

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, BUSINESS CARDS, AND NOTICES

FOR SALE

HAVE YOUR old machine put in condition for the spring sewing. Call the Singer representative at Vitz Gift and Baby Shop, phone 925, or bring in machine head. Singer Sewing Machine Co., Al Farr, representative. 61-2tx

FOR SALE—1" pipe, 4" pipe and 3" pipe, and brick at Tile Mill at Monroe. Call anytime. C. A. Harvey. 61-3tx

FOR SALE—Soy beans, manchu, dunfield; barley, clover, alsike, little red, and grm alfalfa; English, blue grass and hullless oats, 2½ cents per lb. John H. Barger, Craigville, Ind., Craigville phone. 62-6tx

FOR SALE—15 ewes, 6 with lambs by side; 4 yearling lambs, and 4 two-year olds. Marion Reber. 62-2tx

FOR SALE—Male calf, one week old. Phil L. Schleferstein Decatur R. 7. 61-3tx

FOR SALE—Soy bean hay and soy bean seed. Robert Sovine, Bobo, Indiana. k-60-3tx

FOR SALE—Beet drill with fertilizer attachment. Also beet lifter. Henry Lengerich, Route 5, Decatur. k-62-3tx

FOR SALE

40 acre farm, good corn land, well tilled.

7 acres in city of Decatur, good truck patch.

6 room semi-modern house and garage, Marshall st.

6 room semi-modern house, Adams st.

6 room semi-modern house, 5th street.

62-3 A. D. Suttles, agt.

FOR SALE—Decatur Hatchery Quality Bred Chicks. Thousands hatching weekly all from eggs of 23-oz. and over per doz. Book your order today for March or April chicks, this is very important to get your preferred date. Also several hundred heavy mixed started chicks. Prices Reasonable. Order now at Decatur Hatchery, East Monroe St. Phone 497. 60-3tx

FOR SALE—Good 6 room semi-modern house on South Eleventh street. Corner lot, chicken park. Phone 329. 60-3tx

FOR SALE—Team of mules, weight about 3,000 lbs. Gentle and good workers. Craigville phone. 7½ miles southwest of Monroe. A. J. Bertsch, R. 4, Bluffton. a-60-4tx

FOR SALE—1930 Ford coupe; 1925 Tudor Ford, in excellent condition. Runyon's Garage. 60-3tx

WANTED

WANTED TO BUY—Young, gentle Holstein bull, weighing 700 or 800 lbs. See Edward Schleferstein Decatur, R. 1. 62-3tx

MAN WANTED—To supply customers with famous Watkins Products in Decatur. Business established, earnings average \$25 weekly, pay starts immediately. Write J. R. Watkins Company, 250-60 N. 5th st., Columbus, Ohio. 1tx

WANTED—Fordson tractor, any condition. Must be reasonable. Lloyd Bryan, Decatur, R. 7. k-62-2tx

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Modern 6 room house. Phone 104 or 538. 61-3tx

PLENTY of Dirt Free for the hauling. Inquire 1128 Monroe street. 60-3

LOST AND FOUND

LOST—A small brindle colored Scottie, male, answers to name of Mr. Reward. Call 504 62-3tx

ROY S. JOHNSON

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

March 14—C. J. Dodane, 2½ miles west and 4½ mile north of Preble. Closing out sale.

March 20—Mack Davis, and Adams, 7 miles west of Celina. Stock sale.

Office in Peoples Loan & Trust Bldg.
Telephone: Office 104 Res. 1022.

AUTOS

REFINANCED ON SMALLER PAYMENTS EXTRA MONEY IF DESIRED
FRANKLIN SECURITY CO.
Over Schafer Bldg. Co.
Phone 929 Decatur Ind.

MARKET REPORTS

DAILY REPORT OF LOCAL AND FOREIGN MARKETS

BERNE MARKET

Corrected March 12
No commission and no yardage
Veals received Tuesday Wednesday Friday and Saturday

160 to 210 lbs.	\$4.40
210 to 250 lbs.	\$4.50
250 to 300 lbs.	\$4.40
300 to 350 lbs.	\$4.00
140 to 160 lbs.	\$3.50
130 to 140 lbs.	\$2.80
160 to 120 lbs.	\$2.10
Roughs	\$3.00
Stags	\$1.50
Vealers	\$6.00
Lambs	\$8.75

