

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, BUSINESS CARDS, AND NOTICES

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—1" pipe, 4" pipe and 3" pipe, and brick at Tile Mill at Monroe. Call anytime. C. A. Harvey. 61-31x

FOR SALE—Soy beans, manchu, dunfield; barley, clover, alsike, little red, and grim alfalfa; English, blue grass and hullless oats, 2 1/2 cents per lb. John H. Barger, Craigville, Ind., Craigville phone. 6216x

FOR SALE—Baled wheat straw. Call 470, Monroe, Indiana. 63-3t

FOR SALE—15 ewes, 6 with lambs by side; 4 yearling lambs, and 4 two-year olds. Marion Reber. 6212x

FOR SALE—Walking plow, Oliver tractor plow, 12 hold grain drill, cream separator, spring tooth and spike tooth harrow. Porter Supply Company, 203 South First street. 63-g3t

FOR SALE—A 240 egg Successful incubator in good condition. Priced cheap. Mrs. Dale Moses. Phone 6782 53k3t

FOR SALE—Male calf, one week old. Phil L. Schleferstein Decatur R. 7. 61-31x

FOR SALE—Beet drill with fertilizer attachment. Also beet lifter. Henry Lengerich. Route 5, Decatur. k-62-41x

FOR SALE—Sacrificed yellow sweet clover seed. L. A. Ripley, Monroe, Indiana. March 6-8-13-15x

FOR SALE

40 acre farm, good corn land, well tiled.

7 acres in city of Decatur, good track patch.

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

6 room semi-modern house. Adams st.

6 room semi-modern house, 5th street.

6213 A. D. Suttles, agt.

FOR SALE—Team of mules, weight about 3,000 lbs. Gentle and good workers. Craigville phone. 7 1/2 miles southwest of Monroe. A. J. Bertsch, R. 4, Bluffton. a-60-41x

WANTED

WANTED TO BUY—Young, gentle Holstein Bull, weighing 700 or 800 lbs. See Edward Schleferstein Decatur, R. 1. 6213x

WANTED — Fordson tractor, any condition. Must be reasonable. Lloyd Bryan, Decatur, R. 7. k-62-21x

WANTED—Light hauling. Ashes, rubbish, etc. Prices reasonable. Phone 1208. 63-31x

LOST AND FOUND

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

Civil Service examinations soon. Valuable information free. Write today Patterson School, P. O. Box 262 Fort Wayne. 62-61x

Sale Company Is Formed In Decatur

L. W. Murphy and E. J. Ahl have organized a company to be known as the Decatur Riverside Sale to hold auction sales every two weeks at the Breiner feed barn on Monroe street. This company replaces the Decatur Community sale.

The first sale will be held Saturday, March 17. It is the desire of Mr. Murphy and Mr. Ahl to develop a horse market in Adams county as this county has a national reputation for breeders of fine horses.

Three Men Beheaded In German Prison

Karlsruhe, Germany, March 13.—(UP)—Three men were beheaded by means of a medieval battle axe today at Ploetzensee prison, near Berlin.

Richard Bahr, 24, a communist, was executed for setting fire to a school of barns and farmhouses. Friedrich Men, 30, and Alfred Schultz, 33, were executed for the murder of a taxicab driver.

Roy S. Johnson

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

March 14 — C. J. Dodgins, 2 1/2 miles west and 4 1/2 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 1022.

MARKET REPORTS

DAILY REPORT OF LOCAL AND FOREIGN MARKETS

BERNE MARKET
No commission and no yardage
Veals received Tuesday Wednesday Friday and Saturday

160 to 210 lbs.	\$4.20
210 to 250 lbs.	\$4.30
250 to 300 lbs.	\$4.25
300 to 350 lbs.	\$3.70
140 to 160 lbs.	\$3.40
130 to 140 lbs.	\$2.60
100 to 120 lbs.	\$2.00
Roughs	\$3.00
Stags	\$1.75
Vealers	\$6.25
Lambs	\$8.75

Decatur Produce Company

Egg Market	
No. 1, dozen	16c
No. 2, dozen	15c
No. 3, dozen	11c

EAST BUFFALO LIVESTOCK

East Buffalo, N. Y., Mar. 13.—(UP)—Livestock:
Hogs, receipts, 1,300; holdovers, 750; scarcely enough done to establish market; scattered sales 10c-20c under Monday's average; some bids off 25c; plain quality regarding factor; few leads 170 to 230 lbs., \$4.85 to \$4.90; medium butchers quoted \$5; 130 to 160 lbs., \$3.50 to \$4.25; pigs and unfinished underweights \$2.75 to \$3.
Cattle, receipts, 50; cows fully steady; cutter grades \$1.50 to \$2.60. Calves, receipts, 75; vealers unchanged; good to choice, \$7; common and medium, \$4 to \$5.50.
Sheep, receipts, 100; lambs nominally steady; woolskins quoted \$10 down.

