The estate is probably solvent.

Ernest B. Adams, Administrator. Fruchte and Litterer Attys. Jan. 20, 1934 Jan. 27 P 3-10

Appointment of Executors. Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned have been appointed Executors of the estate of Henry C. Getting late of Adams County, deceased. The estate is probably solvent.

Henry L. Getting, William Scheumann Executors. Fruchte and Litterer, Attys. Jan. 27 1934 Jan. 27, Feb. 3-10

APPOINTMENT OF EXECUTRIX. Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned has been appointed Executrix of the estate of Horace F. Callow late of Adams County, deceased. The estate is probably solvent.

Fanny E. Callow, Executrix. Fruchte and Litterer Attys. Jan. 19, 1934 Jan. 20-27 P 3-10

Roy S. Johnson Auctioneer
Now booking winter and spring sale dates. My dates are filling fast, claim your date early.

Jan. 29—Jacob Koos, 1 mile east of Decatur. Closing out farm sale.

Jan. 30—William Murlin, 4 miles west, 1 mile south of Rockford, O. Closing out sale.

Jan. 31—Zerkel and Lautenschlager, 2 miles east of Decatur, closing out sale.

Feb. 1—Mrs. John Etzler, 3 mi. south, 1 mile west of Convo, O. Closing out sale.

Feb. 6—Aaron Oyer, near Elm-hurst school, west of Waynedale. Closing out sale.

Feb. 7—Roy Gibson, 4 1/2 miles south and 2 miles west of Decatur. Closing out sale.

Feb. 8—Mrs. Oren P. Lare, 2 miles south of Monroeville. Closing out sale.

Feb. 10—Decatur Horse sale and Community sale. Sale barn, Decatur, Ind.

Feb. 14—L. E. McBride, 1 mile south, 1/2 mile west of Magley. Closing out sale.

Feb. 20—Louis Keltner, 2 1/2 miles east of Cavett, Ohio. Closing out sale.

March 1—Monroeville Chester White Breeders sale of bred sows, on the Bert Marquardt farm, 4 miles north of Monroeville, on the Lincoln Highway.

MARKET REPORTS

DAILY REPORT OF LOCAL AND FOREIGN MARKETS

BERNE MARKET

Corrected Jan. 26

No commission and no yardage

| | |
|-----------------|--------|
| 160 to 210 lbs. | \$3.50 |
| 210 to 250 lbs. | \$3.35 |
| 250 to 300 lbs. | \$3.20 |
| 300 to 350 lbs. | \$3.10 |
| 140 to 160 lbs. | \$3.10 |
| 160 to 180 lbs. | \$2.10 |
| Roughs | \$2.25 |
| Stags | \$1.25 |
| Vealers | \$6.75 |
| Lambs | \$8.25 |

Decatur Produce Company

Egg Market

| | |
|--------------|-----|
| No. 1. dozen | 18c |
| No. 2. dozen | 14c |
| No. 3. dozen | 10c |

CHICAGO GRAIN CLOSE

| | | | |
|-------|-----|------|-------|
| Wheat | May | July | Sept. |
| 90% | 88% | 89% | |
| Corn | 52% | 54% | 55% |
| Oats | 37% | 37% | |

Fort Wayne Livestock

Hogs 10c higher; 160-200 lbs. \$3.75; 200-250 lbs. \$3.65; 250-300 lbs. \$3.55; 300-350 lbs. \$3.40; 150-160 lbs. \$3.35; 140-150 lbs. \$3.10; 130-140 lbs. \$2.85; 100-130 lbs. \$2.45; roughs \$2.75; stags \$1.75. Calves \$7; western lambs \$9; native lambs \$8.50.

EAST BUFFALO LIVESTOCK

East Buffalo, N. Y., Jan. 27.—(U.P.) Livestock:

Hogs, receipts, 1,700; holdovers, none; active, fully steady; bulk desirable 150-220 lbs. \$4; some firmly held at \$4.10; few decks mixed weights and plainer quality, \$3.90; 220-260 lbs. \$3.75-\$4; weights below 150 lbs. \$2.60-\$3.60.