Decatur Produce Company

Egg Market

No. 1 dozen	16c
No. 2 dozen	13c
No. 3 dozen	11c

East Buffalo Livestock

Hog receipts 5,400; holdovers 500; weights above 180 lbs. fairly active, steady with Friday's average; lighter weights weak to lower; desirable 220 to 270 lbs. \$5.25; 170 to 250 lbs. \$5.10 to \$5.15; plainers kinds and mixed weights \$4.75 to \$5; 150 lbs. down \$3 to \$4.15; packing sows \$3.60 to \$3.85. Cattle receipts 800; steer and yearling quality plain; market active, 25 to 50c over last week's close and strong to 25c above opening; good 1,000 to 1,200 lb. steers \$6.25 to 6.65; medium and short feds \$5.35 to 6.35; roughs 1,325 lb. steers \$5.40; cows and bulls 15 to 25c higher; fat cows \$3.40 to 3.75; cutter grades \$1.40 to \$2.60. Calves receipts 1,000; vealers active; steady; \$7.00 down. Sheep receipts 4,500; lambs active; 10 to 25c higher; good to choice woolskins \$10; common and medium \$8.50; horn lambs \$8.25.

CHICAGO GRAIN CLOSE

Wheat	May	July	Sept.
	88½	88½	89½
Corn	51½	53½	55½
Oats	34½	35½	35½

FORT WAYNE LIVESTOCK

Fort Wayne, Ind., Mar. 12.—(U.P.)—Livestock:
Hogs, 10 to 15c lower; 200-250 lbs., \$4.55; 250-300 lbs., \$4.65; 160-200 lbs., \$4.45; 300-350 lbs., \$4.15; 150-160 lbs., \$3.65; 140-150 lbs., \$3.40; 130-140 lbs., \$3.15; 120-130 lbs., \$2.65; 100-120 lbs., \$2.15; roughs, \$3.50; stags, \$2. Calves, \$6.50; lambs, \$9.

CHICAGO GRAIN CLOSE

Wheat	May	July	Sept.
	87½	86½	87½
Corn	51½	53½	55½
Oats	35½	35	34½

LOCAL GRAIN MARKET

Corrected March 12
No. 1 New Wheat, 60 lbs or Better 78c
No. 2 New Wheat 58 lbs 77c
Old Oats 31c
New Oats 29c
First Class Yellow Corn 55c
Mixed corn 5c less
Soy Beans 50c-60c

Report Dillinger Seen in Toledo, O.

Toledo, Mar. 12.—(U.P.)—Report that John Dillinger, much sought desperado, was in Toledo was broadcast over the police radio here today. All scout cars were told to be on the lookout for a black sedan, said to contain Dillinger and one other man, which was reported seen at a downtown street intersection at 9:30 a. m.

Federal Farm Loans

Make application with the Adams County National Farm Loan Ass'n., Charter No. 5152, office with the Schurger Abstract Co., 133 South 2nd street, Decatur. Fire and windstorm insurance accepted in any old line or good mutual insurance co.

For Better Health See

Dr. H. Frohnappfel
Licensed

Chiropractor and Naturopath
Phone 314 140 So. 3rd st.

Neuroclometer Service
X-Ray Laboratory

Office Hours: 10 to 12 a. m. 1 to 5 p. m., 6 to 8 p. m.

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 185.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY

From the Daily Democrat File

March 12—The republican state convention will be held April 22nd. Fred LaDelle is doing his clown act at the Lyric theater. Bernard Korbly, democratic state

chairman, names Charles Sallee as secretary. The H. Berling Company incorporates for \$2,000. Clyde Beavers sells forty acres in Blue Creek township to Orlando Moyers for \$7,000. Bob Peterson is home from I. U. for a few days. Decatur high school basketball team goes to Bloomington to take

part in state tournament. John Hessler of Fort Wayne is here on business. E. X. Ehinger is at Paragonah, Ark., on business. Miss Lillian Rice of Richmond, Indiana is visiting here. Earl Sudduth is ill with shingles. George Sypaers is seriously ill. Maple syrup crop is light this spring.



CHAPTER FORTY-ONE

He sat opposite her now, a small, nervously energetic man, with crisp gray hair and keen, penetrating blue eyes that smiled at her from behind silver-rimmed glasses. "I wonder if your husband has ever mentioned the fact that I have asked him to take a short trip abroad with me?" He sat back in his chair and asked the question quietly.

"Why, no," she answered, "he certainly never has."