Fort Wayne Livestock

Hogs 10 to 15c lower; 290-250 lbs. \$4.40; 250-300 lbs. \$4.55; 160-200 lbs. \$4.25; 300-350 lbs. \$4; 150-160 lbs. \$3.50; 140-150 lbs. \$3.25; 130-140 lbs. \$3; 120-130 lbs. \$2.50; 100-120 lbs. \$2; roughs \$3.50; stags \$2.
Calves \$6.50; lambs \$9.

CHICAGO GRAIN CLOSE

	May	July	Sept.
Wheat	88 3/4	88 1/2	89 1/2
Corn	51 1/4	53 1/4	55 1/4
Oats	34 3/4	34 3/4	35

CHICAGO GRAIN CLOSE

	May	July	Sept.
Wheat	87 3/4	86 3/4	87 3/4
Corn	51 1/4	53 1/4	55 1/4
Oats	35 1/4	35	34 3/4

LOCAL GRAIN MARKET

Corrected March 13
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 50c to 58c
Mixed corn 5c less
Soy Beans 60c to 90c

Chinese Laundryman Found Brutally Slain

Indianapolis, Mar. 13.—(UP)—Brutally beaten and apparently the victim of a robber, the body of Willie Sing, 45, Chinese laundryman, was found today inside a rotary washing machine in his business place here.

The head had been battered with a blunt instrument and a bloody hammer was found in the laundry, police said.

Investigators expressed an opinion the Chinaman had been slain after discovering an intruder in his combination laundry and home.

The cash drawer in the laundry was open and Sing's bedroom had been ransacked.

Get the Habit — Trade at Home

You Can Borrow to \$500 on Your Own Signature — and Security — 25 Months to Repay. Call, Write, Phone — No Obligations! FRANKLIN SECURITY CO.

Over Schafer Bldg. Co. Phone 237 Decatur, Ind.

Guaranteed RADIO SERVICE

We repair any make of radio, promptly and at a very reasonable cost. Tubes tested free. Phone 244.

Decatur Elec. Shop

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

COUNTY AGENT'S COLUMN

The poultry outlook for 1934 indicates higher feed prices than were common in 1933. To make a profit with chickens this season it will be necessary to feed well, but it will also mean that we should feed at as low cost as possible, 1933

flock records showed that those who produced pullets at lowest cost used a large share of farm grown feeds.

During March, April, and May when egg production is at its seasonal peak, it pays to market eggs carefully. Two cents per dozen over local or huckster prices at this season may bring in as much extra cash as a four cent premium at

some other times of the year.

Before the rush of spring seeding and planting is a good time to put up fence so that the laying flock can be kept confined to a yard. Keeping layers yarded simplifies the problem of finding clean ground for rising chicks. A double yarding system is being used to advantage on many Hoosier farms. For details see Purdue Extension Bulletin 173.

Remember to scrape-sweep-scrub-disinfect before starting the brooder stove. Whether or not disease troubles appeared last year, we cannot afford to brood good chicks in insanitary quarters. A quarter-pound of lye in five gallons boiling water makes an effective scrubbing solution.



A New Type of Calendula



The All-American Sunshine (or Chrysanthemum) Calendula

A new calendula, with flowers of a type quite different from the old form of this flower, and a habit of growth much more pleasing for garden use, was awarded a gold medal in the All-American trials of new varieties this year. It is Calendula Sunshine, and was originated in Australia. Its color is buttercup yellow, a delicate blue which combines most pleasingly with blues, and even pinks. Its botanical name is Calendula chrysanthemum-like. Instead of the petals being arranged in a closely overlapping rosette, they are more like those of a double aster, each petal growing loosely from the center, slightly incurved and reflexed.

The foliage is much finer than the older type, and the stems more slender and graceful, making the plant as a whole more pleasing in the border. It grows two and a half feet high, and the flowers reach a diameter of four inches.