Cattle, receipts, 50; better grade steers and yearlings active, 25-50c higher; medium and lower grades about steady, good to choice, 975-1,100-lb. steers, \$6.75-\$7.25; 1,100-1,275 lbs. \$6.25-\$7; medium and short feds, \$5.25-\$6; common down to \$4; cows and bulls weak to 25c lower, fat cows, \$3-\$3.50; cutter grades, \$1.60-\$2.35.

Calves, receipts, none; vealers closed steady, good to choice, \$7.50; top, \$8; common and medium, \$4.50-\$6.

Sheep, receipts, none, all grades lambs, 50c-75c higher; good to choice woolskins, \$9.25 to mostly \$9.50; few \$9.60; common and medium, \$8.25-\$8.75; young lambs, \$7.50-\$8; woolled yearlings, \$3 down; fat ewes, \$4.25-\$4.75.

LOCAL GRAIN MARKET

Corrected Jan. 25

| | |
|-----------------------------------|---------|
| No. 1 New Wheat, 60 lbs or better | 81c |
| No. 2 New Wheat 55 lbs. | 79c |
| Old Oats | 34c |
| New Oats | 32c |
| First Class Yellow Corn | 58c |
| Mixed corn 5c less | |
| Soy Beans | 50c-60c |

Test Your Knowledge

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

1. In what war was the Battle of South Mountain?
2. Which state leads the U. S. in gold production?
3. Who was Lysander?
4. What is methyl alcohol?
5. Who was Rene Descartes?
6. Name the brothers of Ethel Barrymore.
7. Who was Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth?
8. What is the prevailing religion in Poland?
9. Who originated the method of macadamizing roads?
10. What is the name for a supplement to a will?

Household Scrapbook

—BY—

ROBERTA LEE

Medicines
Do not keep old medicines around the house, just because they may have been effective once before with some other member of the family, and again, what may be effective with one person will not be with another.

Tapestries
The new tapestry should be brushed well with a furniture brush each time the room is cleaned. It will be a long time before actual soil is noticed if this is done at least once a week.

Get the Habit — Trade at Home

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.

PERSONALS

The Misses Salome Schmitz and Virginia Ehinger motored to Huntington today and were accompanied home by James Fisher, who has been visiting there.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Prossler of Pierceton and daughter, Mildred

of Fort Wayne, and Charles Gaskill of Pierceton visited with their uncle, J. M. Gaskill, of this city. Dick Lockton, representative for the City Securities Corp., Indianapolis, called on customers here Friday.

Carl Adler of near Monroe was a business visitor here yesterday. Walter Goll, manager of the Fort Wayne General Electric works has

returned to his post after a six week's leave of absence which time he spent in Massachusetts. His health is much improved. Donald Foreman of Jefferson township is spending the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Manley Foreman and family.

Mr. and Mrs. George Chronister received word this morning of the death of Maxine Stetler, daughter

of Benton Stetler, who died last Tuesday at her home in Chicago. The Yager Brothers are anxiously awaiting a letter from their brother, Lew Yager, who has been living in Tucson, Ariz., for more than a year. Mr. Yager stayed at the Congress hotel there, which place was destroyed by fire the other day. John Dillinger and his gang also stopped at the hotel the day it burned and the fact that Harry Pierpont offered a fireman \$50 to get his baggage led to his capture. Lew will probably write his brothers here and tell them all about the excitement in the western health resort.

The last rock well will be closed in Fort Wayne next Monday. The city now receives its water supply from the rivers, following the completion and putting into operation the new one million dollar filtration plant there.

L. W. Macy of Indianapolis, formerly of this city, is ill with pneumonia. Word of his illness was received here by relatives today.

Miss Mary Macy will leave Sunday for West Palm Beach Florida to spend two weeks with Mr. and

"I TAKE THIS WOMAN"

By Allene Corliss

CHAPTER ONE

Stanley awakened with a feeling of excitement. For a moment she stared with sleep-blurred eyes at a splash of glazed chintz against an apricot tinted wall, at an oblong of golden sunlight sprawled across a dull green carpet. Then, as consciousness came flooding back to her, she sat up in bed and flung her arms about her slim knees.