"I thought not."

Maynard continued to smile at her. Then he went on speaking in the clear, concise voice, which he had cultivated years before and which had proved very useful to him ever since:

"I've been urging your husband to take this trip with me for two weeks, Mrs. Northrup, and he has proved as obstinate as the proverbial mule. Now I'm depending on you to convince him that it's the sensible thing to do. I have to make a flying trip to London—I'm going to run down a matter of about six weeks and the trip is just what he needs. He's looking badly, not fit at all. The salt air will do him a great deal of good. I don't mind telling you that I have no desire to lose a successful young authority on the very eve of discovery, so to speak. I consider it good business for him to go across at this time."

He paused a second, then continued with a sudden quick, disarming grin: "All this is a bit beside the point, Mrs. Northrup. To be quite honest with you, I am more than ordinarily attached to this young man of yours. I'll get a perfectly selfish but genuine delight out of his company. I'm a rather lonely individual, I'm afraid, and it's not often that people attract me. I'm going to be tremendously disappointed if you cannot convince your husband that he ought to go with me. He has some crazy ideas that he can't afford the trip and that he ought not to leave you—I think you will see it differently."

"I certainly do, Mr. Maynard."

"Then I can plan on his going?"

"Absolutely," Stanley's eyes were shining with excitement. No one knew better than she how much such a trip would mean to John Harmon. And he had never even mentioned it to her—no one but John Harmon could ever have been so beautifully foolish!

"That's fine, Mrs. Northrup. I'll bring him back a different meal! We'll eat a week from Tuesday."

"I don't know how to thank you."

"You don't have to, my dear. It's I who am indebted to you, for loaning me your charming husband."

He walked to the door with her and took her hand to say good-bye. "I'm expecting great things from him, this novel has brought out qualities that make for real writing. He always had a sympathetic understanding of situations, now he has a sympathetic understanding of people; and it's people, my dear, that make novels, just as it's people that make life."

It was not until they had had their supper and were sitting quietly in the lamplight that Stanley mentioned her visit to Maynard's office. She approached it casually.

"I saw Maynard this afternoon, John Harmon."

"You did? Where?"

"At his office."

"Oh, how did that happen?" He looked at her curiously.

"He sent for me, about your going abroad with him."

John Harmon stiffened suddenly.

"That was a little unnecessary, seems to me, I thought we'd settled that."

"As it happens, you hadn't, but I have."

"Just what do you mean, Stan?"

"Nothing much—except that you're going, of course."

"And that's where you are entirely wrong, my dear—I am not!"

And to add emphasis to his remark, John Harmon tossed his cigarette into the empty grate, plunged his hands into his pockets and stared at her defiantly, with eyes which had grown more intent than eager during the last few weeks.

"I'm sorry, dear, I gave him my word," Stanley was quite unimpressed by his firmness.

"He had no business dragging you into it."

"If you weren't so run down and irritable you'd never be capable of such ingratitude."

"But darn it all, Stanley, don't you see, I can't run off and leave you here in this place—it'll be hot as blazes in another ten days. Besides, we've got some money right now, but how long will it last? I haven't done a thing since I finished 'Gloria'—it doesn't look as if I ever would."

"That's exactly why you've got to go—you're not yourself. You can't afford to drag along like this. You've got to get your strength back. You know perfectly well what an hour at the typewriter does to you!"

"I know, all right," John Harmon buried his face in his hands—in his thin, clever hands that were so frightfully white and unsteady.

"But darn it all, Stanley, leaving the expense out of it, I can't go off and leave you alone—just when we had planned to go away together."

Stanley was sitting on a low stool at his feet, and there was something in his voice, something husky and rough, which made her look up at him swiftly. He was staring at her in the firelight, and her heart rocked suddenly and painfully against her side at what she saw in his eyes in the moment before he dragged them away. It was as if for that brief, shattering second he had let her see straight into the soul of him and know for once the tremendous way in which he wanted her, needed her.

"You see, Stanley," he reached for her hands, held them lightly, his betraying eyes on their white slippers, "we've never had a—honey-moon. I thought that perhaps we could—now. Look at me, darling."

She looked up at him slowly, and then with a little sob, she was held tightly against her breast, her voice tumbling unsteadily against the rumpled brownness of his head. "I do want to go away with you, darling—and we will—when you come back. But we can't wait, and this trip won't."

"But, Stanley, I don't want to wait—I've waited so long. I want to go with you, now."