The calendula is a hardy annual, which means that it may be sown outdoors as soon as the soil can be put into condition. It germinates quickly and grows rapidly, and if faded blooms are removed before seed can be formed, it will bear flowers until killing frosts arrive in the fall.

One of the ambitious flowers, the Calendula has responded with great willingness to the efforts of plant breeders. In recent years the old type has been improved so much in size and vigor that it has become one of the important cut flowers for greenhouse production. It was handicapped in the garden by large, somewhat coarse and spinach-like leaves; the stiffness of its stems and the formal regularity of its blossoms. The new type removes all these handicaps, and may inaugurate another great advance in this flower family.

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The Schafer Store

HARDWARE and HOME FURNISHINGS

We have just returned from Market with New Coats Suits and Dresses. — E. F. Gass Store.



"I TAKE THIS WOMAN"

By Allene Corliss

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CHAPTER FORTY-TWO

Dennis sighed a bit, ran her long, green eyes over the roomful of people. They encountered Stanley and Perry who had just come in, and came to a full stop. She called her companion's attention to Stanley languidly.

"Ever met her?"
"No, who is she?"
"Oh, a society girl gone native—married John Harmon Northrup. He's sort of a protégé of Maynard's. His first novel is running in Maynard's 'Review'—and getting talked about."

"Haven't read it—never read anything—not even what I write myself."

"One can believe that. If you did, you'd stop writing. Want to meet her?"

"Can't say that I do; she's beautiful, but what of it? Never care about meeting strange women— with strange husbands. Never can tell about the husbands."

"Suit yourself, Nicky, I'm going over."

Dennis waved a hand at the new arrivals, and sauntering over to them, greeted them casually. "Hello, glad you looked in—nice little party, isn't it? I wish they'd all go home and let me have a bath but they won't, not as long as the food lasts. John Harmon got off all okay."

"All okay," agreed Perry cheerfully, "but Stanley here was feeling a bit low. I thought she was in a bad of a drink."

"Well, the gin is pure but the crowd is boring—however, I'm throwing a real show next week—music, caterer, a couple of cases of Morton's Dry and all the Bright Young People in town. You're invited, Stanley, and so are you, Perry."

"We'll be delighted, won't we, darling?"

"Of course, Dennis," Stanley made a polite attempt at enthusiasm.

"All right. Next Thursday night, then— from nine until six — and please come plainly tagged — the last party I had never did get home straight. And by the way, Stanley," she added carelessly as she was about to leave them, "I think I ought to tell you, Drew Armitage will be here with that girl he's engaged to."

In the soft little pause that followed Stanley heard a cocktail glass being set down with a little clatter on a silver tray, heard a girl laugh and heard a radio crash softly into a blues song. She was also aware of a number of other things in that brief little passage of time before she answered Dennis; of the painful swelling of her heart beneath the eggshell silk of her blouse, of a hot, pulsing excitement that shivered through her arms and the length of her slim legs, and most absurdly she felt rain on her face—slow, reluctant rain—rain that comes at night—in early spring—on a rooftop.

Someone turned the dial on the radio and the blues song beat upon the room, drowning out little, intimate sounds. Stanley's eyes widened and darkened and met Perry's relentlessly, her face quite white except for the crushed, trembling red of her mouth, curved now into a rather frightened defiance.

"Don't do it, Stan. Don't see him—not when he can still affect you like this."

"But I want to see him. I have to see him. I guess I've always known that I had to see him again, Perry. It may as well be now."

"Good gosh, Stanley, you're crazy. An hour ago you were crying for John Harmon, now you tell me you must see Drew. You stand there and look as if something had struck you between the eyes and—"

"Something has, Perry." She laughed softly, a laugh that shivered a little, like broken glass. "It's always been that way—as far as Drew was concerned; just the thought of seeing him again is like a collision—a terrific collision—"

"You can't do it, Stanley. I won't let you—it's madness, I tell you."

"Shut up, Perry, and leave me alone, will you? Darn it, Perry, leave me alone!" She turned away from him abruptly, started pulling on her gloves with shaking fingers.

"I'm sorry, darling," Perry laid his hand on her arm gently, "no earthly business interfering—come on, let's get out of here."

He realized that there was no good in trying to talk to Stanley when she was in this mood. He could not even bear to look at her, much less speculate what she was thinking about. He had driven her once before when she had looked like that and he didn't like what it made him remember.