She knew now why she felt excited. For the first time in three years, she was waking up in New York. For the first time in three years she was free to do exactly as she pleased. It suddenly seemed a bit overwhelming. Even frightening. It implied so much. This apartment, for instance. She had sub-let it from Alita Lawson. She thought, with a quick little flicker of amusement, that if Alita had used as good taste in choosing a husband, as she had obviously used in furnishing an apartment, she would not now be on her way to Paris in pursuit of a high-pressure divorce.

It was a charming apartment. There was something gay and intimate and sort of consoling about it. Stanley already felt at home in it. Relaxed. As she had never felt during the three years she had lived in one hotel after another, on the Continent.

But all that was over now. Quite definitely over. Stanley had suddenly decided to come home. After three years of passive non-resistance, she had without the slightest warning rebelled. Thinking about it this morning, sitting up quite straight in Alita's slim posted mahogany bed, Stanley decided that she had simply reached a point where further incontinence to ennui was impossible. So she had left her Aunt Julie playing very bad contract on the Riviera and come back to New York. She wondered now why she had not done it before, why she had been content to drift so long in an environment that was not only unattractive to her, but actually distasteful. She decided that her father's sudden death and her aunt's deceiving protectiveness had undoubtedly been the reason. She was glad it was over. That she was back in New York. That it was early April and that she was young and lovely looking and quite free to do as she pleased.

As soon as she called a few people on the telephone, things would begin to happen to her. Pleasant things. Gay, careless, inconsequential things. The sort of things that hadn't happened to her during all the precious time she had been in away.

She reached for the telephone, cradled it against her chin, smiled reflectively into the mirror that hung on the apricot tinted wall opposite her. Clever of Alita to have a mirror just there. It was enlightening to see exactly how you looked the first thing in the morning, before you had time to do anything about it.

Stanley frowned at herself critically. Nice hair, deeply, warmly brown, just brushing her shoulders. Nice skin, smooth and fragrant looking. A young, ardent mouth. Chin, a bit defensive, but not too much so. Gray eyes, very direct and unafraid, but a bit inquiring. The frown changed to a smile; she dismissed what she saw with a shrug. Five, ten years from now she would have to begin worrying, but now she was quite lovely. She accepted this loveliness with an almost even mixture of casualness and gratitude. She was casual about it as all people are casual about their family possessions; but she was grateful for it too—especially in moments like this when life seemed to be pressing close about her, demanding things of her, promising things to her.

She balanced the telephone against her knees, lifted the receiver from its enameled hook. Her



Stanley wasn't at all sure yet that she wanted Perry, but she was sure that she wanted a chance to make up her mind about it.

voice when she gave the number was eagerly imperative. It would be nice to see Perry again—dance with him. In the moment before his voice came to her, clipped and lazily caressing, she visualized him perfectly. Tall, delightfully blond, altogether attractive. She had been half in love with Perry three years before—she wondered if she would be again. The possibility that she might make this moment before they actually spoke to each other exciting and important.

Perry didn't get her voice at once. It had been a long time since he had heard it. When he did he was pleasantly stirred. He remembered her perfectly. She had come out the same year that he had finished law school and gone into his father's office. He had given her a terrific rush. She had been his first serious love. She had been, in fact, his only serious love. He remembered how beautifully they had danced together and how violently he had made love to her. Then her father had died suddenly and an aunt had rushed her off to Europe. He had tried to get her to marry him but she had been very young and not nearly so much in love as he.

All these things went through Perry's mind as he exchanged pleasant and flattering banalities with her over the wire. He reached for an engagement book, drew a line through an appointment with his tailor and made an engagement with her for that afternoon. Beyond that he would not commit himself. If she was still beautiful and willing and unattached, he would probably fall in love with her again. But he had had a hard time getting over her once and he did not intend to repeat the experiment if he could help it. She had sounded all those things—beautiful and willing and unattached—but you never could tell—over a telephone anything was possible.