Stanley's hands held his head closer to her heart, her fingers caressed his hair, but her voice became steady and sweetly reasonable. "And I want you, too, but you mustn't. You must go with Maynard, darling, it's going to do you a lot of good in all sorts of ways. I can get Valerie to stay with me—it will only be for a few weeks anyhow."

"Weeks can be darned long, Stanley."

But in the end he agreed to go. Perry took them to the pier on the afternoon John Harmon's boat sailed and left them alone in his stateroom to say goodbye to each other.

And quite suddenly, it was John Harmon who was brave and matter-of-fact and Stanley who forgot to smile and went into his arms with a shaken, little sob. "Don't go, John Harmon, don't leave me—I'm afraid."

He rubbed his chin against her cheek and held her quietly. "You'll be all right, honey, and in six weeks I'll be back and we can go away together."

"But so much can happen in six weeks, John Harmon—I'm afraid!"

John Harmon pressed her face against his shoulder. He didn't want her to see his face just then—the

torment in his eyes, the pain that twisted his mouth. "I know, dear, that's a chance we take—a chance we've always taken."

"Time's up!" shouted Perry from the passageway. "We've got to run, Stan."

He led her off the boat and stood beside her, while she waved a damp little handkerchief at the rapidly diminishing speck that was John Harmon. Then he took her firmly by the arm and piloted her to his car.

"I'm an awful darn fool, Perry," she told him tremulously, sliding down in a little heap against the blue leather cushions. "I think I'm going to cry."

"Go ahead, darling," Perry urged her cheerfully. "Keep your head down and in that hat no one will know the difference."

"Good heavens, Perry," she gasped faintly, somewhere between laughter and tears, "anyone would think you made a habit of driving weeping women about the streets of New York, you're so casual about it."

"I wouldn't call it a habit exactly, but it has happened before," Perry admitted cheerfully. "What do you say to going somewhere to tea? What do you say to going up to Dennis? She won't have any tea but she'll have some darn good cocktails—Dennis is a very remarkable girl."

"I don't feel like tea—or cocktails—or Dennis."

"No. What you feel like is going home and burying your head in a pillow and having a nice, comfortable cry. But I'm not going to let you do it. Your eyes would get red and your nose would look worse, and anyhow it's five o'clock and I feel the need of a party."

"Have it your own way, I'll probably cry later, anyhow," Stanley shrugged resignedly.

"Darlin', never worry about what may happen—it almost never does," Perry wished I could believe that, Perry, Stanley began in a curiously troubled voice, but Perry was busy dodging traffic and didn't hear her.

Gaily at Dennis' was always a tea informal affair with no tea in sight, plenty of gin and vermouth, and anchovy paste sandwiches. Dennis lived in a charming and wholly haphazard way on the top floor of an apartment house in Luxor City. She had a studio, bare and uncluttered, where she worked from ten until three, and a long deep living room, with many windows facing the river, where she spent the rest of her time when she was at home.

Today it was filled with a dozen or so people, all talking at once, all gaily impervious to any interruption. At the extreme end of the room, an indolent young man was sipping a cocktail and carefully considering the effect that Dennis was achieving, dressed in topaz velvet, her bronze head tilted back against a piece of old Chinese brocade.

"You might use a pose like that for those new illustrations," he decided, frowning a bit. "Have you read the manuscript yet?"

"No, I'm going to. This afternoon."

"Sure you'll have them ready in time?"

"Don't I usually?"

"Yes, that's the amazing thing about you, Dennis—you're so inconsistently business-like."

"I've found it pays."

"I suppose so—never could be that way myself, though."

"No. You're too lazy. If you didn't have to write to live—you would never finish a story."

"Tedious—finishing anything. But as you say, one has to live."

"And eat—apparently. I positively never have any food left after one of these raids."

(To Be Continued)

Distributed by King Features Syndicate, Inc. Copyright, 1932, by Allene Corliss

Watery Aftermath of Sudden Spring Thaw



In the Spring this young man's fancy turns to under water. Below is the cause of the flood. He is Clifford Hottel, and he is trying to look happy seated on top of his short distance below Albany and forcing the auto on a flooded Albany, N. Y., highway, many feet back up with sad results to the surrounding country.