Stanley was remembering, too. Sitting slouched low in Perry's car, she was remembering an ivory lace dress she had seen just that morning in a shop window, a lace dress that would shine softly in candlelight; she was remembering the way Drew's arms had felt, hard flung about her shoulders, the way his mouth had felt, kisses flung against her mouth; she was remembering an ecstasy—a mad, sweet ecstasy, a thin, young ecstasy, stung with tears and drenched with laughter. She was thinking that all the time she had known that he would come back . . . that some day they must meet again . . . she was thinking that just that afternoon she had been afraid . . . that she was not afraid now, not of the girl who would be with him, not of golden roses in a silver bowl, not of anything. She would wear an ivory lace dress and Drew would come to meet her—and his eyes would be dark and terribly demanding. Beyond that she refused to go—beyond the shimmer of ivory lace in candlelight and the demanding light in Drew's eyes.

And somewhere on the ocean John Harmon was standing alone, leaning over a ship's rail, staring down into green, churning water. But it was not the rise and fall of the white-tipped waves that he saw—but a girl, straight and most amazingly slender, with clear gray eyes and softly shining dark hair and a mouth of most amazing sweetness. And: "I love you, Stanley," was what he was thinking. "But I wonder will you ever love me?"

Maynard found him there, half an hour later, and led him off to the smoking room.

Stanley dressed for Dennis' party much as a bride might dress for her wedding—with trembling fingers, fiercely beating heart and wide soft eyes.

Valerie sat in the wing chair and smoked innumerable cigarettes and watched her broodingly, a sharp frown between her golden eyebrows.

"I don't like the way you look tonight, Stanley. I'm afraid for people when they look like you do—it's such a long way down, if you know what I mean, and you go with such a rush sometimes—"

Stanley laughed softly, indifferently, lifted Perry's orchids out of their violet box, pinned them with loving fingers to the slender ribbon that accented her narrow waist.

"Does one ever think of the downward flight when flying high, Valerie? I think not. I think one does not have many thoughts of any kind—just emotions."

She stood quite still in the softly lighted old room—slim, she was, and most amazingly lovely, the long, slender curves of her young body sheathed in ivory lace, narrow silver slippers on her feet, Perry's orchids at her heart.

Orchid-like—that explained her. Explained all the trembling, frail, perishable beauty of her; like an orchid she swayed on silver slippers flaunting her beauty proudly—like an orchid she might very conceivably perish—once her little hour was spent.

Perry, coming in, stopped and caught his breath, stood staring at her with startled eyes, his blond head slightly flung back, his mouth unhappy.

"Let's not go, Stanley," he said abruptly, his eyes losing their astonishment, becoming beseeching, "let's do something else—go somewhere else."

Stanley turned on him swiftly, flung him a quick, scornful smile. "Don't be stupid, Perry, do I look as though I wanted to do something else—go somewhere else?"

She picked up a silver wrap, slung it about her slim shoulders, moved quickly toward the door.

Perry shrugged. "No, you don't! You look as if you were hell-bent for trouble! And it's quite evident I can't stop you!" He flung an absurdly despairing glance at Valerie, "Sorry you're not coming along, Val."

"I'm sure you are," Valerie grinned at him from the wing chair, "but I'm not. I hope you have a nice time."

Stanley drew the silver wrap about her hips, held it there with slim fingers over its high, shimmering collar, she smiled at Perry with half-defiant, half-wistful eyes. "Don't look so tragic, darling," she told him, "I'm not going to commit any one of the seven deadly sins—or are there ten? I'm simply going to a party—a very nice party to see a man—a man I once loved very much." She laughed then—it was soft, husky laughter, the kind that seems to break into a little sob just before it saves itself at the last minute and is born as laughter after all.

Dennis was dancing with Perry. "So you didn't want to come to my party?"

"I darn well didn't—not with Stanley in this mood. I suppose Armitage is here?"

"I think I was quite explicit about that."

"You were crazy to ask them here together."

"Why not? Don't be a fool, Perry, they were bound to meet eventually—this room is full of dead romances."

"Dead ones, yes, they're safe enough—but this one never died!"

Dennis shrugged bare, golden shoulders. "You can't expect me to be responsible for that."

"Are you ever human, Dennis?"

Perry asked suddenly, as the music crashed to an abrupt stop and they stood facing each other.

"Not when I can avoid it. I've found it doesn't get you anywhere."

If Perry had not been so concerned about Stanley, he might have wondered a bit at her answer; as it was, he was scarcely aware of it.

(To Be Continued)

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