Nevertheless, it was with a certain vaguely familiar eagerness that he rang her bell that afternoon. He remembered the stout, pleasant looking woman who admitted him. Her name was Ellen and she had once been Stanley's nurse. She had been kind to him during the months that he had been so violently in love with Stanley. He had always felt that she liked him. He shook hands with her now, gave her the full benefit of his lazy, blue-eyed smile.

Stanley came to meet him, half-

way across the dim, fragrant drawing room. She was wearing a dull blue gown that clung closely to her slim breasts and hips. His first impression of her was that she was much taller than he remembered, and that her figure was much more exciting.

"You look so awfully grown-up," he told her, frowning at her slightly, after they had both said "how do you do" together.

"It's this dress, Perry, the long skirt, you know."

"Of course," he grinned comprehensively. "It makes you rather more lovely, darling, though I can't help regretting the loss of your legs. You had lovely legs, Stanley."

"I still have," she assured him gravely, "only they've ceased to be an asset."

Across the tea table and behind a screen of light, pleasant conversation they took stock of each other. Stanley discovered that he really was just as blond and blue-eyed and completely likeable as she had remembered him. She decided that very likely she would see a great deal of him and that she might quite possibly get very much interested in him again. She wondered if he was uninvolved at the present time; she decided that he probably was or he would not have come to see her so soon. Having arrived at this conclusion, she knew she was immensely relieved that this was so. She wasn't at all sure yet that she wanted Perry, but she was sure that she wanted a chance to make up her mind about him.

Perry, by the time she had poured him a second cocktail and rung for more anchovy sandwiches, knew quite definitely that if he continued to see her, he would surely fall in love with her all over again. Knew in fact that he had really never stopped being in love with her. Decided that explained why he had passed in and out of so many casual affairs since. Nevertheless, he intended to take it easy. At twenty-nine one didn't toss his heart about as carelessly as one had at twenty-six. Stanley wasn't in love with him now, any more than she had been three years before. She might quite possibly never be. He would surely take it easy until he had some indication that something good would come of being otherwise.

(To Be Continued)

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SYNOPSIS

After three years in Europe, lovely Stanley Paige, young society girl, returns to New York. She phones Perry Deverest, who had been madly in love with her before she was rushed abroad following her father's death. Stanley, however, was not so sure of her heart at the time. Perry realizes, after seeing Stanley again, that he is still in love with her but steels himself against committing himself until his love is reciprocated.

CHAPTER TWO

"Still in your father's office, Perry?"

"That's right. And not very darn important down there either. But it pleases dad to see me hanging around—" He shrugged. He had wanted terribly to study landscape gardening but his father had refused to admit there even was such a thing. So Perry was an indifferently good lawyer and no longer mentioned ever having wanted to plan gardens.

"How's your mother?" Stanley remembered her as being an exceedingly stout woman with a mania for bridge and maroon glaces.

"Mother's fine. She's given up her bridge club and reduced twenty pounds. Doctor's orders. I must take you up to see her—she always thought you were nice."

"So did I," he added a second later, in a slightly different voice. "You know, Stan, I was rather badly in love with you that winter—it took me months to recover."

"Why did you let me go, Perry?" Stanley asked the question abruptly, staring at him over the unlighted tip of her cigarette. "Why didn't you marry me and keep me here. I'd have been much happier—"

"You mean—you've been unhappy?"

She nodded. "Frightfully. Not that I knew it—at first, I mean. I just trailed around with Aunt Julie, not caring much. Then quite suddenly I cared a lot. All at once, everything seemed so sort of dull, so terribly futile. I felt as though I was missing something. Perry, something sort of sweet, you know—and terribly important."

"It sounds silly, doesn't it? But some way I feel as if I must make up for something—if you see what I mean—sort of snatch at happiness."

Perry smiled reflectively. "I don't imagine it will be necessary to do much snatching."

"But I'm greedy, Perry," her voice was grave. "I want terribly to be amused. Are you much too busy to bother with me?"

He met her eyes levelly. Told her in his clipped, pleasant drawl, "I most certainly am not. It would probably be much better for me if I were." Then he asked her to go to a party with him that night.