Test Your Knowledge

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

1. What was the nickname of the pirate Edward Teach?
2. Does a drowning person always rise three times?
3. What is entomology?
4. Name the Administrator of the National Recovery Administration.
5. Where is the Mosquito Coast?
6. Name the great lyric poet of Scotland.
7. Give the English translation of the Latin phrase, "Te Deum Laudamus, Te Dominum confitemur."
8. Which state is known as the Green Mountain state?
9. Who was the Author of the Epistle to the Ephesians?
10. Who was Edmund Burke?

1. Name the author of the collection of tales, "Mosses from an Old Manse."
2. Who was the last King of Judea?
3. What is the geographic name for the narrowest portion of Mexico?
4. Who wrote "The Pilgrim's Progress?"
5. What is the name for the diseases which appear at intervals and spread over a large area?
6. What does matriculate mean?
7. Who was Johann Joseph Most?
8. Why does cream rise to the top of milk?
9. In the Odyssey, who is Telemachus?
10. Name the author of the short story, "A Piece of String."

Get the Habit—Trade at Home

See me for Federal Loans and Abstracts of Title.

French Quinn.

Schirmeyer Abstract Co.

PUBLIC AUCTION

The Decatur Community sales will hereafter be known as Decatur Riverside Sales. We will operate at the same barn (Breiner Feed Barn) and our next sale will be held

March 17

--and every two weeks thereafter. We will have a good consignment of horses, cattle, sheep, farm machinery, and household goods. Anything you have for sale, see L. W. Murphy or E. J. Ahr.

We will have two auctions.

Decatur

Riverside Sale

Phone 22



A Modern Bush Poppy

The bush eschscholtzia, hunnemannia, so old-fashioned a flower that to most new gardeners its older form would be a novelty, has now been improved by the plant breeders.

The first product of their work is Hunnemannia Sunlite, which won an award of merit in the All-American trials this year. The hunnemannia is a California native, only half hardy, which has long been valued in gardens for its clear, bright sulphur yellow flowers, two to three inches in diameter, of the California poppy type, and its gray-green foliage, growing on a bushy plant two feet tall.

The Sunlite variety has all the beauty and vigor of the older type and in addition produces some of its huge flowers in semi-double form. This characteristic is not yet well fixed, and only a few of the plants grown in the trials, it is reported, showed semi-double flowers. But the improvement receives interest in this attractive flower family, and many will wish to become familiar with its beauty.

Hunnemannia seed should not be sown until the ground is warm. It germinates somewhat slowly, taking eight days to two weeks, but once started it grows rapidly to the blooming stage, as do the California poppies. It has a long season of bloom and its blossoms are

lasting as cut flowers. Its yellow blossoms and gray foliage combine with all colors, and are especially effective with light pinks, and all shades of blue. The seeds should be where the flowers are to grow like the California poppy, it likes to be transplanted.

Section Two, Reform church, Sponsor Bake Thursday.

PUBLIC SALE

I will sell at public auction at my residence, 2½ miles west and 4½ miles north of Preble, ½ mile north and 1 mile west of Preble church, on

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 14, 1934

Commencing at 12 o'clock noon

— HORSES —

Roan mare, 14 years old, weight 1500 lbs.; Bay horse, 13 years weight 1500 lbs.

CATTLE—HOGS—POULTRY

1 Jersey cow, giving good flow of milk; 2 brood sows will far last of April; 11 shoats, weight 90 lbs. each; 2 dozen White Leg Pullets.

FEED—200 bushel of corn; 50 bushel of oats; 12 bushel of beans; 3 ton of mixed hay.

— IMPLEMENTS —

2 wagons; hay rack; wagon box; John Deere web hay loader; disc fertilizer grain drill; mower; roller; disc; spring tooth and tooth harrow; mud boat; 7 ft. grain binder; Gale corn planter; corn plow; harness and collars; DeLaval No. 12 cream separator; 7 wagon tires; houns for wagons; 7 walnut boards, 18 inches 10½ ft. long; 1 walnut plank, 2x10, 10½ ft. long; pile of rough lumber; fence posts; many articles too numerous to mention.

TERMS—CASH.

C. J. DODANE, Owner

Roy S. Johnson, auctioneer.

THIMBLE THEATER



NOW SHOWING—"AUTO-INTOXICATION"



WELL, JU'S LOOK AT THE SWEET HOUSE!



ANY GALS WHATCHA TAKIN ME UP BY THAT SWEET PALACE FOR? YA OF COURSE NOT, SILLY.



THAT'S OUR GARAGE