"It's at Nigel Stern's. I don't believe you ever knew Nigel but that doesn't matter. He gives swell parties and you'll like him. I'll call for you at eight and we'll have dinner somewhere and dance and then about twelve we'll drop in at Nigel's. No one going there before then—his parties never get going until after midnight. How's that for a brave beginning, darling?"

"It sounds amazingly good. But are you sure you have tonight free?"

He grinned disarmingly. "As a matter of fact, I'm quite sure I haven't. I'm supposed to swell the

WHAT IS A DOLLAR

And what will it be next week, next month, next autumn, next year? What is inflation? Ought we to have it? And if so, by what method? Reduce the gold content of the dollar? Stabilize the silver remonetization? 16 to 1? Flat money? Currency based on other than metal?

What do you know about it? INFLATION is a word that means a lot of different things. Our Washington Bureau will tell you about it. Not propaganda—facts. The new bulletin, INFLATION PRO AND CON discusses the subject of the monetary system from all angles, and attempts to put it into understandable language. If you are interested in this subject of MONEY, and want to know the basic arguments pro and con on various inflation proposals, fill in the coupon below and send for this bulletin:

CLIP COUPON HERE

Dept. 270, Washington Bureau, DECATUR DAILY DEMOCRAT

1322 New York Avenue, Washington, D. C.

I want a copy of the bulletin INFLATION PRO AND CON, enclosed herewith five cents in coin (carefully wrapped), to return postage and handling costs:

N A M E

STREET and No.

CITY

STATE

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

Mrs. R. E. Shirk. Mrs. Orville Rhodes of Portland will take Miss Macy's place as society reporter on the Daily Democrat, during the latter's absence.

BE THRIFTY

Get 15 pounds for 49c—Decatur Laundry

Get the Habit — Trade at Home

and utterly dismayed, "Not in the years, Lorna?"

Lorna had shrugged. "Well, you might postpone the calamity a year by sending her around the world—but eventually you've got to face the unpleasant responsibility of a grown-up daughter."

But as it happened he had never had to, at least not for long. Stanley had been taken away from the quiet apartment in the Gramercy Park district and sent to an expensive and correct school on the Hudson. Vacation she had spent in a New York hotel with Ellen and once a year her father had arranged for her to go over to Paris, or Vienna or Oporto or wherever he had happened to be staying.

During the next five years, Stanley had grown from a thin-legged grave-eyed child into a rather beautiful girl. She had been neither more nor less happy than when she had lived in New York with Ellen. She had always been happy and a little lonely and a little entranced by life and a lot puzzled by it. She still was. She didn't sorry for herself. She never had. But she did feel lonely. It was exactly an unpleasant loneliness—it was there all the time—nowhere at the back of her heart, was a feeling that more than anything else in the world she wanted to belong somewhere—to someone. To someone besides Ellen who didn't understand. She had many friends easily and eagerly but never intimately. She had many a life altogether pleasant and desirable thing but she had been bit bewildered by it and somewhat faintly hurt. She had thought her father handsome and gay and charming—and not a very important part of her life.

And yet when he had died suddenly at the end of her first year which he had come back to New York to give her, she had felt alone than ever and during the three years she had come to realize that if he had lived things would have been different for her.

As it was, her Aunt Julie immediately stepped in and tried to arrange her life for her. The result had been anything but satisfying to Stanley.

And now she was back in New York, sitting in Alita Lawson's charming drawing room and free to do exactly as she pleased. And that night she pleased by dancing with Perry in a dark colored gown. Beyond that she was still not sure of anything. She somehow that beyond that nothing mattered very much, or if it did would quite likely take care of itself.

Perry came for her at eight o'clock—bringing her garden. A lovely, waxen cluster of the tiny trembled against her shoulder, gave Perry a nice sense of possession. He always felt a pleasant little proprietary right in a girl who wore his flowers—temporarily but consoling.

They dined at a club in the city where the liquor was good and the music superb. Stanley danced beautifully, abandoning herself to the music, never talking. She had a bit disappointed when he suggested that they go on to Nigel Stern's studio.

"Not but that I'd rather be you quite to myself and all that but you asked to be amused and promised to do it. Besides, I Nigel we'd drop in."

(To Be Continued)

Copyright,